

Cagliostro, A Misunderstood Messenger *
- Phillip A. Malpas

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[In Theosophical parlance a "messenger" is one thought to be sent from or used by estoteric schools in the Orient in effort to enlighten the West. - dig. ed.]*

Introduction

- C. J. Ryan

Beginning next month *The Theosophical Path* will publish a series of chapters by an old and valued contributor, Philip A. Malpas, A., on that extraordinary and greatly misunderstood man known to the world as the Count di Cagliostro. This series is the outcome of many years of study and exhaustive research, and we believe our readers will find it of absorbing interest, both as an unprejudiced record of the efforts of a great Theosophist to bring forward some knowledge of the Ancient Wisdom of the Orient at a critical period in Western Europe, and as a study of a noble life devoted to the service of humanity.

In the study of world-history there is a strange fascination in the tragic accounts of the many martyrs who have been slandered and persecuted with almost incredible ferocity,

because they tried to break down conventional barriers and help their fellow-men to higher thinking and to the practice of Brotherhood, regardless of creed or nationality.

Not the least interesting of these is Cagliostro, who first appears in authentic history in London in 1776, and vanishes from public knowledge in the Papal prison of San Leo in Italy, in 1795. During his meteoric career in those nineteen years we see him reach dazzling heights of glory, wealth, and fame. He becomes a familiar and honored figure in the highest and most intelligent society in Europe. Among many other activities, he establishes innumerable Lodges of 'Egyptian Masonry' with the avowed object of helping humanity to greater freedom in thought and action, and also of purifying the secret societies which were so numerous in his time. He is a friend of the greatest and noblest thinkers, such as Goethe and Schiller; he performs many curious psychological experiments, marvelous in the eyes of the ignorant, but now slowly becoming recognised as natural facts governed by law and having their proper place in the economy of the Cosmos; he cures multitudes of sufferers of the most dangerous diseases, and after many strange adventures in various countries he is dragged into the amazing Diamond Necklace Trial in Paris, from which, in spite of every possible effort to ruin him, he is released without a stain upon his character. Though beloved and revered by thousands, an enthusiast for humanity, he is savagely persecuted by bigots and admittedly depraved villains, and is finally plunged into the horrors of a subterranean dungeon for no other crime than that of being a Freemason. It is no wonder that so strange and tragical a story has never ceased to be a subject of absorbing interest.

The apparent circumstantiality of some of the false charges hatched up against Cagliostro, and the fact that he possessed unusual powers, have prejudiced many who have not thoroughly studied the facts of the case. Yet to a small degree he himself is responsible for certain misunderstandings, for he was not always judicious in action although always honorable and well-intentioned, in fact, quixotically so at his own expense. He sometimes allowed his judgment to be overruled by his sympathies for unworthy people, who turned and bit the hand that fed them.

Cagliostro's system of 'Egyptian Masonry' had for its main object the moral regeneration of the world and the reorganization of society on the basis of universal brotherhood. He believed that the pure teachings of religion had been, consciously or unconsciously, perverted in later times, and his system was partly designed to restore the true spirit of the Primeval Revelation, once the property of all mankind, but later broken into fragments. Through his efforts it seemed as if Freemasonry in general, purified from its errors, was about to be restored to "its original Egyptian character" and to take a leading part in the peaceful revolution in human conduct and principles that Cagliostro, in common with so many noble and advanced idealists of the age, was working for.

Suddenly, when he was almost at the summit of fame and glory, came a bolt from the blue that ruined his plans and his career. But for the tragedy of Cagliostro's downfall, who can say that the course of the French Revolution would not have been very different? Maybe rivers of blood would never have flowed in the streets of Paris!

After various attempts, successful for a while, to establish his 'Egyptian Masonry' in Switzerland and Austria, he found himself on his way to Rome, "as if driven by some irresistible destiny." Arrested and convicted for no other reason than being a Freemason, an Order not tolerated in the city of the Popes, he was sentenced to a living death in the

dungeons of San Leo near Montefeltro, and there he disappeared from sight. When and how he died is unknown to the world.

Much of the prejudice against Cagliostro in modern times arises from the unfortunate attitude taken by Thomas Carlyle, who would have revolted at the idea of knowingly slandering an innocent man, but who was completely bamboozled by the deliberate falsifications of the only 'authorities' he had studied. As Mr. W. H. Trowbridge, who has written a really unprejudiced book on Cagliostro, says, Carlyle's condemnation of Cagliostro is inexcusable. The following excerpts on the subject of Carlyle's essay on Cagliostro are taken from an article by Mr. Malpas, whose study of the real Cagliostro we are about to publish, and we believe they express the opinion of all fair-minded students who know the whole case. To quote:

"In the year 1795, when Cagliostro died, it is said, Thomas Carlyle was born in Annandale, Scotland. He fought his way so well through the world of book-learning that his father dedicated him to the ministry, but he finally decided that his course led in another direction, that of literature. Life was a struggle to the young writer, whose vehement, fiery, and pungent writings did not always attract. He married and did what he could to maintain an honest literary independence. In the beginning of 1833 we find him in Edinburgh with his wife, where, in the Advocates' Library, he began his studies of the French Revolution. Shortly afterward, *Fraser's Magazine* accepted his *Sartor Resartus, the Philosophy of Clothes*. It was received with unequivocal disfavor. However, when the wolf is at the door something must be done, and Carlyle's essay on Cagliostro was then begun and finally accepted by *Fraser's Magazine*, being published in the numbers for August and September, 1833.

"Our author had brilliant literary abilities, and an original style. He was fearless and honest, and gradually his readers became convinced that his judgment was fairly sound. But what did he actually know about Cagliostro? Absolutely nothing. He simply followed the subtil insinuations, false suggestions, and hypocritical approbations of Cagliostro's open enemies, as well as the misrepresentations and falsifications of his secret enemies - the real foes. Reckoned from the standpoint of first-hand knowledge, study, intuition, perception, or independent judgment, Carlyle's estimate of Cagliostro is worthless on every score. Look at the way this unfortunate philosopher, racked with dyspepsia, honest in intention but misled and mistaken, froths and foams over his victim! After a couple of pages of word-weaving he says:

"'Know thyself, value thyself, is a moralist's commandment (which I only half approve of); but Know others, value others, is the hest of Nature herself.'

"Good soul, we say, suffering the torments of hell while still in the body, would it not have been better wholly to have approved the old maxim of the Delphic Oracle repeated by Socrates, and to have *known thyself*, so that the knowledge of others would have been like the sight of a mirror with the dust wiped away from its surface? Didst thou know the folk who had determined to damn the man whom a million followers called 'Divine'? Didst thou suspect how they led honest innocents to do the work they wanted done, '*toujours en sauvant les apparences*' for themselves? Verily, thou wouldst have known others well, if thou hadst known thyself better. Says Carlyle further:

"Glorious, heroic, fruitful for his own Time, and for all Time, and all Eternity, is the constant Speaker and Doer of Truth! If no such again, in the present generation, is to be vouchsafed us, let us have at least the melancholy pleasure of beholding a decided Liar....

"One such desirable second best, perhaps the chief of all such, we have here found in the Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, Pupil of the Sage Althotas, Foster-child of the Scherif of Mecca, probable Son of the last King of Trebisond; named also Acharat, and Unfortunate Child of Nature; by profession healer of diseases, abolisher of wrinkles, friend of the poor and impotent, grand-master of the Egyptian Mason-lodge of High Science, Spirit-summoner, Gold-cook, Grand Cophta, Prophet, Priest and thaumaturgic moralist and swindler; really a Liar of the first magnitude, thorough-paced in all provinces of Lying, what one may call the King of Liars! a gross, thick-set Individual, evincing dullness enough; and by his side a Seraphina, with a look of doubtful reputation:Unparalleled Cagliostro! Looking at thy so attractively decorated private theater, wherein thou actedst and livedst, what hand but itches to draw aside thy curtain; overhaul thy paste-boards, paint-pots, paper-mantles, stage-lamps, and turning the whole inside out, find *thee* in the middle thereof!....'

"Worthy Annandale essayist and master of fantastic phrases, is it quite honest for a pen-driver who has become a literary authority to the British public and in some fashion to the world, to judge a man, to damn a man's heart, by the cut of his clothes? You say you know nothing of him and then you proceed to tell us positively, as one of the Scribes having authority, not what you do know about him but what you *do not know*. You say:

"The present inquirer, in obstinate investigation of a phenomenon so noteworthy, has searched through the whole not inconsiderable circle which his tether (of circumstances, geographical position, trade, health, and extent of money-capital) enables him to describe: and, sad to say, with the most imperfect results.... The quantity of discoverable Printing about Cagliostro (so much being burnt [*by his enemies!*]) is now not great; nevertheless in frightful proportion to the quantity of information given.... It is on this *Vie de Joseph Balsamo, connu sous le Nom de Comte Cagliostro* [written by his enemies!] that our main dependence must be placed; of which Work, meanwhile, whether it is wholly or only half-genuine, the reader may judge by one fact: that it comes to us through the medium of the Roman Inquisition, and the proofs to substantiate it lie in the Holy Office there. Alas, this reporting Familiar of the Inquisition was too probably something of a Liar; and he reports lying Confessions of one who was not so much a Liar as a Lie! In such enigmatic duskiness, and thrice-folded involution, after all inquiries, does the matter yet hang....

".... "Stern accuracy in inquiring, bold Imagination in expounding and filling up these," says friend Sauerteig, "are the two pinions on which History soars," - or flutters and wobbles. To which two pinions let us and the readers of this Magazine now daringly commit ourselves. Or chiefly indeed to the *latter* pinion, of Imagination; which, if it be the *larger*, will indeed make an unequal flight! Meanwhile the style at least shall be equal to the subject.'

"Thomas Carlyle, have we wandered through a dozen long pages of reading merely to learn that all, *all* you have said or are going to say is based on *Imagination*? Would you

not have done better to label your screed a 'fantasy'? Now we know how to take your periods and wordy flights! That same 'larger pinion' of Imagination proceeds to take us through the babyhood of a ragamuffin, a guttersnipe, in a picture labeled 'Palermo.' A stupid, nonsensical, verbiferous boyhood follows, *equally imaginative*, based on the ridiculous story concocted by the French police.

"So you continue through twenty long pages of imaginative prose - for which we can only hope you were well paid by *Fraser's Magazine!* You confuse Cagliostro's friends with his enemies, you say there is no trace of his doings, when explanatory documents, sealed and signed and witnessed, are accessible for all the world to see. You make a woeful hash of your self-imposed task of giving the world the story of one of whom you *know* absolutely nothing, and you are as dogmatic as most who are supported by the strong arm of Ignorance. Does it not occur to you that you, *you*, Thomas Carlyle, are the victim, the unconscious tool, that the enemies of a far greater man than you have been trying to catch for thirty years? Does it not occur to you that those enemies fully realize that the world would balk at what *they* might say, but would willingly swallow anything that you, in your naive ignorance of fact, would write? Well indeed did they conceal from you and your readers the wires so skilfully pulled, while you thought you were pursuing an Original Idea and forming an Independent Judgment!

"There are said to have been a million devoted adherents who called Cagliostro 'divine,' and meant it. But they based this on their private knowledge of him - the Cagliostro behind Carlyle's 'paint-pots and stage-properties.' Is it possible that Carlyle was influenced by the dour jealousy of Mouncey, the 'hard Annandale Scot' who was physician to the Russian Empress, and who, to save his purse and reputation, had to get Cagliostro out of Russia by any means possible? Just as official physicians of Judaea would have had to oppose any successful competitor who possessed no diploma and yet healed cases where they failed, a couple of thousand years ago.

"Carlyle tells us that one of the prominent figures quoted against Cagliostro, the Countess von der Recke, was 'a born fair Saint.' Perhaps she was, but we have her own account, and she shows herself as simply a nervous weakling, hankering to communicate with her brother's spook. Cagliostro tries to satisfy her without submitting her to serious danger from her ignorance of such matters; but she was not strong enough to avoid suffering, and he desisted rather than allow her to become a medium with the certainty of the miseries attendant on that condition. This 'born fair Saint' was later egged into throwing hysterical mud at her benefactor, when he was persecuted and alone in the midst of fanatical enemies. The mud stuck, chiefly because Carlyle says what he does of her and no more, but with his knowledge of German and his reputed knowledge of character he ought to have known better.

"For sheer literary tomfoolery it would be hard to beat Carlyle's distorted picture of Cagliostro, taken at second-hand from all sorts of unsavory sources, though in all honesty and ignorance, of course. He describes Cagliostro's one-time magnificence when it suited Cagliostro to be magnificent in accordance with his station and means, and then adds:

"In the inside of all this splendid traveling and lodging economy are to be seen, as we know, two suspicious-looking rouged or unrouged figures, of a Count and a Countess; lolling on their cushions there, with a jaded, haggard kind of aspect; they eye one another

sullenly, in silence, with a scarce-suppressed indignation; for each thinks the other does not work enough and eats too much.'

"This about Cagliostro; who at Strasburg at this time was so hard worked that other detractors contemptuously spoke of his living on a bit of cheese and a little macaroni, sleeping for a couple of hours in an arm-chair at night, and taking no money for his cures!

"So the dreary tale babbles on. In regard to Cagliostro's physical appearance, we know the caricature of a face that the Roman Inquisitors gave him, ignoring the magnificent bust by the admirable Houdon, the engraving by Bartolozzi, and many another likeness, which were labeled 'divine' by many thousands. And this false presentment seems to be the thing which Carlyle fondly imagines to represent Cagliostro as he was! At any rate it fitted in with the article for *Fraser's Magazine*, so he swallows it whole, saying:

"One of the most authentic [!] documents preserved of him is the Picture of his Visage. An Effigies once universally diffused; in oil paint, aquatint, marble, stucco, and perhaps gingerbread, decorating millions of apartments: of which remarkable Effigies one copy, engraved in the line-manner, happily still lies here. Fittest of visages; worthy to be worn by the Quack of Quacks! A most portentous face of scoundrelism.... There he sits and seraphically languishes, with this epitaph:

"De l'Ami des Humains reconnaissez les traits:
Tous ses jours sont marques par de nouveaux bienfaits,
Il prolonge la vie, il secourt l'indigence;
Le plaisir d'etre utile est seul sa recompense."

"Let us halt a moment. Does Carlyle think for a single moment that great numbers of people would want a portrait such as he describes - a vile caricature? It is hard to believe Carlyle so careless, so innocent, so honestly foolish. Does he suppose that Houdon, the great sculptor who modeled Washington's noble and austere features and those of hundreds of persons of distinction - Houdon, whose reputation as a great artist is established for all time, would have labeled his bust 'divine' if Cagliostro were an ordinary man, much less a rascal whose features proclaimed him such? Would Bartolozzi have wasted his time engraving such a Newgate criminal's face? What was the matter with Carlyle's judgment? What had crippled it? Of course, he had to make money to live, and *Fraser's Magazine* wanted something savory, but it is unbelievable that Carlyle would destroy a man's reputation in the English-speaking world simply for pocket-reasons. Rather must we suppose that he was entirely hoodwinked and completely taken in. And the deduction is that if Carlyle was so easily gulled, his readers are scarcely to blame for following him. He says:

"A probable conjecture were, that this same Theosophy, Theophilanthropy, Solacement of the Poor, to which our Archquack now more and more betook himself, might serve not only as bird-lime for external game, but also half-unconsciously as salve for assuaging his own spiritual sores....'

"Had Carlyle, a student of theology, ever heard of another Theosophist, Theophilanthropist, and Solacer of the Poor in old Judaea? One who has studied the

evidence dispassionately is struck with pity for Carlyle's ignorance of what he writes, but the situation would be humorous if the consequences had not been so disastrous."

We feel that the perusal of the careful study of the case made by Mr. Malpas will afford our readers a complete refutation of the false picture of Cagliostro so artfully foisted upon the world through the influence of Carlyle's essay. Mr. Malpas presents authentic and fully documented quotations from the original sources, which show the falsity of the charges against Cagliostro's moral character and unveil the malice that prompted them. As H. P. Blavatsky says:

"How long shall charitable people build the biographies of the living and ruin the reputation of the dead, with such incomparable unconcern, by means of idle and often entirely false gossip of people, and these generally the slaves of prejudice!

"So long, we are forced to think, as they remain ignorant of the Law of Karma and its iron justice."

On Sunday, November 2, 1930, Dr. G. de Purucker made some extemporaneous remarks about Cagliostro, following a Symposium on his career given by the Theosophical Club at Point Loma. After speaking of the work of the Teachers of Wisdom and Compassion and Peace, who send forth their Messengers to teach humanity *spiritually and intellectually*; and after enforcing the old declaration that the Theosophical Society is "absolutely non-political because soaring high above the stormy arena of human political passions," he continued:

"Turning now to the second idea that occurred to me, my dear Brothers: I am very doubtful as to how much I should say on this point. I speak with extreme reserve. I ask you to use your own imagination and your own intellect, and to allow your own heart to answer, when I say that there is a mystery connected with the individual called Giuseppe Balsamo and the individual known to the world generally as Cagliostro. It is upon the document issued from the Vatican containing the story of the so-called trial and condemnation of Cagliostro that most later students and historians of the checkered and wonderful career of that remarkable man assume that Cagliostro and Giuseppe Balsamo were one individual.

"I can only say that there is a strange mystery involved in the story of these two: Balsamo and Cagliostro. How strange is the statement, if true, that both had the name *Pellegrini*, which means *Pilgrims*! How strange is it that Giuseppe Balsamo is the Italian form of the name Joseph Balm, suggesting a healing influence; and that 'Balsamo,' whether rightly or wrongly, can be traced to a compound Semitic word which means 'Lord of the Sun' - 'Son of the Sun'; while the Hebrew name Joseph signifies 'increase' or 'multiplication.' How strange it is that Cagliostro's first teacher was called *Althotas*, a curious word containing the Arabic definite article 'the,' suffixed with a common Greek ending 'as,' and containing the Egyptian word *Thoth*, who was the Greek *Hermes* - the *Initiator*! How strange it is that Cagliostro was called an 'orphan,' the 'unhappy child of Nature'! Every initiate in one sense is just that; every initiate is an 'orphan' without father, without mother, because mystically speaking every initiate is *self-born*. How strange it is that other names under which Cagliostro is stated to have lived at various times have in

each instance a singular esoteric signification! Study these names. They are very interesting.

"Perhaps I might go one shade of thought farther: to every Cagliostro who appears there is always a Balsamo. Closely accompanying and indeed inseparable from every Messenger there is his 'Shadow.' With every Christ appears a Judas. And as regards what you, my Brothers, have so admirably set forth this evening concerning the reason, as given by our beloved H. P. Blavatsky, of Cagliostro's 'failure,' let me point this out: that Cagliostro's failure was not one of merely vulgar human passion, nor was it one of vulgar human ambition, as ordinary men understand these terms. When Julian the Apostate - called 'apostate' because he refused to be an apostate from the ancient religion of his forefathers - led his army against Shapur, King of Persia, he did so well knowing that he was acting against the esoteric Law; and yet in one sense he could not do otherwise, for his individual karman compelled him to the act. I tell you that there are at times more tragedies in the life of a Messenger than you could easily understand, for a Messenger is sworn to obedience in both directions - obedience to the general law of his karman from which he may not turn aside a single step, and obedience equally strict to the Law of those who sent him forth. There are in such cases problems to solve sometimes which break the heart, but which nevertheless must be solved.

"Be therefore charitable in your judgment of that great and unhappy man, Cagliostro!" - *Lucifer*, Vol. II, pp. 21-2

II. Cagliostro's "Confessions"

To begin with, *nothing* is known for certain about the origin of this famous and unfortunate Freemason and Occultist. Lest the latter qualification, however, be misunderstood as referring to the bogus occultism which has plagued the world so long, we remind the reader that 'occultism' means something occult or hidden, therefore not public, for the instant any secret becomes public it ceases to be occult. Consequently, disappointment awaits any student who hopes to discover anything occult, merely by reading. Those, therefore, who hope to find out any 'occult secrets' by reading the life of an occultist such as Cagliostro, may as well stop at this point - unless they can read between the lines. One may read all kinds of 'occult revelations' in the advertising sections of a hundred magazines; but this is not occultism, any more than an opium-pipe is a free pass into Paradise.

It may be taken for granted that, of modern writers for the public, Madame H. P. Blavatsky is the only one who really knew the true story of Cagliostro, and she, perhaps out of respect for his own wishes, does little more than adjust one or two minor points in the published accounts - such, for instance, as pointing out the error of supposing that Cagliostro was an agent of the Society of Jesus (the Jesuit fraternity), an error into which some otherwise very well-informed Masonic writers have fallen.

H. P. Blavatsky gives two other facts which, if understood, would have saved a vast amount of laborious research on the part of historians and biographers. One is that Count Cagliostro was a Sicilian by birth, and the other that, whatever his family name, it was not

Balsamo. This latter fact does not clash with the fact that he assumed, or was given, in later life the name of Joseph Balsamo* as a name with a perfectly obvious meaning, according to the custom of certain fraternities, of one of which he was a member. But Cagliostro never bore the name 'Balsamo' *historically*.

[* See Purucker's remarks in the Introduction.]

His title Count de Cagliostro is a perfectly legitimate one, as legitimate as the titles of the Church, which are common enough in Europe today. Without a cash consideration, however, direct or indirect, the young man received the Maltese title of Count Cagliostro from the reigning Grand Master, Pinto (of the Knights of Malta), who knew his birth and claims to distinction. The question is, What was the real name of his parents, and who were they? No satisfactory answer to this question has ever been made public, though it were absurd to suppose that these facts are not known by those who have the right to know them.

Such being the unsatisfactory state of the case, we need make no apology for giving Cagliostro's own account of his early life. It is undoubtedly correct as far as it goes, but in places he may well have used symbolical language with perfect justice, and in others the literal meaning of the words may need a key to make a seemingly obvious statement really intelligible.

The occasion of the 'Confession of Comte de Cagliostro' was the famous Diamond Necklace Affair (1785-6) in connexion with which Cagliostro was accused, arrested, and imprisoned for some nine months under suspicion, without the slightest ground beyond the hatred of the Minister of Police at Paris, and the spite of a disappointed woman-adventurer and thief.

Those were the days of pamphlets and pamphleteers. The eager throngs at the street-corners juryed and judged many a case long before the slow processes of the law pronounced their ponderous sentences. The rival advocates would produce *memoires*, pamphlets, leaflets, arguments, defenses, accusations and counter-accusations, and they sold like ice-cream in August if the case were particularly sensational. It paid many a little printer to set up a secret press in some old cellar from which to belch out upon a morbidly avid public the vilest screeds reflecting upon people of the great world. But in this case there was no need for that. The amazing and mysterious Cagliostro attracted attention by the very sound of his name. The publication of the so-called 'Confession,' a *memoire* which promised the true and romantic history of his life, was an event of importance to the gossips of the good city of Paris. We therefore begin with the first part of -

The Confessions of Count de Cagliostro

"I cannot speak positively as to the place of my nativity, nor concerning the parents who gave me birth. From various circumstances of my life I have conceived some doubts, in which the reader will perhaps join with me. But I repeat it: all my inquiries have ended only in giving me some notions, great, it is true, but altogether vague and uncertain, concerning my family.

"I spent the years of my childhood in the city of Medina in Arabia. There I was brought up under the name of Acharat, which I preserved during my progress through Africa and Asia. I had my apartments in the palace of the Muphti Salahaym. It is needless to add that the Muphti is the chief of the Mohammedan religion and that his constant residence is at Medina.

"I recollect perfectly that I had then four persons in my service; a governor, between fifty-five and sixty years of age, whose name was Althotas;* and three servants, a white one who attended me as *valet-de-chambre*, and two negroes, one of whom was constantly about me night and day.

[* See Purucker's remarks in Introduction.]

"My governor always told me that I had been left an orphan, when only three months old, that my parents were Christians, and nobly born; but he left me absolutely in the dark about their names and the place of my nativity: a few words which he dropped by chance have induced me to suspect that I was born at Malta; but this I have never been able to ascertain.

"*Althotas*, whose name I cannot speak without the tenderest emotion, treated me with great care and all the affection of a father; he thought it a pleasure to improve the disposition which I discovered for the sciences. I may truly say that he knew them all, from the most abstruse down to those of mere amusement. My greatest progress was in the study of Botany and Chemistry.

"By him I was taught to worship God, to love and assist my neighbors, to respect, everywhere, religion and the laws.

"We both dressed like Mussulmans, and conformed outwardly to the mode of Mohammedan worship; but the true religion was imprinted in our hearts.

"The Muphti, who visited me often, always treated me with great goodness, and seemed to entertain the highest regard for my governor. The latter instructed me in most of the eastern languages. He would often converse with me, on the pyramids of Egypt, on those vast subterranean caves dug out by the ancient Egyptians, to be made the repository of human knowledge and to shelter the precious trust from the injuries of succeeding times.

"I was now in my twelfth year. The desire of traveling, and of being an eye-witness of the wonders which he spoke of grew so strong upon me, that Medina and my youthful sports there lost all the allurements I had found in them before.

"At last the day came, when Althotas apprised me that we were going to enter upon our travels. A caravan was prepared by him, and we set out after having taken leave of the Muphti, who was pleased to express his concern at our departure, in the most obliging manner.

"On our arrival at Mecca, we alighted at the Palace of the Cherif, who is the Sovereign of Mecca and of all Arabia, and always chosen from among the descendants of Mohammed. I here altered my dress from the simple one which I had worn hitherto, to one more splendid. On the third day after our arrival, I was, by my governor, presented to the Cherif, who honored me with the most endearing caresses. At sight of this prince, my senses experienced a sudden emotion, which it is not in the power of words to express;

my eyes dropped the most delicious tears I ever shed in my life. His, I perceived, he could hardly contain.

"This is a period of my life which it is impossible for me to recall to mind, without being deeply affected by that recollection.

"I remained at Mecca for the space of three years; not one day passed, without my being admitted to the Sovereign's presence, and every hour increased his attachment, and added to my gratitude. I sometimes surprised his eyes riveted upon me, and then looking up to heaven, with every expression of pity and commiseration. Thoughtful, I would go from him, a prey to an ever-fruitless curiosity. I dared not ask any question of my governor who always rebuked me with great severity, as if it were a crime in me to wish for some information concerning my past, and the place where I was born.

"At night, I would converse with the negro, who slept in my apartment, but I attempted in vain to get the secret from him. If I chanced to talk about my parents, he would turn a deaf ear to my questions.

"One night, when I was more pressing than usual, he told me that if ever I were to leave Mecca, I should be threatened with the greatest misfortunes; but above all he bade me beware of the city of Trebizond.

"My inclination to travel got the better of his forebodings. I was tired of the uniformity of the life I led at the Cherif's court.

"One day as I was alone, the prince entered my apartment; so great a favor struck me with amazement; he strained me to his bosom with more than usual tenderness, bade me never cease to adore the Almighty, telling me that if I persisted in serving God faithfully, I should at last be happy, and come to the knowledge of my real destiny; then he added, bedewing my cheeks with tears, - 'Adieu, thou Nature's unfortunate child.'

"These words and the affecting manner in which he delivered them, will forever remain imprinted in my memory. This was our last interview. The caravan waited only for me; I set off and quitted Mecca nevermore to re-enter it.

"I began the course of my travels by visiting Egypt. I inspected those celebrated pyramids, which to the eye of a superficial observer, present only an enormous assemblage of marble and granite. I got acquainted with the ministers of the different temples, who had the complaisance to introduce me into such places as no common traveler ever entered before.

"I next spent three years in my progress through the principal kingdoms of Africa and Asia.

"This is not the place to give the reader an account of the observations I have been able to make in the course of my travels; nor of the truly singular adventures that befell me. This part of the history of my life will come at a more favorable opportunity.

"As the care of clearing my character is the only thing that can now engross my attention, I shall confine myself to my travels in Europe. I shall give the names of those who have known me, and it will be an easy matter for my well-wishers, to come at the truth of the facts which I am about to relate.

"Accompanied by my governor and the three attendants who continued in my service, I arrived in the year 1766 at the island of Rhodes and there embarked on board a French ship bound to Malta.

"Notwithstanding the general rule by which all vessels coming from the Levant are obliged to perform quarantine, I obtained on the second day leave to go ashore. The

Grand Master Pinto gave us apartments in his Palace and I perfectly recollect that mine were near the laboratory.

"The first thing the Grand Master was pleased to do was to request the Chevalier D'Aquino of the princely house of Caramanica to bear me company and to do me the honors of the island.

"Here for the first time I assumed the European dress, and with it the name of Count Cagliostro, nor was it a small matter of surprise for me, to see my governor appear in a clerical dress, and with the insignia of the Order of Malta.

"Chevalier D'Aquino introduced me to the acquaintance of the chiefs or as they are called, *Grands Croix de l'Ordre*; I remember that I dined at the table of the Bailli de Rohan, the now reigning Grand Master. How far it was then from me to imagine that, twenty years after that period, I should be apprehended and dragged to the Bastille, for being honored with the friendship of a prince of that name!

"I have every reason to believe that the Grand Master Pinto was acquainted with my real origin. He often spoke to me of the Cherif, and mentioned the city of Trebizond, but never would consent to enter into further particulars on the subject.

"Meanwhile, he treated me with the utmost distinction, and assured me of a very rapid preferment if I would consent to take the Cross. But still my taste for traveling and the predominant desire of practising medicine induced me to decline offers as generous as they were honorable.

"It was in the island of Malta that I had the misfortune of losing my best friend and master, the wisest as the most learned of mankind, the venerable Althotas: in his last moments, grasping me by the hand, he said to me with an almost expiring voice: 'My son, keep for ever before your eyes the love of God, and the love of your fellow-creatures; you will soon be convinced by experience of the truth of what you have been taught by me.'

"The spot where I had parted for ever from the friend who had been as a father to me, soon became odious. I begged leave of the Grand Master to quit the island, in order to travel over Europe. He consented not without reluctance and he made me promise that I should return again to Malta. The Chevalier D'Aquino was so obliging as to take upon him the trouble of accompanying me, and of supplying my wants during our journey.

"I set out with that gentleman. Our first trip was to Sicily, where the knight introduced me to the nobility of that country. From thence we went over the different islands of the Archipelago. And after having once more sailed over the Mediterranean, we put safe into Naples, the birthplace of my companion.

"The Chevalier having been obliged to take a private journey, on account of his own affairs, I proceeded alone to Rome, being provided with a letter of credit upon the banking house of the Sieur Bellone.

"In the capital of the Christian world, I resolved upon keeping the strictest incognito. One morning, as I was in my apartment, endeavoring to improve myself in the Italian language, my *valet-de-chambre* introduced to me the secretary of the Cardinal Ursini, whose business was to request that I should wait on his Eminence. I repaired immediately to his palace. The Cardinal received me with the most flattering civility, invited me often to his table, and procured me the acquaintance of several cardinals and Roman princes, namely, amongst the rest, Cardinals York and Ganganelli, who was afterwards Pope Clement XIV. Pope Rezzonico, who then filled the papal chair, having expressed a desire of seeing me, I had the honor of conferring repeatedly with his Holiness.

"I was then (1770) in my twenty-second year. Fortune procured me the acquaintance of a young lady of quality, Serafina Feliciani. She was hardly out of her childhood, her dawning charms kindled in my bosom a flame, which sixteen years of marriage have only served to strengthen. It is that unfortunate woman whom neither her virtues, her innocence, nor her status as a foreigner could save from the hardship of a captivity as cruel as it is unmerited.

"Having neither time nor inclination to write a voluminous work, I shall not enter minutely into the particulars of my travels through all the Kingdoms of Europe. I shall only mention those persons by whom I have been known. Most of them are still alive; their testimony I challenge boldly. Let them declare whether I was ever guilty of any action disgraceful to a man of honor. Let them say whether at any time I have sued for a favor; if ever I have courted the protection of those sovereigns who were desirous of seeing me; let them declare, in fine, whether I have at any time, in any place, done more than cure the sick *gratis*, and assist the indigent.

"The persons whom I have been most known to are:

"In Spain - Duke d'Alba, his son Duke de Vescard, Comte de Prelata, Duke of Medinacelli, Count of Riglas, a relation of the Comte D'Aranda, his Catholic Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of France.

"In Portugal - Comte Sanvincenti, who introduced me at Court. My banker at Lisbon was Anselmo la Cruce.

"In London - the Nobility and the People.

"In Holland - the Duke of Brunswick, to whom I had the honor to be introduced.

"In Courland - the present reigning Duke and Duchess.

"All the Courts in Germany.

"At St. Petersburg - Prince Potemkin, Mr. Narishkin, General Galitzin, the General of the Cossacks, General Mendecino, Chevalier De Corberon, the French *Charge d'affaires* at that court.

"In Poland - Countess Comceska, Count Gevuski, the Princess of ---, now Princess of Nassau, and others.

"I shall here observe that from a desire of not being known I have often traveled under different names; I successively assumed those of Comte Starat, Comte Fenix, Marquis D'Anna. But the name by which I am best known in Europe is that of Comte de Cagliostro.

"I arrived at Strasbourg on the 19th of September, 1780, and a few days after, being met by Count Gevuski, who knew me again, I was forced to give way to the earnest solicitation of the inhabitants and of all the Alsatian nobility, to make my knowledge of chemistry useful to the public. Amongst the acquaintances I had in that city are the Marshal de Contades, Marquis de la Salle, Barons Fraxilande, De l'Or, Vorminser, and Diederick, Princess Christina and others.

"All those who have known me at Strasbourg are acquainted with my conduct there and my occupations. If I have been libeled by some obscure scribblers, the public newspapers and some equitable writers have done me justice. I shall refer the reader to the valuable work entitled *Lettres sur la Suisse*, Vol. I, page 5, where the respectable author pays a due homage to truth. Let the rectors of the different parishes be consulted; they will declare the good I have done to their poor. The Corps of Artillery and the other

regiments then garrisoned at Strasbourg will also vouch for the number of soldiers cured by me.

"Ask the inn-keepers; they will tell you if their houses, their hotels, etc., could suffice for the concourse of strangers who resorted to Strasbourg on my account.

"The apothecary whom I employed will testify to the quantity of medicines which I prescribed for the indigent, and always paid for, ready money.

"The keepers of the different jails know how I have behaved towards the poor prisoners, and the number of those I have released from confinement.

"I appeal to the principal men of that city, to the magistrates, to the public at large; let them declare whether I ever gave offense; and whether, in all my transactions, a single deed of mine could be reprobated as contrary to the laws, to morality, to religion.

"If, ever since my arrival in France, I have offended anyone, let the injured speak, and rise up in judgment against me. I do not mean to become my own panegyrist. I have done good because it is my duty. Yet what is in the end my reward for all the services I have done to the French nation? In the bitterness of woe shall I speak it? *Libels* and the *Bastille!*

"I had been at Strasbourg near a twelvemonth, when one evening, entering my house, I met there, waiting for my return, Chevalier D'Aquino. My surprise, the reader will easily guess, must have been of the agreeable kind, since this was the very person who had accompanied me from Malta to Naples, and who hearing of my residence in Strasbourg, had come there for no other purpose than that of strengthening the bonds of our mutual friendship.

"The Chevalier had been in company with the heads of the city, to whom he may have given an account of what he knew of me at Malta, and of the very flattering distinction with which I had been treated by the Grand Master. Some little time after my arrival at Strasbourg, Cardinal de Rohan had signified to me by Baron de Millinens, his Master of the Hounds, that he wished to be acquainted with me. As long as I supposed the Prince to be actuated by mere curiosity, I refused to gratify it; but having been informed soon after that he was attacked with an asthma and desired to consult with me, I repaired instantly to the episcopal palace. I gave him my opinion concerning his complaint; he seemed satisfied, and requested I would call upon him from time to time.

"In the course of the year 1781, the Cardinal honored me with a visit, in order to consult with me about the illness of the Prince Soubise, who was afflicted with a mortification, as I had been so fortunate as to cure the Secretary of the Marquis de la Salle of a similar disorder, after he had been given up by the physicians. I asked some questions about the Prince; but the Cardinal, instead of answering, earnestly entreated me to accompany him to Paris. He pressed me with so much politeness that it was not possible for me to refuse. I therefore took my departure, after having given proper directions to the surgeon and to my friends so that the necessitous and the patients I had under my care might not suffer by my absence.

"We got to Paris, and the Cardinal would have carried me direct to the Prince; but this I declined, telling the Cardinal that, being determined to have no manner of dispute with the faculty, I should not see the Prince till his physicians had declared him past all cure. The Cardinal obligingly complied, and on his return told me that the faculty had declared the Prince to be on the mending pace. I then told the Cardinal that I was resolved not to

see the patient, being unwilling to reap the glory of a cure which could not be ascribed to me.

"My arrival in the capital being known publicly, so many persons came to consult with me that during the thirteen days I stayed at Paris my whole time was taken up in visiting patients every day, from five o'clock in the morning till midnight.

"I employed an apothecary, but I distributed at my own expense more medicines than he sold; for a confirmation of what I here advance I appeal to those who had occasion to apply to me. If there can be found a single person who can say with truth that I have ever been prevailed upon to accept any gratuity, either in money or presents, I consent to be deemed unworthy of confidence.

"Prince Louis (the Cardinal) carried me back as far as Saverne, where after many thanks he desired me to call upon him as often as I could. We parted and I returned immediately to Strasbourg, where I resumed my usual occupations. What good I did gave rise to various libels, in which I was styled 'Antichrist' - 'the Wandering Jew' - 'the man fourteen hundred years old,' etc. Unable to bear so much ill-usage, I resolved to leave the place.

"Several letters which the King's ministers were pleased to write on my account made me alter my mind. I think it is very important to my suit to lay before my judge and the public these recommendations, which are the more honorable that I have never solicited those testimonials, either directly or indirectly.

Letter I

"Written by Monsieur le Comte de Vergennes, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to Monsieur Gerard, Pretor of Strasbourg.

"Versailles, 13th March, 1783.

'Comte de Cagliostro, Monsieur, is not personally known to me; but common report, ever since he settled at Strasbourg, is so very much in his favor, that humanity requires he should find there both regard and tranquillity. His being a stranger and the good which he is said to have done, is a double title which authorizes me to recommend him to you, and to the magistrates over whom you preside. Monsieur de Cagliostro only asks for peace and security. These are insured to him by the laws of hospitality; and acquainted as I am with your natural disposition, I am fully persuaded you will eagerly maintain him in the enjoyment of both, as well as of all other advantages which he may personally deserve.

'I have the honor, etc. (Signed) De Vergennes.'

Letter II

"From the Marquis de Mirominil, Keeper of the Seal, to the same.

"Versailles, 15th March, 1783.

'Sir,

'The Count de Cagliostro has zealously employed his time since he has settled in Strasbourg, in relieving the poor and necessitous, and to my knowledge that foreigner has in several instances acted with that humanity which makes him worthy of a peculiar protection. I beg you will, as far as concerns you and the magistrates, whose chief you are,

procure him all that support and tranquillity which every stranger ought to enjoy within his Majesty's dominions, especially when he makes himself useful to the nation.

'I am, etc. (Signed) MIROMINIL.'

Letter III

"From the Marquis de *Segur* to the *Marquis de la Salle*.

"Same date.

'The good conduct which I am well assured Count Cagliostro has supported in Strasbourg, the very laudable employ he makes in that city of his knowledge and abilities, and the repeated proofs of his humanity there to the individuals laboring under various complaints, who had recourse to him, entitle that foreigner to the protection of the Government. The King gives you charge to see not only that he be not molested at Strasbourg whenever he sees fit to return to that city, but even that he may be treated with that regard which he deserves, for the good he does to the distressed.

'(Signed) Segur'

"It is on the faith of those letters, and of the Monarch's disposition towards me, that I fondly considered France as the last stage of my travels. What reason had I to imagine, that two years after it would be my fate to claim - but to claim in vain - for myself and for my unfortunate wife, those sacred rights of humanity, so solemnly acknowledged, so nobly expressed in the letters written in his Majesty's name!

"The tranquillity which the ministerial letters procured me was but of a transient nature. Persecuted by a set of men who for a long time had witnessed my success with an eye of dissatisfaction, I determined to leave Strasbourg, fully resolved not to expose myself in future to the malevolence of envy."

"Such was the state of my mind when I received a letter from the Chevalier d'Aquino, which informed me that he was taken dangerously ill. I set off immediately; but notwithstanding the utmost expedition, I reached Naples only in time to receive the last farewell of my unfortunate friend.

"Soon after my arrival at Naples, I was met by the Spanish Ambassador and others who had known me before. Finding myself again importuned to resume the practice of medicine, I resolved to take a journey to England. To this effect I crossed the southern parts of France, and arrived at Bordeaux on the 8th of November, 1783.

"I went to the play, where I was discovered by an officer of cavalry. The latter having informed the Jurats who I was, one of them, Chevalier Roland, in the name of his colleagues in office, offered my wife and myself seats in their box, any time I should think it proper to visit the playhouse. The Jurats and the inhabitants, having given me the most distinguished reception, and having requested me to give up my time to the assistance of the sick and infirm, as I had before done at Strasbourg, I suffered myself to be prevailed upon, and began to give advice at home, and distribute remedies and pecuniary supplies among the poor. So great was the concourse of people, that I found myself obliged to solicit the Jurats to let me have a military guard, that my house might be kept in due order.

"It was here that I had the honor of being introduced to the Mareschal de Mouchi, the Comte de Fumel, Vicomte du Hamel, and other persons of credit, who will, if required, bear testimony to the manner in which I conducted myself during my stay at Bordeaux.

"At the end of eleven months, finding myself harassed as I had been at Strasbourg, I left Bordeaux, and reached Lyons the latter end of October 1784. After staying there only three months, I set out for Paris, where I arrived on the 30th of January, 1785. I took up my residence at one of the furnished hotels of the Palais-Royal, and, some days after, removed to a house I had hired in the Rue St. Claude, near the Boulevard.

"The first step I took was to signify to my acquaintance that I wished to live in quiet privacy, and that I was resolved not to practise medicine any longer. I have kept my word, and have obstinately persisted in rejecting all solicitations to the contrary.

"Prince Louis has honored me with occasional visits, and I remember that he once offered to introduce me to a lady named Valois de la Motte, on the following occasion.

"The Queen,' said the Cardinal to me, 'is a prey to the deepest melancholy, on account of a prediction that she is to die in child-bed. It would be the highest satisfaction to me if I could by any means undeceive her and restore her peace of mind. Madame de Valois is every day with her Majesty; you cannot oblige me more, if the former should ask your opinion, than by telling her that the Queen will be safely brought to bed of a prince.'

"To this proposal I freely assented; the more readily because, while I obliged the Cardinal, I had the prospect of contributing indirectly to the preservation of the Queen's health.

"The next day I waited on the Prince at his house, where I found the Comtesse de la Motte, who, after having said many civil things to me, opened the business in the following words:

"I am acquainted with a lady of great distinction at Versailles, who has been forewarned that she and another lady will die in child-bed. The prediction has already been accomplished in the case of one of them; and the survivor waits, in the utmost uneasiness, the fatal minute. If you know the truth as to what will happen, or if you think it possible to find it out, I shall repair to Versailles tomorrow, and make my report to the person concerned - who,' added the Comtesse, 'is the Queen herself.'

"My answer to Madame de la Motte was, that all predictions were mere nonsense; that, meanwhile, she might tell the lady to recommend herself to Divine protection; that her first lying-in had been fortunate and that her approaching one would be equally so.

"The Comtesse did not seem satisfied with the answer, but insisted upon having some more positive assurance.

"I then recollected the promise I had made to the Cardinal. I assumed a serious countenance, and told the lady, with all the gravity I could muster,

"You know, Madame, that I am an adept in natural science, as a physician; nor am I without knowledge of some of the properties contained in animal magnetism. My opinion is, that a being perfectly innocent may, in this case, operate more powerfully than any other. Therefore if you would know the truth, the first thing you have to do is to find that innocent creature.'

"If you want no more,' replied the Comtesse, 'I have a niece of that very description. I shall bring her with me tomorrow.'

"I figured to myself that this niece, so *perfectly innocent*, was a child not above six years old. I leave you to judge of my surprise when the next morning I met at the Prince's a grown lady about fifteen years of age, whom the Comtesse presented to me as the very *innocent creature* of whom she had spoken the preceding day. I had to compose my

features to refrain from bursting out into loud laughter. However, I stood it out, and asked Mademoiselle la Tour (that was the niece's name), whether she was *truly innocent*.

"Her positive answer in the affirmative betrayed more assurance than ingenuousness. 'Well, Mademoiselle, I shall know the truth of it in an instant; commend yourself to God and your innocence. Step behind that screen, shut your eyes, and think within yourself upon what object you most wish to see. If you are innocent, it will appear to you, but if you are not, you shall see nothing.'

"Mademoiselle la Tour followed my directions, and I remained outside the screen with the Prince, who stood near the fireplace, not *lost in ecstasy*, but holding his hand to his mouth, lest, by an indiscreet laugh, he should disturb our grave ceremonies.

"While the young lady stood behind the screen, I busied myself for awhile in making some magnetising gestures; then I said to her, 'Stamp with your *innocent* foot on the floor, and tell me if you see anything.' Her answer was in the negative.

"Then, Mademoiselle,' said I, striking against the screen with great force, 'you are not innocent.' This observation piqued the lady's pride.

"Hold,' cried she, 'methinks I see the Queen.'

"I was then convinced that proper instruction had been given to the *innocent* niece, by an aunt who was no such thing.

"Wishing to ascertain how she would go through her part, I requested her to describe the phantom then before her eyes. She answered that the lady was pregnant, and that she was dressed in white. Then she described all the features minutely, which were exactly those of the Queen.

"Ask the lady,' said I, 'whether she is to be brought to bed safely?'

"She said the lady bowed her head, and that no bad consequences should attend her lying-in.

"I order you,' concluded I, 'most respectfully to kiss the lady's hand.' The *innocent creature* kissed her own hand, and came forth from behind the screen, perfectly happy in the thought of having convinced us of her innocence.

"The two ladies ate some sweetmeats, drank lemonade, and in about a quarter of an hour retired at a back stair. The Prince saw me home, thanking me for the complaisance I had shown on this occasion.

"Thus ended a farce, as harmless in itself as it was laudable in its motive.

"Three or four days afterward, meeting with the Comtesse at the Cardinal's, they both requested me to repeat the same badinage with a little boy of five or six years old. I did not think the request deserved a refusal. Could I foresee that this social recreation would one day be represented to the magistrate as an act of witchcraft, a sacrilegious profanation of the Christian Mysteries?

"The Prince, having thus made me acquainted with the Comtesse, was pleased to ask me what I thought of her. I have always pretended to some knowledge of physiognomy; I am sincere; and I answered that I took the Countess to be a deceitful, intriguing woman. The Prince interrupted me by saying that she was a very honest creature, but in distressed circumstances. Upon this I observed that were this true, she would be better provided for, as she said that she enjoyed the special patronage of the Queen, and that she would have no occasion for any other protection. The Prince and I persevered in our respective opinions on the subject.

"The Cardinal set out soon after for Saverne, where he remained a month or six weeks. From the time of his return to Paris, he became more frequent in his visits to me. I perceived that he was uneasy, thoughtful, chagrined. I respected his private sorrows, but whenever we had occasion to talk of the Comtesse, I would tell him with my usual frankness, '*That woman deceives you.*'

"A fortnight before the Cardinal was arrested he said to me, 'Dear Comte, I begin to think you are right in your conjectures, and that Madame de Valois is the woman you have described.'

"He then for the first time related to me the transactions about the necklace, and imparted to me the suspicion as well as the fear he entertained, that the necklace had not been delivered to the Queen. This strengthened, and made me persist the more in my opinion.

"The next day after this conversation, the Prince informed me that the Comtesse and her husband had fled for shelter to his house, fearing the consequences that the above affair might bring, and that they requested of me some letters of recommendation for England, or the environs of the Rhine. The Prince asked my advice. I told him that there was but one way left, namely, to deliver the woman into the hands of the police, and proceed directly to the Court to lay the whole matter before the King and his ministers.

"The Cardinal objected that he could not reconcile so rash a step with his feelings and his generosity.

"'In this case,' said I, 'God is your only resource. He must, and I wish He may, do the rest.'

"The Cardinal, however, refused to give the Comte and the Comtesse the letters of recommendation which they required. They set out for Burgundy, and I have heard nothing of them since that period.

"On the 15th of August I was informed, as well as all Paris, that the Cardinal de Rohan had been arrested that day. Several persons observed to me that as I was amongst the Cardinal's friends I might perhaps share the same fate. But conscious of my innocence, I answered that I was perfectly resigned, and should wait at home with patience for whatever God or the Government should ordain.

"About half past seven o'clock in the morning, on the 22nd of August, a Commissary, one exempt, and eight satellites of the police, entered my house. They began their plunder before my very eyes. I was compelled to open my *escritaires*. All that there was of elixirs, balsams, rich cordial drops, became the prey of the wretches appointed to escort me. I requested of the Commissary, Maitre Chesnon, jun., to grant me the use of my own carriage. This trifling comfort his inhumanity denied. They dragged me on foot in the most opprobrious manner, till we reached half-way to the Bastille. A hackney coach happening to pass by, I was permitted to enter it.

"The awful drawbridge was let down, and I was led to ---. My wife experienced the same fate. Here I recoil with horror. I shall say nothing of what I have suffered, determined not to wound the feelings of the reader by a recital equally sad and shocking. I shall add only a single observation, and Heaven can witness, it is the expression of truth. Were I left to choose between an ignominious death and six month's imprisonment in the Bastille, I should say without hesitation, 'Lead me to the scaffold.'

"Who could suppose that an innocent man could be reduced to such an abyss of misfortune as to look on a warrant for apprehending his body as a favor from Providence?

Yet such was the case with me. When, after five months' captivity, the warrant was issued; that is, when I knew what had been alleged against me, the officer who brought it was to my sight an angel of light come from heaven to tell me that as soon as judges were appointed, I was at liberty to see counsel, and now held it in my power to enter a justification.

"The warrant bears the date of the 15th of December, 1785. It was served on me on the 30th of January, 1786, and the same day I underwent an examination.

"I should think myself wanting in the promise I have made to the public of showing myself as I really am, were I not to lay before them a voucher by which they may obtain a further knowledge of my character, my innocence, and the nature of the charge brought against me. And though recollection alone has assisted me in penning down the following interrogatory, my memory is good; and I can assure the reader, that I have not omitted any essential circumstance."

The above narrative does not contain all the so-called 'Confession.' The 'Interrogatory' mentioned in the last paragraph will appear in its proper chronological order, when we come to the amazing Diamond Necklace Trial.

There is really nothing to add to the account already given of Cagliostro's early life in the Levant, although a few observations may properly be made. For one thing, it was at that time the custom among certain secret societies, as it is today among certain religious bodies, to consider the neophyte as entering a new life. To carry out this idea in practice a new name was given, precisely as at the present time. But whereas we find that in some continental bodies today the name of any famous man is adopted, without any particular reason, with the Oriental Societies the name was one having a real meaning. The practice is extremely ancient and is common among devotees in the Christian as well as other religions.

We are told on good authority that Giuseppe or Joseph Balsamo is such a name, with the Oriental meaning of 'The Given' or 'The Lord of Heaven' - 'He Who is Sent.' That the name 'Balsamo' is common in Sicily is so much to the good, but such sacred meanings are not intended for the public. Acharat is similarly an Oriental name, meaning in one sense a man who has attained union with the Divine, who has reached 'the beatific vision.'

Dates and ages were also changed symbolically, precisely as in the case of Saul, who, though a warrior in the vigor of his manhood, was recorded as "a child of one year" when he began to reign.* The priestly dwarfing of the age of the world by the hierarchy of the Tribe of Judah may be explained in the same way. Even the age of Joshua was similarly treated by those who wrote that prophet's history.

* "As in the case of certain degrees of modern Masonry, the adepts reckoned their grade of initiation by a *symbolic* age. Thus Saul who, when chosen king, was 'a choice and goodly man,' and 'from his shoulders upward was higher than any of the people,' is described in the Catholic versions, as a 'child of one year when he began to reign,' which, in its literal sense, is a palpable absurdity. But in *1 Samuel*, x, his anointing by Samuel and initiation are described; and at verse 6th, Samuel uses this significant language: '.... the Spirit of the Lord will come upon thee and thou shalt prophesy with them, *and shalt be*

turned into another man.' The phrase above quoted is thus made plain - he had received one degree of initiation and was symbolically described as 'a child one year old.' The Catholic Bible, from which the text is quoted, with charming candor says in a footnote: 'It is extremely difficult to explain' (meaning that Saul was a child of one year). But undaunted by any difficulty the Editor, nevertheless, does take upon himself to explain it, and adds: '*A child of one year. That is, he was good and like an innocent child.*' An interpretation as ingenious as it is pious; and which, if it does no good, can certainly do no harm." - H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*, II, 199-200

The names of places were often changed. Paris became 'Medina.' There is, however, nothing to show that Cagliostro's account of his connexion with Medina means Paris, or is even symbolical. Was Trebizond a symbol?

Althotas, the name of Cagliostro's teacher, is similarly a symbolic name. Again quoting Dr. de Purucker:

"How strange it is that Cagliostro's first teacher was called *Althotas*, a curious word containing the Arabic definite article '*the*' suffixed with a common Greek ending '*as*,' and containing the Egyptian word *Thoth*, who was the Greek Hermes - the Initiator."

The birth- and marriage-certificates furnished by the ecclesiastical authorities of Palermo and Rome are worthless, even if records of genuine ceremonies, for there is nothing to show that they refer to Cagliostro. As for the certificate of death, it is a grim joke, and is not only worthless but a fabrication.

There is some mystery about the marriage, because Cagliostro's wife was named Serafina, while the name given in the marriage-certificate purporting to be theirs is Lorenza, the bogus name which the French police manufactured for her when inventing an early history of crime for their victim. The date also is two years too early, for the marriage took place in 1770, while the certificate is dated 1768. The mystery is only that there should be a pretense on the part of Cagliostro's enemies that they knew no better, because it is incredible that the Countess should not have furnished them with correct details as to her family and her marriage. The only visible conclusion is that Cagliostro's enemies knew far more than they could or would say, and various small indications confirm this view. To use a vulgar simile, they had almost all the cards in their hands, together with the Inquisition; but someone *behind the scenes* was known to hold the highest trump - and they were afraid. This trump-card was used once - after the sentence - and was instantly efficacious. It rescued Cagliostro from the death-penalty.

That Cagliostro came of a highly distinguished family is obvious, from the reception given him by the Italian nobles and the Cardinals, and the familiarity with which the Pope himself treated him when only a young man of about twenty. This in itself is sufficient to show that the ridiculous story put forward in later times - and also earlier, by the French police - to the effect that Cagliostro was an ignorant, low-class thief and adventurer, was not worth the paper it was written on. The foundation for this tale lies in the fact that in Spain he did trust two adventurous scoundrels, who stole all his money and left him to tramp through Piedmont and Geneva to the north, begging his way along the road and supporting himself and his wife in that manner until they reached a friendly helper. It might

be added that these confidence-men were finally executed, thus demonstrating that extraordinary but hidden law which seemed to deal promptly and sharply with all who wronged the Count - for he himself ever refused to bear the slightest or revengeful feeling towards anyone.

There seems to be no particular reason for assuming that the Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan, the Grand Almoner of France, became so much attached to Cagliostro for any other than the obvious reasons known to history. Yet it may be that he knew or suspected that Cagliostro was really the son of his relative the Grand Master de Rohan of Malta, his mother having been an Arabian or Turkish lady of high degree who had been captured by a Maltese galley. Many have thought this to be Cagliostro's real origin. If so, it would not be difficult to reconcile the mixed symbolical and actual story we have with the fact that he was of Roman Catholic birth - as were all at that time in that country; that he was for a time under the tuition of the Good Brothers of Castiglione, and that it would have been as much as his life was worth to give any definite information on the subject. Once let it be proved that, even as a babe, Cagliostro had been a Roman Catholic, there would be abundant foundation for all the charges the Inquisition would need to prove him a backslider, a heretic, a traitor, and everything else that spelt the secular arm and the stake.

At the same time, there is no question whatever that, as in Paris and Lyons in 1785, in his correspondence with the famous Convention of the Philaletheans he wrote and spoke as only an Oriental could write and speak. For although of Sicilian birth, Cagliostro was at the same time *an Oriental* of vast intelligence and dignity. The facts are there, whether we can reconcile them or not, and there we must leave them until it is decided, by Those Who Know, to throw more light on the life and purpose of this most remarkable man.

In his 'Confession,' partly given above, Cagliostro does not mention his first visit to England in 1776; he merely says he traveled to various countries before reaching Paris, and then he proceeds to tell of his experiences in Strasbourg. He had spent some time in Courland before he arrived at Paris, and here he met the Countess von der Recke, whose personal account of his doings has been preserved and will be given in a later chapter.

III. "Letter to the English People"

(Translated from the French)

In order to follow his journeys in proper order we have temporarily abandoned his 'Confession' or *Memoire*, and must now quote from a remarkable and truly pathetic publication he made in 1786, after his complete exoneration from all charges in the Diamond Necklace Trial. Helped by Thilorier, his advocate in the trial, Cagliostro sent out this *Letter to the English People* in reply to the virulent attacks of Morande, a professional journalist-blackmailer of the worst type. It contains an account of his tragic experiences in London during his first visit in 1776. Morande was editor of *Courrier de l'Europe*, a filthy rag subsidized for political purposes, but which had quite a large circulation all over Europe.

"People of England! Deign to hear me. I am a man: I have a right to your justice; I am unhappy: I have a right to your protection. It is only too true that I suffered formerly in your capital the most horrible persecutions, but my private misfortunes have not at all

altered the sentiments which took and take me among you. My conduct, apparently imprudent, will prove to posterity my boundless confidence in a law-abiding people justly proud of their liberty, the only one, perhaps, among the nations which has not bowed the knee before the idol of power. Exiled from France, but made illustrious by my exile, the entire world was open to me. I chose England as my home, London as my refuge. Today, persecuted anew by more powerful and more bitter enemies than those of that time, I have in no way repented of my choice. They attack my honor here; but I am permitted to defend it. They threaten my liberty here; but your prisons are not Bastilles. They have hurled upon me the vilest and wickedest among you, but I have by no means learnt to despair of your laws; and if hitherto, listening to a perhaps misplaced clemency, I have hesitated to use their salutary rigor against rascals, today more just, and more wisely human, I will invoke their help against perverse men for whom perjury and false witness have become the object of an abominable traffic.

"The Editor of the *Courrier de l'Europe* has at last finished his defamatory harangues. Accustomed to despise insults and calumnies, I should have liked, wrapping myself in a noble silence, to oppose to an adversary too unworthy of me only a blameless life, not without some virtues. But he summons me before you, O English People! and my respect for the tribunal, making me forget the baseness of the accuser, forces me to descend into the arena and to take up the gage of a combat whose issue will cover the vanquished with infamy, without the victor having any hope of being consoled by the glory of the fatigues of a humiliating struggle.

"If I believe my adversary, he is invulnerable; the weapons which he wields are of a temper capable of resisting the most vigorous blows; he declares himself conquered if I succeed in wounding him even in the very slightest degree. Far from desiring so easy a victory, I declare to him in my turn that I recognise myself beaten if I do not succeed in breaking piece by piece the infernal armor upon which he bases his safety.

"Let us begin by fixing *The State of the Question*:

"Mr. Morande maintains that I am an impostor, a rascal, a depredator, a swindler, etc.

"In the first place, whether I have merited these qualifications or not, Mr. Morande has not the right to give me them; and in respect of this the laws offer me a certain vengeance. *Veritas convicii injuriam non excusat.*

"In the second place, my adversary being the *accuser*, it is for him to prove the things he imputes to me. My position as the accused is absolutely passive; and if my accuser does not prove what he alleges, the accusation is not only insulting - it becomes a calumny, a libel.

"Such is the law of all civilized nations, especially France and England. *Actori incumbit onus probandi.*

"This principle replies for me to all the points of accusation of which Mr. Morande has not given proof.

"So, as the facts which Mr. Morande has undertaken to prove do not form the twentieth part of those which he has adduced, it follows that without having said a single word I am already justified in regard to almost the whole of the damaging statements which are imputed to me.

"Mr. Morande will perhaps say that this manner of justifying oneself is infinitely convenient. I agree: but my position as the accused is in my case so painful that I ought

not to be grudged the only advantage which is attached to it; and then, indeed, I have neither the desire nor the means to bring to England the people who have known me in the different towns of Europe, Asia, and Africa, where I have sojourned. In my first *Memoire*, [the so-called 'Confession'] I have cited amongst my acquaintances in Europe people of some consideration. I was then in the Bastille. The enemies I had lacked neither money nor power; and yet none of the witnesses I mentioned disavowed me; and indeed the greater number of them have rendered loud and public homage to Truth. Their approbation, expressed or silent, at a time when any accuser would have been favorably received, will be always, in spite of the *Courrier de l'Europe* and of those who hire it, an irrefutable proof of the purity of my sentiments and of the correctness of my behavior.

"I have only then to reply to the points of accusation which my accuser claims to have proved. A simple, unadorned recital of the persecutions I suffered in London in 1777, supported by proofs which Providence has placed in my power, will suffice to give the attentive and impartial reader the key to the different judicial acts produced by Mr. Morande.

"The correctness of the facts and dates can be relied upon. I do not rely upon my memory for them at all, but upon a journal of which I have only learnt the existence since my return to London.

"The journal was entirely written and signed by the hand of Mr. Vitellini, an eyewitness, who when dying confided it to Mr. O'Reilly, an Irish gentleman.

"(Mr. O'Reilly is ready to affirm, if necessary, that the journal is in fact entirely written by the hand of Mr. Vitellini. It is deposited at South Street, No. 33, at the house of a person of confidence and probity, who is quite willing to make it public.)

"This journal the more merits the confidence of the Public, since Mr. Vitellini there accuses himself of different abuses of confidence of which I should have for ever been unaware if they had not been confessed in a work which he did not foresee could be of any use to me.

"My wife and I arrived in England, for the first time in my life, in the month of July, 1776. In money, in jewels, and in plate I had property to the value of three thousand pounds sterling. On my arrival I took an apartment at the house of Dame Juliet, No. 4 Whitcomb Street; and shortly afterwards I took the whole house.

"In the same house there lodged a very poor Portuguese lady, whom the mistress of the house recommended to our charity; she was called Madame de Blevary.

"Strangers ourselves in a country of which we knew neither the language nor the laws, it was natural that we should take an interest in the fate of other foreigners. Madame de Blevary, too, seemed well born; she spoke Portuguese and French perfectly. The Countess de Cagliostro took her as an interpreter and companion.

"As regards myself, I had need of a confidential interpreter; Mr Vitellini was recommended to me. This man had been educated among the Jesuits: he spoke Latin, Italian, and French. After the destruction of the Jesuits he had come to settle in London as a teacher of languages. He considered himself a great chemist; he had a passion for the lottery and all games of chance. It is easily understood that with these tastes the man must have often been in indigence. The state in which he was when he was presented to me inspired me with real pity: I had him dressed from head to foot and gave him my table.

"In accordance with my custom I arrived in England without any letter of introduction: I knew absolutely no one. I spent the greater part of the time at my house, occupied in

making chemical experiments. Vitellini witnessed some which were new to him. He allowed himself to be carried away by his enthusiasm and he had the indiscretion to describe me to his acquaintances in the cafes, and in all public places, as an extraordinary man, a true adept, whose fortune was immense.

"A crowd of people wanted to make my acquaintance. It was impossible for me to open my door to everyone: and I owe to the indiscretion of Vitellini a multitude of enemies whose names I do not even know. An Italian especially, named Pergolezzi, furious at my having refused to see him, sent word to me by Vitellini that if I continued to keep my door closed to him, he would spread the rumor that I had formerly been in England and that he knew me then as a poor, ignorant man of obscure birth.

"One can imagine that such a threat did not intimidate me, and that its author inspired me less than ever with the idea of making his acquaintance. Mr. Pergolezzi kept his word; he invented and published on my account a ridiculous story which nobody believed, but through which a clever attorney, M. Aylett, found out how to profit by swindling me out of about eighty guineas, as will soon be seen.

"Madame de Blevary on her part, having conceived the same opinion of me as Vitellini did, formed the project of appropriating to herself a part of the imaginary fortune which people supposed I had. With this object she proposed to me one day to make me acquainted with several Lords, especially with Milord Scott, a Scotch Grand Seigneur, belonging by birth to all that was great in England. He was then on his estates in Scotland, but she expected him daily. I was far from supposing that this woman wished to deceive me. I accepted without suspicion an offer which I thought was genuine.

"Madame de Blevary having fallen seriously ill at the beginning of September, I procured for her a comfortable apartment outside my house. Every day the Countess and I went to visit her, and we supplied all her needs.

"One day in the same month I saw a Mrs. Gaudicheau enter my house. (She was a sister of the Miss Fry of whom I will speak later.) She had a cafe at Charing Cross. She told me she had come at Madame de Blevary's desire to inform me that Milord Scott had arrived. This woman did not speak English, so I had Vitellini tell her that if Milord Scott wanted to come to my house, I should receive him with pleasure.

"So Milord Scott came to my house in the afternoon. His infinitely negligent exterior did not bespeak the Grand Seigneur. He met my reflexions by begging me to excuse him for presenting himself to me in his traveling garb, telling me that his eagerness to see me had not permitted him to await the arrival of his trunks. I invited him to dine the next day; he accepted without ceremony, and from that moment he had his meals daily at my house.

"A few days after our meeting, the conversation turned upon money-changing. I complained that, having changed some Portuguese coins, they had given me seven shillings less than their real value. Scott inveighed against this deception and assured me that his banker would take the Portuguese pieces at the correct exchange. I thanked Scott and gave him twelve of these pieces for which he undertook to bring me the change.

"Two days afterwards, I saw him arrive, pale, downcast, and chagrined. Having asked him the cause of his dejection, he replied that there being a hole in the pocket in which he had the twelve Portuguese coins, he had lost them on the way. He added that it was a matter of genuine sorrow to him that his situation did not allow him to return the amount to me. I consoled him as best I could, telling him that this restitution was not a

matter of pressing moment; of which I so thoroughly convinced him that it is still waiting to be made.

"A few days after the incident of the twelve Portuguese coins, Scott appeared at my house superbly dressed; his trunks having arrived. He told me that he had sent for his wife from Scotland, and for his three children, and that immediately upon their arrival he would present Milady Scott to the Countess.

"Milady Scott came to me with all the outward signs of poverty. She interested my wife by her wit and by the fabulous recital of her misfortunes. The Countess gave her some money, linen, and clothes, both for her and for her children, who, like herself, lacked the most necessary things. I carried generosity to the point of lending them £200 sterling upon their simple note of hand.

"I had in my possession a manuscript which contained very curious secrets, and among others different Kabalistic operations by the aid of which the author claimed to be able to test the lottery with invariable success. To submit chance to calculation appeared to me to be an absolutely unlikely thing; however, as I had long since contracted the habit of not pronouncing judgment upon matters not known to me, I was willing to try if, according to the rules indicated in my manuscript, I could succeed in divining some of the numbers which were to emerge from the Wheel of Fortune.

"The drawing of the English lottery commenced on the 14th November: I jokingly suggested the first number. None of my acquaintances wished to play on it, but chance decreed that the number actually turned up. I suggested for the 16th No. 20: Scott risked a little, and won. I suggested for the 17th No. 25: No. 25 turned up, and Scott won 100 louis. I suggested for the 18th Nos. 55 and 57, both of which turned up. The profits of this day's work were shared between Scott, Vitellini, and the pretended Lady Scott.

"One can judge of my astonishment on seeing chance so constantly follow calculations which I had thought chimerical. Whatever might be the cause of this extraordinary fact, I considered I ought from delicacy of feeling to refrain from giving any number in future. Scott, and the woman he said was his wife, pestered me in vain; I resisted all their importunities. Scott then wanted to try the effect of presents. He made my wife a present of a cloak-trimming worth four or five guineas. I did not wish to humiliate him by a refusal; but the same day I made him a present of a gold box worth 25 guineas. And to avoid being further pestered, I showed husband and wife the door.

"Some days later the pretended Lady Scott found means to speak with the Countess de Cagliostro. She told her, weeping, that she was entirely ruined; that Scott was a *chevalier d'industrie* to whom she had had the weakness to become attached; that he had grabbed all the profits of the lottery and that he had abandoned her with the three children she had had by him. The Countess de Cagliostro, less provoked by the deception which they had practised upon her than touched by the misfortune of that creature, had the generosity to speak to me in her favor. I sent her a guinea, and suggested No. 8 for the 7th December.

"Miss Fry (the name of the pretended Lady Scott) sold and pawned all the goods that remained to her, and put all the money she could raise on No. 8. Chance again willed that No. 8 should turn up on the Wheel of Fortune.

"Here all the details of the journal of Mr. Vitellini become interesting. He was in Miss Fry's house when she returned with the product of her gambling. He himself counted 421 guineas and £460 sterling in bank notes. Miss Fry presented Vitellini with 20 guineas and

in the first moment of her ecstasy came to give me the homage of all her fortune. The reply I made is written in Vitellini's journal; you can see it there word for word. 'I want nothing; take it all back again. I advise you, my good woman, to go and live in the country with your children. Take it all back, I tell you. All the thanks I want from you, is that you never set foot in my house again.'

"Vitellini asserts that Scott won 700 guineas on the same number that I had given Miss Fry; which shows that their pretended disagreement was only a fable, or at least that it had not been of long duration. What is certain is that since that time they have always worked in concert.

"Miss Fry's greed was not satisfied. She busied herself with efforts to obtain new numbers. Imagining without doubt that the best plan would be to make the Countess de Cagliostro accept a present, she offered her a little ivory tooth-pick box, in which were bank-notes.

"The Countess de Cagliostro, having formally declared that she would not accept any present, Miss Fry consulted with Vitellini as to the manner of making one that she could not refuse. Both of them went to Mr. P---, a merchant of Princes Street, and there Miss Fry bought a Diamond Necklace, which cost her 194 sterling, and a double snuffbox of gold, which cost her £20 sterling. She put the diamond necklace in one of the compartments of the box and filled the other with a herbal powder resembling tobacco, good for the periodical sickness from which the Countess de Cagliostro was then suffering.

"Miss Fry, having seized a moment when the Countess was alone, came to see her under the pretext of thanking her. During the conversation she artlessly brought out the box, and prayed the Countess to take a pinch of snuff. The latter, who did not at all know this kind of tobacco, praised the perfume; Miss Fry then offered her the box that contained it. Vitellini was present. The Countess refused several times. Miss Fry, seeing that insistence was useless, threw herself weeping at the feet of the Countess, who, not to disoblige her, finally consented to take the box.

"It was only on the following day that my wife perceived that the box was double-bottomed and that it contained a diamond necklace. She then confessed to me what had taken place on the previous evening. I did not disguise from her the disgust I experienced, and I would have sent the box back to Miss Fry the same instant, if I had not feared to afflict and humiliate her by that tardy restitution.

"I changed my quarters at the beginning of January, 1777, and rented the first floor of a house in Suffolk Street. Vitellini having advised Miss Fry of this, she hastened to rent the second floor, so that, however distasteful to me, it was impossible for me to avoid seeing her. She pretended at first that she had invested her money and was again in difficulties: she spoke of a journey to the country, by reason of which she needed 100 guineas, and she begged me to give her numbers for the French lottery. I replied that this request was pure madness, but in order to get rid of Miss Fry, I had my wife give her 14 Portuguese pieces worth £50 sterling and 8 shillings, and I begged the master of the house to put no obstacle in the way of her departure, and to bring me the receipt for what she owed, as soon as she left.

"The next day, the 6th of February, I made inquiry if she had at last decided to go and was told that she replied that the sum I had caused to be given her was too small and that she was going to town to see if she could not obtain a sum of £400 that she said was due her. She came back in the evening to find my wife. Weeping, she told her that she

was without money and begged her once more to persuade me to give her numbers. This last attempt being without avail, she resolved to carry out on the morrow a project she had in view.

"It is well to know that Miss Fry had another apartment in the town and that she often joined Scott there. Vitellini often saw them both, but in the greatest secrecy. He had had the indiscretion to speak to them of the chemical experiments which I had let him witness; and as he was naturally presumptuous, he had assured them that if he could lay hands on a certain powder which I used in my experiments, he could in a very short time make his fortune and that of his friends. As to the lottery numbers, he likewise claimed that if he had in his hands the manuscript I possessed, he could predict them quite as well as myself. Mr. Scott and Miss Fry had enough command over Vitellini to persuade him to point out to them the cupboard and the place in the cupboard where I had shut up the golden box that contained the powder, the manuscript I have just spoken of, and my most precious papers.

"From that moment Mr. Scott and Miss Fry conceived the project of robbing me of everything, and of obliging me by harsh treatment to communicate to them the knowledge with which they credited me.

"For this purpose they associated themselves with an attorney, a disgrace to his class, who has since undergone the infamous punishment of the pillory for swindling and perjury. Mr. Raynold, (the name of the attorney) was put at the head of the enterprise.

"They needed a witness to confirm all that they wanted to establish. They chose a Mr. Broad, who lived with Miss Fry and passed as her domestic. In any event, there was need of a *corps-de-reserve*. Mr. Raynold had suggested another attorney of his own kidney, who for money was ready to swear to anything they wished; this was Mr. Aylett, who has been likewise condemned to the pillory for the crime of perjury. It had been arranged between them, to avert suspicion, that Miss Fry should take for attorney an honest man, inexperienced, who was to sign blindly all that Mr. Raynold judged suitable to be done. The choice fell on a Mr. Mitchel.

"Affairs being thus arranged, it was decided that Miss Fry should take out a writ against me, and that Scott, Raynold, and Broad should enter by stealth with the sheriff's officer and profit by the tumult to make the *coup-de-main* they proposed.

"The arrangement of my apartment favored their project the more because the cupboard they wished to force was not in the room where I usually was, and one could enter into the room where it was without passing through the reception room. (See Vitellini's manuscript, folio 11. The plan of the arrangement of the apartment is there outlined.)

"I was in my house with my wife and Vitellini, when on the 7th of February at ten o'clock in the evening I saw a bailiff enter, accompanied by four or five constables, who declared to me that I was under arrest for £190 sterling at the instance of Miss Fry. (Miss Fry had entered the house at the same time as the constable and bailiffs, but she remained at the top of the stairs.)

"Whatever the opinion I had of that woman, I did not expect such a degree of impudence and baseness. The first moment of surprise being past, I prepared to follow the sheriff's officer, when I heard a noise in the next room: it was Raynold and Scott, who had broken into one of my cupboards. Raynold imposed on me, saying that he was the Sheriff of London. (The Sheriff had really a subordinate called Raynold, but this was another man, not the attorney.) He said he had the right to do what he was doing. The Sheriff's officers,

who had been drawn into the plot, feigned to believe this, and let Scott take away the manuscript and the gold box of which I had spoken, with several papers, among which was the note of hand for £200.

"I followed the sheriff's officer to his house, where I passed the night. Having no bail to give, I gave into the hand of Mr. Saunders, the sheriff's officer, the value of about £1000 sterling, in jewels and Portuguese coins. Among the jewels there was a cane in the handle of which was a watch, a repeater, surrounded by diamonds. (This is the same of which I have spoken in my first *Memoire*. Mr. Morande claims that I bought it at Cadiz, and that I still owe its value to the merchant who supplied it to me. We must agree, if that is so, that no creditor has ever been more trusting or more patient). The box and the necklace, of which Miss Fry had made a present to my wife, were also there.

"I left Mr. Saunders' house on the 8th of February. The following day at midnight a constable with his escort presented himself at my house and declared to my wife and myself that he arrested us in virtue of a warrant taken out against us at the request of Miss Fry. I asked, 'Of what crime am I accused?' The constable replied that I was arrested as a 'magician,' and my wife as a 'sorceress'; and he took us both to the guardhouse, to await the hearing before the Justice of the Peace who had granted the warrant. The night was cold. I succeeded by the aid of sundry guineas, in persuading the constable that he could, without failing in his duty, let me return to my house until it pleased the Justice of the Peace to have me called.

"The next morning, being alone in my apartments, I saw Mr. Raynold arrive. He paid me the greatest compliments upon my alleged scientific knowledge, and begged me with all possible sweetness of manner to teach him, as well as Scott, the way to use the manuscript and the powder. He told me, in order to make me comply, that he was master of the situation, and in control of the matter of having my property returned to me. Scott, who, hidden behind the door, was listening to the conversation, seeing that Raynold's honeyed tone had no effect on me, entered precipitately, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, put it to my breast, threatening to kill me if I did not show him the way to use the things of which he had robbed me. I made no reply.

"Raynold disarmed him, and then both commenced to entreat me. I then replied that what they asked of me was impossible; that the objects they had in their hands would for ever be useless *to them*, and that they could be of use to me alone. 'Give them to me,' I said, 'and I will leave you not only the £200 note which you have taken from me, but also the whole of the effects deposited in the hands of Saunders.'

"Scott and Raynold accepted the proposal and went immediately to Saunders' house to inform him of this arrangement. Saunders came to me and advised me to be on my guard against them and to give them nothing until they returned to me the box and the manuscript which I claimed. I followed Saunders' advice. This condition displeased Scott and Raynold, and I heard no more said of them. As for me, after having appeared before the Justice of the Peace, I entered an appeal against the warrant in the Court of the King's Bench; and on my giving two sureties, I ceased to fear the constable's visit.

"I was no sooner in peace than I began to consider the steps I ought to take to get back the effects that Scott and Raynold had stolen from me. I was advised to take out a warrant, both against them and their accomplice, Miss Fry.

"I began on the 13th of February by making a first affidavit in the Court of the King's Bench. Then I renewed it before a Justice of the Peace to whom they directed me and who

granted me four warrants, one against Scott, one against Raynold, a third against Miss Fry, and a last one against Mr. Broad, the sham servant of Miss Fry, who had guided Scott and Raynold to the breaking open of my cupboard. Of these four accused persons three were warned and got away. Miss Fry alone was arrested and taken before the Justice of the Peace, who, not caring to take upon himself the rendering of a decision, sent the case and the parties thereto to the police-station at Litchfield Street.

"Miss Fry had the strongest presumption of complicity against her. Mr. Scott was her *ami*, Mr. Raynold was her attorney and agent, and Mr. Broad passed as her servant; and amongst the objects stolen there was the note of hand for £200 signed by her. However, as she had not entered with them into my apartments, the Justices regarded her case as a civil one, but let the warrants against the other accused persons stand.

"I was arrested several times during February and March, now at the instance of Miss Fry, now at that of Mr. Scott, now under one pretext, now under another. Each time I freed myself by giving sundry guineas to the sheriff's officers. As these different writs are not to be found today, there is every reason to believe that they were false, and contrived with the object of disturbing my repose, and fleecing me.

"Mr. Saunders pretended to be touched by the persecutions I had suffered. The remedy he suggested was far from being unselfish; it was that of taking apartments in his house. By this means my person became sacred, and I was sure of being able to lie in my bed. Wishing to be quiet at any price, I accepted this singular proposal and actually took up my quarters at Saunders' house.

"I occupied the best room in the house. I kept open table; I paid for the prisoners who were there. I even paid the debts of several among them who owe me their liberty. (Vitellini asserts in his journal that these pretended prisoners were put there on purpose and that it was Saunders who profited by their liberation.) My ordinary expenses were paid every evening. Such was my manner of life during the six weeks I lived at Saunders' house. The latter is still living; he is at this moment a prisoner in the King's Bench. He perfectly recalls the circumstances of my sojourn with him. He has related them to several people of his own stamp, and especially to a Mr. Shannon, a druggist. He was even upon the point of attesting the truth in writing when Mr. Morande dissuaded him, by arguments which people like Saunders do not know how to resist.

"I feel assured that such details are matters of indifference to the public, and I should have passed over them in silence if Mr. Morande had not forced me to bring them to the light of day by inventing a fable as ridiculous as unlikely. He asserts that I was lodged at Saunders' house for four shillings a week, that I had only one meal a day, at a cost of ninepence, etc!

"It was not without regret that Mr. Saunders saw a boarder of my standing leave his house. I was scarcely installed in my own when he came to arrest me once more at the instance of Miss Fry, but by means of a regular writ. She had really made a sworn deposition, on the 24th of May, that I had in my possession a quantity of sequins, belonging to her, of the value of £200 sterling. Mr. Saunders took me to his house, in the hope, without doubt, that I would again take up my residence there; but foreseeing what would happen to me, I provided two securities; they were accepted and I was released.

"My trial was to take place on the 27th of June, before Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I went there in the hope that it would be decided by that venerable man, perhaps the oldest, certainly the first, Magistrate in Europe.

"Mr. Priddle, who was then my attorney, was the intimate friend of Saunders. When I was first arrested, Mr. Priddle having come to dine with his friend, the latter extolled to me his talents and his probity, and persuaded me to take him as my attorney. (The intimacy of Saunders and Priddle is a key which may serve to explain the conduct of this attorney in regard to myself.) I had consulted with Miss Fry's attorney, and it had been decided in the interview that the affair should not be pleaded, but put to arbitration before Mr. Howarth, Advocate. Mr. Dunning, Miss Fry's advocate, and Mr. Wallace, whom they had chosen for me, were instructed by the attorney as to the parts they were to play; so that instead of pleading one against the other, the two advocates demanded in concert that the case be arbitrated before Mr. Howarth; this was actually decided by Lord Mansfield.

"I asked my attorney why, without consulting me, they had given me for arbitrator a man I did not know. He replied that that was the usual formality; he added that he knew the arbitrator and that I was in very good hands.

"The arbitration having been accepted by Mr. Howarth, the parties thereto, their attorneys, and the witnesses, were appointed to appear before him on the following 4th of July. Until that time Mr. Priddle's behavior had only been equivocal. He now took off his mask.

"My friend and I beseeched him in vain. He refused to appear for me before Mr. Howarth, and obliged me to defend my case myself. Not knowing a word of English, I was obliged to plead through Vitellini, my interpreter. So, as Vitellini knew no more than I of legal forms, one can judge of the advantage that an adversary such as Miss Fry had over us, counseled as she was by such an attorney as Raynold.

"Today I am taunted with the judgment rendered against me by Mr. Howarth. I appeal from it to the tribunal of the nation: I maintain that this judgment is manifestly unjust; and it is in the very documents produced by Mr. Morande that I find the proofs of Mr. Howarth's iniquity.

"1st. Miss Fry had sworn (see the *Courrier de l'Europe*, page 337, column 2) on the 7th of February, 1777, that I owed her the sum of L190 sterling, and more besides for money lent, advanced, paid, and disbursed by the complainant for my use, and also for goods actually sold and delivered by the complainant, likewise for my use. Such was the first demand, upon the strength of which Miss Fry had had me arrested.

"Mr. Howarth was judge of the legitimacy of this demand. I denied the debt. It was necessary either for Miss Fry to prove it or to pay the costs.

"Miss Fry did not prove the debt. I, on the contrary, established the proof that the debt was false and that Miss Fry had perjured herself. Yet Mr. Howarth did not then reject the claim of Miss Fry in this respect and condemn her in costs and to damages and interest resulting from a vexatious imprisonment.

"2nd. Two days afterwards, Miss Fry swore before a Justice of the Peace that I was a *magician*, and that the Countess de Cagliostro was a sorceress (See the *Courrier de l'Europe*, page 238. Mr. Morande speaking of this warrant, has substituted the word *swindler* for that of *magician*.) The Justice of the Peace having the complaisance or the imbecility to issue, on the strength of such an affidavit, a warrant against my wife and myself, I appealed against this warrant in the Court of the King's Bench, and this appeal was likewise referred to Mr. Howarth.

"The latter could not avoid under these circumstances declaring the warrant and the subsequent imprisonment injurious and vexatious, and on this count condemning Miss Fry to pay all costs, damages, and interests.

"3rd. Finally Miss Fry swore (see *Courrier de l'Europe*, page 240) that I had in my hands, or that I had had lately in my possession, foreign coins called sequins, belonging to the complainant, to the value of £200 sterling and over, and on this affidavit she had taken out a writ, in virtue of which she had had me rearrested.

"Mr. Howarth was also judge of this last writ. However much he may have been in the interests of Miss Fry, he could not have failed to be struck by the improbability of the facts that she and her witness Broad attested on oath.

"He asked them in the first place where they had found the sequins which they said they had put in my hands.

"Mr. Howarth observed that at least four hundred sequins were necessary to make £200 sterling; and that it was unlikely that a merchant had kept so great a quantity of them without sending them to the melting-pot.

"Broad replied that indeed it was not the same merchant who had furnished them all to him, but that he had been to more than eighty merchants to complete the quantity. Called upon to give the name of a single one of the eighty merchants, he declared that that was impossible, because he had forgotten their names.

"Miss Fry then spoke and said that the four hundred sequins had been taken to her house by a Jew whose name and address she did not know.

"The contradiction between Miss Fry and her witness, the silence she maintained as to the history of the four hundred sequins when the first writ was taken out by her and when she made her sworn deposition before the Justice of the Peace, and more than all that, the absurdity of what had been attested by her, too evidently proved perjury for the arbitrator to entertain any misunderstanding. He severely reprimanded Miss Fry and her witness Broad.

"Miss Fry, being confounded on all these points, claimed that I ought to give her the box and the necklace, of which she had made a present to my wife. Mr. Howarth having asked what I had to say to this new claim, I replied 'that I knew quite well that I should be in the right to keep the box and the necklace, either because they had been given to the Countess, or because Miss Fry owed me for money lent, double and treble the value of these two objects; but that I did not wish to use the right I had to keep them and that I was content to return them as I had always offered to do.' (Mr. Morande agrees, in fact, page 238, that I had made this offer to Miss Fry from the first day of the trial.)

"The decision that Mr. Howarth ought to have rendered in a like circumstance, and which any other arbitrator would have rendered in his place, should have been to direct me, with my consent and in accordance with my offers, to give up the box and the necklace; to reject all the rest of Miss Fry's demands, and to condemn her to pay all costs, damages and interests suffered or incurred by me, without preventing me from prosecuting her as a common perjurer, if it seemed good to me to do so.

"On the contrary, what did Mr. Howarth do? (See the *Courrier de l'Europe*, pages 249 and 250). He rendered a decision as to the writ of the 7th of February, by which I had been arrested as a debtor to the tune of £190 sterling for money lent, not upon the warrant of the 9th of February, in virtue of which my wife and I had been arrested as magicians, nor finally upon the writ of the 24th of May, in virtue of which I had been arrested for retaining

a quantity of sequins of the value of £200 sterling. He leaves these objects out of consideration, though they alone formed the subject of the action submitted to his decision, and he gives a decision as to the restitution of the box and of the necklace only, to which I had consented. That is not all. This arbitrator had the guilty affectation of not mentioning, in his decision, the consent I had given in the course of the action, and which I had repeated in his presence, to give back the box and the necklace in question. He ordered purely and simply that I should restore the necklace and the box, and condemned me to pay all Miss Fry's costs.

"I should like, out of regard to the memory of Mr. Howarth, to refrain from any kind of reflexion upon the motives which could have led him to render such a decision. I should have even covered that adventure with the thickest veil, if Mr. Morande had not by a misplaced panegyric put me under the necessity of demonstrating to the Nation the injustice of the judgment given by Mr. Howarth as arbitrator.

"The latter did not give his decision as soon as he might have done. The Long Vacation followed; and it was only in the following November that I learnt the strange manner in which he had decided the case submitted to his decision.

"While waiting for the publication of this award the obligation taken by my securities still held good. One of them, Mr. Badioli, repented of the engagement he had entered into. He came to my house on the 9th of August to propose that I go for a drive. I accepted without suspicion. The carriage stopped before an edifice which I did not know; it was the King's Bench prison. Mr. Badioli alights; I do the same; a door opens; I enter first; the door closes upon me; and I am told that I am a prisoner, and that my sureties are discharged. (Sureties are discharged of all obligations on surrendering the defendant to the court, or by making him prisoner.)

"I had been a month or more in the King's Bench prison, when chance procured me the acquaintance of Mr. O'Reilly. The recital of my misfortunes touched him deeply; he promised to make every effort to procure my liberty; and he kept his word to me. It was to him that I owed the acquaintance of Mr. Sheridan, a young advocate of the highest merit, who was kind enough to take charge of my interests. To force my adversaries to accept new sureties, I had to wait until the end of the Vacation. Mr. Sheridan resolved to abridge the time of my captivity; he went to Lord Mansfield and disclosed to him the persecutions to which I had been subjected, and that venerable magistrate did not disdain to interpose his authority to oblige Miss Fry's attorney to receive the sureties I offered.

"My new sureties being accepted, I prepared to leave the King's Bench, when Mr. Crisp, Marshal of the Prison, advised me of a detainer lodged against me for £30 sterling by Mr. Aylett, an attorney. In this detainer I am described under several names, and especially by that of Balsamo. I learnt then that Mr. Aylett, whom I had never seen, and who to all appearance had never seen me either, had sworn that I owed him £10 sterling and over; he had made out against me a claim for £30 sterling for expenses which he said were owing to him.

"Understanding nothing of this new intrigue, but desirous of enjoying my liberty, I asked the Marshal what I should do. He replied that he would take the responsibility of letting me go, if I deposited in his hands the sum of £30 sterling. I replied that I would send the sum the next day and begged him meanwhile to take as security about £50 worth of plate. It was thus I left the King's Bench, after six or seven weeks of captivity.

"The next day I sent the £30 sterling in order to redeem my plate; but it was too late. The Marshal of the King's Bench declared that Mr. Aylett had seized it. Mr. Aylett denied the fact, but it has been impossible for me to learn what had become of my plate.

"I ought not to forget one incident that happened during my stay at the King's Bench. The windows of my apartment looked out upon the outside of the prison. One day, while I amused myself looking at the passers by, I saw Scott, who was driving with Miss Fry in an open carriage. They recognised me, and stopped a while to look at me. All of a sudden Scott took from his pocket the gold box he had stolen from me, the shape of which I could very easily recognise; he raised it in the air, turned it about between his fingers, and showed it to me with a mocking laugh. Messrs. O'Reilly, Bristol, Sheridan, and Vitellini, witnesses of this bravado, went down as quickly as they could to have the man who had robbed me arrested; but he put his horse to the gallop, and it was impossible for them to come up with him.

"Finally the time of the Long Vacation having expired, Mr. Howarth had the sentence he had pronounced against me communicated to me. The indignation excited in my soul by that atrocious injustice made me unjust myself. I attributed to the whole nation the fault of individuals, and I resolved to flee for ever from a country where people thus forgot the rights of justice, of gratitude, and of hospitality.

"In vain my friends pressed me to appeal from the iniquitous judgment of Mr. Howarth; to bring an action for perjury against Attorney Aylett; another for swindling against the Marshal of the King's Bench; and to have punished as they deserved Miss Fry, Scott, Raynold, and the false witness Broad. I would listen to nothing; I abandoned all my claims, only too happy to be allowed to go. I paid blindly all that I was asked, and finally I departed, taking with me only some fifty guineas and some jewels, the last remnant of the fortune which I had brought to England some months before.

"The box and the manuscript which Scott had stolen from me, were, of all my losses, those which I most regretted. I left Mr. O'Reilly my power of attorney to prosecute and bring him to judgment, and a second secret power to try to recover the box and the manuscript at any price whatever.

"My fifty guineas took me to Brussels, where Providence awaited me, to rebuild the edifice of my fortune. Thence I recommenced my travels over Europe, often changing my name but everywhere showing the exterior of a wealthy man. I again assumed definitely the name of Cagliostro, which I used successively in Courland, Russia, in Poland, and in France.

"I had entirely lost sight of my affair in London, when I received at Strasbourg a letter from Mr. O'Reilly. He told me that Scott was in prison; that the proofs of his theft being complete, he would be hanged as a matter of course if the case were brought to trial; that in the circumstances he had offered him his liberty, with 500 guineas, to obtain the restitution from him of the box and manuscript, but that Scott had declared to him, that, whatever might happen, he would deliver neither. Mr. O'Reilly observed in this letter to me that the greater number of my persecutors had come to a miserable end, and finished by asking my last wishes in regard to Scott. I replied to him as to that, that I did not wish to be the cause of the death of a man, and that I should like the affair to terminate amicably.

"Mr. O'Reilly, in consequence, made an arrangement with Scott, by which I desisted from the accusation intended against him and consented to his liberation. Scott, on his

part, renounced all manner of reparation and damages; he paid the costs and all was terminated.

"Compounding a capital offense in this way did not show in the accused a very strong confidence in his innocence; and if Mr. Morande, who poisons all that passes through his hands, claims to find in this act the proof of a libelous accusation rather than that of a generous pardon, I flatter myself that he will be alone in his opinion.

"However that may be, after having practised medicine in France for four years with a success which I dare say was unexampled, at length, worn out by the eternal complaints of the physicians, I abandoned the field of battle to them.

"At Paris in the narrow circle of a choice society I had at last found peace and happiness. I flattered myself that I should live and die unknown, when the strangest and most cruel of adventures fixed more than ever the gaze of Europe upon me and caused me to remember that I was devoted by my star to misfortune and to celebrity.

"Oppressed by authority, marked by the law, my reputation torn to shreds, I sorely needed to raise my voice in my defense; but it was only with regret and after having long resisted the importunity of my defender, that I consented to allow in my *Memoire* the insertion of some of the singular adventures with which my life has been besprinkled.

"However meager, however imperfect may be a recital of this kind, it called the attention of the public to me. People wept for me, they deplored my fate, they detested my persecutors. Their hate, held back for an instant by the highest tribunal of the nation, only became the more envenomed. People know all the evil that has been done me. May God pardon them as I do! But in calumniating me, in distorting my simplest actions, in hurling upon me, to deceive the public, journalists whose favor I have scorned to buy, they have laid upon me the necessity of disabusing honest readers, and of publishing out of my life some anecdotes which I would have had made public only after my death."

IV. At Mitau in Courland, 1779

As we have learned, Cagliostro came definitely before the public in July, 1776, coincidentally with the Declaration of Independence in America. This was in London, where he stayed until December, 1777, having in the meantime passed through many adventures and endured great persecution at the hands of cunning scoundrels who took advantage of certain provisions in the English law which were a standing disgrace to the London of that day. It is well not to judge too quickly, however, that his failure in England was all a failure; it was a testing time, a time that tried men's souls, and certainly one man, the Irish Freemason O'Reilly, came well out of the trial. There may have been others too, for the world knows very little of Cagliostro's Masonic successes.

Stripped of his money, his precious chemicals and drugs, his unique records and manuscripts irretrievably lost, hounded out of the country by a corrupt system of farcical and tragic 'justice,' to which the honor and probity of Lord Mansfield only lent a darker hue by contrast, Cagliostro finally fled with his wife to Brussels. He had come to London with several thousand pounds; now there remained but fifty pounds, saved from the wreck of his fortune at the hands of professional sharpers and corrupt officials of 'justice.'

It was not many years before he was able to publish that extraordinary record of Karmic justice which accounted for each one of his enemies, as though in recognition of the fact that he himself refused to take measures of revenge against them or to secure their punishment, even when he had the power. He left them to the action of the divine law of adjustment which formed an integral part of his philosophy, and he did this even in the face of provocation far greater than that which assails ordinary men, for it was impossible to replace what he had lost. Its value to him and to his mission was inestimable.

He appears, after leaving England, to have spent the year 1778 traveling in Belgium, Holland, and Germany, but beyond the fact that he sought at this time to mend his broken fortunes there is nothing of importance to relate.

The next act of the drama of Cagliostro's wonderful life opens in Courland. He arrived at Konigsberg at the end of February 1779, and it appears that he was willing to make a further attempt in behalf of his system of Mystic Masonry. But the Chancellor von Korff received the impression that he was a Jesuit agent. The idea was, of course, absurd, but it gave rise to some hostile feeling; and Cagliostro, not troubling to vindicate himself, passed on to Mitau, the capital of Courland. Claiming the right of a gentleman of quality traveling on the continent to use an *incognito* if he so desired, he had passed under the names of Count Fenix, and Count Harat, both mystic names of definite meaning. Here at Mitau he resumed the name of Count de Cagliostro, which he retained before the public for the rest of his known life. But he freely acknowledged at Mitau that Cagliostro was not his family name; indeed, it seems to have been a territorial title given him by the Grand Master of Malta when conferring on him the title of Count.*

* Carlyle in *Frazer's Magazine* says that Alessandro Cagliostro was the name of Balsamo's grand-uncle.

Furnished with the highest Masonic credentials and introductions, Cagliostro founded among the leading families of Mitau a system of mystic study and practice which even in the few weeks he spent there produced very remarkable results. His most promising pupil was the young Countess von der Recke, of the reigning Medem family, who had extraordinary possibilities and opportunities for the development of high moral qualities, yet who failed to make the best of them, owing to a nervous temperament combined with an unconquerable grief at the death of her brother. Unable to maintain a loftier purpose than that of communicating with his spirit, to gratify her morbid personal longing, her health threatened to give way. Cagliostro was unable to satisfy her desire without the protracted training which she was unwilling to pass through, and as always happens in such a case, the enthusiastic disciple was bitterly disappointed with the teacher, and reluctant to acknowledge a personal failure, turned traitor, blaming the teacher while adopting an air of superiority. This often happened to Cagliostro, but, knowing the law such conduct illustrates, he never bore malice.

In the case of the Countess von der Recke Cagliostro was cautious enough to tell her little more than was suited to her youth and inexperience, and he was wise, for when she joined his enemies in after years, she published her reminiscences of his stay at Mitau as though to do him all the harm possible. They were taken from a diary written by her at

the time, and this fact lifts them above the level of most of such records which usually consist of ninety percent invective and spiteful personal opinion, as though reason as well as moral sense were blinded by animus. This being the case, the reminiscences of the Countess von der Recke are really very valuable glimpses into the genuineness of Cagliostro's mission to those who understand that his apparently aimless ceremonies were really demonstrations of the deeper laws of science. To the casual reader, the matter reads like an imaginative fairytale, parts of which are highly instructive. At the same time there is a suggestion of sly joking here and there when Cagliostro is paying back in his own coin some interfering spy. He did not encourage his friends to publish too widely his power of 'reading souls' (when he had the right and duty to do so), nor the fact that in cases where he would not utilize that power he had often received secret warning. Many puzzles and difficulties are solved by the realization that Cagliostro had to abide by a moral code immensely higher than that which passes muster among ordinary men - the kind of code that forbids a God to descend from his 'cross' because it would be applying universal powers to personal and selfish ends. The narrative of the Countess von der Recke speaks for itself; therefore let it tell the story:

Concerning Cagliostro's Magical Experiments in Mitau
- A Record of the year 1779, by Frau von der Recke

"With the good intention of extending my knowledge in every way, and fully purposing to write down with all impartiality some experiences which I went through at the time of my almost daily intercourse with Count de Cagliostro, I will here set down nothing but the plain truth about what I saw and heard. I will describe some magical experiments of the Count and the occasion of his making them before us; also some discourses about magic, or as Cagliostro expresses himself, about the higher powers of Nature which are imparted by Providence to some men, such as Christ, Moses, and Elias, to use for the benefit of thousands.

"Some days after his arrival, Cagliostro announced himself to my uncle as a Freemason, sent by his Superiors to the North on important business, and directed to him, my father, and to the Chamberlain von der Howen (now Superior Town Councillor and Superior Councillor).

"In my uncle's house I had spoken to Cagliostro several times; I found him the most wonderful man I had ever met. He and his wife inspired my aunt, my cousin, and myself, with high conceptions of a Lodge of Adoption. He also expressed himself as wanting to found this Lodge here out of friendship for us because he believed we could be worthy companions in this secret society, which leads to higher happiness those who with pure heart strive after the truth, and, full of love for the universal good, strive to widen the scope of their knowledge. The idea pleased us and we concluded to become the foundresses of this society in our fatherland under Cagliostro's leadership; however, we made the condition that only those who were Freemasons should enter this society and should be members of the same.

"Here arose difficulties which I will not describe in detail for fear of being too prolix. Even my father, Herr von Howen, my uncle, and Herr Major Korff, who were received by Cagliostro at first, did not wish to assist in the foundation of the Lodge of Adoption, and

thereupon we told Cagliostro to give up his proposal. But he said that he had never undertaken what he did not carry out and that he would be the worst kind of a man if he did not establish the Lodge here on the most brilliant footing. All his most vigorous opponents would in the end become his greatest supporters, and would later encourage him in his undertaking.

"Then he made some chemical experiments in my father's house, and in his presence and in that of the Chamberlain von der Howen; he assured them both that he would impart some of these secrets to the newly established Lodge, and as a proof that he possessed the higher powers, he would make a *magical experiment* in the presence of these gentlemen with a six-year old lad.

"The day came. My father and my uncle joined Herr von Howen, and the youngest son of my dead brother was employed for the experiment. How Cagliostro actually brought this about I cannot say with certainty, for I was not an eyewitness; but the gentlemen told us about it. Cagliostro poured the Oil of Wisdom into the child's left hand and on his head (according to what Cagliostro said) and thus, during the recital of a Psalm, consecrated the boy as a seer of the future. The little boy had become very hot during this operation and had broken out into a perspiration; Cagliostro said this was a sign that the 'spirits' were pleased with the child. Next he wrote some characters in the boy's hand and on his head, and bade him look steadily into his anointed hand; then he began the conjuration. He had previously asked my uncle, without the boy hearing it, what kind of a vision he would have for the boy. My uncle asked him to let the child see his mother and sister, who had remained at home, in order that the child should not be frightened when he saw the vision. About ten minutes after the conjuration the boy called out that he saw his mother and sister. Then Cagliostro asked: 'What is your sister doing?' And the child answered, 'She is pressing her hands to her heart as if in pain.' After a while the boy cried out, 'Now my sister is kissing my brother, who has come home.' Here I must say that when the gentlemen went from my uncle's house to the house of Herr von der Howen, (which is some blocks away from it) in order to make the first magical experiment, this brother was not in the town; nor did we expect him that day for we thought him seven miles away from us. But just at the time when the conjuration was made my cousin came quite unexpectedly to us, and told us that his sister had shortly before had such strong palpitations of the heart that it made her feel quite ill. Immediately after the conjuration Cagliostro came with my uncle, Herr von Howen and my father, to us. The three gentlemen were not a little astonished when they saw my eldest cousin standing before them and heard that his sister had been indisposed. Now they themselves pushed on the foundation of the Lodge of Adoption. The following members were then elected: [The names are omitted by Countess von der Recke.]

"On the 29th of March our Lodge was founded by Cagliostro with the support of these brothers, and my aunt, my cousin, and I were elected sisters. From love of the common good, and being zealous to extend our knowledge, we submitted quietly to all the varied opinions of the public here. The thought that we might become active on behalf of our fellow-men gave us patience and courage to bear all mockery with calmness. Until the founding of our Lodge, Cagliostro had spoken to us only in a mystical way about the hidden powers of Nature, and had explained some passages in Holy Scripture about them; but as soon as I proceeded farther in my questions, he said: 'Only the initiated can have explanations of these matters, and indeed only then after taking several degrees.'

"After the founding of our Lodge, he gave daily lectures to us on magic. He instructed us never to speak about these matters after his departure except on Lodge-days and then only in the inner circle of the initiated; but each one of us ought unceasingly to investigate for himself and seek to approach the eternal source of All Good.

"On the tenth of April, on the day when our Lodge was given the last degree, Cagliostro said to my father and myself, after he had kept himself apart from us in a lonely room writing for half an hour, that he had just come from an important interview with his Superiors, who now had outlined his business here still more closely and were to show him the place where the most important magical writings lay buried. That place is in Wilzen, on the estate of my uncle. A great magician had lived there who, because his followers showed an inclination toward necromancy, had buried in the forest important magical instruments, besides an enormous treasure. This was now being sought by the followers of the Evil Principle, or to speak more plainly, by necromancers.

"One of these necromancers had already been for some time in Courland, but he had not yet been able to discover from his subject-spirits where the great magician (who now enjoyed a more complete existence in other regions) had buried these things which were so important for the welfare of Humanity. Cagliostro hoped the Great Architect of the Universe would bless his (Cagliostro's) diligence and let the good fortune of unearthing these important treasures be his. He had to confess that this was one of the most dangerous undertakings in the world; for all the evil spirits were in an uproar, and were attacking him with the object of converting him into a necromancer, and by this means to let the Evil Principle get the upper hand. For so soon as the magical treasures fell into the hands of the black magicians, the most grievous consequences for the world would ensue and centuries would pass before our earth would recover from the plagues with which these disturbances were connected. So we ought to join our prayers with his and entreat the eternal source of all Good for strength for him to withstand the evil spirits and to abide true in faith. After he had made this disclosure to us he pointed out to us on a chart the neighborhood where these things lay buried, and described to us in exact terms the place in the forest, this without his having been in Wilzen. My uncle was not a little astonished that Cagliostro knew a place so exactly, which his eyes had never seen and his feet had never trod.

"Then Cagliostro said to us that in the half hour when he had been alone and had given out that he was writing, he had by the strength of his spirit and at the command of the Great Kophta translated himself to Wilzen, taken everything in at a glance, and what he had just confided to us he had learnt from the spirit who there watches over the treasure and magical things. He assured my uncle that the treasure which he would there unearth should be his, but the magical things were for himself, or rather for his Master.

"Some days later Cagliostro made a magical experiment in the presence of his wife, my uncle and aunt, and the Chamberlain von der Howen. All that I know myself is that the child had seen the forest in which the treasure was concealed; then the child had seen another child, who opened the earth in the forest and had shown there a quantity of gold, silver, papers, magical instruments, and a little casket containing red powder. Afterwards Countess de Cagliostro desired news of her father, and then Cagliostro summoned his father-in-law. The boy said soon after, 'Now I see a tall thin man, who looks like the Countess; he has an Order and looks pleased and in good health.' Thereupon Cagliostro

told the boy to ask if he was in the town or country, and if he had yet received the letter he knew about. The child answered, 'He is in the country and has received the letter.'

"I had often spoken with Cagliostro about the connexion of the spiritual and material world, apparitions, the power of prayer, and about the ability of the Apostles to perform miracles, and had heard many wonders. I had also told him that after the death of my brother this world had very little interest for me, and that only the thought of doing good for the many could make life again bearable. I told him frankly that I had striven for communication with enlightened spirits, and I had passed many a night in calm meditation and in prayer in the churchyard, in order to become worthy to see the apparition of my blessed brother; but as yet the happiness of this vision had not come to me. Through him, Cagliostro, I hoped to attain my wish; the greatest proof he could give of his good intentions toward me would be to summon my brother.

"Then Cagliostro replied that he had no power over the dead but only over the intermediate spirits of creation, which, as the Scriptures say, are sent for the service of man and are subject to him. Through these he - long an initiate of the Sacred Mysteries - enjoys instructive intercourse with higher spirits; yet he had not the power to procure visions for grown persons. Besides, he dared never summon spirits merely as a pastime; only weighty considerations could justify him with his Masters in such an undertaking, and make the subject-spirits favorable. If he made his evocations only to satisfy the curiosity of others, or from personal pride, in order to show his greatness; then evil spirits would soon creep in among the helpful ones, spirits such as those which the Scripture says prowl around in order to deceive men: and then at last it would happen to him as with Schropfer, who, because he misused his powers, was plagued for so long by evil spirits, who were thereby attracted to him, that he was driven to shoot himself. Then I said that this was not a very clever thing for the demons to do; they might have made a man like Schropfer one of themselves and used him as a tool for the furtherance of their evil intentions, without driving him to suicide; and so they might have gained for themselves a worthy companion. Cagliostro looked at me with a searching glance and said in a serious tone,

"If you are speaking to me in frivolous mockery you do not deserve an answer. But if it is the caviling critic who puts these questions to me, I must tell you: Look out for yourself, guard against continually asking for the *Why* of things when I am not by your side. Christ said to his students, "I have yet many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now! Eve, who fell from biting an apple, and caused the whole human race to fall, is only a magical parable, showing that curiosity, vanity, and ambition, bring misfortune to thousands upon thousands of members of the race. The Path of Magic which you think of treading and to which you are now initiated through your acceptance as a Sister of the Order, is extremely dangerous. If anything else than the wish to do good attracts you to Mysticism, go no farther, otherwise temporal as well as eternal misery will be your portion.'

"I assured him that nothing but self-perfection and the wish, where possible, to be able to work for the good of thousands, led me to this Path.

"Good," said he. 'I am not at this moment quite convinced of the purity and sincerity of your intentions, but I shall know in a few hours through my Master, how you think, and then I will talk with you further.'

"The next day Cagliostro said to me that his Master had assured him that my intention to devote myself to magic was a noble one and that I might go very far in this high science if I were always to follow my Superior [*Obern* is the German word used] with the

same zeal and faith. If only I would promise him once again to follow his instructions implicitly, he would during his present visit enable me to witness the highest proofs of his care for me.

"I said that word *implicit, unbounded*, must include the condition that I should follow him in all cases where my judgment told me that nothing conflicted with my sacred duty; but God himself could not bring me to act contrary to my own conviction of what was right and wrong.

"'Well,' said he, 'If God revealed himself to you, as in the case of Abraham, would you not be able to sacrifice the darling of your heart, as he was able, in the act of sacrificing his only son?'

"I pondered awhile, questioned myself, and could not with truth answer otherwise than to say, 'Indeed, no! In Abraham's place I could not have sacrificed my son. I should have said: Oh, God! kill my son by a lightning flash! If you demand it, bid me make any other sacrifice and I will willingly comply; but bid me not sacrifice my worst persecutor unless I find him worthy of death!'

"Upon this Cagliostro said, 'From this answer I conclude that you, with such principles and such a firm manner of dealing, will be able to consecrate yourself all the more determinedly to the Sacred Mysteries, because you will so withstand the attempts of all evil spirits that you will never enter into the realm of black magic. I am certain that if you succeed through striving after perfection, like Christ and his apostles, in gaining higher powers, then you will also have the strength, like Peter with a word, 'Ananias thou liest,' to strike to the ground the one whom you see will make thousands suffer, working thus contrary to the sublime intention of the Supreme Architect of the World. Nevertheless I will, in anticipation, in order to lead you more quickly to the Sacred Mysteries, if possible tonight, by means of a magic dream try to procure important instruction for you in the Sacred Mysteries, through the Spirit of your dead brother. Only when you go to sleep, you must make the firm resolve to speak with him about Magic immediately your brother appears to you in your dream. I will deliver a sealed paper to your father in which there will be a question to which I want to obtain an answer through your dream. So remember as much as ever you can of the conversation you will have with your brother in your dream.'

"That evening, when we were together with my uncle, Cagliostro said still more to me about the aim of Magic and about its different branches. Before we parted, Cagliostro took me and my father by the hand, gave the latter a sealed triangular paper and told him to promise not to break the seal, until I had had the dream of my brother which he would procure for me, and had related this and my conversation with him in our initiated circle in his presence. Moreover, he directed me to think well over everything before I lay down to rest, and to go to sleep with earnest prayer. Then we parted.

"When I arrived home I thought in detail over all we had spoken about, and went to bed praying devoutly; but sleep eluded me and one thought followed another. The morning broke without my having had an instant's sleep. When I in the early morning went to Cagliostro I found some of our circle already with him and I told him immediately what had happened.

"He answered that I had to become more tranquil in soul and not to let myself be a prey to such anxiety in the wish to dream of my brother. The following evening he bade me await my dream with more calmness. I tried as best I could to sleep, in order to have the desired dream. But one vivid picture arose after another in my mind, one thought linked

itself to another, and sleep was far from me; hope and longing to enter into communion with higher spirits filled me with cold shudders; the desire to sleep and the absence of sleep made me impatient. Then I turned in prayer to God and my soul became calm; but for all that sleep fled from me.

"When I again went to Cagliostro the next morning, and frankly told him that I had not been able to sleep at all, he said, somewhat nettled, that he supposed I had greater aptitude for Mysticism than I possessed, and that I ought no more to count on having this dream. I was sorry for this but I was silent. But Cagliostro said to my father and to ---, that he was obliged, in order to let my mind rest, to take away the expectation of speaking in dream to my brother's spirit, but he hoped he would be able to give the magic dream the next night. This day Cagliostro spoke to me less than usual. When we separated for the night he made an appointment to meet the next morning at 9 o'clock with Herr von Howen, my father, Major von Korff, my uncle, and ---, and said on taking leave of me that I could come also, even if the 'beard of Jove' (*barba Jovis*) did not belong to me; but he wished, nevertheless, that I should see everything, and take part in everything, in order that I should not be wholly unacquainted at least with any part of Occult Science.

"We separated, and scarcely had I, after reading some pages of Swedenborg, laid myself down in bed, than I slumbered. Toward midnight I had the most terrible dream, frights, perspiration, palpitations of the heart, and such a convulsive motion in all my limbs that I could move neither hand nor foot, but lay there powerless and exhausted. When I wanted to get up in the morning I found myself so weak that I could hardly turn from one side to the other in bed without trouble. And I fell again into a half-sleeping, half-waking condition, in which I had the most terrible anguish and often awoke from a doze with a shriek.

"When the gentlemen assembled with Cagliostro in the morning, the latter told them that my nerves and my physique were too weak for him to be able to give me the magic dream without endangering my life. He had bidden his most powerful agents to act upon my organism, and to prepare me for a dream-conversation with my brother; but my body was so constituted that always, at every evocation, I had the most painful and incoherent dreams, and now, as his agents told him, I was quite exhausted and sick from these evocations. If he had carried his action further my organism might have been completely dissolved. Then the worthy old man, ---, was sent by him to call me but he added,

"'You will find the good lady very sick, and as my spirits tell me, in bed and in no condition to come here now. But the sickness is not of any consequence and she will be well again after dinner, about three o'clock. Meanwhile, tell her nothing of what I have just now told you; go to her and act toward her as if you knew nothing of her sickness; tell her that I am surprised not to find her here, since she promised me yesterday to come here at nine o'clock in the morning.'

"--- came to me, and as Cagliostro had said, found me in bed and unable to go. He did not show that he noted anything that Cagliostro had said, but said he would again visit me after dinner and that I ought only to keep quiet; also, that he would excuse my absence to Cagliostro. I fell shortly afterwards into a calm sleep; towards three o'clock I became really better and then I got out of bed and went cheerfully enough to my writing room, where I began to write.

"Cagliostro had about this time said to the worthy old ---, 'Go now to Frau von der Recke. You will find her in her room at her writing-table and in good spirits. Bring her now to us, but tell her nothing of all that I have told you.'

"--- came to me and was not a little astonished at finding me so cheerful and actually writing at my desk in my writing-room, considering that I had been lying in bed sick at nine o'clock that very morning.

"As I now felt well again I went with --- to Cagliostro, and found my father and Herr von Howen with him. When I entered the room, Cagliostro gave me his hand and said,

"Dear child! You have suffered this night, but you yourself are partly to blame. Because you are so very anxious to speak with the spirit of your dead brother in a dream I called up all my powers in order to fulfil your wish. If you had had stronger nerves and not such an almost excessive love for your brother, I might have been able to bring about the dream which would have brought us all nearer to the goal and allowed you to look deeper into the Sacred Mysteries. But now we must go the usual pace, yet if you do not relax your zeal you, with your capacity, will nevertheless reach the goal at last. But I must give you a warning. The protecting spirit Hanachiel, whom I have associated with you and who has watched over you since the time you entered into my group, and who brings me an account of your thoughts and actions, assures me that you are now largely attracted to mysticism by grief at the death of your brother and that it is this which planted in you the first seeds of your inclination to magic. Therefore the good powers cannot yet affect you because you do not love magic for its own sake, but because death has taken from you that on which your soul chiefly depended. However, you shall this evening take part in a magical experiment which I have to make, and, as I hope, will gradually accustom yourself to such work.'

"Because I had not had the dream, Cagliostro demanded from my father the return of the sealed paper instantly, unread and with the seal unbroken.

"This evening Cagliostro made the following experiment, at my uncle's house and in the presence of some members of our lodge. "First, he asked me the baptismal name of Herr N. N., which I knew very well, and also the baptismal name of my dead brother. After I had told him, he wrote the initials of these names and, between each letter, characters which I did not know. Then he remained alone in the room for a time, wrote all kinds of things, burnt some, then came and told us to prompt the boy to ask him to show him again such things as he had seen before. The mother bade the boy to persuade Cagliostro to let him see the forest which he had already shown him some evenings before, or whatever he wished. Cagliostro took the boy on his knee, rubbed the previously burnt paper on his head, kissed him, and said:

"Child! you also can be a great man some day! Come, dear lad, you shall behold things of greater importance.'

"Then he took him into the room where he had previously been writing. In the room there was nothing besides the usual furniture, excepting that two candles stood on my uncle's writing-table, and between the candles a sheet of paper with written characters. When the child had come into the room, Cagliostro shut the door and told him that he must wait quietly until the beautiful things of which he had spoken appeared. He must not be frightened by anything, for even if there were a noise in the other room it would be of no importance. We all sat in the anteroom in a circle opposite the closed doors. Cagliostro

stood with a drawn dagger in his hand in the middle of the room and bade us all be silent, devout, serious, and calm.

"Next, he drew some characters with his dagger on the door of the room where the child was; then he stamped with his foot, now on the floor, now on the door, wrote characters in the air with the dagger, uttered many names, and words which we did not understand. The three expressions that most frequently occurred were: *Helion, Melion, Tetragrammaton*. In the midst of this operation my aunt sent her eldest son to the other room to see if the other doors were also shut. Then said Cagliostro with astonishing force: 'For God's sake, what are you doing? Be quiet, be quiet, do not stir! You are in the greatest danger, and I with you!'

"He redoubled his stampings, called out in a terribly loud voice some unknown words and names, described all sorts of figures in the air, and again drew a circle round us with his dagger. He remained standing in the circle, and said in a most emphatic tone that we should all be most unfortunate if one of us stirred or even attempted to speak. Now he began anew his conjurations and bade the little one, who had hitherto been very quiet, shut in the room, to kneel down and repeat after him all that he should say, until he had a vision. Then Cagliostro stamped again with his foot, made various motions with the dagger, and asked the child: 'What do you see now?'

"*The Child* - I see the beautiful little boy who last time opened the earth for me in the forest.

"*Cagliostro* - Good! Now ask the boy to show you Herr N. N., and with chains round neck and hands and feet.

"*The Child* - I see Herr von N. N. and he looks very vexed. He is chained, hands and neck and feet.

"*Cagliostro* - What do you see now?

"*The Child* - The beautiful little boy draws the chain tighter around his neck.

"*Cagliostro* - Where is Herr von N. N. now? (Here the child named the estate of this gentleman, which lay at a distance of some miles from the town.)

"*Cagliostro* - Stamp your foot on the floor; order Herr von N. N. to disappear; and bid the beautiful boy to show you the blessed brother of your cousin von der Recke.

"*The Child* - The brother is there!

"*Cagliostro* - Does he look happy or sad? And how is he dressed?

"*The Child* - He looks pleased, and has on a red uniform.

"*Cagliostro* - Tell him to answer by a sign, Yes or No, to the thought that is in my mind.

"*The Child* - He says, 'Yes.'

"*Cagliostro* - What is he doing now?

"*The Child* - He lays his hand on his heart, and looks kindly at me.

"*Cagliostro* - What do you now see?

"*The Child* - The little girl who looks like your wife and who showed herself to me the last time.

"*Cagliostro* - What do you see now?

"*The Child* - The little girl is there.

"*Cagliostro* - Embrace the little girl, kiss her, and ask her to show you the forest. (Then we heard a sound, as though the child kissed the apparition. Herr Major von Korff

and my uncle said that they heard also the kiss given by the apparition, but I heard only one kiss.)

"*The Child* - I see the forest and in it a tree cut down.

"*Cagliostro* - Bid the little girl open the earth.

"*The Child* - The earth is open; and I see five candles, gold and silver, all kinds of papers, red powder, and also iron instruments.

"*Cagliostro* - Now order the earth to be closed, the whole forest to disappear, and the little girl also; and then tell me what you see.

"*The Child* - All has disappeared, and now I see a splendid tall man. He has on a long white gown, and on his breast a red cross.

"*Cagliostro* - Kiss this man's hand, and let him kiss you. (We heard both kisses and then Cagliostro commanded this apparition to be the child's guardian-spirit.)

"Afterwards Cagliostro again spoke in Arabic, stamped with his foot on the door, and then opened it and let the child come out. Then he said we could now leave our places, reproved us for my cousin's having left the circle, and at the same moment fell into a kind of convulsive swoon. We brought him to, and when he was himself again, he told us all to be silent and serious. Then he went into the room where the child had seen the apparition, slammed the door behind him, and we heard him speaking in some foreign language in a loud voice. At last we heard a dull thud. Then he came again quietly, and when well out of the room told us with a triumphant look that Herr von N. N. had deserved punishment, and that he was now punished severely. Tomorrow we should hear that von N. N. had been very sick with throat-trouble and was having much pain in his limbs at the time when the child had had the vision and had seen him in chains. He also named the physician who would that night be called to attend the sick N. N.; and the next morning we heard that all that Cagliostro told us had happened.

"He said that the swoon had been caused by evil spirits, because my cousin had stepped over the circle which enclosed us. For at every *seance* the evil spirits were aroused and were enraged against the one who, at the bidding of the Good Principle, made the summons. They were held back by the magic circle and robbed of their power of action. When I said that it was incomprehensible to me how a mere pass with the dagger could so hold the spirits in check, he replied, 'The action of the magnet was still more inexplicable. But the magic circle and the power it had would be understood by those who could by this means restrain the evil spirits.'

"This explanation certainly did not give us much enlightenment, but perhaps we should grasp it when we had made further progress in this science. The particular thing which had unpleasantly astonished me at this *seance* was that Cagliostro had used his power for the hurt of his fellow-man and had made Herr von N. N. suffer. I had the boldness to ask him to explain. He patted me on the shoulder and said: 'My good soft-hearted creature! How little do you know the right position and duty of a true magician! I and my like depend less upon ourselves than other everyday men. We are subordinate to Superiors to whom we owe unconditional obedience. If you only knew how it goes to my heart when I must make my fellow-men suffer occasionally! But when I think that often by so doing I save whole countries and peoples from destruction, and that perhaps even the one who feels my discipline may by it be freed from destruction, then I take courage to carry out with confidence the will of my Superiors. So long as you, my dear child, have not the strength to discipline and chastise for the benefit of your fellowmen when necessary,

so long will you remain only in the fore-court of magic and will never penetrate to the sanctuary.'

"I proceeded, 'If you will pardon me, I should like to ask you a question.' 'Ask, by all means,' he replied.

"I - You appear to me to say, with a kind of triumphant look, that you have punished Herr von N. N., and from here have made him ill by means of your spirits. Is this worthy of a Friend of Mankind?

"*Cagliostro* - I had supposed you to have more penetration! Can I in my position always be myself? Must I not assume many characters in order to learn to know my pupils?

"I - But why do you need to do that when you can investigate us through your subordinate spirits?

"*Cagliostro* - My good child, you argue like a blind man about color. Every day has certain hours only when I can undertake magical operations, and then very difficult and important duties are assigned to me. I have sought out three among you, whom I leave to be observed by my subject-spirits; the others I must test in social life in order to investigate their capacities of heart and and so place them in their proper sphere of action. Had you not been observed by one of my spirits for some time, I should today have directed my attention to you; for the boldness with which you speak, and the unspoiled human feeling which so speaks through you, would have caused me to suspect that in you profound capabilities towards magic lie hidden.

"After some days *Cagliostro* traveled with his wife, Herr von Howen, Herr von Korff, my father, and myself, to Wilzen to my uncle's. We found him there, with his wife and daughter and two sons. *Cagliostro* took only myself in his carriage and there he talked to me about magic, which instilled in me a great respect for his moral character, of which I had begun to be a little mistrustful. I now received light upon many things which had not pleased me in him heretofore, and I must confess that his insight and knowledge of human nature astonished me hardly less than his magical experiments. I must here recount an incident before I proceed further with my story.

"*Cagliostro* asked me after some conversation what I thought of Z---. Could I not make him better acquainted with Z---? and he related some incidents of his life.

"I answered that I knew Z--- too little to be able to gratify his wish. (I knew a story about Z---, the relating of which might cause him some harm, but I knew positively, that with the exception of a couple of friends and my mother, not another soul knew it. My mother had intrusted it to me under the sacred seal of silence.)

"*Cagliostro* looked me keenly in the face and said significantly, 'So you know nothing of Z--- by which you could make me more closely acquainted with his character and fate, which I am so anxious to know?'

"I - Truly, Z--- is very little known to me.

"*Cagliostro* - Serpent that I nourish in my bosom! Thou art not speaking the truth! Swear, swear to me here that thou knowest no anecdote of the circumstances of Z---'s life, which is known only to three people besides thyself!

"I must confess that I was in a dilemma. I was silent for some minutes, considering within myself how, without breaking my word, and without going counter to my principles of right and wrong, I could escape from the dilemma. *Cagliostro* looked angrily at me and

said: 'Now, deceiver! What are you thinking of? Answer me. So you can tell nothing about Herr Z---?'

"I answered with great earnestness, 'Herr Count, your behavior alarms me. I do not know for whom you are playing this role since you have only myself at your side - I myself, who, as you say, am observed by your subject-spirit Hanachiel. Since I have nothing to be ashamed of before the eye of the All-seeing, who reads in my innermost heart, I have no fear of the observation of Hanachiel, if he, as a good spirit, reads my heart. And if he is not, he can tell you what he likes. I trust in Him who knows how to hold the demons and necromancers in check, and I am convinced that he will guide all the wrong in the world to the best end.'

"Then Cagliostro looked very kindly at me, pressed my hand and said, 'Dear soul! From your youth I had not expected such power of silence, strength of spirit, and wisdom. You have extricated yourself in this matter far better than I could have expected. Now I can tell you the gist of the matter. I was commanded *by my Masters* to put these catch-questions to you, after they had told me the whole circumstances of the case; and had even told me that your mother had related to you the story in order to enlarge your knowledge of human nature. Had you confessed the whole to me, I should have been afraid that at future inquiries you would suffer from weakness and would be wrecked on the dangerous rocks of magic. Had you been shameless enough to have sworn such an oath, then you would have taken the first step toward sinking into still greater difficulties, and I should gradually have had to withdraw my hand from you. We will now cease talking of these matters, but I will repeat that the path of magic on which you may proceed far, since you have all the gifts of the spirit and heart for it, is dangerous; and among a thousand only one at the most reaches the high goal through which one can inspire himself and others, when he has passed all trials without falling into the abyss.'

"Here Cagliostro was silent, and I answered nothing. Nevertheless these things made me very thoughtful. After a while he told me that I was to maintain silence with all the brothers and sisters of the Lodge, in regard to what had passed between us, for he had good reasons for concealing yet a while his power to read the souls of men.

"When we were not far from Wilzen he spoke and prayed to himself quietly in a foreign tongue, read something out of a little red magical book, and when we saw a wood, he said, with fiery enthusiasm: 'There, there lie the magical writings buried! Thou Great Architect of the World, help me to complete the work!' After a time he added: 'These magical writings and treasures were watched by the strongest spirits and only spirits could take them away. Whether I am to be the fortunate one to take them away by their means, only He knows who sent me. But I will bind the spirits who guard the treasures in such way that my followers and helpers can undertake nothing without my knowledge, even if I should be three hundred miles away.'

"Immediately after his arrival in Wilzen Cagliostro went without a guide but accompanied by Herr von Howen, my father, and my uncle, to the forest which he had described. There he showed the broken tree, under which the treasure, watched by spirits, was said to lie. There he made an evocation for himself and bound one of his spirits to the place. The next morning between ten and eleven o'clock he made another magic experiment with the child, in the presence of all the members of our Lodge who were there. He acted on this occasion as he had done at the first experiment at which I had been present, only with the difference that the child was in the same room as ourselves, behind

a screen, and Herr von Howen stood in the circle beside Cagliostro. Cagliostro had given the child a great iron nail to hold, and had bidden him kneel down and not rise until he had seen the 'beautiful boy.' After the latter had appeared to the boy, he summoned the spirit with the red cross to appear, told him to bind him on the nail, and so to guard the treasure in the forest that none could approach without his knowledge. In addition, the treasure was never to be found or raised without Herr von Howen present. Then he bade Herr von Howen kneel down, and bade the spirit with the red cross grasp him. Now Herr von Howen had to put some questions dictated by Cagliostro to the child; but when Herr von Howen spoke, Cagliostro touched him with the magic sword. Herr von Howen now had to repeat the following after Cagliostro, 'In the name of my master and teacher, Cagliostro, I bid you, child chosen to be a seer, to make the subject-spirits of our great teacher show you the forest which holds the treasure, and to cause the earth which conceals it to open.'

"*The Child* - The forest is there, the earth is open, and I see a staircase and a long passage.

"Here Cagliostro bade Herr von Howen, who was kneeling all the time, to stand up, but to remain in the magic circle; and now he himself questioned the child.

"*Cagliostro* - Go down the stairs. Count the steps aloud, so that we can hear until you come to the end of the passage, and then tell me what you see.

"The child now counted the steps, and we could hear his footfalls. Also we could hear him go some steps farther. Then the little boy said, 'Here are many gold rods; gold and silver coins; all kinds of iron things; written papers; and red powder.'

"Cagliostro ordered the vision to disappear. Then he made another conjuration and asked: 'What do you see now?'

"*The Child* - I see seven very beautiful men, all in long white robes. One of them has a red heart on the breast; the others all have red crosses and something written on their foreheads, but I cannot read what it is.

"Cagliostro bade these spirits to attach themselves to certain objects as he thought of them. He told the child to embrace all the seven spirits, to give each one of them a kiss, and to let himself be kissed by them all. (We heard these fourteen kisses.) Finally Cagliostro told the apparitions to disappear. He let the child come out and went with him and the gentlemen to the forest, and there above the place where the magic documents should be lying he fastened the nail which had been consecrated by conjurations.

"After a week we went in company with our brothers who had been initiated into the magic circle, to Alt-Auz to my mother. For my father was constantly with Cagliostro, who was now residing with my parents in Mitau.

"In Alt-Auz we found my uncle, his wife, daughter, and little son. There Cagliostro several times held a kind of public lecture. Nevertheless, only members of the Lodge of Adoption, my stepmother, and two other profanes (non-members) formed the audience. At these lectures he did not remain in the same mood all the time. Sometimes he said sublime things, then there would be so much nonsense mixed up with his talk that we were all confused. But I can quite well explain to myself this wonderful mixture in him of deeply hidden wisdom, occasional foolishness, and apparent twaddle. He also imparted to our brothers the secret of preparing beaver (fine thread) out of bad flax.

"The first day of our stay in Alt-Auz, Cagliostro said to my uncle's little boy, without making any magical preparations: 'Go into the next room and there you will see a person

in a long white robe; tell him to appear at one o'clock tonight and to prepare to answer conscientiously all that I shall ask him. When you have done this, bid the vision disappear.'

"The boy went boldly into the other room and after a little while came back and said, 'I found everything as you said, and arranged everything as you ordered.'

"On the second evening, in the presence of all who were there, Cagliostro made almost the same experiment as that which he had made in Wilzen with closed doors. Yet there was the difference that he used no nail here, and that he signed to Herr von Howen, in the midst of his conjuration, to come to him, and he bade him kneel. Then he asked the child, 'Who now appears?' The child said, 'Howen is on his knees.' Then Cagliostro gave him his watch to hold in his hand, asking, 'What do you see now?' The child answered, 'Howen holds the watch in his hand.'

"I should mention that the child stood in the next room behind a screen. Cagliostro, before the *seance*, had shown me the place where the child would have the vision; but there was no magic mirror; nor could the child see naturally, if it turned to all sides, what was happening outside the limits which enclosed it.

"I must confess that some things struck me at this *seance*. In the first place it appeared to me that there had been no sufficient reason for making a conjuration. And then Herr von Howen had overstepped the magic circle without having experienced any evil consequences. The whole story of this apparition, also, and the holding of the watch, appeared to me to be unworthy of magic. I explained my doubt to Cagliostro, who replied, 'You always judge like a blind man talking about colors. I must tell you that so long as you are only in the forecourt of this sacred science, you will find many things unexplainable. As for the magic circle which Herr von Howen has stepped over, I can tell you that it was *in the plan of my seance for today* to make Herr von Howen do so. And I commanded my spirits at my conjuration carefully to watch the place where Herr von Howen would step over the circle. But *I cannot tell you the reason why I let Herr von Howen appear today*. The watch I gave him to hold is a magic watch, which, if held at the hour of the *seance* by the one over whom Hanachiel or Gabriel watches, has the effect that my Masters want it to have. At all other times the power of this watch is latent. But when the spirits hover round me at my conjuration, I should advise nobody to touch this watch without preparation. I can also read the soul of the one who under these circumstances holds the watch, much more quickly than that of others."

"Eight days later, those of us who had traveled to Alt-Auz with Cagliostro went back again to Mitau. On the way Cagliostro spoke much to us of the position in which he wished to place the members of our Lodge, in order to use the strength of each one in such a way that it could be most effective for the good of the world. All that he said about this matter inspired me with a respect for his character and an admiration for his judgment, and atoned, with me, for much of his apparent mountebank-eccentricity of character.

"If he had not previously given me such great proof of his power of reading the souls of men, he would have completely convinced me, at our present meeting at Alt-Auz, that higher powers were in his possession. He gave me not only the name of each doubter, but told me also the grounds which supported that doubt, and also to what good qualities these persons might owe the possibility of becoming good magicians. N. N., he said, was too much engrossed in his favorite science. As long as the soul had an excessive inclination for a particular science, so long would a man, even though in the noblest manner, be too

earthly-minded for the soul to free itself, and for the higher spirits to be able to lead him to blessedness, and to be active for the good of humanity in higher ways.

"Moreover, he said that Schwander wanted to grasp everything with the reason only. He had too much belief in reason and too little faith in the secrets of Religion. Through his excellent qualities of heart and spirit, he would be a noble worker here, and after his death certainly blessed; but to the bliss which he *could* reach, and increase, by his splendid talents, he would not attain, because at bottom he had no faith and was more of an observer than a participator in the secret mysteries. His extremely sickly body threatened also a quick dissolution, and since he had no belief in Magic, this made him incapable of entering into relation with higher spirits. Herr von Medem, in Tittelmunde, would have had the greatest aptitude for magic had he not been ruined through Schwander's principles. But he also wanted to grasp everything with the reason, which could not even explain why the magnetic needle always turns to the north. Herr Hinz had, through unbelief, broken one of the first and most important commandments of magic and by so doing had rendered himself for ever incapable of it; for he had dared to question the child about the kind of vision which Cagliostro had caused him to see. Had not Gabriel for a long time been the guardian-spirit of the boy and of our whole Brotherhood, Hinz would have brought great misfortune upon himself, and might have robbed the boy of the privilege of ever being worthy of the vision of good spirits.

"The time that Cagliostro passed in Mitau was devoted entirely to us, and our circle was constantly gathered round him. We wanted to receive a few more friends into our circle, but Cagliostro now permitted no more strangers to enter. With much trouble we succeeded in introducing *** to Cagliostro. To our joy *** found favor, but Cagliostro never allowed him to come to the talks which he gave us about the different kinds of magic. After three weeks we traveled again to Alt-Auz, because Cagliostro himself, prior to his journey to St. Petersburg, wanted to initiate my stepmother (now deceased) and other members who had a capacity for magic into the Lodge of Adoption, and so gradually initiate them into the sacred mysteries. After our new members had been given the third degree, my aunt begged Cagliostro to let *** also be present at a conjuration. Cagliostro strove against it, but said at last, that he would make one more evocation in the presence of all the members of our order, and this would enable him to decide about his coming visit to St. Petersburg and about some of us.

"After he had shown us all our places and had placed the child *behind the screen*, he gave us a long lecture, bade us be faithful and zealous, and showed us the dangers of magic but also the beneficial influence it had in the whole of creation. Then he began his conjuration with the usual ceremonies. The child had the regular vision which it had had in Wilzen, and the former time in Alt-Auz; with the difference that Cagliostro quite unexpectedly beckoned me into the magic circle, made me kneel down, gave me the magic watch to hold, and, with his look keenly directed on me, asked the child, 'What do you see now?'

"The child said that I was before him on my knees, with a watch in my hand. Besides the usual vision there appeared to him another spirit with a long white robe, a golden crown on the head, and a red cross on the breast. Cagliostro bade the child ask the spirit its name. The spirit was silent.

"After a while Cagliostro asked: 'Well, has the spirit not told you its name?'

"*The Child* - No!

"*Cagliostro* - Why not?

"*The Child* - Because he has forgotten it!

"Here Cagliostro stamped with his foot, made figures in the air with the dagger, and spoke in a foreign language (or else used unknown words) in a loud voice. The expressions *Helion, Melion, Tetragrammaton*, occurred frequently. He commanded us all to be serious, devout, and quiet. Then he went behind the screen where the child stood, and we heard him writing with swift strokes of the pen. Some of our group maintained that they heard an earthquake under their feet and a peculiar booming and roaring, as if something was being rolled on the floor of the room. I and other members of our society had not heard this. Two seemed to have felt an invisible plucking at their arms. Cagliostro stepped into the magic circle again with a serious countenance. He again commanded the spirits to appear, and *** was placed in front of the child. At last the child saw an old man dressed in black.

"When the ceremony was finished, Cagliostro made a speech to all of us in which he spoke about as follows:

"One of you will rise against me like Judas, will betray me, and will seek to harm me. I made this discovery at the moment when the spirit was dumb, and would not tell his name. I say nothing about what my heart suffered at this discovery, and I tremble, not for myself, but for the unfortunate who will be my betrayer. I am under the protection of the Great Architect of the World; and the power which freed Peter from a doubly-guarded prison will also protect me when my enemies and my betrayer will seek to crush me to the dust. But no power will be able to protect the unfortunate one who is so blinded as to set himself against me. I shall grieve over and bewail the fate of that one, but without being able to save him. But you! you who remain steadfast in good, unite your prayers with mine, pray for the one among you who is approaching destruction; and pray also for me, that I may escape all the attacks the Author of Evil will make against me, and that I may be able to meet the change that is before me.'

"After some days we left Alt-Auz. The time that Cagliostro passed in Mitau, from now on, he spent in my father's house, and henceforth no more strangers were permitted to join us.

"He gave us daily lectures, in which he taught us the Secret Doctrine of Magic in mystic pictures, because he was not very well versed in the French language and spoke it very badly. His delivery was very forcible and had a certain charm of eloquence; but at times he spoke so much nonsense that we all looked at him in confusion. Often there were teachings introduced which made me fear that he was more inclined to necromancy than magic. But if I questioned him about it, 'under four eyes,' and warned him of the attacks of demons when he brought forward such teachings, then he made it plain to me that he had to put such cases before hearers who had a leaning towards black magic, in order to sidetrack them, so as to render them harmless, to prevent them from being entirely turned to the Evil Principle.

"At the bidding of his Masters, Cagliostro went to St. Petersburg. Before his departure he revealed to us that he was neither a Spaniard nor was he 'Count Cagliostro,' but that at the bidding of his Masters he had had to take this name and title.

"He said that he had served the Great Kophta for some time under the name of Frederick Gualdo; he was still obliged to conceal from us his proper rank and name, but perhaps he might show himself in St. Petersburg in his real greatness and lay aside his

present rank and name. However, this might be postponed to a still later date. Also, he could not now state the time when the magic documents and treasures of Wilzen should be raised. Yet he was glad that he had anticipated the agent of the Evil Principle, and had so secured the magic treasure that these things could never now come into the hands of necromancers.

"When I asked Cagliostro for permission to communicate the experiences I had had to one of my friends, he asked the name of this man. I named Lavater; but Cagliostro did not know the name. Then I described this man to him as well as I could. He asked where he lived?

"I said, 'In Zurich.'

"The next day he spoke to me about this because, in important matters, he was under the orders of his Masters. However, he gave me permission, and attached the condition to it that I must wait a year before I communicate my experiences to my friend and that I must speak of him in my first letter only as 'Count C.' Then Lavater would ask me, 'Is not this Count C. the famous Count Cagliostro?' And I should answer, 'It is.'"

From the foregoing report by the Countess von der Recke it is not at all difficult to see that, in dealing with her, Cagliostro employed the customary caution of the School to which he belonged, for reasons amply justified by the subsequent history of this unfortunate woman: unfortunate in the sense of one who failed to realize her high opportunities and became disloyal to her best friend.

Much of what seems most clear in her account, if taken literally, is in reality highly symbolic, guarded, relative. This she herself did not know, except vaguely. Cagliostro knew the strange madness that sometimes afflicts weak natures who attempt to tread the narrow 'way of the gods' - if we may adopt a Japanese phrase for the sake of giving the study a name. It is scarcely for us to attempt to unriddle these symbolical *substituted* words and explain them exactly, since they would be explicable, mirror-fashion, only in the degree and according to the particular bent of the reader's mind, and only in case the explanation, even if known to us, could be made more clear than the narrative itself.

Be that as it may, it is not at all impossible that the story of the treasure and the red powder in the forest at Wilzen was a symbolic, though none the less actual, description of quite other conditions than its face-value would seem to indicate. Speaking alchemically, it is quite possible that the solution of the riddle lay in Countess von der Recke's own character, in Cagliostro's knowledge of her great humanitarian possibilities and her weaknesses, and his hopes for her progress.

Then, too, a number of amateur writers, doubtless as they were expected to do, have made much fun of the 'spirit' that forgot its name and had to be punished! Not one of these chroniclers seems to have had the wit to see that, exactly as Cagliostro indicated, this was a symbolical way (if we may so call it) of indicating that treachery was subconsciously in process of formation in the moral make-up of someone present - possibly the Countess herself. But as she failed to see this, and as the old alchemists knew very well how much to say and how much to conceal, one can hardly blame authors who write simply to make an entertaining book on a subject they do not understand, for not seeing it.

If Cagliostro was really referring to the Countess von der Recke when he spoke of the traitor in the group at Mitau, her subsequent action amply bears out his prognostications. *Even were all his so-called 'mummeries' mere mystifications*, this one event would have been enough to justify them, for, after waiting for years, and until her teacher was in the toils of the Inquisition, she allowed herself, willingly or unwillingly, to publish all that she could, by the slightest stretch of imagination, claim to have been given her outside the pledge of secrecy. And this at the instigation of Bode,* whose name we find in the Philalethes Convention at Paris, an enemy within the camp.

* Bode was a Freemason who had joined the *Illuminati* (or *Illumines*) and did not look favorably on Cagliostro because the latter had withdrawn from it.

Thomas Carlyle was seriously in error in this matter and it says much for the wiles of Cagliostro's enemies that they succeeded in imposing on so honest and straightforward a man as the Scottish philosopher. A prominent writer and a highly respected authority on history can do much for good or ill, and unsuspecting honesty is often used by wire-pullers for very dishonest purposes.

Carlyle calls this Elisa, Countess von der Recke, a "born fair saint," and treats her as being incapable of anything underhand. As a matter of fact he knew absolutely nothing about her, nor about her possible capacity for being influenced for evil. She was a highly strung, morbidly inclined, divorced wife, who had had her troubles with her husband when she was little more than a girl. In addition, she had lost a brother whom she loved to the verge of unreason. Cagliostro tried hard to please her without breaking time-honored rules. A man who was not an occultist could have satisfied her wishes, but perhaps would have killed her in the process. Cagliostro was disappointed at her utterly inadequate strength to withstand the result of such immoderate desires as her passion to see her brother's 'spirit,' but he at least prevented her becoming a permanent nervous wreck, a state into which she was blindly rushing, for after this all seemed well with her. But her anxious forcing of words, and wild statements made to show that her teacher Cagliostro was a charlatan, a deceiver, and a fraud, tell their own story of hysteria. It is quite true that she was influenced to this by others, and we must rather pity her than condemn. She acted like one psychologically influenced by those who would make capital out of the remnants of a conscience which they cannot quite break down.

The serious reader need not trouble about the rumors, legends, and gossip invented to fill in the gaps in Cagliostro's existence. The fact was that he was a Freemason, and his work as such was private. We may be sure that he was either preparing for, or practising Masonry, as far as opportunity offered. His initiation on the 12th of April, 1777, into the Esperance Lodge at the King's Head in Gerrard Street, Soho, London, was prompted by a desire to test the working of a British Lodge; and he expressed himself entirely satisfied. He spoke no English, and it was therefore necessary for him to choose a French-speaking Lodge. The taunt that the members of the Lodge were humble tradesmen and working-people he met with a truly noble reply - that he was proud to call them 'brothers,' whatever their station in life. And the taunt was spread all over Europe by as precious a scoundrel as ever disgraced the name of man. One would think by the persistence of his enemies,

and by their success in influencing the public mind, that there was something *criminal* in showing oneself *in practice* to be the Friend and Brother of Humanity! The details of the initiation, given by Cagliostro's enemies, may be safely taken with a grain, or may be half a pound or so, of salt.

It is hardly necessary now to supplement the narrative of the Countess von der Recke as to Cagliostro's stay in Courland with the reigning family. This account, she says, was written at the time of the occurrence of the events described. The additional details, and the strange and forced interpretations she added as a running commentary when Cagliostro was in trouble at the time of the Necklace affair - accused and in prison, though innocent; deserted by most of his friends and betrayed by others - are little more than a boomerang-criticism of herself. Carlyle's "born fair saint" shows up here as a pitiable example of one with a fevered imagination, attacking her best friend when he is down with raked-up suppositions and suspicions about things that happened years before. But, as we have said, in charity it must be recognised that she was simply the tool of implacable enemies.

Many testimonies to Cagliostro's integrity in the eyes of the nobility of Courland are available, as for instance his refusal of the Countess von der Recke's pearls when she wished him to take them to Russia in order to increase their size, as he had done in other cases. Mr. Trowbridge shows that five years later the Countess was prejudiced against Cagliostro by Bode, who was angered by Cagliostro's withdrawal from the *Illumines*. He says:

"The fact, moreover, that it took the Countess von der Recke five years to make up her mind that her 'apostle of light' was an impostor, was perhaps due less to any absolute faith in Bode than to the changes that had taken place in herself during this period. On recovering her health she became as pronounced a rationalist as she had formerly been a mystic. As this change occurred about the period of her meeting with Bode, it may possibly account for the change in her opinion of Cagliostro.

"But if the manner in which the Countess came to regard Cagliostro as an impostor somewhat detracts from the importance to be attached to her [later] opinion, the manner in which she made her opinion public was unworthy of a woman to whose character this opinion owes its importance. For this 'born fair saint,' as Carlyle calls her, waited till the Diamond Necklace Affair, when Cagliostro was thoroughly discredited, before venturing to 'expose' him."

Cagliostro left Courland with glowing introductions to the highest society in St. Petersburg. There are 'records' and stories of his activities in Russia, but it is quite impossible to sort out what is authentic, although on the other hand we may often decide what is spurious by the absurdity of its internal contradictions. Perhaps all that can be said with any degree of likelihood is that his enemies were so well prepared for him that they succeeded in discrediting him in a remarkably short time. He held *seances*, but one of those present is shown to be falsifying, for she says that she saw, and also that she did not see, the things he wanted her to see. It is scarcely worth while to try to imagine which of her statements was correct. One cannot help thinking of the ridiculous farce in Paris at a later date, where Mlle. de la Tour lied deliberately, afterwards confessing it at the trial,

simply to maintain the impression she supposed that Cagliostro had of her moral integrity - he meanwhile doing his best to refrain from laughing at her pretensions to innocence.

Cagliostro is accused of having been denounced as an impostor by a foreign Ambassador, who said he claimed a military rank which did not belong to him; finally, the Scotch physician of the Empress is said to have driven him out of Russia; and the usual accusation of immorality upon which enemies such as his never fail to count, often very successfully, were flung at him and his wife. Scandal-mongers always overdo the thing. The Countess Cagliostro would have been a very faded flower, or more likely dead years before, if all they said of her had been true; instead of which she is credited with such marvelous youth and beauty that the stories of the Elixir of Life were supported mainly by her appearance. As Mr. Trowbridge wisely remarks, the Countess von der Recke would have certainly told us all that was said against him at St. Petersburg when later on she had been duped into vilifying him, but she says nothing at all about it. She tells us this only: that "on his way from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, Cagliostro passed through Mitau, but did not stop. He was seen by a servant of Marshal von Medem (her father) to whom he sent his greeting."

Cagliostro arrived in Warsaw in May, 1780. Mr. Trowbridge makes no pretense to a knowledge of alchemy, and yet he allows himself to assume that Cagliostro was a mere swindler pretending to be an alchemist. We cannot doubt that Trowbridge is here 'guessing.' Is it possible that this author, hitherto the one who has kept his head best among all who treat of the subject, has ever heard of the ancient method of throwing tons of mud at the victim of persecution in the hope that some of it will stick?

Here is a startling account, given by the French Minister of State, Farmer-General Laborde, who says:

"M. de Cagliostro was at Warsaw some time ago and several times had the honor of seeing the King, Stanislas Augustus, when one day that monarch, having just left him enchanted with all that he had heard, extolled his talents and his powers, which appeared to him supernatural. A young lady who was attentively listening to the King began to laugh, and maintained that he could only be a charlatan. She asserted that she was so convinced of it that she challenged him (Cagliostro) to tell her certain things that had happened to her.

"The next day the King told the Count of this challenge, and the latter replied coldly that if the lady would meet him in the presence of the King he would give her the greatest surprise she ever had in her life. The proposal was accepted and when they met the Count told the lady all that she had declared he never *could* tell her. From surprise and unbelief she passed so suddenly to admiration that the desire to know what would happen to her in the future caused her to entreat the Count to tell her that also.

"At first he refused. Then, overcome by the insistent entreaties of the lady and perhaps also by the curiosity of the King, he said to her:

"You will soon make a long journey; your carriage will break down at some stages from Warsaw; while they are mending it your manner of dress and coiffure will excite such mirth that they will pelt you with apples. You will then go to a celebrated watering-place where you will meet a man of high birth, who will so please you that you will marry him soon afterwards; and, in spite of all the efforts to bring you to reason, you will be tempted to commit the folly of making over to him your entire fortune. You will come to be married to a place where I shall be staying, and in spite of the efforts you will make to see me, you will

not succeed. You are threatened with great misfortunes; but here is a talisman I will give you: as long as you keep it, you will be able to avoid them; but if you give away your property by your marriage-contract, you will immediately lose the talisman, at which moment it will be found in my pocket, wherever I may be.'

"I do not know what degree of confidence the King and the lady gave to these predictions, nor what they thought about it; but I know *they did come true*, and M. de Cagliostro showed me the talisman which he had found again in his pocket on the day when it was stated that she had signed the marriage-contract by which she gave all her property to her husband.

"I heard this from several of the people to whom the lady told it; and the Count told it to me precisely in the same terms."

Following others, Mr. Trowbridge makes the curious assumption that Cagliostro was connected with secret revolutionary societies, and "was probably at this time occupied with some or one of them, perhaps the Illumines." It need hardly be pointed out that there were, and probably are, many private associations of which most people never hear and never will hear, which are not in any way political but are engaged in quite private research and study and fellowship. Dumas, in a very similar way, assumes that because hypnotism, clairvoyance, ventriloquism, and so forth, exist, *therefore* all the phenomena not regarded as vulgar trickery must be due to these things. This does not necessarily follow by any means. Knowledge has many devotees who need privacy for their work. Today our most eminent scientists are conducting marvelous experiments in physics, electricity, etc., wholly away from the public eye, and are coming to conclusions that would have seemed utterly unreasonable even less than fifty years ago.

V. The Physician of Strasbourg

On September 19, 1780, Cagliostro appeared at Strasbourg in Alsace, and with the exception of various journeys, remained there until August, 1783: three years. To the public his mission in Strasbourg was that of a physician, some 15,000 patients passing through his hands, with but three deaths, and these in cases which were already beyond all hope of recovery. Cagliostro never charged anyone a penny, but often gave money to poor patients who needed it; in fact, it was sometimes his most effective cure, for not a few actually suffered from lack of nourishment as the chief cause of their infirmity. Very frequently he accepted patients when the regular physicians had given them up as hopeless.

Cagliostro did not commence work as a physician in Strasbourg on his arrival, but was in a few days drawn into it by the solicitations of Count Gavinski and friends who recognised him. One marvelous cure brought many importunate patients, and in a very short time his house was besieged from morning to night by the sick and suffering.

Cagliostro is described as entering the Alsatian city in a carriage drawn by six horses, accompanied by outriders and lackeys. Magnificently attired and with his beautiful wife beside him blazing with jewels, he was the talk of the country from the first moment of his arrival. It may be that the description is a little exaggerated, but it would be quite in

keeping with his state and position in Russia, where it was once seriously suggested that he should be made the reigning duke of a province. His real business there, however, was the business of his life - Freemasonry - and as he was obliged to mix in the very highest society in the course of his duties there would seem to be nothing out of place in dressing the part.

In reality, however, his sympathies were, as always, with those who were in need of his help, whatever their station in life, and so we encounter the cheap sneer that he took up his residence and work among the masses because he wanted to secure prestige among them after having lost it amongst the aristocracy. Or again, that by free attention to the poor he could catch bigger fish by the advertisement, and secure vast profits by the prestige so gained. Quite obviously his lifelong and tenacious secret enemies were not many hours behind him. We are also told "he lived over a retail tobacconist's.... in one of the most squalid quarters of the town," and later lodged "with the caretaker of the canon of St. Pierre-le-Vieux." Always it is the same dilemma; if he lives in style it is extravagance; if economically, it is to his discredit - the story is threadbare in the history of persecution, but it always finds credulous believers.

Mr. Trowbridge says:

"According to all reports, from the very day of his arrival in Strasbourg he [Cagliostro] seemed to busy himself solely in doing good, regardless of cost or personal inconvenience. No one, provided he was poor and unfortunate, appealed to him in vain. Hearing that an Italian was in prison for a debt of two hundred livres, Cagliostro obtained his release by paying the money for him and clothed him in the bargain. Baron von Gleichen, who knew him well, states that he saw him, on being summoned to the bedside of a sick person, 'run through a downpour in a very fine coat without stopping to take an umbrella.'"

Some day there will be painted pictures of Masonic history, and among them will be this one of the Great Kophta (which merely means the 'Grand Master' or 'Great Head') acting as a worthy brother should. And another picture will be that of the farewell of the people of France at Boulogne to the 'Divine Cagliostro.'

Is there not something peculiarly striking to a Mason in the picture of this Master Mason *running* to aid a brother - a human brother - in distress? Whether some Masons will have it so or not, these glimpses of Cagliostro are bubbles on the deep silent sea of the 'true Masonry' of the ages, chapters in the perennial Epic of the Builders.

Mr. Trowbridge continues:

"Every day he sought out the poor and infirm, whose distress he endeavored to relieve not only with money and medicine, but with manifestations of sympathy that went to the hearts of the sufferers and doubled the value of the action."

He not only took no fee, but refused to make a profit on the remedies he prescribed. In fact he often paid for them himself.

It is false that Cagliostro entertained political ambitions or showed tendencies to seek "rehabilitation and revenge" against the aristocratic and rich. To a man with a definite purpose in the interests of humanity, and to the Friends of Humanity who sent him to work in the world, such matters were far outside his line of life and simply did not exist. In fact,

he was altogether too good-natured and did not even observe ordinary caution against his enemies. But such accusations were precisely what his enemies wished to have floating vaguely about him, and they saw to it that common gossip did their work for them.

The foolish speculations that ascribed a community of interest between Cagliostro and the common table-turning, spirit-rapping spook-hunters, calling him an expert in magic with a suggestion of prestidigitation and ventriloquism, are purely ridiculous; yet they emanate from the same sources, and did their harm. These things, as commonly practised, are not the magic of Cagliostro by any means. But if it so happened that there was a seeming triviality about much of what was publicly reported, a suggestion is not out of place. The great forces of Nature and of science are not to be set in motion with impunity. Therefore those who have a purpose in doing so rarely choose to do more than is necessary to attract attention to the existence of such forces. A professor of physics can demonstrate the power of dynamite in a classroom with an infinitesimal quantity of the explosive. Precisely because he knows the nature of his experiment he does not explode a couple of pounds

There was another Mason at the time who dabbled in so-called 'magic' and without a doubt Cagliostro had to bear his share of the disgust such experiments created, though none could be more horrified than he at the mere mention of such an affair. The details are too revolting to print, but part of the process consisted in attaining immortality on the lines of eating no food. Like the Greek horse that died just as it attained the faculty of living on nothing, this candidate for immortality died just at the point of success in this experiment in 'magic'! Another 'adept' shot himself in a fit of insanity. Others played the fool with Cagliostro's teachings, and are said to have evoked a flock of 'spook' monkeys in their efforts to call up good spirits. They were more fortunate than many a medium, but it was bad enough; and Cagliostro had to take much of the blame, innocent though he was.

The poor at the end of the eighteenth century were not diarists, like the rich, and newspapers were very small. Therefore we have no exact record of the thousands of poor people cured by Cagliostro. Yet the broad features of his life in Strasbourg stand out as among the most striking in European history. There are accounts and to spare of case after case cured when the patient was at the point of death, but it is only when the rich and the aristocratic begin to seek Cagliostro's aid that details become fairly abundant.

The Physician of Strasbourg

Meanwhile Cagliostro's enemies had been busy and their activities resulted in some unpleasant situations for those who had spoken of Cagliostro's beneficence toward them. Not many people of position are ready to withstand the social martyrdom of ridicule, and the constant repetition of vague accusations of scoundrelism against their benefactor sometimes ended in making them believe, against their own knowledge, that 'there was something in it,' exactly as the secret and open accusers intended. Few people realize how much harm can be done to the reputation of a man by making him 'unfashionable.' The fierce fires of unfashionability burn up friendship, gratitude, every noble feeling, in all but the truest hearts, and Cagliostro's enemies knew it. Moreover, professional jealousy plus a loss of income will lead closer to crime than most professional men suppose until put to the test. This weapon was also used with deadly effect against him, but the real enemy kept ever out of sight.

For these reasons the story of Madame Sarrasin is of special interest. Not only have

we most complete details of the case, but Jacob Sarrasin himself, the banker of Basle and a man of high standing in the world, stood stoutly by Cagliostro to the last. It was for the purpose of confounding such faithful ones as these that the enemies started their posthumous campaign against Cagliostro's name. It was for this that they made a parade of his *alleged* 'abjuration and repentance.'

We can do no better than give Sarrasin's own account of the matter, as written by him on November 10, 1781, at Strasbourg, in a letter to M. Straub, Director of the Royal Factory of Small Arms in Alsace. Says M. Sarrasin:

"You wish me to give you a detailed account of the complicated ills from which the beneficent hand of M. le Comte de Cagliostro has delivered my wife. It is, you say, for the purpose of communicating it to a person of high distinction who desires to be informed on the matter.

"I hasten with the greatest willingness to comply with this request, the more so that I have the keenest desire to make the cure public in the interests of humanity: and I doubt not for an instant that the person who wishes to satisfy himself on the point will be glad to aid in having what I am going to tell you inserted in some public newspaper.

"I write as a man inexpert in the French language, and with the frankness and simplicity of a Swiss, so you will kindly pardon my style, if it is neither elegant nor flowery, the more so in that it is only a question of facts, in consequence of which truth and precision ought to be the only qualities required in this narrative.

"Eight years ago my wife was attacked by a bilious fever, which was the source and beginning of all her ills, for after this period she had stomach troubles; and a jaundice, which she had subsequently, proves that she continued to have bile in the blood. A number of remedies were taken for this complaint without curing it. Little by little there established itself a pain in the right side; she lost sleep, strength, and her natural heat; there was always a bitter taste in the mouth, and periodical loss of appetite.

"It was while in this condition, continually going from bad to worse, that she placed herself in the hands of physicians three years ago. They were physicians of great experience in the art, and they added all the interest of personal friendship to their professional care; but notwithstanding, and in spite of all the consultations which were held in other countries, her various complaints became daily worse and degenerated into a very serious illness.

"The pain in the side became very violent; insomnia became so complete that she could not even get an hour's rest; furs and even blankets for the feet became necessary, even in the hottest season; an utter weakness prevented the patient from taking a hundred steps without giving way under the weight of her own body; periodical losses of appetite would not allow her to swallow anything, solid or liquid, for days together; a terrible thirst, which for a fortnight obliged her to drink as much as twenty-eight bottles of water during the day, varied these symptoms, and there followed a weakness which prevented her rising from her bed for nearly two months.

"Scarcely was she relieved from this, when violent convulsions with which her son was attacked had such an effect upon her that she herself had very violent attacks. They were so strong that eight people could hardly hold her down in her bed.

"These nervous troubles, which tortured her for eighteen months with all possible violence, and which took all forms and all imaginable degrees of severity, constantly

alternated with her other maladies, so that she found herself struggling with death regularly, once a month.

"Sometimes there were convulsions which so agitated her that she was expected to die at any moment; at other times a loss of appetite of eight to ten days made us tremble for her life. At such times she could swallow only three spoonfuls of water in the twenty-four hours, and that with difficulty.

"In all these moments of suffering and agony, the art of the physicians could do nothing for her, and very often palliatives could not even be administered; it was necessary to leave the crises of nature to produce a temporary recovery; but the source of the malady always remained, and also a number of complications which brought back the same diseases in increased degree.

"It was while in this condition, worn out with a life of such suffering, that my wife (for whom all the science of the physicians and their consultations could suggest nothing that had not already had an adverse effect) came to Strasbourg to implore the generous help of M. le Comte de Cagliostro. He was kind enough to yield to her entreaties and to undertake a cure which was to cost him so much care and trouble.

"My wife arrived here at the end of April and first suffered a loss of appetite of five days, and a very violent nervous attack. M. le Comte succeeded at once in so relieving her that instead of these attacks being repeated at her home for several days, as usual, there was no other attack for the time being; and every time after that when her hysterical sufferings reappeared there was never more than one attack.

"It was the same with the loss of appetite which, in consequence of the care and prescriptions of M. le Comte, never afterwards lasted more than twenty-four hours.

"After having thus mastered the disease, the Count, by the superiority of his knowledge and his assiduous and indefatigable care, succeeded in giving back to this sufferer a health which she had forgotten and which she had lost hope of recovering. He began by tranquillizing her nerves in such a way that the severest tests were incapable of upsetting her any longer.

"Then he went to work on the other symptoms with a like success, or rather, he attacked the disease at its foundation, so that this lady, who hitherto, one might almost say, had no sleep at all, who even in her best intervals ate only with an extreme abhorrence, who was incapable of walking more than a few steps, who suffered from great cold even in the hottest season, now sleeps her seven or eight hours of uninterrupted slumber, awaits her dinner and supper with impatience, walks for whole hours without tiring, and has rid herself of the warm clothes and furs. In a word, she enjoys the best of health, and remembers her sickness no more, except only to give thanks to God and her benefactor on finding herself delivered from it.

"It would be superfluous, Monsieur, to set down in detail all the care and attention given by M. le Comte de Cagliostro. You have seen with your own eyes, like myself, all the trouble which this illustrious friend of humanity puts himself to for the alleviation of the ills of those who suffer, and you know, as I do, that the incense for which so many are greedy, has no attraction for him. To do good for its own sake is his principle, and his heart seeks its reward in its own virtues.

"It would be too difficult a matter to express my gratitude. Words fail me to define the sentiments of my heart. Otherwise I should have to tell you of what our dear Count has done to restore my son; and further, of what I personally owe him for my prompt cure from

a fever which resulted from the long sufferings of a wife whom I love more than my own existence.

"I leave sympathetic souls the pleasure of filling the gaps left here by my pen. Yours, Monsieur, is such a one; you have given proof of it by all the trouble you have taken in helping the Count in the restoration of our well-being. Receive our thanks and the assurances of our friendship, and extend us yours; be assured of the esteem with which I have the honor to be, etc.

"- Sarrasin"

Schlosser's confirmation of the Sarrasin case gives other details. To quote:

"I can, with full certainty, say that Frau S--- [Sarrasin], whom the Count has completely restored, has to thank him for her life and her complete health. I knew this lady before she thought of giving herself into the care of the Count. I was a witness of the attacks from which she suffered; I have seen her wrapped in furs in the hottest months of the summer because she could not possibly get warm; she had no sleep and no inclination to eat, and when the crises came, it could be seen plainly enough how shattered was her constitution. I was visiting her at the time when the Count was at work on her cure, in Strasbourg, and she still suffered as though she could not suffer much longer.

"When she was cured, she spent several days in my house, and no trace of her former sickness was to be seen; she was as well as myself. I visited her after that at Basle. An attack in connexion with a forthcoming accouchement made me anxious about her; I, who had no reason to trust the remedies of the Count so confidently, besought her and her husband to avail themselves of the services of regular physicians. But she took the Count's medicine and in a few hours the attack was over, and she was happily delivered. Since that time she has hardly ever been sick, and it is not yet two months since she was staying in my house, where she was as well, as bright, and as healthy as I am....

"The accusation of swindling on the part of the Countess is just as much an invention as what was said of Frau S---. You can certainly say that it is a lie."

Upon another occasion M. Sarrasin relates that Cagliostro, after one treatment, cured his boy, Felix, of a nervous malady which the ordinary physicians failed to relieve. So much for this testimony.

Many things about Cagliostro are indeed paradoxical. Considering that he was a Freemason, we suggest that it was not he who was on trial, but others. If those who are not Masons cannot quite follow the idea we may perhaps use a simile, for a candidate for Masonry is a candidate to learn, not to criticize, just as a university undergraduate is not called upon to judge his professors, but to learn from them. Such is the question as we understand it.

At Strasbourg Cagliostro predicted the death of Maria Theresa, Marie Antoinette's mother, giving the day and the hour. Cardinal de Rohan told Madame d'Oberkirch of the prediction five days before the news arrived.

Laborde, the French Minister of Finance, states that Cagliostro had over 15,000 patients in Strasbourg, only three of that number dying. Many of these had been declared incurable by the 'faculty,' which persecuted him, and his amazing successes where they

failed could not but aggravate their bitterness against a physician who never troubled to produce a diploma and yet could teach them their own trade.

Says Mr. Trowbridge:

"He would not consent to give any explanation of his method to the doctors and learned academicians, who treated him with contempt born of envy - as the pioneers of science, with rare exceptions, have always been treated."

The remark by the same author that very probably the greater part of his success was due to the confident tone in which he assured his patients of the certainty of their recovery is rather forced when we consider that all the alchemists, the Rosicrucians, and also magicians, have always averred that the success of a magical work largely depends on the confidence the operator has in his powers. So this non-magical explanation is very magical indeed - only that the word and the science of magic are so little understood, even when explained by those who know most about it. Magic is not parlor-conjuring. Emphatically the unpaid-for cures of such a physician as Cagliostro are in many cases real magic in the sense of the alchemists. What could be more magical than preserving life when the best orthodox physicians fail? If magic is used to make money or for any other impure motive, so much the worse for all concerned, but it is magic all the same when the great powers of Nature are called into action by those who can do so consciously, and with definite purpose.

We will take the liberty of quoting Mr. Trowbridge's remarks further, as they show some clear thinking on the part of a non-technical mind, if one may say so, without implying more than the words say. For 'alchemy' was and is really a very serious science, hidden though it may be under a jargon more picturesque and more accurate, if less dry and clumsy, than the technical jargon of, say, modern chemistry and medicine. This writer makes some very shrewd and correct observations, apparently by accident, and then as frequently mingles them with what one day will doubtless be called the "strange unlearned superstitions of the early part of the twentieth century." It must not be forgotten that alchemy is a universal science. And the application of this universal expression to daily life is, "If you really believe you cannot do a thing, you are not likely to succeed." Who doubts it?

Another point too little insisted upon is that the praise of an enemy may be more deadly than his sword. It is remarked that the fulsome praise and ridiculous exaggerations of some have done more to damage Cagliostro's reputation in the opinion of serious people than the bitter denunciation of his enemies. Has it not occurred to many that the enemies of Cagliostro, judging by events, must have possessed a vindictiveness, a power, an intelligence, and an energy almost superhuman? And that many of his friends were his worst enemies while others were mere puppets in their hands? We must look for the traces of an enemy of extraordinary intelligence in more directions than we ourselves would suppose likely, and it is this subtil ability which has cast over all the life of Cagliostro the trail of the picaresque. A sort of good-natured, condescending toleration of an amusing scoundrel, has, as it was doubtless intended to do, damned Cagliostro more than direct attack could have done. In fact, direct enmity often but justified him the more, throwing his true character into a stronger light.

Says Trowbridge:

"Judged by the number and variety of his cures - and it is the only reasonable standard to judge them by - they were to say the least remarkable.

"In the present day it is no longer the custom to deride the knowledge of the old alchemists. The world has come to acknowledge that, in spite of the fantastic jargon in which they expressed themselves, they fully understood the uses of plants and minerals of which they composed their drugs.... The remedies of a Borri or a Paracelsus are still deserving of respect and still employed. Cagliostro is known to have made a serious study of alchemy, and it is very probable that his magic balsams and powders were prepared after receipts he discovered in old books of alchemy. Perhaps too.... he made the most of old wives' remedies picked up haphazard in the course of his travels."

Perhaps not. Many of these old wives' remedies result from remembered prescriptions of the alchemical schools, and Cagliostro would have to reject rather than to select, being a man of science. Meanwhile there seems to be very little that is 'haphazard' about practically universal success, even in cases given up by the regular doctors. If a case is quoted where he 'explained' his success as being more by good luck than drugs, that good luck is shown to be the result of shrewd knowledge of the human make-up, and is none the less good medicine.*

* Extract from a review of a new book on Cagliostro *Les Vies du Comte de Cagliostro* ('The Lives of the Count di Cagliostro') by Constantin Photiades, in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, May 1, 1932: The writer after identifying him with the scandalous Balsamo in the usual manner of superficial inquirers into the complex career of Cagliostro, yet finds himself compelled to write the following (translated from the French):

"He [the author of 'The Lives'] has not been able fully to clear up everything in that existence, so thoroughly confused by the one who led it. There are some gaps in the life of Joseph Balsamo between the periods of his birth at Palermo in Sicily on August 8, 1743, and his death in the prison of San Leo on August 6, 1795. Still, we can reconstitute the chief stages."

There are indeed 'some gaps' between the vulgar Sicilian thief and the refined gentleman with "the imperious look of the Occultist" as the reviewer says. If filled up, these 'gaps' might clear up some mysteries. Speaking of Cagliostro's success in Strasbourg, the reviewer says:

"He went to cure the patients condemned by the doctors, to succor the unfortunate, and to capture the best society by his star. Now the high quality of the people whom he conquered and who became his friends is certain. Among them we do not find the Illuminati only, or the weak-willed, or the fantastic.

"At all his stopping-places in the northern or southern capitals of Europe, Cagliostro acquired lasting friends and faithful correspondents, of whom some were famous personages. If the eminent Cardinal de Rohan was perhaps a prince in whom vanity had warped his judgment, a young man like Ramond de Carbonniere, actually given by Rohan to Cagliostro as secretary, was very far indeed from being a mediocrity. It is true that he had worked in alchemy and that he had thus entered the play of mysteries (*le jeu des secrets*) in which Cagliostro was a Master.

"Cagliostro's charities and cures are undeniable. Numerous witnesses relate astonishing cures; he saved from death sufferers from cancers, gangrenes, cholera. What did he give them? For simple cases he must have used fresh aloes, and, for more complicated ones, an ointment with a silver base, and a medicine with a base of gold (which proves that he had recognised the curative effects of colloids). His miracles conferred a supremacy and a rapid popularity in every country through which he passed. He did not care who presented himself before him; he would look closely at the applicant and sometimes turn away with contempt, or interrupt the conversation with a sibylline answer. But he never refused his services to the poor."

In spite of the care which Cagliostro took not to offend the regular physicians, the situation became impossible for them. Secure in their diplomaed and dogmatic ignorance until his arrival, they enjoyed consideration and that kind of an income which few workers obtain - payment for successes and greater payment for their failures. Now, however, this stranger of unknown origin completely cut the ground from under their feet. Waiting until they had declared their helplessness and the certain loss of a case, he took the matter in hand and often effected a cure in a day. For this he never took a penny, and very often indeed gave money where it was needed. His purse seemed inexhaustible, and he did not limit his ministrations to the physically sick - he cured the politically sick, those in prison for debt, by paying their debts and releasing them. Was there ever such a man?

Strasbourg began to be seriously inconvenienced by the vast number of patients that sought the kindly aid of this Eastern Master-physician, but it was an inconvenience which was easily tolerated considering that it paid well the citizens who supplied the drugs and medical necessities. To them it was a blessing, no less than to the sick of Strasbourg, and especially the military. But the physicians were losing both prestige and money. This fact it was impossible to evade. Cagliostro must be destroyed.

The case of Catherine Groebel brought matters to a crisis. The wife of a bourgeois (who was also a Mason) she was too poor to afford the expense of a physician without real necessity. She was, however, an expectant mother, and on May 23rd, when serious symptoms developed, she is described as being in a critical condition. A lady who took a kindly interest in the sick woman (one Mme. de la Farge) asked Dr. Ostertag, as one of the most highly reputed accoucheurs of Strasbourg, to see her. Dr. Ostertag stated that the case was highly complicated and the woman's condition extremely dangerous, and that, in fact, it was his belief that the child was dead. Two other physicians and the midwife were present when Dr. Ostertag visited Catherine Groebel and stated as above. He declared, in addition, that the situation might become even more critical, and that an operation might become necessary, in which case they were to send for him, in the meantime keeping a careful watch on the patient. He does not appear to have given any prescription (though later he declared orally that he did so).

Dr. Ostertag visited the patient several times during the next few days, and on May 28th, at 4.00 p.m., he found a sudden turn for the worse. He came at 7.00 p.m., but did not see the patient, merely speaking to the midwife whom he told to call him if anything special occurred.

At 11 a.m. the next day he came and found the parish priest with the patient and in his company, Cagliostro. The name of the priest was M. Zaegelins. Quickly shutting the

door, Dr. Ostertag spoke to the midwife (Magdelaine Leidnerin by name) outside the room, and asked her if she had sent for Cagliostro. "No," she replied, "it was M. le Cure who brought him. Cagliostro has not touched her, and has given no prescription. But he gave her six francs." Dr. Ostertag was furious and left the house to return no more.

Cagliostro sent the patient, by the hands of the Cure, a red powder to be given at five o'clock that afternoon in red wine. He gave directions as to diet - wine, and coffee with bread soaked in it, if she felt hungry. This was given at 8.00 p.m. Two hours later the illness resumed its normal course, and within half an hour a child was born with a minimum of pain and almost without delay.

At two o'clock the next day Cagliostro paid a visit and gave a few drops of one of his medicines, after which recovery was rapid and normal. The priest, Zaegelins, was delighted with the success of his intervention and spread the news of the wonderful cure throughout the parish, omitting none of the details. Dr. Ostertag found it necessary to do something for his damaged reputation; his friends gathered, and once more there were positive enemies and positive friends formed around Cagliostro as a center of precipitation. Rarely indeed could any who had to do with him be neutral or indifferent.

Dr. Ostertag called the midwife and had no great difficulty in getting her to declare just what he wanted, or at least to support all the suppositions that might favor his case, that there was no danger at all, that the case was perfectly normal, that he had not thought the child was dead, that he had not suggested the possibility of having to use the knife, that, in short, Cagliostro had done nothing right. Given the circumstances, it is perhaps not surprising that the woman testified as she did. Not everyone will quarrel with his bread and butter for the sake of a stranger.

Even Cagliostro was constrained to defend himself by making the case as public as possible. With all his selflessness, he could not afford to let public judgment go against him by default; he represented the people, the poor, the necessitous and sick, and if he allowed himself to be calumniated without reply, it was they who suffered. He had nothing to lose that the world considers valuable; indeed a stoppage of his work meant a saving of money for him. The priest, Zaegelins, willingly gave an impartial account of the matter, and this is his declaration:

"I the undersigned, Cure of the parish of Saint-Pierre-le-Vieux, certify that I was called by Catherine Noiro, wife of Nicolas Groebel, bourgeois and Master-Mason of this town, on the 24th of May last, to receive her confession and to give her if required the holy communion, a precaution which M. Ostertag, the doctor and accoucheur of the town, had advised her to take, finding, as the midwife did also, that the patient might have an unfortunate accouchement, as her last had been, being in a state of continual fever with unrelaxing pains; the midwife said even that the accoucheur, as well as she, feared that the child was dead; impelled by feelings of compassion, I spoke of it to M. Milliaut, by way of conversation, and he thought that no remedy could be prescribed, as he had not seen the patient. I went to M. le Comte de Cagliostro, whose sensibility of soul was known to me, as well as the gifts and help he had already lavished upon my parish from the time that he came to live in the town; he promised immediately to comfort her and gave me a medicine which the patient had hardly swallowed when the pains came on. The accoucheur [Dr. Ostertag] having come on the scene, found the condition of the patient so changed that he left the accouchement to the midwife, saying that the child was making a

natural presentation. On the next day, M. le Comte again administered a remedy and the pains came on immediately, but without effect. Finally, on May 30th, he gave her again the first remedy; she was delivered very happily of a boy, so healthy that she did not have him baptized at once - this was done at the church at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"In witness of which I have given the present certificate, signed by my hand and sealed with the parish seal. - Zaegelins, *Cure*"

Dr. Ostertag wrote a long *Memoire* of fifty-six pages to bolster up his case. If facts were lacking, words were not, and to all intents and purposes this *Memoire* was a defense of orthodoxy and vested interests against the supposedly new and obviously effective medicine of Cagliostro. In this writing the Doctor declared that Cagliostro had but reaped the fruit of his (Dr. Ostertag's) labors; that his medicines were valueless, and that the priest had failed to observe the facts correctly. A good deal of irritation was felt by the medical faculty because it was not at that time believed that drugs could have such an effect.

The magistrates had given permission to print this tedious *Memoire* on behalf of Dr. Ostertag, but on due representation the Council of Fifteen gave their decision that the address to them by the Doctor was *calculated to compromise them* and they decreed its suppression.

Some eighteen months later Cagliostro himself says of his sojourn in Strasbourg:

"Prince Louis [the Cardinal de Rohan] took me back as far as Saverne, where after many thanks he desired me to call upon him as often as I could. We parted and I returned immediately to Strasbourg, where I resumed my usual occupation. What good I did gave rise to various libels, in which I was styled Antichrist, the Wandering Jew, the man 1400 years old, etc. Unable to bear so much ill-usage, I resolved to leave the place. Several letters which the King's ministers were pleased to write on my account, made me alter my mind.... I never solicited those testimonials either directly or indirectly."

These are the letters mentioned. The first is from the Comte de Vergennes, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to M. Gerrard, Pretor of Strasbourg:

"Versailles, March 13, 1783.

"Comte de Cagliostro, Monsieur, is not personally known to me; but common report, ever since he settled at Strasbourg, is so very much in his favor, that humanity requires he should find there both regard and tranquillity. His being a stranger, and the good which he is said to have done, is a double title which authorizes me to recommend him to you, and to the magistrates over whom you preside. Monsieur de Cagliostro seeks only for peace and security. These are insured to him by the laws of hospitality; and acquainted as I am with your natural disposition, I am fully persuaded you will eagerly maintain him in the enjoyment of both, as well as of all other advantages which he may personally deserve.

"I have the honor, etc. - De Vergenes"

The Marquis de Mirominil, Keeper of the Seal, writes to M. Gerrard:

"Versailles, March 15, 1783.

"Sir, The Count de Cagliostro has zealously employed his time since he has settled in Strasbourg, in relieving the poor and necessitous, and to my knowledge, he a foreign gentleman, has in several instances acted with that humanity which makes him worthy of a peculiar protection. I beg you will, as far as it concerns you and the magistrates, whose chief you are, procure him all that support and tranquillity which every stranger ought to enjoy within his Majesty's dominions, especially when he makes himself useful to the nation.

"I am, etc. - Mirominil"

The Marquis de Segur writes to the Marquis de la Salle, March 15, 1783:

"The good conduct which I am well assured Count Cagliostro has supported in Strasbourg, the very laudable employ he makes in that city of his knowledge and abilities, and the repeated proofs of his humanity there to individuals laboring under various complaints who had recourse to him, entitle him, a foreigner, to the protection of the Government. The King charges you to see not only that he be not molested at Strasbourg whenever he sees fit to return to that city, but also that he be treated with the regard which he deserves, for the good which he does to the distressed. - Segur"

Cagliostro and the Cardinal de Rohan

Cagliostro's first meeting with the Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan, Almoner of France and a man of fabulous wealth and state, was one of the fateful days of his life. The Cardinal was living at the time at his estate at Saverne, not far from Strasbourg, in almost royal splendor. Of this meeting Cagliostro himself said:

"Some little time after my arrival at Strasbourg, Cardinal de Rohan signified to me, by Baron de Millinens his Master of the Hounds, that he wished to be acquainted with me. As long as I supposed the Prince actuated by mere curiosity, I refused to gratify it; but having been informed, soon after, that he was attacked with an asthma and desired to consult me, I repaired instantly to the episcopal palace. I gave him my opinion concerning his complaint; he seemed satisfied, and requested me to call upon him from time to time."

This was said on a very serious occasion and is a plain statement of the meeting. But the answer made by Cagliostro when first informed that the great Cardinal would see him is historical:

"If the Cardinal is sick, let him come to me and I will cure him. If he is well, then he has no need of me, nor I of him!"

In spite of this answer the Cardinal persisted, and it may be that his attack of asthma was not a very severe one. But he asked Cagliostro to come and see him on that pretext, and Cagliostro went at once, for he made no distinction whatever between rich and poor when he was needed. In fact, he was so impartial that he was accused of favoring the poor to spite the rich. Cagliostro says:

"In the course of the year 1781, the Cardinal honored me with a visit, in order to consult me about the illness of the Prince de Soubise, who was afflicted with gangrene. I had been so fortunate as to cure the secretary of the Marquis de la Salle of a similar disorder, after he had been given up by the physicians. I asked some questions about the Prince; but the Cardinal, instead of answering, earnestly entreated me to accompany him to Paris. He pressed me with so much politeness, that it was not possible for me to refuse. I therefore took my departure, after having given proper directions to the surgeon and to my friends, that the necessitous, and the patients I had under my care, might not suffer by my absence.

"We arrived in Paris, and the Cardinal would have taken me direct to the Palace; but this I declined, telling the Cardinal that, being determined to have no manner of dispute with the Faculty, I should not see the Prince till his physicians had declared him past all cure. The Cardinal obligingly complied, and on his return told me that the Faculty had declared the Prince to be on the mend. I then told the Cardinal that I was resolved not to see the patient, being unwilling to reap the glory of a cure which could not be ascribed to me."

Coincidentally with Cagliostro's arrival the patient did improve, but as soon as Cagliostro declared that he would not see the Prince, the latter grew worse, and the next day was declared to be beyond the aid of the regular physicians. Cagliostro, who had demanded to be taken back to Saverne, now decided to take the case, and remained thirteen days in Paris with Cardinal de Rohan.

A French writer describes the scene:

"Cagliostro entered the Cardinal's carriage and went with him to the Soubise mansion. The Cardinal announced a physician, without giving his name. The family did not interfere; only servants were in the Prince's room. Cagliostro asked to be left alone in the dying man's room. They left him. An hour later, he called the Cardinal de Rohan, and said to him as he pointed to the sick man:

"In two days, if my prescriptions are followed, Monseigneur the Prince de Soubise will leave his bed and walk about the room. In eight days he will go out in a carriage. In three weeks he will attend the court at Versailles."

Cagliostro gave the patient a few drops of one of his elixirs on three separate occasions and all turned out exactly as he had said. There is something interesting in this procedure, which he adopted apparently more often than not - in fact, it seemed to be connected with the cure in some way. The course of the malady was carefully outlined and predicted to the day or hour, and it rarely failed to be correct. The regular physician was often invited to hear the diagnosis and the prediction.

Says Cagliostro:

"My arrival in the capital being known publicly, so many persons came to consult me that during the thirteen days I stayed at Paris, my whole time was taken up in visiting patients every day, from five o'clock in the morning until midnight.

"I employed an apothecary, but I distributed, at my own expense, more medicines than he sold. For a confirmation of what I here advance, I appeal to those who had

occasion to apply to me. If there can be found a single person who can say with truth that I have ever been prevailed upon to accept any gratuity, either in money or presents, I consent to be deemed unworthy of confidence."

The Cardinal and Cagliostro returned to Saverne, near Strasbourg, at the end of the thirteen days. But the remarkable cure of the Prince de Soubise and others had made such a stir, and some patients were so anxious to continue their cure, that a crowd of people followed him to Alsace, among them ladies of social standing. As usual, he rejected none who desired his help. In spite of all this, Cagliostro's life was threatened - albeit in a perfectly 'gentlemanly' way!

One evening in August, 1781, Cagliostro was dining with his wife at the Cardinal's table, and among the guests was a cavalry-officer, the Vicomte de Narbonne. The latter was an enemy and Cagliostro knew it, for de Narbonne had not hesitated to aid in the propagation of the little scandalous tales that adorned the gossip of Strasbourg. He was a duelling bully, pure and simple, in spite of his title and rank.

No opportunity arose during the dinner for provoking a quarrel, so the gallant cavalry-officer made one, by the simple expedient of upsetting a dish of gravy over the Countess Cagliostro's dress.

There was the usual excitement. Ladies hastened to the Countess's side, servants endeavored to clear up the mess, men rose from their seats and made such remarks as they deemed the occasion demanded, and the Cardinal apologized; all happened exactly as de Narbonne had calculated, and as his secret backers and instigators had hoped; all except one detail, a rather important one. Cagliostro remained perfectly calm.

De Narbonne tried to provoke an explosion. "What a fuss to make over a gown!" he exclaimed. "I can pay for it!"

Cagliostro knew the man, as he knew all men when he so desired.

"I told you not to sit by that man!" he said to his wife, quite calmly.

"You are insolent, Monsieur!" exclaimed de Narbonne. "You will give me satisfaction with your sword for that!"

"I am no duellist," replied Cagliostro. "It is your trade to fight, not mine!"

"Well, let it be pistols, then!"

"Nor pistols either; my trade is to cure and not to kill!"

The Vicomte de Narbonne had failed. He picked up a plate and threw it at Cagliostro's head, shouting for the whole room to hear:

"That's what happens when one is forced to dine with Counts and Countesses made all of a sudden, falling like bombs from nobody knows where!"

The guests rose and the room was in an uproar, until order was restored by the Cardinal and his friends.

De Narbonne was not at all satisfied at finding his prey escape him, and he did not fail to attack Cagliostro in other ways, later, such as having the city secretly placarded with the vilest lampoons and accusations against Cagliostro. The police tore them down, but they did their evil work, and the guardians of law and order pretended they could find no clue to the outrage.

Cagliostro's secret enemies not only were not at the end of their resources with a de Narbonne, but they had hardly begun to unmask their batteries. However, they had no

desire to disclose their identity, and contented themselves with putting up another dummy, a spy within the camp, this time.

Enter Carlos Sachi from Spain, formerly hospital attendant and now a *sacamuélas* or toothpuller. He is from now to the end of the piece the low villain, just as Sarrasin remained the faithful friend in high society, through good and ill report.

Cagliostro belonged to those who never allow the breath of ingratitude to chill the warmth of their affection for humanity. He was impregnable against accusations of vice; he must be attacked in his virtues. He had stated that he was in Valencia in 1771.

Carlos Sachi presented himself before Cagliostro in the guise of a grateful friend. He had been well treated by Cagliostro in Valencia in 1771 (so he said), and now he was so bursting with gratitude that he wished to consecrate his life to the service of so noble a benefactor of the human race.

There exists a phrase: "We must refuse no one." Such as Cagliostro have not the right to reject anyone who professes to wish to serve humanity and who aspires to self-purification. The faintest gleam of purity, even in a soul black as the bottomless pit, must be encouraged as far as may be by the Teacher or Adept, even though the latter be condemned mercilessly by society for being so evidently unable 'to read character' when the gleam of purity is extinguished and the friend becomes a foe. Sachi had some gleam of potential good in his make-up; he had offered himself; he must be given his opportunity even though to the discerning eye treachery was written all over him.

Cagliostro gave Sachi a few days to think it over, while he went to Saverne. When he returned, Sachi was of the same mind still, so Cagliostro took him into his service as errand-boy and factotum. It was the 27th of December, 1781 - when the Sun lay dead in the tomb of the winter sky. Nine years later, to a day, the Inquisition laid its inexorable hand upon Cagliostro. This was at Rome. Sachi was one of their principal 'witnesses.'

Installed as Cagliostro's helper, Sachi swiftly put into execution his sinister projects. He had to take medicines to the poor in Cagliostro's name - *gratis*, of course. He made them pay 'through the nose,' so to say, declaring that Cagliostro demanded it. Sachi pocketed the money and was satisfied. Dr. Ostertag saw the growing observation of the people that Cagliostro "was doing very well with the sale of his drugs," and he was satisfied for the time being. The other enemies of Cagliostro saw that Cagliostro's patients, paying dearly for their medicine, were losing their confidence in their benefactor.

Sachi did not stop there. His employers knew his value too well to limit his activities. He was now 'Doctor' Sachi, assistant surgeon to M. le Comte de Cagliostro. He was a good fellow, too, willing to chatter with anyone over a glass of something convivial. Yes, M. Cagliostro was a great physician; and then again was he not aided by no less a personage than Doctor Sachi who had known him in Spain ten years before?

He left it at that for about a day. Then he played his second card. "Yes, but...." "Well, of course, if I only chose to say what I know...." "His past - well!...." Sachi's acting was good enough for his dram-shop audiences and curiosity was aroused.

Quite confidentially, 'between you and me, of course,' the respectable Doctor Sachi told how he himself had cured Cagliostro and his wife of shameful maladies which they had picked up in the low haunts they had frequented, ten years before.

"So there is your great man! I sometimes think I would like to throw it in his face when he treats me like a little boy, and the physicians as if they were donkeys."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Reason enough. He would kill me, just the same as he has killed others! Give me half-a-dozen dragoons to protect me, and I would tell him about it to his face!"

Sachi had been taken into the Count's service on December 27, 1781. This was on the 2nd January, 1782, precisely a week later. Master Sachi had traveled fast and far under the tuition of his concealed employers!

It was in a cafe. One of the auditors happened to be a grateful patient of Cagliostro, and he was terribly shocked to hear these things. Without the loss of a minute he hastened to his benefactor and begged him to take steps for his protection. Cagliostro taxed Sachi with treachery and lying, and dismissed him. Sachi promptly went with a pistol to the one who had denounced him, intending to kill him. The police intervened and M. de la Salle, after hearing the case, expelled Sachi from Strasbourg, both on account of his attempted murder of a citizen and for his calumnies against a man held in the greatest esteem by the people of Strasbourg. The wretched man wriggled and lied, protested that he meant another man, that he was deceived, that the Count was his dear benefactor and that he would serve him always with the greatest of delight. It was all in vain; he had to go.

But he did not go so very far. From Kehl he opened a campaign against Cagliostro, claiming by open letters, by placards, and through the newspapers, no less than 125 louis d'or for his services (!) and endeavoring to bring the matter into court - from a safe distance, be it said. He did not really want the money, for he had taken enough from Cagliostro's patients, to say nothing of the reward from Cagliostro's enemies. The magistrates paid no attention to the extravagant claims of this figurehead mountebank; but the public, always ready to believe that where there is smoke there is fire, did. Dr. Ostertag and de Narbonne, women jealous of the vogue of the Countess Cagliostro, and enemies of the splendid Cardinal de Rohan, all combined to keep the ball of discredit rolling, and, according to the principles so cleverly developed at Cagliostro's farcical trial before the Inquisition, twisted every circumstance against him, whether trivial or not.

Thousand-tongued gossip began its disintegrative work and flowed in cumulative force over all that Cagliostro did or had done. If he did anything good it was for ulterior motives, and it showed his cunning. If he did nothing at all, it was because of his lofty conceit; who was he to put on such airs? If he effected cures paralleled only by the legends of the apostles, it was by the help of the devil, precisely as Apollonius and Simon Magus had done; what mattered it that all three did things which not one of the apostles had ever been able to accomplish - the devil it was, and there was an end of it. It is hardly necessary to fill in the gaps of the whole miserable story. In Seven Dials and in Mayfair; in Park Row and the East Side tenements, gossip is ever the same, and little guesswork is required to realize exactly how it all went. Only in this case there was an expert intelligence directing it all from behind, and the result was a ferocious intensity rarely met with unless such a directing force is present; the cloven hoof is always visible in the very exaggeration of the thing; there is altogether too violent a protestation. Later on we shall see how, to prevent losing the thread of this calumny, Cagliostro is always 'personally conducted' into the hands of new enemies wherever he goes, and the conductors are bosom friends whom he trusted - that is why they were chosen to do the work. Were the matter not known in its every detail and historical to the last word, it would seem to trespass beyond the borders of legitimate romance into the dreams of insanity - but the facts are there for all the world to see.

We have noted how regularly, and how confidently and positively, Cagliostro described the symptoms of case after case before the patient, and where possible, before his physician, immediately following the diagnosis by precise predictions as to the treatment and the progress of the cure to the hour and the day, with almost invariable success. Exactly as in the case of other Eastern healers, faith was required to do half the work; in fact Cagliostro often limited himself to demanding faith in God and prayer to the Almighty for those of his patients who were Christians. The gossip of his enemies destroyed faith like the blast of a desert wind, and though calumny, all of it, the effect was palpable, and the patients suffered.

Traps were set, unworthy of decent men, much more so of the grave and learned physicians of the place.

Two students of medicine came to Cagliostro, complaining that one of them was very ill and needed attention. They were really spies of the physicians. Cagliostro looked at the sick man with serious attention and heard his complaint.

"I will keep your friend here under the strictest diet for a fortnight," said the Count to the student's friend. "It is quite necessary for his cure."

The patient was loud in his protestations; the treatment did not appeal to him at all. He wanted only a diagnosis.

"Nothing easier," declared the Count. And he wrote on a piece of paper: "*Superabundance of bile among the gentlemen of the Faculty!*"

Cagliostro laughed at their discomfiture and invited them to dinner, completely winning them over to his side. There was something really disconcerting about the way in which he read people's thoughts, though few realized that he did so as one reads an open book. 'Physiognomy' was then the rage, and few passed beyond the opinion that he was a good physiognomist and could read *faces*.

The next trap was the importation of a police spy, one Desbrunieres from Paris, sent by the authorities in answer to highly influenced demands and denunciations. The spy came, and saw, and went back conquered - almost a disciple; later, however, he played another part.

Carlos Sachi was put up to another trick, and a dangerous one. With the knowledge of the drugs he had been sent to procure from the stores, he claimed that he could make up Cagliostro's Balm of Egypt which had proved so efficacious. This he now made and sold as the real Balm of Egypt, to his own profit, to the hurt of Cagliostro's reputation, to the satisfaction of the doctors, and to the serious danger of the purchasers. Those who know the story of the awful mistake made by Prince Talleyrand in playing the fool with one of Cagliostro's simplest remedies - magnetized water - will easily understand the situation and the impossibility of counterfeiting his medicines.

The Count immediately had the town placarded:

"*Notice* - M. the Count de Cagliostro, having learnt that there are being sold for money in public, drops called Count Cagliostro's Drops, is obliged to declare that the persons who sell them cannot have the true composition of his drops, and that he cannot be responsible for the evil effects which such a falsified medicine may produce. He therefore denounces them as spurious as well as all those which may be administered by any other than himself."

After all, there was no logical reason why Cagliostro should continue to expend all his energy in fighting the ingratitude and bigotry of the city when other fields were open; even the 'five righteous' could not save it from its fate. He changed his plan, and though he did not leave at the time he proposed, owing to the solicitations of his real friends, he gave audiences three times a week only, one day being reserved for the poor. He began to refuse to see strangers. He spent more time with his friends, paying a visit of two weeks every month to the Cardinal de Rohan; visiting with the Sarrasins at Basle, and confining himself to his private circle. Without doubt he was busy enough in private with the Masonic fraternity, but that was no affair of the public, who left him alone, more or less, as did the physicians, who rejoiced to see his medical activities curtailed.

We have read the letters from the French ministers to the authorities at Strasbourg, enjoining proper protection for this benevolent foreigner. They were dated in March, 1783, and were the outcome of unsolicited efforts on the part of friends who recognised that they had among them a beneficent power for good, no matter what his earthly origin. But they were late and he had made up his mind to depart. His public work was done and his Masonic work, was - who knows? - perhaps well established. His friends still held him and the ties of the many grateful poor who owed him all they had or were, their very lives, were hard to break.

But his friend, the Cardinal de Rohan, had gone to Paris in 1783, when there came the news of the serious illness at Naples of the friend of his youth, the Chevalier d'Acquino. The latter had actually been to see him at Strasbourg, attracted by the ancient ties of friendship. Should Cagliostro now neglect him when he sent an urgent call across Europe that Cagliostro and no other should come to close his eyes in death? Even the best of friends at Strasbourg could not oppose so powerful a call to leave them, and Cagliostro said good-bye, not knowing when he should see them again or under what circumstances.

For the poor - a god had gone out of their lives. The poor always have fine intuitions, and the title "the Divine Cagliostro" had a precious meaning for them. Had he not been, for many of them, the only link they had known with that divine quality, Compassion?

At this point we insert a letter:

Letter from Laurent Blessig to Madame Elisa von der Recke - Dated, Strasbourg, June 7, 1781.

"...Now I will tell you all that I have been able to learn in regard to Count Cagliostro, as circumstantially and as probably as is possible in this matter; I say 'as probably,' because people say so much both for and against this extraordinary man. In general, he is so mysterious that I believe one must leave complete certainty in regard to him for time to decide. He has enthusiastic friends and bitter enemies, like every man so absolutely original; he seems to be very open, 'but the master's stroke ever remains in my heart,' he himself said here to a lady, whom, against his usual custom and principle, he held in high esteem. I have learned the following chiefly through this channel.

"The Count says he studied medicine at Medina, and certainly he has learned to know nature there in quite a different way from our European physicians. We pass too lightly over the symptoms of sickness, and especially the changes in the human body. In his school, instructions are given not only to examine the pulse medically (which, according to the general admissions of the physicians, C. understands exceedingly well), but also the

complexion, the gait, the look of the eyes, and every movement of the body, since Physiognomy is a natural department of medical diagnosis; and whether it be through this combination, or in some other way, C. is truly a great knower of men, and has, among others, very much impressed our greatest physiognomist, the excellent Lavater.

"Diseases lie particularly in the blood and its distribution; the physician must also follow that. Since all nature is interblended, the physician must know it in its whole scope, and chemistry must stand at his command for solution and combination; in this, too, he must possess great knowledge. Moreover, since everything affects everything else, and this includes not only our earth, but also our whole solar system, the knowledge of the influence of the stars is indispensable to the physician. Thus C. pays much attention to the equinox, and at this season prepares most of his medicines. This mutual influence of all things is not limited to the material world; these are effects; the spirit is the cause. The spiritual world is a connected chain from which effects continually stream forth. Thus the true knower of nature is he who knows how to look up as well as down, or who stands in the same relationship to spirit as to matter. One can be initiated into this secret knowledge also in Arabia, and indeed Cagliostro himself has been so admitted into a Brotherhood at Medina, and taken the oath to wander through the world for a certain time for the betterment of humanity, and to give without fee or reward what he had himself so received. Thus he came to Europe through Egypt. Of his sojourn in the North I need hardly say anything. Of his stay at Strasbourg I know the following:

"He lodged for some time in a hostel, then for some weeks with Vogt, in the room where your late brother lived, if I am not mistaken. He did not at first give himself out as a physician - nobody expected that of a Count (which title, as he quite plainly gave everyone to understand, was founded, not on birth, but on his secret knowledge). Suddenly people learnt that there was a foreign philanthropist here, who devoted himself specially to the sick, and had not only medicines, but often money as well as other aid, provided for them; and this is the strict truth. Now gradually, one after another, poor people came to him timidly. But he received them affectionately; gave them essences, elixirs, and other medicines; relieved many of fevers and other complaints; and even personally visited many of the more seriously sick in their homes. His fame increased, and soon not only his rooms, but also the stairs and the door of the house were besieged by those seeking help. He was somewhat easy and sanguine in promises of cure and this gave the sick all the more encouragement.

"Certainly among the vast number treated many have not turned out well, especially with regard to deafness and blindness; however, good fortune in many instances, the strangeness, the peculiarity of the matter, his refusal to take money, all made him the subject of every conversation, and with many, the object of the greatest wonder. Curiosity impelled a countless number of people towards him - scholars, officers, physicians, scientists, Freemasons; in the latter capacity Princes and other gentlemen visited him; it became more and more the fashion to visit Cagliostro, and as he lived on the parade-ground, a great number of the garrison thronged in at dinner-time and attended the assembly at Cagliostro's.

"Here many a young lieutenant, from excessive curiosity, became a source of amusement to the good Count, and in order to be rid of this kind of society, or to make fun of them, he told them with an air of great veracity that he had been born on the Red Sea, that he was 150 years old, and so on.

"At this time a secretary of our Commandant, the Marquis de la Salle, became sick. His physician gave him up as one seriously attacked by gangrene, and who had only twenty-four hours to live. On the request of the Commandant himself C. took his case in hand, and to everybody's astonishment as good as entirely set him on his feet again. Now this man's most brilliant period set in; all those of general's rank, all who are foremost amongst us or who set themselves up to be prominent, daily visited Count C. Many paid their court not exactly to him but to these gentlemen. The ladies did the same, took his medicines and praised his treatment. Cagliostro was taken everywhere. It was the fashion to talk of him, to need him, and to praise him. An incredible number of foreigners came to him here from all parts. Some begged him to allow himself to be taken into consultation with our best physicians; but this he always refused, as indeed he had no other names for all doctors except those borrowed from the animal kingdom. If, on the other hand, the physicians in their criticisms of him say only what is true, or, if it be possible, true without being bitter, without jealousy, I certainly cannot decide; yet several sick people, also foreigners, have again thrown themselves into the arms of the ordinary physicians after leaving C. These also by one weighty remark or another have made many somewhat shy of availing themselves of Herr C. He is, for example, very free in prescribing Extract of Saturn and that indeed in very large doses (as in general with many of his remedies); it has been shown that this Sugar of Lead is of great instantaneous effect with wounds and other complaints where prompt aid is necessary, but that it also leaves a certain stiffness as a rule, and not seldom brings on the unfortunate Colic of Poitou.

"In various news-sheets and placards in our neighborhood bloody satires have been published against him. His vogue has now declined; at the present time he receives only three times a week and this only at stated hours. He has left in the middle of their treatment several foreigners who came here on his account, and others he has refused to attend. Towards some he is extraordinarily kind, towards others irritable and curt; so also in society, while merely visiting, he adopts an attitude either very much in favor of a person or is very antipathetic, and that often at the first glance. One who has only seen this side must necessarily form a false opinion of him.

"He is a very spiritual man, very attractive, cheerful, frugal, energetic, conscious of himself, and therefore speaks of Princes and with Princes like a man who can do them good, not they him. He speaks good Italian, and broken French; he would not, however, speak Arabic with Professor Norberg of Upsala who comes from Constantinople. He speaks slightly of our Savior and of the clergy, as he does of the physicians. One would suppose that the man has a far-reaching plan for which Strasbourg is altogether too small a theater. Strasbourg lies on the road to the Kingdom [France]; perhaps he wants his fame to precede him and expects the King to call him of his own initiative. He speaks much of his acquaintance with Louis XV and of the Russian Empress. People have observed that he has received no money from anyone here either by way of exchange or in cash, and that he always pays exactly, generously, and in advance, without receiving here the smallest sum directly; some have come to suppose that he is an emissary of the Jesuits* and so forth; these are all suppositions. Also I give you the following only as a supposition, but at least it is one and very probable, namely, that C. has by now lived through the best part of his time and fame with us. But where he thinks of going after this, I do not believe anybody knows. Some of those who honor him have separated from him; they complain mutually of one another, and with some force. For some time Cagliostro has

got rid of many of his patients very quickly and by means of common botanical infusions, tisanes, and things like that. Our Marshal who returned from Paris to the Province only a short time ago received Herr C. very well and so prevented them from expelling him from the Kingdom [France] as a charlatan or a vagabond."

* The Jesuit fraternity at this time was officially suppressed by the Pope, so that the members were customarily called Ex-jesuits.

Louis Spach, in 1871, *Oeuvres Choisies - Cagliostro at Strasbourg*, Vol. V, makes a very subtil distortion of this letter to support his hostility towards Cagliostro. But he adds an interesting observation. He says of Cagliostro:

"In the cures effected by him, certainly there were some very real ones. I have spoken to an old man who asserted that he had been cured by Cagliostro of a serious malady of the chest by which he was attacked at the age of twenty years, and which would have probably carried him off except for the intervention of the Sicilian. The latter, who had the tone of an oracle, commenced by giving hope and confidence to the patient. Snail jelly and kindly nature had done the rest...."

We hear next of Cagliostro at Bordeaux and at Lyons, where he had his usual brilliant success, the admiration of both rich and poor, and the customary enmity of the medical faculty. Then he appears in Paris as if drawn there by irresistible fate, and the curtain rises on the thrilling drama of the Diamond Necklace, one of the most extraordinary series of episodes in all history, both in itself and from its far-reaching consequences.

VI. The Queen's Necklace. Cagliostro and the Bastille.

To the end of the nineteenth century, more than a hundred years after the death or disappearance of Cagliostro, popular history had been encouraged to regard this Freemason as a criminal adventurer who supported his designs by wonders and 'magic arts.' Even Masons, who of all people ought to have known better, were often deceived, and passively accepted the threadbare insinuation that he was an unworthy brother. There was a vague impression among the reading public that the reason why Cagliostro stood out in the history of crime was the amazing boldness which caused him in some way to be connected with the great Diamond Necklace Case - few troubling to investigate the framed-up charge that he was one of the conspirators who appropriated this famous necklace (valued at 1,600,000 livres) in the name of the unsuspecting Queen, Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI of France.

The only excuse for this mischievous libel, if it be an excuse, is that it was deliberately framed by Cagliostro's enemies, and foisted on the unthinking public of Europe by interested parties. Cagliostro appears to be one of those rare characters whose mere

presence is the signal for events of national and even universal importance, events whose smallest ripple of effect widens beyond the third and fourth generation - indeed, far into the unseen future.

His mission was simple. It was to help in the work of "keeping alive the spiritual intuitions in man" in the face of an ever-increasing darkness of materialism. The body through which he was to act was the humanitarian and benevolent Society of Freemasons. But, as seems to be ever the case, such work in behalf of independence and liberation of thought attracts the enmity of all that is reactionary and likely to be disturbed in its enjoyment of privilege. The fact that Cagliostro obviously possessed a vast power over the more recondite secrets of Nature, lashed this inevitable opposition to an ungovernable fury. This in itself is an eloquent tribute to his importance. The vast machinery of international vested interests is not put into force against a man of no account.

Cagliostro had absolutely nothing to do with the Case of the Diamond Necklace, and yet he is unaccountably dragged into it until the whole thing in some respects seems to revolve round him - though in an obscure way which no serious historian appears as yet to have attempted to clarify. For this reason it is necessary to enter into a *resume* of the circumstances of the case if we are to follow the thread of Cagliostro's life. He seems to have been a kind of human catalyst, precipitating political events, while himself remaining outside all politics. Delicate threads of history, trivial incidents going far back in time, mere bubbles of life, all are focussed, as in a lens, in the great Jewel Case which has been so much discussed; and the picture they throw on the screen of after-events through that lens is like the pattern of a kaleidoscope, with the countries of Europe for the colored fragments.

Another, who was also quite outside the case, and yet was most of all affected by it, was the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

The hero of the piece is the Cardinal de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. The beautiful villain is the 'Countess' de la Motte Valois, or Valois de la Motte - it matters little, so long as the Valois is not omitted, since this name was her first card in the game. The other actors are puppets in her hands.

It was this Prince Louis de Rohan who in 1770, as Bishop-Coadjutor of Strasbourg, had officially received the young dauphiness, Marie Antoinette, on French soil after her proxy marriage at Vienna to the Dauphin Louis, heir to the throne of France. It was a splendid pageantry; de Rohan was a handsome, fascinating, dazzling nobleman upon whose shoulders the outward traditions of the Church sat but lightly.

Although Marie Antoinette was the coming queen of France she was then but a child of fifteen or so, with all a child's ways; Maria Theresa kept as great a hold upon her as she could, and through her attempted to push in France the interests of Austria - a terribly dangerous thing to do as regards her daughter's future. The agent of the Empress, Mercy-Argentau, was ever at the young Dauphine's elbow, and as he was an enemy of the Rohan-Soubise family, which included the governess of the royal children, Madame de Marsan, his presence boded no good for the Cardinal so far as it concerned his reception at the Court of Vienna. This Austrian tells Maria Theresa that Rohan is devoted to d'Aiguillon, the Prime Minister, and to his ally, the royal favorite, Comtesse du Barry, and is therefore little fitted for the rumored appointment of Ambassador to Austria. It may be so, yet the lady who ruled the French King was sufficiently powerful to cause even Maria Theresa to recommend her daughter to accept him.

Marie Antoinette told her mother, the Empress, of the rumor of this coming appointment, declaring that Rohan was more of a soldier than an ecclesiastical dignitary. He was then thirty-six years of age and had for nearly ten years shone brilliantly as a member of the French Academy.

And what a magnificent Ambassador this Prince of the Church would make! Many a sovereign would have found it hard to surround himself with such a gorgeous display. Maria Theresa was charmed at first with his simple, polished manner, but she soon turned against him, in accordance with the prejudices of her daughter and her agent in Paris. Powerful as she was, however, she dared not refuse to receive the Cardinal, on account of her daughter's position, though a hint was conveyed to the French court to recommend him to live a little less wildly than was his wont. The Empress was repelled by his magnificence, his gallantry, his splendid suppers and gorgeous entertainments, his royally-conducted hunting parties, his worldliness. Later, this dislike developed into positive hatred. She went so far as to cause one of the most dignified of the older nobles to make representations to him on the matter. But he replied politely that all fear of a lack of good taste was quite unfounded, and that offense would be given to many were he to cancel his engagements. The total result of Maria Theresa's objections was absolutely nil - which was worse than a defeat. The festivities proceeded as usual, while the Cardinal-Ambassador maintained an air of banter and piercing wit little calculated to appease an irritated Empress, who wrote to Mercy-Argentaу at Paris:

"Our women, young and old, beautiful and ugly, are bewitched. He turns their heads - so much so that he is delighted to be here and has declared that he means to stop here, even after the death of his uncle."

This uncle was the Bishop of Strasbourg. To crown all, her son, the Emperor Joseph, was fascinated by the Prince-Ambassador-Churchman, the splendid Cardinal.

Such was the strained state of affairs when Rohan discovered that Mercy-Argentaу had established a system of espionage by which he learned all that occurred at the Court of France, even in the most private councils. Rohan immediately did the same in Vienna by way of diplomatic reprisal. Through Mercy-Argentaу, Maria Theresa demanded Rohan's recall, and she committed the fatal mistake of mixing her daughter Marie Antoinette, the Dauphine, in the matter, by asking her to cooperate in procuring that recall and by prejudicing the girl-princess against one of the most prominent nobles of her adopted country.

Marie Antoinette was very young. Though warned by her mother not to speak of this recall to any except Mercy-Argentaу, she told the old governess of the royal children, Madame de Marsan, and suggested that the best way would be for Rohan's own family to initiate the recall. This Madame de Marsan was no less than Rohan's aunt, yet the gay young Dauphine scarcely seemed to realize what a blunder she was committing. It meant that the powerful Rohan family were to be pitted against the House of Austria.

Rohan did not treat Maria Theresa with too much respect, as we have seen, although personally he was politeness itself to all, high and low. In a letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, d'Aiguillon, he wrote:

"I have seen Marie-Therese weep over the misfortunes of oppressed Poland; but this Princess, practised in the art of not allowing herself to be seen through, appears to have sobs at her command. In one hand she holds a handkerchief to wipe away her tears, while with the other she seizes the sword to complete the partition."

D'Aiguillon showed the letter to his friend, the king's favorite, Du Barry, at one of her gay suppers. Its keen wit was applauded and one of the courtiers told Marie Antoinette, who naturally told her mother - and of course it spelt trouble for Rohan. Marie Antoinette never forgave the man who thus made sport of her mother with a quondam milliner's girl. Rohan stayed in Vienna, however, until two months after Marie Antoinette had become Queen of France. Maria Theresa herself expressed disgust even at the idea of Rohan taking formal leave of the Austrian Court. She wanted only to know that he was out of the country. His successor was the Baron de Breteuil, and this means everything in view of future history. Of the latter the Austrian Empress said:

"Breteuil may meet with some trouble here, so much are people prejudiced in favor of his predecessor, whose partisans, gentlemen and ladies without distinction of age, are very numerous, including even Kaunitz [the Chancellor] and the Emperor himself."

Rohan looked upon his recall as an outrage and did not forgive Breteuil for succeeding him; for he suspected him of having had something to do with his, de Rohan's, downfall. He attacked Breteuil with unmerciful raillery; but the latter, stern and silent, bided his time.

Marie Antoinette was only a girl, in her youth almost irresponsible, and as a girl she had her favorite friends, and life was very pleasant for her. Then one day she woke up to the fact that her delightful friends were the focus of a host of ambitious seekers after wealth, favors, offices, titles. She was saddened by the knowledge. One family or faction had, almost to the last individual, acquired wealth, influence, and power through a relative, her dearest friend. Henceforth she began to seek Austrian friends rather than French.

"At least *they* ask me for nothing," she said pathetically, when reproached with favoring foreigners; and the breach between her and her adopted people widened.

Now there was a beggar-maid, a country wench, who begged while her father poached and stole. The misery and indigence of the child and her family could hardly be exaggerated. She was accustomed to being thrashed on her bare back by her mother until the rod broke - and perhaps the wretched creature remembered this when the public executioner followed the mother's example later, after her brilliant but evil star had set! Yet she was, distantly, of the blood of the Valois, being a descendant of Henry II by an illicit connexion which was, however, later legitimized. And her pretty face and musical voice, coupled with the common knowledge that she was a scion of royalty even though on the left hand, attracted attention to her.

One day as, barefooted, she begged by the roadside there came driving up a fairy-godmother in the person of the Marchioness Boulainvilliers, who stopped the carriage and, after questioning her, exclaimed: "A daughter of the Valois? Impossible!"

But it was true, and the Marchioness ended by sending the child to school. Later she apprenticed her to a dressmaker. Perhaps the child remembered that after all, the Comtesse du Barry, the uncrowned, unofficial queen of France had been only a little

milliner! In any event, she certainly dreamed of greater things, and complained from time to time of being washerwoman, watercarrier, cook, ironer, needlewoman, and of fulfilling other variously useful, if humble, offices. The Marchioness allowed herself to be interested in advancing Jeanne and her sister, and in 1776 she had the girls' descent officially authenticated and obtained for them from the king a pension of eight hundred livres. It may be that this was one of the favors asked of Marie Antoinette that the latter so resented. It seemed like a stroke of good fortune for the beggar-girl; yet the truth was that eight million livres would not have sufficed to satisfy her ambition.

Finally the sisters were placed by their benefactress at a finishing school for young ladies - a convent. They did not relish the situation much, and when the Superior put forward the idea of their taking the veil, they ran away.

Madame Surmont, a buxom dame who delighted in maintaining a sort of local 'society' leadership, was persuaded to open her home to the 'neglected princesses' then in the local grog-shop, where they had taken refuge. They were so poorly clad that the first night she had to lend them her own too ample dresses. The girls needed no further invitation, and (Jeanne was a dressmaker) turned up the next morning clad in very serviceable frocks made by cutting up the garments loaned by their benefactress!

Mme Surmont had invited them for a week; they stayed with her for a year. At the end of that time Jeanne found it necessary to marry, somewhat in haste, the nephew of her hostess, a young gendarme of the king's guard. This was Marc-Antoine-Nicolas de la Motte, who had often visited Mme Surmont's house and had given Jeanne lessons in declamation for their little theatrical parties. The twins, born a month after the marriage, did not live long. Mme Surmont made the young couple leave her house, and they lived for a short period with de la Motte's sister, Madame de la Tour. Jeanne sold two years of her pension for 1000 francs and with 600 livres belonging to de la Motte they started life together.

It was now 1781, and the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers was staying at Strasbourg as the guest of Cardinal de Rohan. Jeanne sought her out. She forgave the runaways and consented to introduce Jeanne to the Cardinal at his palace of Saverne.

Madame de la Motte told her story well. Rohan promised her his protection and de la Motte was given a captain's commission in a regiment of dragoons commanded by the king's brother. He is described in the commission as 'Count,' a title he adopted without any claim whatever, but which served him well enough, for there really was a family of Comtes de la Motte and nobody troubled to question the title. After all, plenty of people did the same, and it sounded well when, later, the 'Count and Countess de la Motte' entered Paris.

Rohan was strangely placed. His secretary was the Abbe Georgel, a Jesuit. He himself was a Cardinal, but from his manner of life few would have suspected that he was an ordained follower of the religion of one who had not where to lay his head. He was the typical courtier, nobleman, Maecenas, and man of the world, rather than a prelate. Yet in spite of his social gifts he was not invited to the court of Marie Antoinette. Once a year only, on the Day of the Assumption, had he the right and duty, as Grand Almoner of France, the highest ecclesiastical dignitary in the kingdom, to say mass before the King.

But Rohan, like so many other illustrious men of the time, was interested in, and powerfully attracted by, 'occult' studies and arts, alchemy and the like, which seemed in no way incompatible with his orthodox standing. What more natural, then, that on hearing of Cagliostro's extraordinary medical cures in Strasbourg, and the bitterly jealous attacks of

the official and orthodox physicians, who only too often failed where he cured, who charged heavy fees where he healed without price and even gave his patients money if they needed it, Rohan was impressed. He sent to Cagliostro to request an audience, but the physician declined to go.

"If the Cardinal is ill, let him come to me and I will cure him; if he is well, he has no need of me and I have no need of him," was Cagliostro's ungracious reply, a reply that was obviously a test of the Cardinal's sticking powers and sincerity. He passed the test successfully. The Cardinal then declared that he was affected with asthma and needed Cagliostro's medical help. The physician went to him.

Fantastic and ridiculous tales were afloat about Cagliostro at this time, and it is not impossible that there was some slight foundation for some of them, for Cagliostro had a keen sense of humor and his hearers often had not. Much that he said in jest may have been seized upon as seriously meant, and in addition, all alchemists of that day, in countries where the ecclesiastics were bigoted, felt obliged to speak symbolically or in parables. At one time a formal deputation of serious and highly educated men who waited on him reported that although he did not speak French perfectly, he spoke it "in the manner of the prophets of old." They had been much impressed.

Cagliostro was a sparkling conversationalist, with a dozen sides to his character, apparently; one keen observer said that it was impossible to describe his features as he had a dozen sets of them! So we find this noble-hearted humanitarian credited with claiming an age of many centuries, with having been a contemporary of Jesus of Palestine, with being the Wandering Jew, and in short any other thing that occurred to the wits of his day or to the gossipers who were without wits.

The foundation for this may have been veiled suggestions, or even private teachings about Reincarnation which at that time in Europe had been long forgotten and as far as the public went, was unknown. While confused with these tales were similar stories told about Count Saint-Germain. Then too, there doubtless were those among his pupils who were foolish enough to repeat literally his *symbolic* utterances - symbolic precisely because such inconstant featherbrains could not be trusted with the real teachings until they had learned to be cautious. Among the alleged million or so of his pupils (these are the figures given by his enemies) there must have been many who were not ready to study the hidden mysteries of Nature and of human nature as they actually exist.

Having by his intuition broken down the first wall that separated them, and having refused to be rebuffed, Rohan was offered every opportunity to learn the true 'Secret Science.' Yet, rich as was Rohan, Cagliostro was always the richer, for he paid his way to the last sou and gave much away, never accepting a present or any payment, unless the refusal of such a present would hurt the delicate feelings of the giver; in which case he accepted it and almost immediately found an excuse to give one in return of much higher value. Even Rohan, the rich churchman, declared to a lady who had not the wit to keep her tongue quiet on the matter, that Cagliostro had the power and the means to make him rich beyond the dreams of avarice. More to the point, he declared openly that from him (Rohan) Cagliostro had never accepted anything.

The stage is now set for the first act of the drama of the Diamond Necklace. From Strasbourg Cagliostro went to Paris, and there as elsewhere, he was the lion of the day and of many days. But he was dignified and reserved - unless some poor sufferer needed his

help, for he was truly 'the Friend of Humanity.' He refused invitations to dine with the king's brother, the Count of Artois, and with the Duc de Chartres, Prince of the blood.

They formed a curious group - Cagliostro, the Cardinal, Georget the Jesuit, and Madame de la Motte, the adventuress.

Gradually, artfully, indeed artistically, Jeanne de la Motte began to lay her snares for Rohan, who had money. She wanted it - she always did. Her first trade had been begging, and it suited her very well; but she was beyond the apprentice-stage. She realized that to beg successfully one should do it 'in a carriage and pair.' At this time it so happened that some of the ancient lands of the Valois had come into the hands of the Crown; this gave Jeanne an excellent opportunity to pester the Court with her petitions. Her far-seeing eye saw that there were favors to be had from the Queen and her entourage, if only she could gain a *point d'appui*. But there were others of the same profession, and she needed to be original in her methods. Waiting with a petition in the antechamber of Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the King, the Valois fainted 'from hunger' at the psychological moment. The ruse succeeded well in a small way, and resulted in her pension being increased to nearly double the original amount. In point of fact, at times she was nearly starving, and when by chance she managed to be invited to a restaurant she devoured ravenously whatever food came in her way. Yet she kept up appearances as the first requisite of success. The petty and sordid schemes to which she resorted are a history of adventure in themselves.

A similar ruse was tried with the Comtesse d'Artois later, but without success, so in February, 1784, Jeanne flew at higher game, and pushing through a crowd, went into convulsions before the Queen, just as the latter was going to mass. There was so much commotion that the plot missed fire and subsequent 'convulsions' failed to attract the desired attention.

As nothing particular came of this hanging on at Court, and as she had no entree, she adopted the simple expedient of saying that she had. She was now the 'Countess of Valois,' a favorite of the Queen, of Madame Elizabeth, of the Comtesse d'Artois. She dined with them - in a cheap restaurant, at twelve sous a meal! She made out her cheap lodging to be a reception-room at the Palace; an altercation with the landlady over the rent became an interview with the Queen; her spendthrift imagination ran riot. Some knew of this roguery and even went so far as to warn her that it was criminal. But this only made Jeanne more cautious, for she was more determined than ever. She realized that a reputation of 'influence at Court' was worth solid cash to her. And so it proved. She was given magnificent presents by rich firms in the hope of influencing the Queen's favor. She also obtained a good deal of credit; which was useful, even when she had to pawn the goods so obtained in the next street.

Meanwhile Rohan was helping her, backing bills, giving and 'lending' her money, and being generally bamboozled by her. She soon realized that the one desire of his life was to obtain the Queen's favor - destroyed by Maria Theresa and Mercy-Argentau, and the unfortunate letter he wrote to d'Aiguillon. This was a trump card; the next step was to turn it into cash.

It was not a difficult problem, after all. With her reputation of being in touch with the Queen, she rewarded Rohan for his presents and loans with Court gossip, invented as needed. Gradually and delicately she built up a bogus story of the interest taken in him by the Queen, of a desire on Marie Antoinette's part to investigate the Mercy-Argentau reports,

and of the Queen's willingness to justify Rohan and take him back into favor. Jeanne had a 'Secretary,' one Villette, who was an adept in handwriting, so in due time there was established - to all appearance - a private correspondence between Rohan and the Queen, with Jeanne as the confidential intermediary. Messages, hints, and blue-bordered notes passed at due intervals, and the Cardinal began to believe that at last he was to be restored to favor and to his true position at Court, - all through the 'influence' exerted by Jeanne de la Motte!

The adventuress did not hesitate to use the trick of the blue-bordered notes to ask Rohan to send money to the Queen through her hands. Needless to say, such money never reached her Majesty. In August, 1784, Jeanne received 50,000 francs as a first instalment, and by a coincidence at that very time she blossomed out into a *grande dame*. She actually sent Rohan out of the way, to Saverne, by these notes, saying that it would help his restoration to favor at the right moment if he disappeared from Paris for a while. It is astonishing how easily Jeanne played upon his devotion to Marie Antoinette.

The elements of a profitable 'combination' had appeared. A very few details and some minor actors would fill in the background to perfection. If only that wonderful man Cagliostro - ? But Jeanne remembered that her first idea of him as an adventurer similar to herself had fallen very flat. His loyalty to the Cardinal's interests was certain. Fortunately he was absent at Lyons working the Lodge 'Sagesse Triomphante' - probably the happiest period of his mission and his life. If the matter could be concluded in his absence, all would go well for the adventure. If he returned, the game would fail.

The Cardinal was at Saverne in Alsace. A very short note was sufficient to raise the curtain on the comedy - so soon, alas, to turn to a tragedy, with all Europe for its stage and theater:

"A great lady known to him was dying to possess the necklace. She wanted to buy it, secretly. She needed a friend to make the purchase for her, payment being guaranteed for the 1st August, when she would herself pay for it."

It was the Cardinal's grand opportunity, the opportunity of his life. To gain the favor of the Queen was the only triumph required to complete his happiness and social success. He was immensely rich and would have willingly lent a far greater sum to gain his end.

But Cagliostro? The Cardinal's intuition told him that Cagliostro would make difficulties, would tell him to beware of the Countess and her adventures. Desire gained the day, and intuition was not asked to throw further light on the affair. *Cagliostro need not be told*. Then, when all was over and success was complete, it would be time to let him admire the Cardinal's astuteness and to congratulate him on his success. The story is as old as the world - the drama of the human soul torn between the good and the bad angels, crucified between the two 'thieves.' What need of artificial dramatic mysteries when they come so plainly before every soul that makes the least attempt to follow the path of human progress?

Utterly forgetting the advice to stay at Saverne - the advice of 'one who knew' - de Rohan hurried joyously to Paris, arriving on January 3, 1785. Doubts, if any, were immediately dispelled by the production of a letter by de la Motte purporting to be from the Queen.

Jeanne's audacity, like her ambition, was boundless. Her husband discovered one day a frail beauty of the Palais Royal who possessed a very remarkable resemblance to the Queen. Jeanne determined to turn this to account, and she did so most effectively by arranging a meeting between this person, one Nicole Leguay, posing as the Queen, and the Cardinal de Rohan. From frail Nicole, by transposing the letters of Valois, Jeanne 'created' the 'Baroness d'Oliva.'

The meeting occurred at midnight in a grove at Versailles. It was all very simple. A whispered word, a letter, or a token, and the Cardinal would know that he was restored to favor once more, even though not publicly. And all succeeded admirably with Jeanne as stage-manager, for her inventive genius was inexhaustible. There was a murmured sentence taken to mean that the past should be forgotten, there was the rose - Nicole forgot the letter altogether - and then the sudden, well-planned interruption: "The Comte and Comtesse D'Artois are coming!"

The Cardinal and 'the Queen' did not wait to see that the intruders were only Jeanne's puppets. He only knew that he was in the seventh heaven of delight, and that he had 'the Queen's' rose and the memory of her gracious words. His ambitious dreams were coming true.

Now the Necklace enters into the story.

The Court-jewelers, Bassenge and Bohmer, had worked for years collecting and setting a large number of diamonds for a grandiose, but not particularly artistic, necklace. They tried to sell it at various Courts, but the price was too high. (It was valued at 1,600,000 livres, the price of a battleship.) They had calculated on Marie Antoinette's love of jewelry and her reputed extravagance to secure her, the Queen, as a purchaser, but when solicited, she flatly refused to buy it. The jewelers, however, became absorbed in the idea that she might in some way be induced to buy it, and for several years repeatedly renewed their offer. They agreed to sell it by instalments, or by annuities, but to no avail. The only response was the advice to break it up and sell it piecemeal. But some 800,000 livres had been borrowed from the naval treasurer to pay for the stones and the jewelers found the interest very heavy; their anxiety to sell the necklace became acute. Bohmer actually threw himself at the Queen's feet and threatened to drown himself in the Seine if she did not buy it. She repeated her advice to break it up; this was in 1777. In 1784 the necklace was still unsold, a costly burden to the makers.

Now Bohmer had a friend whose son-in-law frequently visited Jeanne de la Motte. She was playing with him as she played with everyone, showing the Queen's (forged) letters and making capital of her 'influence' at Court. Talking with him of jewelry on one occasion an idea came to her young visitor and he asked if she would not like to interest herself with the Queen in the sale of the necklace, since she had such influence. Scouting good pickings, Jeanne consented, and as it turned out, she was right. Bohmer's friend said his son-in-law knew a Countess who had access to the Queen, and the jeweler promptly offered 1000 louis to anyone who could find a purchaser for the necklace. They showed it to Jeanne on December 29, 1784.

On the 23rd of January, 1785, Jeanne told the jewelers that within a few days a sale of the necklace might be made to a very great nobleman, meaning of course Cardinal de Rohan.

The terms were fixed: 1,600,000 livres, payable in two years in four instalments six months apart, was the arrangement. The first instalment was due on the first of August,

1785, the necklace being delivered on the first of February. The arrangement was put into writing and the Cardinal demanded the Queen's signature. As of course the Queen knew nothing of the transaction Jeanne told the Cardinal that the Queen preferred not to sign. The Cardinal insisted. So at the bidding of Jeanne de la Motte, Villette wrote "Approuve - Marie-Antoinette de France." This was not the customary signature of the Queen, nor was it written in imitation of her handwriting, so, thanks to Villette's clever counsel, it was not reckoned technically a forgery at the trial. To this Jeanne added a note saying that the Queen wished the Cardinal to keep this document absolutely secret, in order to avoid trouble with the King, who complained of her extravagance. It was this forged signature which in due time furnished the clue that proved the Queen's innocence of the whole thing. The use of such a signature was a patent blunder, but nobody seemed to notice it at the time.

On January 24, 1785, the Cardinal viewed the necklace at the jewelers, and on February 1st it was delivered to him. Jeanne assured the Cardinal, and the Cardinal assured Bohmer, that the Queen would pay the interest due on the money until the whole sum was paid.

Enter now the Cardinal's good angel. With inexplicable suddenness Cagliostro quitted Lyons, in the very midst of his physician's work, and went to Paris January 30, 1785. Now, the Cardinal's evil genius, the adventuress Jeanne de la Motte, must work with feverish speed to avoid a catastrophe. Using the name of the Queen she persuaded the Cardinal to hurry with the necklace the same evening to Versailles, where in Jeanne's apartment it was handed by her to the 'Queen's messenger' - whom, we may add, Rohan plainly recognised, in spite of the dimness of the room and the glass door that separated the 'messenger' from him.

What indeed more natural than such a recognition? Had not the same Villette been the *valet de chambre* who accompanied the Queen on that dark night in the wood at Versailles, when she met him for an instant in token of reconciliation and restored favor? A little later Villette handed the necklace over to Jeanne de la Motte.

So everybody was happy; the Cardinal, because he had gained the Queen's favor, or thought he had; the jeweler, Bohmer, because he had sold to the Queen the finest collection of diamonds that ever court jeweler had gathered into one glorious galaxy; de la Motte, because she had the same jewels in her avid clutches at last; the Queen in her innocence of the whole thing. But Cagliostro, the Friend of Humanity - was he happy in his friend's, his pupil's, distrust and utter foolishness?

That very evening the famous necklace was dispersed. Retaux de la Villette sold some of the diamonds in Paris; de la Motte, Jeanne's husband, soon crossed the Channel and sold more of them in Bond Street; no one suspected a robbery.

In a few days the Cardinal could refrain no longer from telling Cagliostro, though not in detail, of his great success and triumph. Precisely as he had anticipated, Cagliostro failed to show either enthusiasm or approval. His advice had not been asked; it was now too late to give it. "Since the matter is an accomplished fact, it is useless to speak to me of it," was his only remark.

The Cardinal was piqued; Madame de la Motte foresaw difficulties with Cagliostro. She planned to catch him, and at the same time to reassure de Rohan, by proposing to the Cardinal a *seance* to be conducted by Cagliostro in order to divine the future in regard to the Queen. Cagliostro's method was known to her as it was to all the world. He sometimes

employed children for clairvoyant purposes - a very ancient method.* The Comtesse suggested her own niece as a suitable 'innocent child,' although she had reached the mature age of fifteen, and Cagliostro seemed to seek innocence in much younger children, as a rule, in those days, sometimes even employing children of six.

* See Lane's *Modern Egyptians* for an example of the use of young children for reading the pictures in the Astral Light in a pool of ink, in the manner of crystal-gazers. -
Sub-Editor

Cagliostro, knowing human nature, could hardly help laughing at the suggestion, but decided to see the farce through, for reasons best known to himself. Perhaps he wished to defeat some plan of the Countess for altogether undermining the Cardinal's impaired confidence in him, in case of refusal. Those friends who tell us the bare truth often lose our confidence when it hurts. Cagliostro complied with the suggestion, therefore, but the result was unsatisfactory, as the girl was evidently lying. First she said she saw nothing. Then, realizing that this would be a confession that, not being innocent, she *could* see nothing, she declared she saw - what she had been told by her aunt to say she saw! The whole thing was without result except that it was a first-class opportunity for the Cardinal to realize, if he kept his eyes open, that he was in the hands of rogues.

The fateful days of 1785 passed without further sign of favor from the Queen. Bohmer saw her often, but she never wore the necklace. July came, and Bohmer, a little anxious, spoke to the Cardinal. The latter reassured him. But, for all that, Bohmer wrote to the Queen, thanking her for her kindness. She glanced at the letter and threw it aside, not understanding that it referred to any special matter. The Cardinal also grew a little anxious, and at length made a clean breast of the whole thing to Cagliostro, thus discrediting his former hints of a grand *coup* by which he had regained the Queen's favor.

Whatever Cagliostro had known before - and he probably knew everything, unless his most extraordinary and sudden departure from Lyons for Paris was a simple 'coincidence' - he could say nothing, for he was not asked. But now that an appeal was made to him, he was positive enough.

"They have shamefully deceived you," he told the Cardinal. "You can do nothing excepting to go and throw yourself at the feet of the King, and tell him everything."

Hard doctrine, but eminently practical; in fact, the only way. But the Cardinal did not dare. Cagliostro offered to act as mediator, saying, "One of your friends will go for you." Pride again refused.

Meanwhile Jeanne de la Motte in Paris blossomed out overnight into the unparalleled magnificence of the Arabian Nights. She prepared the way by saying that her husband had been very successful on the race-course in England. But although she herself sold many of the diamonds in Paris, she spent money in utter disproportion even to the amount she had. If she had been given millions she would have run through them in no time. De la Motte returned from London on the 2nd of June, 1785. They entertained magnificently and people began to ask questions as to how the beggar of a few months before had managed to attain to such magnificence.

Strangely enough, accident or coincidence had prevented an early discovery of the plot through the most obvious channel - Marie-Antoinette herself. On February third Rohan suggested to Bohmer that he should thank the Queen for buying the necklace. But the jewelers had so pestered her before that it was not easy to find a really suitable opportunity, and several months passed by. This suggestion is ample evidence of the Cardinal's good faith and innocence. On the other hand, even after the display of her wealth and luxury had begun, Jeanne continued to receive gratuities from the Cardinal of three or four louis at a time; when he came to see her, she showed him into a poorly furnished room; she even made him pay bills for which she had induced him to stand security. Then she sent him to Saverne in Alsace by means of one of the famous blue-bordered notes 'from the Queen,' to get him out of the way, and he did not return until June 7th. In July, 'the Queen,' through Jeanne, declares that the price is too high and asks for a rebate of 200,000 livres as an alternative to the return of the necklace. The jewelers naturally enough made objection, but finally complied rather than have the necklace thrown on their hands again. The Cardinal once more told them to thank the Queen. This is on July 10th, and the first instalment of 400,000 livres was not due until August 1st.

Bassenge wrote to the Queen, and the Cardinal polished the note for him. Having other jewelry ordered by the King to give to the Queen, Bohmer presented the note personally - this was on July 12th. Unfortunately, an interruption prevented its immediate reading and by the time it was read Bohmer had left. The Queen spoke of the letter and remembering the importunities of Bohmer on former occasions, *burnt it without sending for him to explain it*, with the remark that she was "tired of his talking about diamonds."

This, as Funck-Brentano aptly remarks, is really the dramatic climax of the story, for had the moment been seized to follow the incident to its logical conclusion the whole history might have taken another turn and Marie-Antoinette would have remained outside the case! But Destiny, shall we say the Karman of Nations, ruled otherwise. The jewelers supposed she understood and that all was well.

Time pressed. July was passing, and the first of August, when the first instalment was due, approached. The Comtesse de la Motte began to stir from her careless attitude. She knew that Bohmer had written to Marie Antoinette, and receiving no reply, was, for the moment, satisfied, thinking that the Queen understood and that she supposed no reply was called for. The adventuress knew that the Cardinal had confessed to Cagliostro and that if she was to save the situation for herself, she must act rapidly. She did. She raised 30,000 livres on some of the diamonds. She sent the money to the Cardinal with a letter 'from the Queen,' saying she could not pay the instalment of 400,000 livres due on August 1st, but that the 30,000 were by way of interest. On October 1st she would pay 700,000 livres.

The Cardinal was blinded by the money, for Mme. de la Motte could not possess such a sum of her own, therefore it must have come from the Queen, and, as he told Bohmer, all was in order. The latter, however, was now thoroughly alarmed; he would have the instalment in full or nothing. He went to Madame Campan, the Queen's lady-in-waiting, and learned that the Queen had never received the diamonds at all! He returned to the Cardinal, who was still confident. Bohmer had the Cardinal's guarantee. Why make such a fuss?

Jeanne de la Motte took a bold line - hitherto boldness had always paid her. She sent Retaux de la Villette to Italy, to get rid of her only really fatal witness: then she sought

two days' hospitality with the Cardinal, calculating that the police would assume that such a step could only be taken by an innocent woman. Cleverly enough, she declared that she was being persecuted for his sake, since all she had done was by his orders, and now rumors and accusations against her were rife. She wished to retire from it all into the country; meanwhile, just for two days, he owed her his hospitality, as she had done it all for him. In this way she hoped to establish her innocence, or at least come under the protection of the Cardinal, who was still one of the great political powers of France.

Jeanne de la Motte left the Rohan mansion on the fifth of August, after a two days' stay, and went to her own house at Bar-sur-Aube. She had left affairs to be settled between the Cardinal and the jewelers. As Rohan said at the trial, she calculated that he would prefer to pay and say nothing, leaving her to enjoy the fruit of her intrigues. Her best plan was to show no alarm and to give no rise to suspicion. By remaining she would force Rohan into silence, for little was wanting to show him guilty of high treason, with the scaffold looming in the distance, if the Queen were to be dragged into the matter; and this would be the case were the intrigue made public. Then came the *denouement*.

VII. The Case of the Diamond Necklace

[*Overview:* Above.... the author tells the extraordinary story of the Cardinal de Rohan's entanglement in the dramatic 'Diamond Necklace Case.' Briefly, a rumor was current to the effect that the Queen (Marie Antoinette) desired a certain superb diamond necklace, but did not want to ask the King at that time for the money to purchase it. In order to regain the lost favor of the Queen, the Cardinal resolved to oblige her by purchasing the necklace himself, hoping then to offer it to the Queen on some understanding that she could reimburse him at a later date, when she could raise the money. The so-called 'Countess' de la Motte, an utterly unscrupulous adventuress, with her accomplices, made the innocent Cardinal their catspaw and fraudulently obtained the necklace, not hesitating to use the Queen's name and forged signature to deceive the Cardinal, as well as Bohmer the jeweler. Cagliostro tried, but in vain, to warn the Cardinal against the adventuress. Finally the robbery was discovered and the conspirators were arrested. Without a shadow of warrant, Cagliostro and the Cardinal were also implicated, and the stage was set for the famous 'Diamond Necklace Trial' whose consequences were so tremendous and so tragic for all concerned, and which unquestionably changed the course of European history. - *Editors*]

The one annual occasion when the Cardinal de Rohan had the right and the duty of saying mass before the King and Queen - Assumption Day, August 15th - had arrived. In full pontificals Rohan was waiting for their arrival, when a messenger summoned him to the King. Bohmer had penetrated to the King and told all! Marie-Antoinette was naturally furious; she insisted on the Cardinal's arrest, and the King weakly complied. Rohan was arrested in all the glory of his office and taken to the Bastille. He merely had time to write a note (using his hat for a table), and give it to a messenger, before he was taken into custody at the order of his old enemy and ambassadorial successor, the Baron de Breteuil, now Minister of Police. The messenger rode to the Cardinal's house at such a furious pace

that his horse fell dead at the door. But Georget received the note, and in compliance burnt 'the red portfolio' containing, it must be presumed, the 'blue-bordered notes from the Queen.' Jeanne de la Motte, her husband, Count Cagliostro and his wife (accused by the de la Mottes), Nicole Leguay, and Villette, were also swept into Breteuil's net, and all were sent to the Bastille.

Those were the days of the infamous *lettre de cachet* and the Inquisition. In France, families of social prominence could save the family name in case of scandal by obtaining from the King himself an order to imprison, without reason given, any member of the nobility 'during the King's pleasure.' This might mean a life-long incarceration, or a nameless death. The system grew in the end to a stage where the Minister of Police held a number of blank *lettres de cachet*, signed by the King, so that he could instantly consign any objectionable enemy or rival to the living death of the Bastille - truly an awful power, and one used no less than *one hundred and sixty-four thousand times* in two reigns.

Mme. de la Motte, from the first moment of danger, had thrown the blame on Cagliostro for the whole of the affair, thereby endeavoring to shield herself, and also to vent her spite on the man to whom she attributed her lack of success. As Cagliostro had been an enigma to the police and their boasts that they would find out all about him in a few days had proven utterly vain - a deep wound to the prestige of Minister of Police Breteuil, who could not even find out where Cagliostro obtained his money - he was looked upon with not little suspicion. His origin was utterly unknown to them.

One can imagine, therefore, the delight with which Breteuil countersigned a certain sheet of paper in his possession, after adding to it just two names and the most terrible word in France - the Bastille:

"Mons. le Marquis de Launay, je vous fais cette lettre pour vous dire de recevoir dans mon Chateau de la Bastille Le Comte de Cagliostro et de l'y retenir jusqu'a nouvel ordre de ma part, sur ce je prie Dieu qu'il vous aie, Mons. le Marquis de Launay, en sa sainte garde. Ecrit a Versailles le 21 Aout 1785. Louis.

- Le Bn. de Breteuil"

M. le Marquis de Launay, Governor of the Bastille, is commanded to receive the Count Cagliostro into the Bastille until further orders. That is all, save a ghastly and meaningless formula, invoking the holy guardianship of 'God' on the keeper to whom the *lettre de cachet* is addressed. One wonders if the mocking words 'God have you in his holy keeping, so I pray' did not echo in the dull ears of the King when he came to the guillotine, to which he took the first step when he signed this awful document, even though he may not have known that it was to have the name of Cagliostro upon it.

So, on the 23rd of August of that fatal year, 1785, at seven o'clock in the morning, Master Chesnon, a commissaire of the Chatelet, with his constables broke into the apartment where Cagliostro was. One of the constables was the man who had been sent to Strasbourg to spy upon Cagliostro, but had come away with a mighty respect for him. No matter! Cupboards were overturned, drawers ransacked, the desk rifled. There was much cash therein, and it was transferred to the pockets of the 'agents of justice' without more ado. Other things there were of unknown value, some of them priceless and irreplaceable documents and drugs such as were not to be found in all Europe, save in that room.

As to Cagliostro - "Take him away," is the order. Cagliostro suspected the destination. They assured him that his wife would be left, as there was no accusation against her; she could look after the house! The constable, Des Brunieres, who had seen him at Strasbourg, gripped him by the collar, and thus ignominiously, surrounded by four armed police-runners, the 'divine Cagliostro' was marched through the ungrateful streets of Paris to the Bastille.

The room at last gutted of all that mattered, the commissary Chesnon then took the Countess to the Bastille and lodged her, in a cell, where she languished and pined and suffered, fifteen feet away from her husband, but unknown to him. She might prove useful.

It is a miserable story of a dying regime - but they did not know it was dying, nor that they were themselves giving it a death-blow. Lies, traps, thefts, the 'third degree,' all the horrible paraphernalia of terrorism in Christian Paris of the eighteenth century were requisitioned in the name of 'justice.' Not one of that crew could even begin to suspect the intensified torture of such confinement to a man of the stamp of Cagliostro, nor, on the other hand, that his very sensitiveness was balanced by a power to live through such sufferings as would have killed any other man ten times over, a power which puzzled the Inquisition in Rome not a little, when it came their turn.

Today we may see the letters Cagliostro was encouraged to write to his wife while in the Bastille. She was only a few feet away from him, on the other side of the cell wall, but the police took his letters as though they were to go to her at their home. The officials scanned them lynx-eyed for incriminating admissions, but without avail. Then they dictated the reply, always with a view to entrapping him. He writes for linen, wine, his glasses - they cannot understand why he wants so much wine. He may have had a plan to use the bottles in some way, for it is doubtful that he used the contents at all. All these things are delivered, as though sent him by his wife.

As to the Countess Cagliostro, she was but a weak tool in their hands. Unable to write, since she had been brought up by a Roman father according to the custom of the day, she put her 'mark' to almost anything the police told her to sign. She was a tool in other ways also. Comments are written on the margin of his letters by the police, but they are always guarded and convey no information except that Cagliostro himself could hardly write better than a schoolboy and so (in their view) was utterly incapable of being the skilled forger which his enemies made him out to be - a story which was actually believed until late in the nineteenth century, solely on the evidence of his executioners. Another sidelight these letters throw on his character is his religious toleration and support of his wife's piety, for she was a Roman Catholic, and he never disturbed the only ideals she had - as, we may add, had been also the case with those of his patients who were Roman Catholics.

So the weary and miserable months passed into the New Year at last. On February 27th, 1786, Cagliostro was permitted to see his advocate, Thilorier. He was informed that his wife was in the Bastille and that he had been deliberately deceived all along. She was sick and in danger of her life; a petition was drawn up and forwarded by Thilorier; she was released on March 26th, 1786, and returned 'home!'

The slow processes of the law had by this time matured and the examinations commenced. Paris was filled with pamphlets setting forth the cases of the several accused. They had a tremendous sale, whether the lying filthy calumnies of de la Motte, the fervid appeals of Thilorier, or the claims and statements of the Cardinal. There was a mighty kettle of fish a-boiling in Paris; even the dullest minds began to realize that all this

'process of law' held, deep down, world-shaking questions. Personal issues of vast importance were also at stake. If the Queen, the Austrian daughter of Maria Theresa, lost the day, then Cagliostro, around whom it was felt that the real storm raged, would go free, and royal privilege would nevermore be able to override justice for personal whim or pique. If Cagliostro lost, it was a triumph for the old regime, and doubtless he would disappear for ever within the confines of the Bastille, as so many others had done before him. Right and justice hardly entered the question. This Freemason, whose mission was a revival of spirituality in the Lodges, this 'divine healer' of the poor, who gave money as often as any other medicine, and never received a penny, this inoffensive stranger was suddenly forced by circumstances into the position of being the keystone in the arch of European liberty! And the people knew it, dimly perhaps, but they knew it!

Retaux de la Villette had been brought back and interrogated; but he was obstinate, and the police could get nothing out of him. The cold blast of the law only made him draw the coat of reticence the more tightly round him to shield his own chance of liberty. But now Cagliostro was permitted to question him. With the sunlight of the heart he appealed to the young man's better nature, and in a flood of melted human feeling the latter confessed. The parliamentary reporter was himself so touched that he reproached the young man as a monster if he was not moved by Cagliostro's appeal to him to tell the truth, for Cagliostro spoke to him as a brother, as a man of high religion and morality, as though in celestial discourse.

Mme. de la Motte became more and more violent at the interrogation, and the more violent she became, the more she damaged her case by making admissions that she could not recall. Her statements amounted to a confession. It almost seemed that Cagliostro provoked her violence and loss of self-control to this end; exactly the opposite course to that which had succeeded with young de la Villette. Cagliostro knew character.

On May 30th, 1786, the public examination was held. Cagliostro, who in reality had absolutely nothing to do with the case, holds the center of the stage. His frank speech, as though he were the greatest orator of the day, passing from grave to gay, from the sublime to the ridiculous, quoting facts and yet more facts, speaking with an eloquence and ease such as no criminal conspirator could ever command, carried away the court and the public in a vast sea of applause. The Cardinal was really the accused, but he seemed to stand aside while Cagliostro fought for him, and won all along the line. The apparent triviality of the case covered in reality the scarce-hidden burden of the destinies of Europe for a century. This is no picturesque exaggeration or trick of rhetoric, but a sober fact; as much the fact as that a giant oak springs from so small a thing as an acorn. There is no guesswork, but clear as crystal rose the little spring in that court at that trial, which was to increase and finally overwhelm France in the flood of the Revolution. But it was not in the mission of Cagliostro to tinge that flood with red. His mission was to purify it, and divert it into beneficent channels - if possible.

The great Case of the Diamond Necklace was on, but there is little need for us here to follow the intricacies of the trial. As regards Cagliostro, they are clearly indicated in his own Memoirs and Petitions. Jeanne de la Motte did all that was possible to confuse the issue - complication of plot was one of her strong cards in all her intrigues - but finally, and in accord with the brutality of the law of that age, she was condemned to branding by the executioner, to a whipping, naked, by the same hand, to imprisonment for life in the Salpetriere, and to be deprived of all her property. Her husband, de la Motte, was

condemned to the galleys for life. Villette was banished. Rohan was acquitted. Nicole Leguay was put out of court, which was equivalent to saying that there was not sufficient evidence to convict her.

Cagliostro was dismissed from every charge. The memorials printed and published by his enemies and those of the Cardinal were ordered to be destroyed. The verdict was to be placarded publicly. The Countess Cagliostro simply did not enter into the case, and one wonders why she was ever put into the Bastille. It was a clear case of the misuse of the *lettre de cachet*. Whether condemned to the Bastille for a whim of the Queen, or by the spite of Breteuil, or simply to annoy Cagliostro, or from utter callous carelessness, she was offered no redress and had no appeal. During the first few days of her freedom it became the fashion for society to call upon her, which it did in thousands. Every caller was a vote against the Queen and the Monarchy, though neither side was yet fully aware of the fact.

As for Mme. de la Motte, who later escaped to England, her fate was worse than that of imprisonment. One day the sight of certain constables, who sought her on a matter of debt, so terrified her that she leapt into the street, just escaping with life and a horribly mangled body. She suffered for two months, until August 23, 1791, as though the Higher Law which so obviously dealt with Cagliostro's every oppressor, chose the anniversary of his arrest to permit her to desert that tortured frame. Her death wrote on the walls of Eternity the very date on which she once had seemed to triumph over this ill-starred Messenger.

On the 'glorious first of June,' 1786, the doors of the Bastille opened before Cagliostro. He had suffered nine months of ghastly martyrdom - for nothing; and now the authorities were so afraid of the power of a public welcome, that the hour for his release was fixed at half-past eleven at night. No matter; a crowd of eight or ten thousand people surrounded his house, shouting, cheering, beating drums, waving torches. The door was forced open, not this time by the agents of a corrupt 'justice,' but by the People of France, acclaiming the spirit of liberty triumphant. The yard, the stairs, the rooms, were thronged with enthusiastic admirers. Cagliostro was carried to the arms of his wife by the crowd; overcome by the vast rush of friendly feeling, he fainted and fell to the floor. His wife was alarmed and herself overcome for a few moments; then the two regained consciousness and shared the joy of reunion with their friends.

In the morning the house was again surrounded with a vast crowd, as was the residence of the Cardinal. The Court could not fail to observe the portents. Baron de Breuteuil, Minister of Police, hated Cagliostro with an ungovernable fury. Naturally, for was not Cagliostro innocent? And is there any hate in the whole world so bitter as that which we harbor against those whom we have wronged? The Queen was wounded to the quick, and even the King felt that the throne was not so steady as it might be, although none really visualized anything like the Revolution which a few years was to bring about. That amazing prediction of the gentle Cazotte (according to Lord Lytton but the mouthpiece of Saint-Germain) in which he detailed the end of a number of the highest of the French nobility, the Queen and King not excepted, was still but a vision, not to be spoken of too openly. Yet the Queen knew of it. But they were all so vastly intelligent that to tell them the exact truth was the surest means of deceiving them!

So, within twelve hours of the liberation of Cagliostro as an innocent man, the constable Des Brunieres, who had spied upon him in Strasbourg, who had hauled him through the streets of Paris to the Bastille, again appeared, this time with an order

commanding him to quit Paris within twenty-four hours and France within three weeks, never more to re-enter the kingdom under any pretext whatsoever.

Cagliostro left for Passy at once. His wife collected the little that remained of their property and followed him. Friends gathered round, and enemies at Versailles raged the more violently at these tokens of loyalty. With such men as Cagliostro there are either friends or enemies; none concerned can be indifferent while a spark of the inner life remains. There was fear of criminal attack, and friends guarded his apartment day and night with drawn swords. There was also fear of a rising of the people in his favor. So Cagliostro remained in his rooms rather than provoke any demonstration against the authorities in power. Disciples and friends hurried from Lyons and other places to see their friend and master while he yet remained on French soil. On the advice of his advocate, Thilorier, action for damages was taken against de Launay and Chesnon to recover something of the value of the property and cash stolen by them and their emissaries. Cagliostro demanded fifty thousand livres damages; at the same time he insisted that this should not be paid to him, but should be devoted to alleviating the death-in-life of the prisoners in the Bastille. Always the poor and oppressed came uppermost in the thoughts of that great man, for he was that, a very great man, even though one or two errors in judgment which would have been considered trivial in another found him out, and brought down upon his head the crushing weight of bitter misfortunes.

The defendant fell back upon a technical subterfuge which was invoked to deny Cagliostro justice: the *lettre de cachet* being outside and above the law, there was no claim that he could make. It was well for Cagliostro that he sought no revenge; in this he stood like a rock for the rights of a man against legal and privileged oppression. As with the army of scoundrels who did him irreparable harm in London, he left his enemies to the Higher Law. De Launay, for instance, was the very first victim of the Revolution when it came, suffering a horrible death at the taking of the Bastille.

Time was short. Cagliostro arrived at Boulogne on June 15, 1786, and sailed for England the next day at five o'clock in the afternoon.

Some day a great picture will be painted by an inspired artist. It will show Cagliostro leaving the shores of France on that day in June. Thousands of people of every class, and from places near and distant, knelt on the sands imploring a last blessing from one who to them was far more than an earthly father. Sobbing, heartbroken men and women, among them many of his children in Masonry, paid this last tribute to their Grand Master on French soil. That one hour - Cagliostro said it - repaid him for the long agony of those nine months in the tomb of the cruel Bastille. He was on that day 'the divine Cagliostro' indeed.

In Cagliostro's pocket was a letter of introduction to friends in England, given by one of his trusted disciples, and one or two others accompanied him to see that he should be safely received at their hands. That disciple, de Vismes, one of his highest officers in Masonry, turned out to be another Judas betraying his Master into the hands of his enemies - the letter was designed to insure that he should fall into their clutches. The Good Physician had not the right to heal himself; he lived for others. Whether he knew it in detail or not, he was bound to silence by an iron law, and followed by the loving voices of the thousands on the shore, he took his way to Albion, to face betrayal by his own disciple.

Cagliostro's 'Letter to the French People' Containing his Prophecy about the Fall of the Bastille

The story of Count Cagliostro reads like a tale of the Arabian Nights, and the more it is studied, the more amazing it appears.

The light of exact research only tends to increase its mystery and its misery, its wonder and its splendor, its humanity and its divinity. The word is not too strong, for the people who knew him really regarded him as the 'divine Cagliostro.' People of birth and education, intelligence and wealth, of intuition combined with any and every quality, united in attributing to him godlike capacities; and, as a natural consequence, others were bitter against him, especially those whose weaknesses could not endure the searchlight of the splendor that shone about and around him.

All these had their reasons. Some had seen his marvels of healing and his mastery of the secrets of Art and Nature; some had seen his daily crucifixion by those who were not, like himself, the friend of mankind; some had known him, in private, as a genuine prophet of things to come, and knew that the divine fire of prophecy burnt on the altar of his heart. Some had received from his hand the inestimable boon of restored health, a blessing bestowed without price. To others he had opened doors into treasuries of mystic truth. He was human, yet he was also, to many, many thousands, 'divine.'

Many as were the prophecies uttered privately by Cagliostro to his followers, one or two of remarkable accuracy became public and widely known. His enemies made much of his popular reputation as a prophet, and at the trial, when he was accused, with his friend the Cardinal, of 'prophesying' falsely, he answered wittily enough that he could not be accused of always failing in his previsions, since he had warned the Cardinal against the 'Countess de la Motte,' saying that she was deceiving him, and that if the Cardinal had accepted his advice, it would have saved him all his trouble!

It was after the terrible suffering he endured in the Bastille and during the trial, and immediately after the additional shock of being brutally and unjustly expelled from France, that the persecuted Cagliostro wrote his magnificent 'Letter to the French People.' It may seem mild enough to us, but it produced a tremendous sensation, and his friends feared that he had said too much. But his standards were higher than theirs, and he was never lacking in courage. His alleged 'mistake' in publishing it may have been carefully calculated, although, on the other hand, the publication may have been due to treachery, and designed to involve him still more with the police. The Baron de Breteuil hated him with a virulent hatred, and as the head of the French police, could, and afterwards did, do him irreparable injury.

This *Letter* contains the famous prophecy about the fall of the Bastille and the end of the *lettres de cachet*, and, gently as the suggestion is made, its purport is clear. Probably it was a veiled rendering of a much more detailed prophecy known privately to his intimates. After the event, today, it seems remarkable enough, but made public *three years before the event*, in the light of the unrest then becoming apparent throughout France, it was startling.

The famous *Letter* is well worth reproducing in full, for it is a superb example of the kindness, the humanity, the balanced judgment, and the self-forgetfulness of the true Messenger, for he had learned to forgive, and to seek no revenge on his enemies! It is an

eloquent appeal for brotherhood and patient effort as the only true way to bring about lasting reform.

Translation of a Letter Written by M. Le Comte de Cagliostro to M. --- Found in the Ruins of the Bastille

"London, June 20, 1786.

"I write to you from London, my dear --- . My health is good, and also that of my wife. What touching scenes! It seemed that my friends had preceded me everywhere. Boulogne was the climax. All those good people on the shore, their arms outstretched toward my boat, calling me, shouting, heaping benedictions upon me, and beseeching my blessing in return!.... What a memory! So dear and yet so cruel a recollection!

"So they have driven me from France! They have deceived the King! Kings are much to be pitied for having such ministers. I hear that people are speaking of the Baron de Breteuil, my persecutor. What have I done to that man? Of what does he accuse me? Of having been loved by the Cardinal? Of loving him in my turn? Of not having deserted him? Of having good friends wherever I have been? Of searching for Truth, of uttering it, of defending it, when God has given me his command to do so by offering the opportunity? Of succoring, of aiding, of consoling suffering humanity by my alms, by my medicines, by my advice? There you have all my crimes. Has he made another out of my petition for leniency? That was returned to me - strange error! But hardly had I presented that request when, seeing my portrait-bust at the Cardinal's house, he said in anger, muttering, 'One sees that face everywhere; it is necessary that this should come to an end! It shall end!'

"They say my courage has irritated him; he cannot stomach the fact that a man in irons, a foreigner under the bolts of the Bastille and in his power, should have raised his voice against him - a minister worthy of that horrible prison - in order to make him, his principals, his agents, and his creatures known to the French tribunals, to the nation, to the King, to all Europe. I acknowledge that my conduct must have astonished him, but in any case I adopted only the tone which was my right. I am quite sure that this man, if himself in the Bastille, would do the same.

"As for the rest, my friend, clear up a doubt for me. The King has driven me from his kingdom, but he has not heard my defense. Is it thus that *lettres de cachet*, private royal warrants, are used? If that be so, I am sorry for your fellow citizens; above all while the Baron de Breteuil has such a dangerous Department. What, my friend! Are your persons, your goods, at the mercy of that one man? Can he deceive the King with impunity? Can he, unhindered, unopposed, on the strength of libelous misrepresentations, issue orders and have them executed by men like himself? Or may he even give himself the terrible pleasure of personally executing rigorous decrees which plunge an innocent man into a dungeon and deliver his house up to pillage? I venture to say that this deplorable abuse deserves the attention of the King. And is the common sense of the French, which I like so much, different from that of all other men?

"Let us forget my own cause, and speak in general terms. When the King signs a letter of exile or of imprisonment, he has judged the unfortunate person upon whom his all-powerful rigor is about to fall. But upon what is his judgment based? On the report of his minister. And this minister, upon what has he based his opinion? Upon unknown

complaints, upon dark and treacherous reports which have never been made public; sometimes upon mere rumors, libelous scandals sown by hate and reaped by jealousy. The victim is struck without knowing whence the blow comes; he is fortunate if his enemy is not the minister who has immolated him!

"I ask him, Is this a real judgment? And if your *lettres de cachet* are not private judgments, what are they? I believe that these considerations, if put before the King, would touch him. What would happen if he entered into the details of all the evils which his severity occasions? Do all the prisons of the State resemble the Bastille? You have no idea of the horrors of that one; of the cynical impudence, the odious lying, the false pity, the bitter irony, the unbridled cruelty, the injustice and death, that reign there. A barbarous silence is the least of the crimes committed there. I was for six months fifteen feet from my wife, and I did not know it. Others have been buried there for thirty years, reputed dead, unfortunate in not being so; having like the damned souls of Milton, only enough light in their abyss for them to perceive the impenetrable thickness of the gloom that enfolds them. They would be alone in the Universe if the Eternal did not exist, that good and truly almighty God who will one day, in spite of men, do them justice. Yes, my friends, I said it when I was a captive, and now that I am free I repeat it: there is no crime which could not be expiated by six months in the Bastille. It is said that torturers and executioners are not lacking there; I have no difficulty in believing that.

"Someone asked me if I should return to France if the embargo which keeps me away were rescinded. Assuredly, I replied, provided that the Bastille become a public promenade. God will it so! You have all that is necessary to be happy, you Frenchmen; fertile soil, mild climate, good hearts, charming gayety, genius and grace in everything; you are fit for everything, without equals in the art of pleasing, without a superior in the other arts. There is only lacking to you, my good friends, one little point. That is - to be sure of sleeping in your beds when you are innocent! 'But what about honor? What about [the rights of] families? Those *lettres de cachet* are necessary evils....' How simple you are! You are lulled to sleep with those tales. Well-informed people have told me that the petition of a family is often less effective in obtaining a *lettre de cachet* than the hatred of an underling or the reputation of an unfaithful wife. Honor! Families! You think a whole family is dishonored by the punishment of one of its members. What a pitiful idea! My new hosts think a little differently; change your minds then, and deserve your liberty through reason!

"Your Parliaments would find it worthy of them to work toward this happy revolution; it is difficult only for feeble souls. Let them be prepared - there you have the whole secret but don't let them be too hasty. They have on their side the obvious interests of the people, of the King, of his House. Let them also have Time - Time, the Prime Minister of Truth; Time by which the roots of good as well as of ill, spread and gain a hold. Let them have courage, patience, the strength of the lion, the prudence of the elephant, the simplicity of the dove, and this Revolution which is so necessary will be peaceful - a condition without which one must not think of it. Thus you will owe to your magistrates a happiness which no nation has known, that of recovering your liberty without striking a blow, of receiving it from the hand of your Kings. Yes, my friend, I declare that there will reign over you a Prince who will glory in the abolition of the *lettres de cachet*, in the convocation of your States-General, and above all, in the re-establishment of the true religion. He will feel, this Prince beloved of heaven, that the abuse of power is destructive of power itself in the long run. He will not content himself with being the first of his ministers; he will wish to become

the first of the French. Happy the King who will bear this memorable edict! Happy the Chancellor who shall sign it! Happy the Parliament which shall carry it out! What am I saying, my friend? The times have perhaps already arrived. At least it is certain that your sovereign is the right one for this great work. I know that if he would only listen to his heart he would work for it: his severity as regards myself does not blind me to his virtues.

"Adieu, my friend. What do they say of the *Memoire*? The last time that Thilorier read it at Saint-Denis gave me much pleasure: did he read of the incidents at Boulogne in time to make an article of them? Is the *Memoire* public? It ought to be. Good night! Speak of us to all our friends; tell them that we shall be present everywhere; ask d'Eprenesnil if he has forgotten me - I have no news of him. Adieu, adieu, my good friend, my good and true friends! It is to you that I address myself. Think of us; this letter is for you all in common; we love you with all our heart.*

"From the Printing-house of D. de Lormel, Rue du Foin Saint-Jacques."

* This letter was known at the time, and the printer has an original copy.

A modern writer who has dealt with the Diamond Necklace Trial, M. Franz Funck-Brentano, despite the handicap of some historical inaccuracies, is worth quoting at this point. In his *Cagliostro and Company*, translated by George Maidment, he says of the letter just quoted:

"These lines, dated 1786, are really astonishing. People speak sometimes of the predictions of Voltaire and Rousseau. 'We are approaching a condition of crisis and the age of Revolutions,' wrote Rousseau; 'all that I see is sowing the seeds of a revolution which will inevitably come,' wrote Voltaire - stray utterances culled from a mass of writings filling fifty or sixty volumes....

"Voltaire and Rousseau were men of letters who wrote admirably and expounded very interesting theories; but what a vivid, concrete, precise intellect Cagliostro must have had, along with an intuitive perception of realities, to say to the French in 1786: 'Within a very short time, your States-General will be convoked, your Bastille will become a public promenade, and your *letters de cachet* will be abolished.'"

The writer notes the tremendous effect of this letter upon Breteuil. He shows the extraordinary concessions the guilty Minister of Police had to make to public opinion, and the unheard-of reforms at last permitted to take place, for "Cagliostro dealt him a blow, in regard to public opinion, from which he never recovered.... and the news that he had returned to power was the signal for an insurrection."

There is something - a power, a force, an undercurrent - about the simplest words of such a man as Cagliostro that seems to bring forth results tenfold as momentous as the words, spoken or written, of others. When he was cruelly persecuted in England by overt enemies, and even the magistrates and the police showed themselves to be utterly corrupt - always excepting Lord Mansfield, who was far too great for such meanness - he bore it without retaliation, leaving his wrongs to be righted and his name to be vindicated by that Law of Divine Justice in which he trusted so implicitly. Nor was his trust ill-founded, for

within a very few years all of his persecutors had either miserably perished or were in positions of such degradation and suffering that death would have been preferable. Again in England, when attacked by the infamous Morande - a once beloved disciple who turned Judas - he retorted with no more than a mild, though wittily written, newspaper joke, a wager - but the result was to turn the tables against his persecutor so definitely that the latter never recovered from the effect of it. And yet Morande, by means of blackmail and similar tactics, had been holding the highest society in both France and England in terror, not of their lives but of their reputations, and with such complete impunity that the French police, in self-defense, had to make him one of their agents!

VIII. Cagliostro's Second Visit to London

Exiled from France by the King's decree, immediately after his triumphant acquittal of complicity in the Diamond Necklace case, Cagliostro left Boulogne for England, while vast crowds of men and women knelt on the shore, weeping and invoking his blessing. The divinity that is within all men felt and responded to the divinity that shone through this friend of humanity, the 'Divine Cagliostro.' The date is memorable in European history - June 16, 1786.

In his pocket Cagliostro had a letter of introduction to a Mr. Swinton of London, a trusted disciple, and one who had received high honors and great consideration from his benefactor. The letter was given him by de Vismes, a traitor and the tool of secret enemies of Cagliostro, in order to insure his falling into suitable hands without the loss of a day.

Owing to the success of their machinations it was not long before Cagliostro was forced to give an account of his life for the sake of the English public, who were sorely confused by the lying calumnies sown all over Europe like tares in a wheat-field. The special organ for these libels was the *Courier de l'Europe*, edited by the most unscrupulous rascal then unhanged, one Theveneau de Morande. The man was so amazingly clever that the French police, finding themselves outwitted by him at every turn, were finally obliged to take him into partnership.

Police though they were, the combination was ideal. We have already had a glimpse of their methods, which differed but little, except in organization, from those of regular criminals. The English, psychologized by the fetish of a free press, protected Morande's activities, at the same time recognising that he did more harm to the British cause than three regiments of honest French soldiers could have done. His specialty was blackmail and the higher the position in society of his victim, the better he liked his work, and the viler and more bestial were his attacks. His stock-in-trade was a most wonderful supply of information. If all the confessors in Europe could be imagined as combining to keep him posted, he could hardly have been better acquainted with the weak points of everyone of note, and of many who were obscure. As such a fanciful situation is out of the question, his sources of information are still a historical mystery.

Having then a clear and simple account of Cagliostro's adventures from his own pen, we give a free quotation as the readiest way to describe his adventures in England in 1786 and the early part of 1787. He had no object in concealing things that concerned himself alone, and only the respect due to the privacy of others' business, such as Freemasonry,

prevented him from publishing their affairs. He had nothing to conceal, and if the time has not yet come to show that Europe was on trial in respect to him, the time had long passed when intelligent historians supposed that he was on trial before the court of public opinion. Following upon the pompously assumed 'right' of the Inquisition to put him on trial for his life on account of his *opinions* - a trial to which it was attempted to give a colorable imitation of justice by raking up and inventing all the scandal possible, not excluding his very babyhood - the Western world quite supposed that it was called upon to judge him, too, basing its judgment on the bogus biography that emanated from the Vatican press. While the psychological influence of this impertinent assumption lasted, it was useless to cite Cagliostro as a witness to his own actions. Now that with the new century the fetters of mind have largely fallen away, Cagliostro's own evidence is not disputed as it was when ignorance allowed unsupported accusations that he was a criminal to have weight.

The very first incident shows that Cagliostro's coming was expected and prepared for by his enemies. He says:

"The adventures which have come to me since my departure from France are not in themselves particularly interesting; but their perusal is indispensable for all those who desire to know the springs which actuate M. Morande's pen.

"I arrived at Dover on the 18th of last June. Well-intentioned people had warned the customs authorities of my arrival and of the nature of the effects I brought with me; so my trunks were emptied on the instant, and each thing they contained was unfolded and scrutinized with the most minute exactitude. Finally they found my jewel-casket, which I had not thought it necessary to display to their investigations. A cry of joy was heard; the mob crowded together to admire its beauties, and the jewel-box passed from hand to hand. A customs officer, less curious than his comrades, finally put back in the trunk all the effects which he had taken out, with the exception of the diamonds, which formed the object of their admiration.

"Finding this quiet appropriation of my property a little too much, I took the liberty to ask for their return; they gravely replied that my diamonds and other jewels were confiscated to the profit of Great Britain. I returned sadly to my inn.

"So this is the way,' I said to myself, 'in which Great Britain receives those who take refuge in her bosom! My diamonds have fallen from Charybdis into Scylla. I thought myself fortunate in having saved the greater part of them; it would have been just as well to have left them in the Bastille.' These reflections were not consoling. I resigned myself, however, and slept the most profound sleep.

"I do not know what passed during the night; but the next morning, when I returned to the Custom House, I found the greatest change in manners and faces. The customs authorities spoke to me in the most respectful tone. They made a million excuses, and gave me back my jewel-box. More amazed by this reception than astonished by that of the previous evening, I thanked Providence and left for London."

Swinton was the name of the man who had been intrusted by the conspirators in France and their fellows in England with the task of undermining Cagliostro's work; the old tactics of open enmity were insufficient, and treachery from within was the order of the day. The letter of introduction given to the Count by his trusted friend in France was addressed to Swinton. The treacherous friend had declared that although he knew Swinton only

imperfectly, he could guarantee that he was an honest man, and as he could speak French and English with equal ease he would be of use to Cagliostro in London.

Speaking of Swinton, Cagliostro continues his story:

"I needed a house situated in an open district. He suggested Sloane Street, and persuaded me to rent the house next to his. To furnish it, I needed different workmen; it was Mr. Swinton who selected them. The furnishing completed, they rendered bills in which each article was charged for at double its value. I wanted to make various complaints as to several items; they threatened me with the law. I paid, and remarkably enough, of all the workmen I had employed, not a single one, after having been paid, failed to go to Mr. Swinton on leaving my house *and thank him*.

"My *Memoire* against Messrs. Chesnon and de Launay appeared at Paris shortly after my arrival in London. Of thirty copies sent me through the post, only a single one came into my hands. But it was enough to give me the means of having it printed in English and in French. This *Memoire* has made upon all minds a still existing impression, and one which will always last, whatever happens, because truth is indelible.

"Some time after the publication of my *Memoire*, there appeared a translation of one of my letters, in which I had opened my heart, and had named one person of whom, among all my enemies, I had the most reason to complain.

"Scarcely had this letter appeared when I perceived a redoubled amount of assiduity and caresses on the part of Mr. Swinton. He wanted to make me thoroughly acquainted with the environs of London. There was, he said, a superb view from Greenwich Hospital and the dockyards, while a boat-trip on the Thames was a delightful pleasure-party of which I could form no idea. I am naturally sedentary and meditative; my reflections and my experience decided me to refuse the invitation. I was surrounded by enemies. I had everything to fear. I had heard of the story of a certain Chevalier de Belleport and of a certain Dame Drogard.

"Mr. Swinton had founded the greatest hopes upon me. He pressed me to give public audiences as at Strasbourg and I was more or less attracted by the idea. But he wanted to set up a drugstore and himself be my apothecary! This offer was in no way pleasing. At length, perceiving that I was daily becoming colder towards him, he made up his mind to speak clearly, and so had one of his daughters write me the following:

"I am aware that you have helped many people to make money. I have a numerous family; *we must eat*. If you will assist me to make money, I will be your friend and the *Courrier de l'Europe* will be your panegyrist; if not....!"

"Not having kept this note, I cannot assert that these are the precise expressions used; but I can testify that the expressions contained in it were absolutely the equivalent.

"This open manner of putting the pistol to my throat did not seem exactly calculated to destroy the impression I had formed of Mr. Swinton. I ceased absolutely to set my foot in his house, and when he came to me I either did not receive him, or I received him so coldly that some day I expected to see him absent himself permanently - which, in fact, he did."

Swinton seems to have rather overdone his part in his desire for prompt and immediate wealth. But he was only one of the minor cards of the European combination

against Cagliostro. One of the greatest of the outer agents in England or France had now to be pushed forward onto the scene. It was the terrible editor of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, from whose vitriolic pen no reputation was safe. He had blackmailed Madame du Barry handsomely; he had defied the French Government with complete success; and such was his secret and efficient information-service that when the French police came to England to trap him under the guise of friendship, he received them with open arms as the best fellows in the world and ended by 'borrowing' heavily from his 'dear old pals' before turning round and laughing in their faces at their childish folly in supposing he had not penetrated their disguise!

Cagliostro's narrative, in reference to the garbled and malicious misreport of his interview with the French *Charge d'Affaires*, which Morande had inserted in the *Courrier*, proceeds:

Morande

"Mr. Swinton was the intimate friend and associate of M. Morande. He had often spoken to me of the advantage it would be for me to get him over to my side, and he very plainly pointed out the way for me to do so. I did not think it well to avail myself of it. M. Morande, attributing my indifference to the tactlessness of the negotiator, himself wished to sound me, so he came one day to Mr. Swinton's house while I was there. His face did not prepossess me in his favor, and I found his questions out of place, his tone indecent, and his threats ridiculous. I told him frankly that I should trouble myself very little with whatever he might write about me.

"Having nothing further to expect from me, M. Morande commenced to attack me, but with openness and moderation and all the appearance of impartiality.

"Things were at this stage when I received the news that His Very Christian Majesty would now permit me to return to France. M. Barthelemy, *Charge d'Affaires* of that Court, having indicated to me a rendezvous in which to receive confirmation of that news, I went there with two friends who on that day would not leave my side. Lord George Gordon, one of them, was not received by M. Barthelemy with the consideration due to his birth. They say that he revenged himself by an article put in the English papers, but about that I know nothing. What is certain is, that having seen that my interview with M. Barthelemy had been reported in a very inexact way in the *Courrier de l'Europe*, I had the following note inserted in the *Public Advertiser*, No. 16306, in French:

"*Le Courrier de l'Europe*, having given a false report of what passed in the interview between the Comte de Cagliostro with the French Minister, M. Barthelemy, the Count considers himself obliged to enlighten the nation as to facts which, when it is a question of himself, are almost always either distorted or maliciously interpreted by his detractors. Their number is great, but he has chosen as his retreat the country of justice and truth; he does not there fear the attacks of that swarm of disturbers of a repose he has come to seek, sure of finding it among a nation which knows all the rights of hospitality and is willing to accord it to him. Here then is the account of what actually took place.

"On the 20th of August, 1786, M. d'Arragon, Secretary of the Ambassador, presented himself at M. le Comte de Cagliostro's house to announce to him, on behalf of

M. Barthelemy, that His Very Christian Majesty gave him free permission to return to France.

"The Count asked if M. Barthelemy had received orders from the King. The Secretary's reply was that if the Count would take the trouble to pass the Hotel de France between eleven o'clock and noon of the next day, M. Barthelemy would give him the explanations he asked.

"Consequently, on the 21st, at the hour named, M. de Cagliostro, ever filled with respect for His Majesty, went to M. Barthelemy, accompanied by Lord George Gordon and M. Bergeret de Frouville. The Count was bidden to enter a great hall to which his friends were refused entry; but the zeal of Lord George Gordon and M. Bergeret surmounted this obstacle. They would not leave him; and although M. Barthelemy appeared to wish for a private interview, Lord George Gordon insisted on being present at the conversation here noted.

"M. Barthelemy: Monsieur le Comte, I have orders to give you liberty to return to France.

"Comte: I have come here with pleasure to receive the orders of His Majesty.

"M. Barthelemy then drew from his pocket, not an order from the King, as the Count had been given to expect, but a simple letter from the Baron de Breteuil, to which the Count replied:

"Is it possible to recognise such an order? To enter the Bastille, to leave it, and to depart from Paris, have I not received a *lettre de cachet* signed by the King himself? A simple letter from M. de Breteuil - can this be sufficient to revoke His Majesty's positive orders? I tell you, Monsieur, I recognise neither M. de Breteuil nor his orders. I recognise only His Majesty as Sovereign of the French. I speak to you with my customary candor. I have not come to you in your capacity of Minister, but as a Frenchman of whom all speak well; and I beg you to give me M. de Breteuil's letter, or at least a copy.

"M. Barthelemy: Monsieur le Comte, that is impossible. I understand, I feel, all that you tell me, but I have executed my orders, and cannot enter into any detail.

"Although M. Barthelemy seemed dissatisfied that Lord George Gordon should have been present at that conversation, the Count will always assert that the *Charge d'Affaires* behaved in the most straightforward manner.

"Such is the account of what passed between the Count and the Minister of France in the presence of Lord George Gordon, and M. Bergeret de Frouville, a cavalry officer in the service of France.'

"Certainly what I told M. Barthelemy was only reasonable. I could not prudently embark for France without having in my hands a *lettre de cachet* revoking the first. What should I have been able to reply to the Governor of Boulogne or Calais, if he had asked me by what right I was returning to France after the prohibition against returning, under pain of disobedience? Would it not have been his duty, either to make me re-embark or detain me in some stronghold until it should please M. le Baron de Breteuil to confirm the news upon credence in which I should quit England?

"There is then every reason to believe that it is through forgetfulness that M. le Baron de Breteuil did not attach to his letter a *lettre de cachet* revoking that which had exiled me; and this is all the more likely, since M. Barthelemy came to my house a month

after this scene to bring me a *lettre de cachet* in due form permitting me to return to France and to stay there until my action against Messrs. Chesnon and Launay was decided.

"This favor of His Most Christian Majesty was all the more precious in my eyes, since it was accorded of his own free will, having been solicited neither directly nor indirectly. May the virtuous and well-intentioned monarch who reigns over the French receive here the evidence of my gratitude for a benefit which I consider the forerunner of the justice I solicit. My confidence in his royal word is unlimited, but I beg His Majesty to acquiesce in my not using the permission he has been pleased to grant me. Whoever has agonized for nine months in the Bastille, although innocent, and been acquitted of the accusation by a unanimous decree, with by way of reparation only a letter of exile, has a right to doubt everything, and to see nothing but snares around him. The King's intention is doubtless pure; but the manner in which the recall is drawn up gives me cause for alarm. The period put for my sojourn in France is uncertain; my action may be decided any day, and on the day following they will be free to arrest me again, without my letter of recall serving me as a safeguard.

"I wish to spare my enemies new atrocities, and Europe another scandal. I shall not return to France. I blindly abandon my interests to the defenders I have chosen, and leave to them the decision of an action which is too just to have any need of solicitation.

"But let us take up the facts again in order. As I have said, the first attacks of M. Morande had the appearance of straightforwardness and moderation. This tone, adopted to seduce honest souls, could have given M. Morande, had it been sustained, a great number of partisan friends. Foreigners especially could only suppose that his aim was, as he announced, nothing more than to acquaint the public with my birthplace and my actual adventures. I foresaw, however, that the career upon which he had entered would carry him very far. While waiting for my reply to appear, it was important that everyone should be made aware of his motive and the springs that set him in motion. It would have been clumsy of me to have spoken, before being able to furnish proof: that would only have served to render M. Morande more circumspect. It was necessary then to find an expedient by the aid of which I could adroitly cause him to unmask himself, and show himself to the public in all his ugliness.

"I had spoken in society of an experience known to all chemists, which consists of gradually accustoming an animal to a poisoned diet, and by this means rendering its flesh a most subtle poison. M. Morande had joked in a dull sort of way on the subject, and this misplaced pleasantry was the pretext I used to attain my purpose. I had the following paragraph inserted in the *Public Advertiser*:

"Letter from the Comte de Cagliostro to M. Morande, Editor of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, the 3rd September, 1786.

"I do not know sufficiently well, Monsieur, the niceties of the French language to pay you all the compliments merited by the excellent pleasantries contained in Nos. 16, 17, and 18 of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, but as all those who have spoken to me of it have assured me that they unite wit to cleverness, decency of tone, and elegance of style, I judge that you are a man of good company; and as such I have conceived the keenest desire to make your acquaintance. However, as malicious people were permitted to debit to your account *very ugly stories*, I believe that I ought to enlighten them before giving myself up wholly to the feeling I have towards you. I have seen with much satisfaction that all that

has been said about you was pure scandal; that you were not one of those newspaper libelers who sell their pen to the highest bidder and are paid as long as they are silent; and that, finally, the secret propositions you made me through your worthy friend Mr. Swinton frightened me by their untimeliness, it being as natural to demand gold from an adept as to draw water from the Thames.

"Of all the good stories you have told at my expense, the best without possibility of contradiction is that of the pigs fattened with arsenic which are used to poison lions, tigers, and leopards in the forests of Medina. Now, Mr. Joker, I am going to put you in a position to indulge in your pleasantries with full knowledge of this matter. In chemical and physical things, reasoning proves little, persiflage nothing; experience is everything. Permit me then to propose to you a little experiment whose upshot will divert the public, either at your expense or mine. I invite you to breakfast for the 9th of next November, at nine o'clock in the morning: you to furnish the wine and all accessories, I to supply only a dish of my own. It will be a little sucking-pig, fattened by my method. Two hours before breakfast, I will present it to you alive, very fat, and in good health. You will undertake to have it killed and prepared, and I will not go near it until the moment it is served at table. You yourself will cut into four parts. You will choose that which most flatters your appetite; and you will serve me with that which you think most suitable for me. The day after this breakfast one of four things will have happened: either we shall both be dead, or neither of us will be dead, or I shall be dead and you will not, or you will be dead and I shall not. Of these four chances I will give you three, and I wager 5000 guineas that the day after the breakfast you will be dead, and that I shall be in good health. You will agree that one could not be a fairer gambler, and that you must either accept the offer, or agree that you have foolishly and stupidly jested about a fact that is beyond your ken.

"If you accept the bet, I will deposit at once the 5000 guineas with any banker you choose. You will please do the same within the fortnight, during which time it will be legitimate to you to put your *croupiers* and *souteneurs* under contribution.

"Whatever part you take, I flatter myself that you will be good enough to insert my letter in your first number, and add it as a postscript to the charming, although somewhat tardy, critique with which you are pleased to honor my memory.

"I am, Monsieur, with the sentiments which all those who have the happiness to have anything to do with you universally feel,

"Yours, etc., ---'

"I certainly expected that such a fantastic wager would disconcert M. Morande a little; but I did not expect so complete a success. One can scarcely form an idea of the imbecile fury into which he fell on reading my letter. The reply he made me, which may be read in No. 19 of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, is really that of a man who has lost his reason; he does not content himself with directing against me all the insults which his imagination furnishes; he even attacks my defender, and maintains that in lending me his pen, he has made himself an *accomplice in the poisoning of a man*.

"Note: M. Morande has employed, turn and turn about, praise and blame, flattery and threats. I do not know what could be M. Morande's design: all I can assert is that the reputation of my defender is as independent of his support as of his insults; and that he will not let himself be seduced by flattery, nor intimidated by threats.

"He has not even the wit to see that the bet proposed to him is anything else than an indirect manner of reproaching his ignorance and his presumption. He thinks the bet serious, and accepts it on condition that he may have the right to have the role I destined for him played *by a carnivorous animal!*

"I thought I ought to profit by the advantage that M. Morande's *gaucherie* had just given me over my enemies. So I wrote him the following letter, through the same medium, to show his blunder, and at the same time to announce to the public when I should publish my reply."

Second letter of the Count Cagliostro to the Editor, dated September 6th, 1786. Printed in the *Public Advertiser*, Saturday, 9th of the same month:

"Receive, Monsieur, my thanks for having been good enough to insert my letter in the *Courier* of today. Your response is delicate, honest, and moderate. I hasten to send you my reply, so that it may appear in your next number.

"The knowledge of the art of preserving is essentially bound up in that of destroying. Remedies and poisons, in the hands of *a friend of mankind*, can equally serve the happiness of mankind, the first in preserving useful beings, the second in destroying evil-doers. Such is the use I have always made of both of them: and it only depended on you, Monsieur, that my London sucking-pig was not quite as useful, or even more so, to Europe than that of Medina has been in former times to Arabia. I assure you, I had a very keen desire for it. You had the kindness to acquaint me with the most attractive bait with which to catch you. I availed myself of it. The bet of 5000 guineas was just the bait by which I expected to hook you on my line. The extreme prudence* of which you have on more than one occasion given proof, does not permit you to take the hook, but as the 5000 guineas strongly appeals to your heart, you accept the bet on a condition which destroys all its interest, and to which, therefore, I cannot agree.

* For extreme prudence read cowardice, the accepted synonym of the duelling days.
- P. A. M.

"It matters little to me if I win 5000 guineas; but it matters a great deal to society to be delivered of a regular scourge. You refuse the breakfast to which I invite you, and you propose to me to have your place filled by a carnivorous animal. That is not what I wish; indeed, such a guest would represent you but imperfectly. Where would you find a *carnivorous animal* which is among its species what you are among men? Besides, one is free to choose. It is not your representative with whom I wish to deal, but *you*. The fashion of fighting by champions is long out of date, but even if one were to render you the service of putting it into force again, honor would forbid me to struggle against the champion you offer me. A champion ought not to be dragged into the arena. He ought to appear willingly, and you will acknowledge that, however small your knowledge of animals, not one could be found, either carnivorous or vegetarian, which would consent to become yours. Cease then to make proposals to which I cannot listen: your conditional acceptance is a regular refusal, and my dilemma holds good.

"Moreover, it is with veritable satisfaction that I see that you, Monsieur, are charged with the defense of Messrs. Chesnon and Launay. There was only lacking to such a cause and such clients, such a defense and such a defender!

"Continue, Monsieur! Render yourself more than ever worthy of the esteem and the applause of the public! I shall not interrupt your eloquent pleading. When you pursue the honorable career upon which you have entered, I will see what steps I shall take.

"I am, etc., ---"

IX. Cagliostro and His Persecutors

"This letter succeeded in causing M. Morande to forget the role of *sang-froid* and impartiality which he proposed to play in attacking me. From that moment he has adopted, and never ceased, the grossly insulting tone from which all judicious readers have at once been able to form an opinion of the author, and of the nature of the work.

"M. Morande has not only been enlisted by my enemies as a defamatory scribbler; he has also been given the task of finding witnesses, and fabricating proofs. The unhappy man, without money, without credit, overwhelmed with debts, surrounded by process-servers, dared to quit his house only on Sundays [when writs may not be served.] Yet all of a sudden we see him paying his debts, buying suits and furniture for cash, ostentatiously showing a pocket-book full of bank-notes, in a word, displaying disreputable opulence. He has been seen in a carriage going through the main streets of the town and its environs from door to door, from smoking-room to smoking-room, from prison to prison, purse in hand, canvassing for witnesses against me.

"These facts are within the knowledge of all London. M. du Bourg, Notary of the Ambassador of France, who sometimes accompanied M. Morande in his shadowy researches, has agreed to receive from the latter fifty guineas for his fees. M. Morande has offered as much as a hundred to Mr. Reilly (proprietor of the Freemason's Hotel, at whose house I dwelt at the time of my departure from England in 1777) merely to declare that I had left without paying him. One can judge by that of the tremendous expense my enemies have been put to, to stop, by traducing me, the effect of my claims. In truth, I should be tempted to think that I am the one who is paying the costs of war, and that M. Morande's pocket-book is inflated only at the expense of mine.

"It is at the solicitation of M. Morande that Mr. Priddle, who had been my attorney in 1777, took out a writ against me for £60 sterling, which I in no way owed him; and it is, to all appearances, by his advice that they have urged Mr. Sachi to come to England to take out another writ against me for £150 sterling, which I do not owe either.

"The intention of my enemies was to have me ignominiously dragged to Newgate (a criminal prison which is also the civil prison of the county where I live.)

"The writs [permission to imprison given upon a simple sworn statement, real or false] had been taken out in the greatest secrecy. The process-servers were ambushed in Mr. Swinton's house; whilst that brave man, his housekeeper, and her children, took turns at the window to watch all my movements. Some days later I heard of the existence

of the writs, and the danger I had run. I provided the sureties, and went with them to the sheriff's officer's house. It was thus I wrecked the plot made against my liberty.

"The details I have just given, and the proofs I had adduced in their support, are sufficient refutation of the calumnious imputations published broadcast by the *Courrier de l'Europe*.*

** There is not a single word in the *Courrier de l'Europe* which does not tend to throw a veil over my probity and my fortune; and that with the object of making the public believe that my claims in regard to the robbery of which I have been the victim during my stay in the Bastille are chimerical, and that no attention ought to be paid to my sworn statements. M. Morande carries his clumsiness to the extent of drawing this inference himself in ten places in his pamphlet."

I could stop there, but I do not wish to leave M. Morande the slightest subterfuge. He cites witnesses: we know how they were procured. No matter; let us examine them.

"Raynold

"Attorney Raynold asserts, if one is to believe M. Morande, that I enriched myself at Miss Fry's expense.

"*Reply*: This witness is an infamous man. He has suffered the punishment of the pillory for the crime of perjury. Since [the date when] M. Morande referred to him as a witness, he has confessed to trustworthy persons, and more especially to M. Morande himself, the plot formed against me in 1777, and the role he played in it.

"Attorney James, if one is to believe M. Morande, will confirm Raynold's testimony.

"*Reply*: It is impossible. I have in my possession a note written by his hand in 1777, in which he personally attests the persecutions which Miss Fry has caused me to undergo.

"The testimony he has given against me in this last case, in the presence of three trustworthy persons, will not allow me to believe that he could contradict himself in so shameful a manner. When in 1777 I dismissed Attorney Priddle, Mr. James was the one to whom I gave my confidence. Before leaving I paid him what he asked me. Immediately I returned to London he came to find me telling me that he had made an error of six guineas against himself. This supposition was open to doubt; the presumption was in my favor. Yet I paid the six guineas. I wish to think that I was only just towards him; but at least I think I have acquired the right to ask of him that he should be just towards me.

"Mitchel

"M. Morande claims that Attorney Mitchel has curious information to give the public as to my action against Miss Fry.

"*Reply*: I have difficulty in believing that Mr. Mitchel dares compromise himself on this point. He was not Miss Fry's attorney, but only the substitute for Mr. Raynold, her real attorney, who in my eyes flaunted the title of 'sheriff.' When one has had the misfortune to be compromised in a bad business, the most suitable part to take is that of silence; and that to all appearances is the one Mr. Mitchel will take.

"Priddle

"Mr. Priddle has, they say, the same language as Raynold in favor of Miss Fry.

"Reply: Priddle cannot be considered, because he was engaged by me in my action against her, because I dismissed him, and because the reason for this dismissal was precisely his excess of zeal for the interests of Miss Fry.

"These causes for reproach are not the only ones. He has taken out a writ against me, and I have in my hands the proof by testimony, and in writing, that I have paid the debt he swore upon oath stood against me. I beg the reader, before forming an opinion upon Priddle, kindly to await the upshot of the action which he has entered upon against me.

"Aylett

"Attorney Aylett claims that I came to London in 1772 under the name of Balsamo.

"Reply: Aylett has not been able to escape the penalty for the way he swindled me in 1777. He is condemned to the pillory for the crime of perjury.

"Pergolezzi

"Mr. Pergolezzi claims that Mr. Edmond, of whom he gives neither the rank nor the address, has heard Mr. Riciarelli say that I borrowed his ring, his watch, and his tobacco-box, that I put all in pawn, and that I deceived him as to the transmutation of metals, etc.

"Reply: I am far from desiring to reject the testimony of Mr. Riciarelli; on the contrary, I invoke it. If Mr. Riciarelli still lives, he will be the first to give the lie to the calumnies which have been spread forth in his name.

"Mr. Riciarelli was a perfectly honest man: he was a very clever musician. But his generosity and his taste for alchemy have prevented him from enjoying the fortune which he had the right to expect from his talents. He came to see me at the time of my first journey to London. It was a real pleasure for me to offer him my table, and I continued to see him up to the moment of my departure. Would he have been so constantly attached to me, if I had had the baseness to swindle him out of the few jewels he might have possessed?

"Sachi

"Mr. Sachi attests the greater number of allegations stated in the *Courier de l'Europe*.

"Reply: It is good for the public to know what my relations with Mr. Sachi are. During 1781 I found myself in my audience-room at Strasbourg surrounded by a great number of the sick poor, and having with me among others, M. Barbier, Commissary of War. An unknown man presented himself; it was Mr. Sachi. He pushes through the crowd and kneels before me, asking me to take him into my service out of charity, and offering to wear my livery. I lifted him up. Everything about him proclaimed the most profound destitution. He tells me his pretended history, says he is a notable bourgeois of Amsterdam. He tells me that he left that town only after having undergone the greatest misfortunes. I ask him what he can do. He says that he has a smattering of surgical skill, that he can bleed, whiten teeth, etc.

"His face seemed sinister to me; nevertheless, I overcame the repugnance with which it inspired me. I took a louis out of my pocket and gave it to him; I had him get a suit of clothes made, and kept him with me to help me in treating my patients. As I thought it

best not to admit him to my table, I then gave him every day a louis, now and again a half-louis, to pay for his board at the inn. I carried my complaisance even to the extent of giving him the recipe for some medicaments, and among them a kind of elixir, called 'yellow drops,' which he has since sold and which he sells today in London as being my balsam, although there is no kind of analogy between these two remedies.

"He had been at most eight days in my service, when an honest bourgeois, entering my house, said to me, 'Monsieur, you have given life to my wife and daughter; I come to pay you the tribute of my gratitude. Know then that you have about you, in your assistant, a serpent. Sachi is a spy paid by the doctors, who are making it their business to work the ruin of your reputation. He has already levied contributions from several of your patients, telling them that he acted so by your order.'

"Mr. Sachi having entered during this conversation, the honest citizen repeated to Mr. Sachi present what he had just said of Mr. Sachi absent. The latter was confounded. I put him out of my doors. Furious at being unmasked, he boasted loudly that he would assassinate the one who had enlightened me as to himself. M. le Marquis de la Salle, Commandant at Strasbourg, having obtained information as to Sachi, had him expelled from the city.

"The latter, when beyond the Rhine, wrote me an insolent letter in which he demanded of me 150 louis for the eight days he had passed in my service, declaring that if I did not pay that sum, he would defame me in a pamphlet.

"I did not pay the money, and Mr. Sachi, in conjunction with a M. Rochebrune - a French advocate who, by exiling himself, had avoided the penalty of the galleys, to which he had been condemned - composed the pamphlet which the Editor of the *Courrier de l'Europe* describes as a '*Memoire*.'

"I left Strasbourg in 1783, to travel in Italy. Thence I returned to Bordeaux where I recommenced my public audiences. Mr. Sachi came to look for me there, not to bring me before the courts, but to hawk his pamphlet and to calumniate me anew. The town officers proposed to me to have him imprisoned. I opposed this and quitted Bordeaux.

"At Lyons I did not practice medicine - they left me alone there - and it was the same at Paris until my imprisonment in the Bastille.

"At that period Mr. Sachi joined forces with Jeanne de la Motte's to issue a new edition of his pamphlet, which the Parliament at Paris had suppressed as containing *insulting and calumnious statements*.

"Exiled from France and despoiled of my property, my necessary claims have aroused against me new enemies. Sachi, their worthy agent, followed me to England and there, not content with having brought out, with M. Morande's help, the third edition of a pamphlet condemned by sovereign decision, has dared to affirm on oath that I owe him £150 sterling, and to have me arrested for that amount. (I learn at this moment that Sachi has just precipitately left England. The examples made of Raynold and Aylett have probably frightened him.)

"Such is the witness that M. Morande extols as meriting the most complete confidence. If anyone should doubt the truth of the statements I have just made, let him write to Strasbourg; his doubts will soon be dissipated. All I say of Sachi can be verified at South Street, No. 33, the house of the same person in whose hands is deposited Vitellini's journal. There can be found attestation of the most formal, exact, and authentic description signed by the Commissary of War, certified by a Notary, legalized by Messrs.

the Praetors, Consuls, and Magistrates of the town of Strasbourg. Can there be a clearer proof of my innocence, of the malice of M. Morande, and the infamous procedure of Sachi?

"As to my Country

"After having reestablished the facts that M. Morande had twisted, and after having exposed his witnesses, may I be permitted to analyse some of the allegations and insulting reflexions with which he has besprinkled his pamphlet?

"M. Morande, after having said that he is very certain that I was not born either at Medina, or Malta, or at Trebizonde, gives me three other countries out of which he wants me definitely to choose one.

"You must necessarily be, he says to me, either *Calabrian*, because you have that accent; or *Sicilian*, because you have declared you were so; or *Neapolitan*, because Mr. Sachi attests that you were born in a suburb of Naples, and that your father is a poor man called 'Ticho.'

"Reply: Not knowing in what place in the world I first saw the light of day, it might be possible that M. Morande's conjectures are well founded. I cannot, however, refrain from observing that the reasoning upon which he bases his remarks is very inconclusive.

"1st: I was habituated from my tender youth to speak the *Lingua Franca*, a kind of jargon which has much affinity with the Italian language, and which it is necessary to speak in order to travel with any comfort in Barbary and the Levantine Ports. This is the reason why I speak Italian so badly, and it is apparently this bad pronunciation that has been described as the Calabrian accent and from which it has been lightly enough concluded that I was born in Calabria.

"2nd: M. Morande claims to have in his hands an affidavit in which I have declared that I am Sicilian: whence he concludes that I must necessarily avow myself to be Sicilian, or that I commit perjury.

"Reply: This reasoning would be good, if I had declared under oath that I was Sicilian; but the object of that affidavit of which M. Morande speaks was only to make a complaint of the robbery I had sustained. So I was able, without rendering myself guilty of perjury to give myself whatever name, country, or description seemed good to me; for the reason that my name, country, my standing were matters outside the object of the sworn statement; and I had to take a name, a country, and a standing, to make the affidavit.

"3rd: That I was born in a suburb of Naples: that my true name is Ticho; that my father was a coachman there; that I have been a barber and *valet-de-chambre* there. Mr. Sachi attests the truth of these statements.

"Reply: I have already put the reader in a position to appreciate the testimony of Mr. Sachi; but if what he says in this regard is true, Naples is the town I ought most scrupulously to have avoided from fear of there finding either relatives or inconvenient acquaintances. Nevertheless, it is certain that I went there several times, not in 1783 only, two years after the publication of Mr. Sachi's pamphlet. As to this I call to witness M. Desnon, Charge d'Affaires of France at the Court of Naples. He will say whether I was or was not the friend of the Chevalier d'Aquino, and whether in fact the latter did not die at Naples during my last sojourn in that town.

"Well, doubtless all this is too much about that article. Indeed, what does it matter to the public whether I was born at Malta, at Medina, or at Trebizonde? What does it matter to the public whether I am Sicilian, Calabrian or Neapolitan? Let them give me for

my country any place on earth they like; I will accept it with gratitude, if I can at that price persuade my enemies not to trouble my tranquillity any more.

"My Rank

"But, says M. Morande to me, you pass yourself off now as Comte, now as Marquis, now as a Prussian Colonel, now as a Spanish Captain, etc.

"Reply: I agree. I agree, moreover, that I am neither Count, nor Marquis, nor Colonel, nor Captain. My actual rank, be it superior or inferior to those I have assumed, the public will one day learn. Meanwhile it cannot blame me for doing what all travelers do when they wish to preserve their incognito.

"My Names

"The same motives which have caused me to give myself fictitious names in my travels have also caused me to change my name several times. I agree in all good faith, that I have borne many different names in the different parts of the world; but I maintain with the same good faith, that I am neither named Ticho, nor Baltymore, nor Balsamo, nor Melisa, nor Cadislecker.

"There is to be found on page 135, No. 17 of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, after the enumeration of the different names which are said to have been mine, this remarkable phrase: 'There are only two classes of people who can have the right to complain of these disguises: these are they who, having had business with M. le Comte under one of these names, might have been forgotten by him when he had adopted another; or those who have reasons to remember that which he bears today.'

"Is M. Morande in one of these two classes? Is there amongst his *souteneurs* a single person who is in a position to complain of me under any name whatsoever? Unquestionably, No! Why then, do they attack me, if the principles they themselves enunciate prohibit them from doing so?

"The larger part of M. Morande's long diatribe is occupied in proving that I came to London in 1772, under the name of Balsamo. To judge by the efforts M. Morande makes to establish this proof, one would suppose that the Balsamo with whom I am identified had deserved hanging, or at least had been guilty of dishonorable deeds. Not at all. This Balsamo, if one believes the *Courrier de l'Europe*, was a very ordinary painter who lived by his brush. A man named *Benamore*, an agent, or interpreter, or Charge d'Affaires of the King of Morocco, had commissioned him to paint some pictures, and had not paid for them. Balsamo had brought an action against him for L47 sterling, which he claimed were due to him, acknowledging the receipt of two guineas on account. For the rest this Balsamo was so poor that his wife was obliged to go in person to sell her husband's pictures about the town. Such is the portrait which M. Morande draws of Balsamo in London; a portrait which no one will accuse of being flattering, and seeing which every intelligent reader will conclude merely that the Balsamo of London was an honest artist who worked for his living.

"So I could acknowledge without blushing that it was I who, under the name of Balsamo, lived in London in 1772 on the product of my feeble talents in painting, for a chain of events might have reduced me to this extremity, and such an avowal would not contradict what I have permitted to be glimpsed of my birth and my fortune. I might freely and openly have described the state to which Fortune had reduced me, without fear of the

recital of that new adventure cooling the interest inspired by my misfortunes; but I formally deny it, simply because it is not true. It never happened.

"One can see in the recital of the statements which have caused this rumor, and the cleverness with which Attorney Aylett has profited by it, not the desire to make me pay bills which I supposedly left unpaid, but a plan to swindle me, by a false affidavit, out of 80 guineas in plate and goods. I do not know whether the action between Balsamo and Benamore is real or supposititious. What is certain is that there exists in London a qualified physician of irreproachable probity named Benamore. He is learned in Oriental languages. He was formerly attached to *the Moroccan Embassy in the character of interpreter*, and he is at the present time still attached to the Tripolitan Embassy, in the same position. He will bear witness to all who wish to listen, *that, for the thirty years he has been established in London, he has never known any other Benamore besides himself, and that he has never had a lawsuit with any person bearing the name of Balsamo.*

"However that may be, however little one reflects on the nature of the persecutions which I suffered in 1776 and 1777, it will be seen that they owe their origin solely to my profound ignorance of the language, customs, and usages of the country in which I was living. As may be believed in good faith, had I made in London a previous stay of a year or two, as it is sought to maintain that I did, I ask, should I have been the dupe of a Fry, and a Scott, and all the rascals who surrounded me? My first care would have been to make a thorough search for my old acquaintances: and I should not have fallen, on my arrival, into the hands of a Blevary and a Vitellini.

"The great argument of M. Morande, in this respect, rests upon the alleged resemblance existing between the signature of *Joseph Balsamo* and the signature *Joseph Cagliostro*.

"*Reply:* M. Morande is the only one who asserts this resemblance and M. Morande is not an expert in this field.

"2nd: Resemblances of handwriting are too fortuitous to be able to base a judgment on a proof of that nature.

"3rd: If this resemblance in handwriting is not the effect of chance it would be the work of some forger, paid either by my former or present enemies. These latter, weary without doubt of paying highly for defamatory columns which produce on the public no further effect than that of causing them to despise their authors, have decided to compose their material for themselves.

"A confrere of Commissary Chesnon found in the dust of his study an old *dossier*, made out in 1772, against Joseph Balsamo and Laurence Feliciani, his wife. This pretended report, which is said at the present time to be deposited in the hands of M. le Procureur du Roi (the King's Attorney), announces, if one believes what has been published in the *Courrier de l'Europe* and in other gazettes, that Balsamo came on horseback from Calais to Paris, whilst Laurence Feliciani traveled comfortably in a post-chaise with a M. Duplessis, secretary to the Marquis de Prie; that Balsamo and his wife, after having lodged in the house of M. Duplessis, had a quarrel with him; that the husband was then expelled from the city as an empiric, and that the wife was shut up at Sainte Pelagie, a prison to which only 'filles de joie' are consigned.

"*Reply:* I do not know if this dossier, or report, is true or invented. What is certain is, that its nature and origin render it infinitely suspicious. The enemies I left at Paris have certainly the power and the willingness to harm me, and very certainly they are not

scrupulous in their choice of means for doing so. If they have scattered gold broadcast in England; if, while themselves tranquil in their homes, they have succeeded, thanks to that universal agent, in setting in motion a hundred leagues away, in a foreign realm, a mob of calumniators, false witnesses, and perjurers, they have been able in Paris, under their own eyes - But I refrain. Surrounded by horrors, it is more than I can bear to imagine new ones.

"I limit myself then to the statement, and I think that it will not be difficult to believe me, that it is not I who, under the name of *Joseph Balsamo*, was ignominiously expelled from Paris in 1772, and that it is not my wife who, under the name of Laurence Feliciani, was imprisoned at the same time at Sainte-Pelagie.

"The police of Paris are without doubt the best in the universe: when they hunt a vagabond, their first care is to give all their agents a description of the proscribed person, because without that precaution, he might return to Paris under another name the day after his expulsion. If I were expelled from Paris in 1772, then my description must have been given to the entire police force: commissaires, inspectors, exempts, sbirri, spies - twenty thousand persons at least must have had in their hands the exterior details of my person.

"I came to Strasbourg in 1780. I there attracted a multitude of patients. I cured them, and I refused to take their money. The physicians treated me as an empiric [an unqualified practitioner, a quack]. The police of Paris wanted to know me, and deputed the honest M. des Brugnieres, who was good enough, in taking me to the Bastille in 1785, to confess the visit that he had made to me incognito in 1780.

"I came to Paris for thirteen days in 1781. I showed myself to three or four thousand people, among whom were certainly more than one police-agent. Shortly after my journey from Paris an engraving was made - a perfect likeness of me. It was on exhibition in all the printseller's shops in the capital, and all the police-spies and informers were free to compare it with the description they had in their possession. In 1785 my wife and I were sent to the Bastille as suspected *swindlers*, for profanation, and for *lese-majeste*. At that time the police-registers of all Paris must have been searched, and with more care than ever.

"My wife was interrogated by the Lieutenant-General of Police in the presence of a Commissary. They asked her her name. That of Feliciani was the last name she would have given had it been true that under that name she had been confined in a bridewell by order of the police. Yet she declared her name to be Seraphine *Feliciani*.

"All communication being impossible between my wife and myself, I did not know when I wrote my *Memoire* whether she had been interrogated or not, and still less what she had replied. Nothing obliged me to make her name known; and surely one would not suppose me so awkward as to give my wife, without any necessity for it, a name that was written in red letters on the police-registers and also upon those of a House of Correction - a name which must of necessity recall to the police, and consequently the public, that I was no other than the empiric Balsamo, ignominiously expelled from Paris in 1772. And yet I declared in my first *Memoire* my wife's name to be Seraphine Feliciani.

'That is not all. I had no sooner entered the Bastille than I complained loudly of the pillage of some of my property. Afterwards I showed my uneasiness as to what could have happened to the money, papers, and jewels I had. I declared openly that I would make the Commissary Chesnon responsible for the damage and loss resulting from his failure to seal them up. Thus by my inconvenient claims I have personally embroiled myself with the most accredited agents of the police, and thus they have their private vengeance to satisfy also,

independently of their duty. How is it, then, that they did not at that time discover that there had existed at Paris a Feliciani, confined by the order of the Police at Sainte-Pelagie? How does it happen that they have not tried to verify the existing records on the one hand, as to the character and description of Seraphine Feliciani, prisoner in the Bastille, and those of Laurence Feliciani, prisoner at Sainte-Pelagie; and on the other hand the character and description of the Comte de Cagliostro, prisoner in the Bastille in 1785, husband of Seraphine Feliciani, and those of Balsamo, expelled from Paris in 1772, and husband of Laurence Feliciani?

"M. Morande, who knows better than anyone the details, resources, and administration of the Paris police, has been so struck by the absurdity of the story which his principals have obliged him to insert in his paper that he has found it necessary to declare that he does not guarantee the authenticity; so I am persuaded that this portion of my justification is needless for the French. But I write principally for the English; and I have not thought it right to lose an opportunity of acquainting them with the origin, motives, and purpose of the persecution I am undergoing."

"Expulsion from St. Petersburg

"M. Morande declares that I was expelled from St. Petersburg after the Spanish Charge d'Affaires had forced me to cease wearing the uniform of a Spanish Colonel.

"*Reply*: This is an old calumny, sprung from the *Memoires* of Madame de la Motte, which was refuted, in speech and writing, by the Baron de Corberon, Charge d'Affaires of France in Russia, during my stay at St. Petersburg, and now Minister Plenipotentiary with the Duc de Deux-ponts. Moreover, I have still in my possession the passport which was given me at my departure from St. Petersburg: and I can show it to those who desire to see it.

"Letter from the Countess Von Medem

"M. Morande asserts that there exists in the *Journal de Berlin*, for the Month of May last, a letter from the Countess von Medem, who accuses me of having tried, during my sojourn in Courland, to persuade her by fraud that I had made the image of her brother appear before her eyes.

"*Reply*: This letter, if it exists, is certainly an apocryphal letter composed by forgers over the name of a lady in every way worthy of respect. I have in my possession a letter, which she wrote me after my departure from Courland, in which she lavishes upon me the most touching and unmistakable evidences of her affection, her esteem, her regret - I will go further and say, her *respect* for me. This letter, which I keep as a precious souvenir, will be made public if Madame la Comtesse von Recken permits me to have it printed, or puts me under the necessity of doing so, by a disavowal to which I neither can nor should be blind.

"Debt to Mr. Silvestre

"M. Morande claims that I have left debts in different towns of Europe where I have sojourned, and especially that I owe Mr. Silvestre of Cadiz a considerable sum.

"Reply: I have ascertained the identity of this Mr. Silvestre. Mr. de M---, a very honest merchant, and one who is very well known, has given me information with regard to him, upon receipt of which I ceased to be surprised at his claims.

"Mr. Silvestre is not the only creditor they threaten me with. I am assured that the Paris diligence is liable at any time to bring to London four Portuguese of the *Faubourg St. Antoine** and six Germans of the *Marais*, who will swear one after the other, that I owe them considerable sums. So many writs will terrify my sureties and so I shall again have to occupy the London prisons.

* i.e., Parisian swindlers. - P. A. M.

"The reader will perhaps be astonished to learn that during the six years I lived in France, in the sight and knowledge of all Europe, not a single creditor, foreigner or native, made any claim against me; while on the other hand I am scarcely established in England when they come upon me from all sides. But his astonishment will cease when he learns the differences in the civil laws of the two nations.

"In France, to establish a debt of above four guineas one must have written proof. Here, to establish even the greatest indebtedness, one witness and the oath of the complainant suffice.

"In France, the foreign complainant would not be heard did he not provide security for the payment of costs and damages. The defendant domiciled in England is not heard at all unless he is in prison or has given personal sureties. And if the complainant quits before a decision is rendered, the imprisoned defendant is obliged, before being able to obtain his liberty, to pay the costs of his defense and the costs of his imprisonment. I do not express an opinion as to the relative merits of the laws of France and those of England, but I invite my new fellow-citizens to reflect upon this, and to prevent, if possible, an abuse which would make a stay in England formidable to all foreigners, and even to every citizen who is unfortunate enough to have powerful and unscrupulous enemies.

"Jackson

"M. Morande alleges, without any shadow of proof, that I took pay indiscriminately for the services I rendered my patients, and that at Strasbourg, at Bordeaux, and elsewhere I shared the profits which the apothecaries made upon the drugs whose sale I obtained for them. To render this allegation plausible, he asserts that after my arrival in London I proposed to Mr. Jackson, Apothecary, to sell the *Egyptian Pills* on my account, at the rate of 36/- the box.

"Reply: Mr. Jackson denied this calumny in the presence of his eldest boy and Mr. O'Reilly, but as his connexion with Mr. Swinton does not permit him to make this disavowal as public as honesty would have required, truth demands that I render an account of my relations with Mr. Jackson.

"I had need of a confidential apothecary for the preparation of the various remedies I administer to my patients. Mr. Swinton suggested Mr. Jackson. I went to him. As he spoke only English, I asked him through an interpreter for the drugs I needed. Mr. Jackson had only a very few of them. I took those he had and paid him at once for them. I then had

some of the drugs which were not to be bought of Mr. Jackson bought elsewhere, and I compounded with those drugs and some other medicaments which are known to me alone, a certain quantity of paste for the *Egyptian Pills*. I sent this paste to Mr. Jackson, with three books of leaf gold for him to make the pills.* He sent me one small box of them but forgot to send the remainder of the gold and of the paste.

* Cagliostro always had his pills gilded in the fashion of the time. - P. A. M.

"Mr. Jackson flattered himself that he would become my confidential apothecary. He made me several visits with that in view. I told him plainly that that was not possible, because it was indispensable for the apothecary I chose to understand me without the aid of an interpreter, as the slightest error on his part might be fatal to my patients; but Mr. Jackson was not discouraged. I had shown him to the door, but he was not to be repulsed. Seeing that I was embroiled with Mr. Swinton, he went to M. Bergeret de Frouville, an old cavalry captain in the service of France, who had been good enough to place his house at my disposal for the treatment of the sick, and to help me in the manipulation and administration of the remedies. Mr. de Frouville declared to Mr. Jackson that I had decided not to employ him but Mr. Jackson did not take that as final. He made two or three visits a day to M. de Frouville and ended by becoming such a nuisance that the latter was obliged, in order to get rid of his importunities, to have his door shut upon him.

"M. and Madame de Frouville, M. Bergeret de Norinval, Secretary of Finance, and all their domestics, will testify if necessary, to the truth of this statement. They will declare it to be impossible to find anywhere in the world a more fawning, insinuating, and persistent apothecary than Mr. Jackson.

"Moreover, it is wholly false that I have proposed to Mr. Jackson, or to any other apothecary, to sell remedies for me. It is wholly false that I have ever made my patients pay for my remedies or my care. After my arrival in London a great number of them passed through my hands. The greater number are cured; all are living. I defy any one of them, rich or poor, cured or not cured, to dare to say that I have made them pay for my attendance or my remedies, either directly or indirectly.

"M. Morande constitutes himself judge of my Masonic knowledge. He maintains that I have never in my life approached the Pyramids of Egypt, and that the Masons who have adopted the Egyptian Rite are all imbeciles, dupes of the false brethren who ought to be excluded from the lodges of the ordinary rite.

"The proof that he gives appears to him to be unanswerable.

"I received in 1777, in the Esperance Lodge in London, the four degrees of apprentice, companion, master, and Scotch master. This lodge, if one is to believe M. Morande, is composed of *valets-de-chambre*, *perruquiers*, *artisans*, in a word, of *servants*, and that such is the illustrious company where I saw the light for the first time.

"*Reply*: M. Morande is very certainly unworthy of being a Mason. But either he is a Mason, or he is not. If he is not, he ought not to speak of what he does not know. If he is, he ought not to speak of what he does know. In any case, on behalf of a respectable society his manner of announcing himself ought to preclude him from entering not only all Masonic lodges, but even all clubs and assemblies where honesty counts for anything.

"I have long since known the zeal of the English for Masonry, and my first care, on arriving in their island, was to visit their lodges. I ascertained the name of those where French was spoken. The lodge *Esperance* was suggested to me as one of the most regular. This ought to be enough for a true Mason, and it never struck me to inquire into the civil rank of each of its members.

"The better to become instructed in the English method, I wished to present myself as a candidate. I confess that I was completely satisfied; that I found in the Lodge *Esperance* excellent Masons and that whatever rank the people that compose it may have in society, I shall always honor myself with the title of Brother.

"As to the Egyptian Rite and the Masons who have embraced it, M. Morande can give himself free rein: the Science and its pupils are too far above him and his like to be afraid of his strictures.

"My Conduct Towards My Wife

"M. Morande carries a prying eye even into the interior of my household. In order to disturb the peace, he asserts that peace is banished from it. The reader most prejudiced against me has not read without indignation this part of his pamphlet. I am, if he is to be believed, the most ferocious of husbands, and my wife most unfortunate of creatures. He agrees that my conduct towards her in society is that of a tender husband, but he maintains that I make her pay very dearly in private for the hypocritical regard I have for her in public.

"The proof that this accusation is a calumny lies in the accusation itself. For if I torment my wife only when we are alone together, how can M. Morande assert that I do torment her? I could doubtless here invoke the testimony of all those who have lived in friendship with me, but I should blush to have to justify myself as to such a matter. By what right does M. Morande dare to question me upon my private life? Who has constituted him upon this earth the censor of domestic manners, this man, who, if there existed such a magistracy, would be the last who ought to lay claim to it?

"But even if it were true that I had been so unjust, so cowardly, as to ill-treat the virtuous companion of my troubles, she alone would have had the right to complain. When she is silent, no man in the world, be he magistrate or monarch, has the right to lift the veil with which her indulgent tenderness would have covered my outbursts of passion.

"Challenges

"Before concluding, I think I owe a word of reply to M. Morande's bravado, to reassure people who, on the faith of the *Courier de l'Europe*, might fear that there had been no blood shed in this affair. Neither my friends nor I will ever accept M. Morande's challenges, for a very simple reason, which the reader will approve. M. Morande knows it perfectly, and it is precisely the certainty of refusal which gives him the hardihood to propose it.

"Voltaire said (*Questions sur l'Encyclop'edie*, edition de 1772, Vol. VIII, p. 261) speaking of M. Morande, 'that fugitive from Bicetre (a prison) abuses too much the contempt people have for him.' M. Morande fully bears out today the justice of that observation.

"All London knew of his quarrels with M. le Comte de L--- with Madame la Chevaliere d'E---, with M. de C---, with M. de F---, and the uniform manner in which they have terminated.

"My readers will perhaps not be wearied to learn what is, in such a case, M. Morande's manner of acting and writing.

"In the London paper entitled *London Evening Post* (dated November 26th, 1773, Nos. 8 to 62) is the following declaration: 'M. le Comte de L---, after the HUMBLE SUBMISSIONS which I have made to him, having been kind enough to stay the proceedings commenced against me for having DEFAMED him, by verses full of falsities, and insulting to his honor and his reputation, OF WHICH I AM THE AUTHOR, and which I have caused to be inserted, etc., I beg you M. --- to publish by the same channel by which I made my verses public, my sincere REPENTANCE for having so insultingly defamed M. le Comte de L---, and my VERY HUMBLE thanks for having accepted my SUBMISSIONS, and stayed his proceedings. (Signed) De Morande.'

"Perhaps one will be curious to know in what these submissions consist. M. Morande, after having sent his wife and children to intercede for him, went personally to throw himself at the feet of the Comte de L--- and to beg him on his knees with clasped hands, kindly to pardon his impertinences. The humble penitent had, however, some days before, caused to be printed a note addressed to the same Comte de L---, in which he said 'that he slept *inter penas, sclopeta, et enses*,'* and that he would wake when they wanted him.'

"Such is the man that my enemies** have taken to their fold. Behold the worthy defender that my adversaries have chosen! And now this man has the audacity to challenge me and my friends to a duel! And he gives the choice of weapons to us, without dreaming that there is only one which can be honestly used against him."

* Inter poenas clupei et enses? - Ed.

** M. Morande, so as to ring the changes upon his real principals, pretends today that it is M. le Baron de Breteuil who paid for his work. M. le Marquis de St. H. --- and several other persons have been auricular witnesses of this statement, as impudent as it is unlikely.

The real reason for the attempt to inveigle Cagliostro into a duel was not to kill him, as that would have involved danger to such a coward and bully as Morande was; the idea was to have him arrested on the field for dueling, and Cagliostro knew it. It seems that the Count de Lauraguais, referred to in the above cringing apology, had thrashed Morande, but Cagliostro says nothing of this.

If the Baron de Breteuil, who had at first detested Cagliostro because he was a friend of his enemy Cardinal de Rohan, and later hated him for his own sake, "grinding his teeth at seeing Cagliostro's bust and portrait everywhere" - a hate increased by Cagliostro's mention of him in his famous letter to the French - was not the one who paid Morande, and Cagliostro is really addressing that enemy or those enemies. *Who were they?* To continue:

"At last I have carried out the troublesome task I imposed upon myself; I have demonstrated the falsity of all the defamatory alleged facts which the Sieur de Morande had undertaken to prove. If I have left without reply a mass of atrocious allegations, I have said enough to decide the verdict of the just and generous People whom I have the honor to regard as my judges. In unmasking my true enemies I have put it out of their power to hurt me; this victory is sufficient for me. I abandon to his own wickedness a branded scribe, whom France has rejected, England disavowed, and Europe long appreciated at his true value. He can continue at liberty to defame me: I shall not bring him before the law courts. The wretched man has a wife; he is the father of three children; if I were to attack him, his inevitable ruin would entail that of his numerous family. I leave my vengeance in the hands of him who does not visit the crime of their father upon the children: it will perhaps be slower, but it will be none the less sure. My trust in that Supreme Being has never been deceived; I have always seen his justice manifested sooner or later, and the wicked end miserably.

"If the Sieur Morande can for an instant doubt this truth, so terrible for them, but consoling for good men; let him reflect upon the fate of those whose cause he has defended and whose horrors he has exceeded.

"Madame de *Blevary* in payment for my benefactions, delivered me into the hands of two scoundrels. - *She is dead.*

"Miss *Fry*, my implacable enemy, has not enjoyed the fortune she owed to me. After having devoted the whole of it to suborning witnesses, and corrupting the officers of justice, she fell into the most terrible misery. - *She is dead.*

"Mr. *Broad*, the friend, the spy, the witness for Miss *Fry*, was in the flower of his age. - *He is dead.*

"Mr. *Dunning*, Miss *Fry*'s lawyer, had been chosen to make a manifestly unjust cause triumph. - *He is dead.*

"Mr. *Wallace*, my lawyer, instead of defending me, has delivered me up to the mercy of the arbitrator chosen by Miss *Fry*. - *He is dead.*

"Mr. *Howarth* gave an iniquitous judgment against me, which condemned innocence and left the perjurer unpunished. - *He is dead.**

* He was drowned in crossing the Thames. - P. A. M.

"The *Justice of the Peace* at Hammersmith issued a warrant against my wife and myself for an imaginary crime: he was later dismissed in disgrace. - *He is dead.*

"Madame *Gaudicheau*, sister of Miss *Fry*, was her accomplice, and Scott's. - *She is dead.*

"Mr. *Crisp*, Marshal of the King's Bench prison, in connivance with *Aylett*, swindled me out of 50 guineas worth of plate. He has lost the lucrative position he enjoyed, and reduced to beggary has retired to an almshouse. - *He died there.*

"*Vitellini* betrayed my confidence; his culpable indiscretion made him accomplice in a robbery of which he expected one day to enjoy the proceeds. He was thrown into a vagabond's prison. - *He died there.*

"Four years after my departure, there existed scarcely one of the persons I have just named. Of all my persecutors of that time there remain today only four individuals, whose manner of existence is such that death would be a benefit for them.

"*Raynold*, the Procureur of Miss Fry, and the accomplice of the theft from me committed by Scott, has suffered the infamous punishment of the pillory for the crime of perjury.

"The Procureur *Aylett* who cheated me out of 80 guineas under pretext of my pretended identity with Balsamo of London, has just suffered the same punishment as Raynold, also for the crime of *perjury*. And this is the man who signed an *affidavit* against me! This is the man whom Morande consults, and whose friend he is!

"The bailiff *Saunders* was involved in the plot against me. He delivered me into the hands of the attorney Priddle. His fortune was dissipated within a very short time; he was imprisoned for prevarication, and he has been in prison several years.

"As for *Scott*, if I am not mistaken, he is living at this moment alone, without relatives and without friends, in the heart of Scotland. A prey to remorse, undergoing at the same time the anxieties of wealth and the miseries of poverty, he is tormented by the enjoyment of a wealth which ceaselessly escapes him, until at last he is perishing of inanition near the object of his cupidity, which has become the instrument of his suffering.

"Such has been the destiny of the fourteen individuals who have been united against me and who violated the sacred rights of hospitality. A part of my readers will see in the series of these events only a combination of chance: as for me I recognise in them that divine Providence which has sometimes permitted me to be the victim of the wiles of the wicked, but which has always broken the instruments used to try me.

"Now my enemies think I am crushed. They have said to one another, 'Let us trample under foot this man who knows us too well'; but they do not know that in spite of their efforts I shall rise triumphant, when the time of trial is over. They rejoice in the wounds they have inflicted upon me; but these foolish people in their mad transports do not see hovering over them the cloud from which the lightning will dart.

"Oh that the truly terrible example I have just put before their eyes, provoking in their hearts a salutary repentance, might save me the grief of having to lament *their* fate! Let them recognise their error! Let them make one simple step towards justice, and my lips will open only to bless them.

"(Signed) Le Comte de Cagliostro

"*Postscriptum*: I do not know whether my enemies will reply to me, or adopt the role of silence. Whatever they may do I declare to them that this letter will be my only reply to all their calumnies, past, present, or future; and I give my word of honor to the public that whatsoever they may say or do, I shall not write a single line more in my justification."

[End of Cagliostro's proclamation]

This journalistic combat took place at the end of the year 1786, almost without interval between the liberation from the Bastille and the first attack by Morande. The

honors were with Cagliostro, though, precisely as calculated by his enemies, some mud stuck - it always does if enough is thrown.

However, the Count continued his work quietly among the Masons and with private students. On November 2nd, 1786, a curious advertisement appeared in the *Morning Herald*:

"To all true Masons. In the name of Jehovah. The time is at length arrived for the construction of the new Temple of Jerusalem. The advertiser invites all true Masons to meet him on the 3rd inst., at nine o'clock, at Reilly's Tavern, Great Queen Street; to form a plan for leveling the footstone of the true and only Temple in the visible world."

This advertisement is supposed to have been inserted by Cagliostro and, by many, to have had no result. Others think it had results which naturally would have been kept private.

The learned encyclopaedist, Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, was quite mistaken in certain details regarding Cagliostro, such as that the latter was an agent of the Jesuits. His enemies declared that he was such an agent, and in the hundreds of wild statements they made about him, not a few slipped unobserved into popular accepted history, this being the most impossible of all.

Therefore some care has to be given to the consideration of the statements made by Mackenzie that Cagliostro on this occasion

"introduced himself as a Polish nobleman, under the name of Count Sutkowski, and asserted that he hailed from a Swedenborgian secret society at Avignon, which had been formed in Courland in 1779. He visited the Swedenborgians at their rooms in the Middle Temple, where they met as a Theosophical Society, and he displayed an intimate knowledge of the doctrines of Swedenborg. He specially entreated the members to celebrate the communion at each meeting. He claimed to be in possession of a Grand Secret, of which he spoke in a mysterious manner. His charming conversation and engaging conduct rendered him a general favorite among those who met him. At the end of 1786, he returned to France, and soon afterwards addressed a letter to his former friends, in which he thanked them for the attentions they had shown him, and informed them that his name was not Sutkowski, as they had thought, but that he was Count Grabianka. In 1779, Cagliostro had been in Courland, whence he was obliged to fly, and in the letter just mentioned, dated February 12, 1789, he says that he and his companions had been in enforced obscurity and silence for eight years, which would bring us back to the former date."

There are some very obvious points here which do not apply to Cagliostro, such as that he "was forced to fly" from Courland. At the same time there may have been some connexion between Cagliostro and Grabianka which may or may not have continued or ceased, and the one most qualified to give an opinion on the matter - H. P. Blavatsky - says that the statement that Count Grabianka was identical with Cagliostro, is "not proven."

X. Cagliostro in Switzerland and Roveredo

The treachery of de Vismes was a heavy blow. He was the Grand-Secretary of the Lodge of *Sagesse Triomphante* at Lyons, the only Lodge that we know of which was really a success from Cagliostro's point of view. It was he who, at the bidding of the Sanhedrin of the French Government, went to London to entice Cagliostro back to France in order to deliver him up, Judas-like, to the authorities. Employed by the French Court to give an account of his minutest action, de Vismes followed him, and was received with the utmost kindness and hospitality by the Count, being lodged in his own house as his familiar friend. Here he had every opportunity to play the traitor to his heart's content. Constantly speaking of the French Court and highly placed personages in disparaging terms, he found no difficulty in extracting from his host all that he needed in the way of incriminating statements and *lese-majeste*. Cagliostro knew well that de Vismes had a sister who was employed in the Queen's household, and wonder was expressed, after the event, that he had not been more on his guard against being led into expressions unfavorable to the Court party. In these days it is a little difficult to realize what a dangerous thing it was then to utter the merest commonplaces against such a man for instance, as the Baron de Breteuil, or his subordinate, de Launay, to say nothing of higher dignitaries of Church or State. But there still existed the deadly "*lettre-de-cachet*," by which, in half a dozen words the king could direct the Governor of the Bastille to receive "his dear cousin," and leave it for the Baron de Breteuil, if he so desired, to arrange for the burial within a certain time, say two weeks or a month, during which impenetrable secrecy hid the "disease" from which the unfortunate cipher was to die. It really mattered very little what accusation was brought up to save the face of the extra-legal judges when they had determined to do their victim to death, if indeed they condescended to enlighten the public with any explanation or justification at all!

All the courage and determination in the world cannot do the impossible. A threat that a host of *soi-disant* creditors were to be avalanched upon him from abroad as a preliminary to further measures, was a warning scarcely to be despised by Cagliostro, courageous as he was.

Feeling it necessary to leave England, and having grown cautious, Cagliostro took advice as to the safest way of going to Switzerland. Unfortunately his adviser was de Vismes, whose plan was to trap him into entering France. Sacchi was a paid spy of the physicians but de Vismes was a deliberate traitor, a faithless disciple. His was the Judas kiss. The plot was patent to all but Cagliostro, who could not credit it, though informed by letter from a real friend. However he decided to make a simple test.

Having received invitations from his friends in Switzerland, he showed the letters to de Vismes, and said he intended to accept the invitations, and asked casually what route de Vismes would advise for the journey?

"Through France, without doubt," said de Vismes; "it is much the shortest and best way."

"But do you think I can with safety venture through France?"

"Oh! I am confident of it," replied de Vismes. "I will accompany you, and I am certain we may pass together unnoticed."

It was enough. Cagliostro declared he would not sleep another night under the same roof with such a Judas, left the house, and went to his friend de Louthembourg at Hammersmith, staying there in secret until he left for Switzerland.

De Vismes, enraged at losing his prey and at being unmasked, left at once for Boulogne. But, as so many traitors and enemies seem to do at the last, he put the seal of proof upon his treachery by communicating to Morande the list of the jewelry which Cagliostro had brought with him to England and of which de Vismes alone had a copy. There would seem to be little harm in this, but Morande's devilish ingenuity succeeded in making capital of it. He published the list in the *Courrier de l'Europe*, and, declaring that Cagliostro had fled the country with the jewels, leaving his wife to charity, gave his enemies in England the opportunity for more shameful calumnies.

On March 30, 1787, Cagliostro acted quickly in leaving for the continent. Leaving the Countess behind, he went so quietly that he attracted no attention. A Miss Howard, a friend of theirs, undertook to look after the Countess for a few days, during which the latter arranged for an auction at Christie's of their furniture and effects, which duly took place on April 13 at the sale-rooms in Pall Mall. The de Louthourbours received the Countess as a guest until she could rejoin her husband. She remained there till the beginning of June, when, having received letters from the Count informing her that he was settled in a house, she purchased a genteel carriage and set off with the de Louthourbours for Switzerland. Before she left England she paid every just demand on the Count's estate.

To those not behind the scenes - and we must not forget that Cagliostro's "true story has never been told" (H. P. Blavatsky) - it certainly appears strange that the tremendous governmental machinery of France should have been set in motion against a man said to be nothing but a quack and a mountebank. It is curious that the powers should devote so much attention to the ruin of an individual, a Freemason, and should avail themselves to that end of every means, dignified and undignified. But that they were in deadly earnest we can gather from the fate of a young French gentleman, son of the Queen's chamberlain, M. de la Fete. This unfortunate young man had the indiscretion to write a political pamphlet called 'The Devil in Holy Water.' In order to avoid the attentions of the French Ministers he had to escape to England where he made a living by writing. The French Government tried various means of kidnaping him, but without success until they hit upon a very French expedient. They put an agreeable French woman in his path, and she, well instructed in her duties, did the rest. The Delilah wiles succeeded admirably - for the police. M. de la Fete went with her to Boulogne, was promptly imprisoned, and that was the end of the little love story!

From the circumstances surrounding the two cases we can judge that M. de la Fete was very small game compared to Cagliostro, who always seems to have been, in spite of himself, a problem of Continental proportions, but a problem whose very solution seemed to depend on casting a veil of impenetrable secrecy over the real issues at stake. No historian seems to have the least inkling of what these were, but we may suspect that they are well known to *those whom they most concern*.

Sophie Laroche had been to visit the Cagliostros in England in December, 1786, to convey to them the devotion of their true friends the Sarrasins. She reminded them that in Switzerland Cagliostro's friends were always eager for his return. So he decided to take refuge with the Sarrasins, and, on leaving England, went through Belgium straight to his

friends. Sarrasin rented a house at Bienne, not far from Basle. On the Count's arrival on April 5th, 1787, all was ready for his occupation.

During the three months before his wife arrived, Cagliostro spent his time in systematic organization of the Egyptian Rite in Switzerland. On May 2, 1787, the Swiss Mother Lodge was inaugurated, consisting of many disciples who remained from 1781, as well as of new members. Owing to his experiences of rough and unbrotherly conduct in the Esperance Lodge, London - though he never despised anyone of lower social standing as other Masons did - he had doubts of the purity of ordinary Masonry. He therefore devoted himself more attentively to the Egyptian Rite, purifying it from the crude exotericism of the ordinary Lodges. Lavater, the famous physiognomist, was attracted by this and now worked harmoniously with Cagliostro, though formerly he had been inclined to criticize.

All seemed to be going well, and Cagliostro at last seemed to have attained the peace and rest he sought. But a mysterious storm had been brewing. On the 10th of December, 1787, Cagliostro discovered that de Louthembourg's servant, Abraham Ritter, had bought powder and bullets with the intention of shooting Cagliostro! The Count appealed to the magistrates for protection the next day and demanded the expulsion of his one-time friend de Louthembourg.

Immediately the customary two camps formed around Cagliostro. On the one hand were de Louthembourg and the Maire. The latter was much attracted by the wife of de Louthembourg, but whether she was at one with them against Cagliostro does not appear quite clear. The sons of the Maire, young and irresponsible, were bound by the state of things to the side of the de Louthembourgs. Opposed to these were the Count de Cagliostro and his wife, de Gingin, Sarrasin (who had hastened to Bienne to snatch Cagliostro from the talons of his enemies), the Burgomaster, and the Banneret Sigismund Wildermett.

What was the trouble? A few hints enable one to obtain some slight suggestion of the state of affairs, but nothing definite and detailed is available to throw light on the matter. For example, as early as July 5th, 1787, M. Sarrasin wrote to M. d'Epresmenil, from Bienne:

"It is in vain that the people with whom M. Thilorier* is connected, as he himself confesses, flatter themselves that they are going to profit by the insinuations which they have made to the Countess. All is discovered, proved, and set down in a legal declaration voluntarily made in the most regular way.

* Cagliostro's lawyer at the famous Diamond Necklace Trial.

"Please inform the Count at once of the success of his action, and have your relative, Thilorier, understand that it is neither M. Rey de Morande, nor M. de Vismes, nor M. Lansegre, but M. le Comte de Cagliostro, whose cause he has to plead and to attend to, and that it is not for the husband's lawyer to invite a wife to separate her interests from his."

Much had been made of the fact that Cagliostro had left his wife behind him in London, as we are aware. Can she have been the tool of those who were crucifying Cagliostro? Exactly as at Rome in later days, it was seen that any statement she could be persuaded or tricked into making, or even agreeing to, would be useful to them. The legal declaration formally made and referred to on July 5th, 1787, about one month after her arrival in Switzerland, was a free and willing declaration denying all the imputations and implications which had been spread broadcast by Morande and the rest of his associates. But the lies had done their work. As soon as the declaration was made it was promptly described as a further cruelty on the part of the Count who 'forced' her to do it. Put in vulgar language, it was the old game of "heads I win, tails you lose." This may seem trivial, perhaps, but in a year or two the Holy Inquisition made it a big strand in their rope to hang Cagliostro with.

Thilorier ought to have known better. The splendid defenses he had made before the courts in defense of Cagliostro had been justly applauded as masterpieces of moderate and incisive pleading. He received the credit of their composition, though probably Cagliostro himself was mainly responsible for them. Now we find him, while still Cagliostro's lawyer, being dragged into personal issues against his client by the enemies of the Count. Few or none surrounding such men as Cagliostro can long remain neutral. The better side of man's nature, challenged as never before to assert its existence, arrives at the end of its tether, and withdraws. What is left, following the analogy of any dead organism, no longer synthesized by the departed spiritual entity, enters upon a period of swift disintegration. So now Thilorier was tested and, allowing his better judgment to desert him, was easily 'got at.'

From the Vatican 'Life of Joseph Balsamo' it seems clear that the mischief emanated from ecclesiastical sources. Somehow or other, admissions had been quickly dragged from the Countess as soon as she was alone, and apparently the de Loutherbours had been secretly poisoned in mind against Cagliostro, though for the time remaining openly faithful to him. Adoring his wife with an almost incomprehensible infatuation, Cagliostro was paying bitterly for the disregard of his duty as a celibate, as hinted by H. P. Blavatsky. As time passed, the situation grew more strained, until the outburst came, and de Louthembourg suddenly became an enemy - like so many others he could not be neutral.

Bienne was no longer congenial to Cagliostro. He visited the Sarrasins at Basle from January 17 to February 1st, 1788. On the 19th of July Sarrasin bade him farewell at Rockhalt, never to see him again. On July 23rd Cagliostro left his Swiss home on his way to meet the doom that was preparing for him. He had escaped the trap de Vismes had planned, yet why did he not suspect the noose into which he was running his head. What drove him to this madness? Was he 'fey' as the Scots call one who is irresistibly impelled by his karmán?

As this is the farewell of that grand and faithful soul and true disciple, the banker Sarrasin, a few words here in regard to him are due in tribute to his unwavering devotion and loyalty. Cagliostro had, seven years before, at Strasbourg, "snatched Sarrasin's wife from the jaws of death" and had cured her after years of awful suffering, seeking no reward save the knowledge of having rendered others happy. Cagliostro had cured Felix, the son of Sarrasin, when the physicians could do nothing; he had seen Mme. Sarrasin through the trying time when she became a mother, and it was to him that she owed a happy deliverance.

Sarrasin was rich. But all the wealth in the world could not purchase what Cagliostro had done for him. That did not prevent the tongue of calumny surrounding him and his family with all the torture of evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, such as no man cares to suffer, especially when he is wealthy and can easily purchase silence by repudiating his savior. Sarrasin suffered it all willingly and never wavered. He was rewarded for his devotion in seeing farther than most into the depths of that being known as Cagliostro, and yet he was often puzzled that the latter seemed to choose the road which was bound to bring suffering on himself, when he had the power to take a very different route. In 1790 when Cagliostro was facing his accusers at Rome, Sarrasin wrote to Lavater:

"The sufferings of the Count trouble me; but I feel that if things are so, it is because he has wished them to be so; the world understands nothing of it; as for me, I know his *interior value*." [Italics mine - P. A. M.]

It is impossible to do justice to Sarrasin in print. A tribute of silence is best, even though the world may never know what a faithful disciple he was. The great Rosicrucians have ever lived and suffered and struggled and triumphed in silence throughout the ages. Sarrasin is worthy of the same silence.

After about a year in Switzerland, Cagliostro left on July 23, 1788, and finally arrived at Roveredo, thirteen miles from Trent in the Tyrol. Here he stayed about three months continuing his humanitarian work in spite of the opposition he encountered.

Among Cagliostro's precious books publicly burned by the Inquisition, one remarkable little book escaped: a plain record uncolored by prejudice, written in Latin by a good Roman Catholic. It is entitled 'The Memorial book of Cagliostro while he was at Roveredo,' or better known as 'The Gospel of Cagliostro.' The tremendous anathema hurled against it makes the few copies which escaped the fires of the Inquisition and subsequent measures taken to insure its consignment to oblivion have an especial interest in showing how a persecuted Brother, betrayed on all sides, kept inviolate the secrets entrusted to him by those who have the welfare of the world at heart.

When Cagliostro arrived at Roveredo on September 14, 1788, he was received with open-eyed curiosity. "Who I am is more than I can tell you; I do not know myself!" he declared, laughing. "But it is beyond doubt that I am the healer of the sick, the enlightener of those in doubt, and that I give money to the poor. Many are the deceitful things and lies that have been written round me and my acts, because nobody knows the truth. But after my death all will be made plain by the written memoirs I shall leave behind me."

That very first evening in Roveredo was spent in answering endless questions, and in the morning he commenced his great work as a healer of the sick. One young man, Clementino Vannetti, who watched Cagliostro and his wife as they passed down the street, did not speak to Cagliostro at any time, but commenced to make notes of all that he saw and heard about them. This notebook became the 'Gospel of Cagliostro' which is our principal source of information about the Roveredo incidents - an unbiased picture.

Remembering the persecutions to which he had been subjected by the diplomaed physicians of Strasbourg, Cagliostro was careful to have the local physicians see all that he did, and in the first important case one declared that Cagliostro had acted according to the principles of the art and had done well. But it is obvious that this approval could not always continue, since Cagliostro cured many a case that the regular physicians had either

given up or lost. Even to this day persecution of the worst kind has followed such a condition of affairs, especially when the healer refuses to accept fees from his patients. Mesmer owed his comparative freedom from persecution to the fact that he held a high diploma and had shown exceptional ability at his university examinations, not less than to the exceeding privacy which overshadowed his real work. Cagliostro possessed no such western university diploma and yet he cured case after case that orthodox physicians could not relieve; inevitably he was persecuted.

His receptions were crowded, as they had been at Strasbourg. Rumor spread that Cagliostro was a prophet. He took no money or presents from anyone, and often applied the cure that so many need under the blessings of modern western civilization - the money necessary to buy proper nourishment.

There is a remarkable parallel to the legends of other ancient healers in Cagliostro's consideration of the orthodox and official authorities. He tells the physicians to arrange that their patients shall pay them their regular fees, when they can afford it - unusual conduct for a 'charlatan'!

People came to trap him with cunningly devised questions; but "they were struck with wonder at the wisdom of his words, and went away saying that he was not a man to be trapped." At the same time there were things that the multitude could not explain and which were calculated to arouse the thinking faculties of those who realized that here was a man who had something to tell the world of western science.

One such matter was a letter from Milan saying that Cagliostro was in that city at the same time that he was known to be in Roveredo. Something similar is recorded in the life of Apollonius of Tyana, and of many other sages the world over, but the people of Roveredo could not understand it at all. Even today there are some who seem inclined to follow the legend that there were two Cagliostros, and that this explains the crazy invention of the Balsamo legend of which the police made so much - they had to invent something for their reputation's sake. In any case the Cagliostro who was at Roveredo was fully occupied day and night with his sick, but the subtil air of unbelief that was disseminated by people who ought to have known better must have done much to invalidate his medical work, or at least have made it infinitely difficult.

Every day a vast crowd besieged the door of the house Cagliostro had taken. Patients came from the town itself, from the neighboring villages, and from distant places, they came in carts, in carriages, in litters, on foot. But the dean of the physicians of Roveredo had recourse to the magistrates to prevent Cagliostro from ministering to the sick, because he had no diploma. That he cured where the orthodox doctors failed was nothing: he had no diploma! The magistrates supported the plea and prohibited Cagliostro from giving prescriptions, cautioning him. But he protested, "I have never given prescriptions to any sick person except in the presence and with the approval of his physician. And you know that those to whom I have given prescriptions are improving in health. Besides, I have never given any remedy without indicating its action. Observe also that I never invited, nor do I invite, anyone to come to me, but when they do come, why should I not respond? And all can testify that to this day I have never charged any fee, nor accepted anything from the greatest or the least, but instead I have come to the aid of the poor, furnishing them with what they needed for the cure of their ills."

And, as Clementino writes in his 'Gospel': "The voice of the people grew loud in his behalf so that their murmuring was heard in the assembly. The magistrates thought it wise

to allow him to continue attending the sick. But Cagliostro, indignant, withdrew to another place, a place called La Villa, where the authorities received him with joy. They wished to make a feast in his honor, but he refused it.

"It was a Sunday afternoon about three o'clock. And a certain Giuseppe, father of Giuseppe the priest, who was suffering from a violent fever, tried to enter the house where Cagliostro was; and a young man, in the name of the wife of one of the heads of the place, managed to obtain permission for this. And the name of the young man was Clementino. And Giuseppe was secretly received with his little son.

"Cagliostro found his patient had suffered for many years from vertigo and fever. He trembled so on his legs that Cagliostro made him sit down. In the presence of a number of the most important people of the place Cagliostro examined him, and when asked what was his diagnosis, declared that 'he is suffering from worms, and until now nobody has understood it.' Then turning to the patient: 'Take heart,' he said. 'I will cure you in eight days. Only have faith in God and in me, and do what I prescribe.'

"There were many who gave testimony in themselves of those his charitable works, and who blessed him."

So Cagliostro returned to Roveredo. Precisely as he had done when at Strasbourg, Cagliostro ate sparingly and did not even go to bed while attending the sick. Instead, he slept for a few hours in an armchair, resting on a pillow. But there are limits to a man's endurance, and when a whole hospital full of sick came to be cured by him, he protested: "My means do not permit me to attend to all the needy and to take them away from the hospital. They have their physicians and surgeons in the hospital; let them be consulted."

Rumor said that Cagliostro could give a potion that would restore lost youth. He denied it, relating the origin of this extraordinary story which had been so persistent. It was that he had cured an old lady of insanity resulting from fear of old age by pretending to give her a potion which he persuaded her would ensure eternal youth. Similarly, in Russia, he had cured a violent maniac who believed he was a super-Almighty, by pretending to be the God Mars, more powerful still, and behaving in such an extravagant manner that the man finally acknowledged his claim and was willing to worship him. Having thus obtained his confidence Cagliostro was able gradually to bring him to reason and to make a complete cure. Yet there were not wanting those who would use even such an extravagant yarn to say that Cagliostro was a blasphemer.

The physicians were not long in starting active propaganda against Cagliostro. They sought every means to blacken him, declaring that his patients were worse than before, that they were not cured at all, that the remedies given were not the right ones. Such an atmosphere of doubt and disbelief and lack of faith did they spread that the wonder was that any were cured at all. Cagliostro was using ordinary medicines a good deal, but as he belonged to the same school as Mesmer he used methods of magnetism as well. Nothing could be worse than the lack of sympathy and distrust of the patients which the physicians carefully fostered. Even when a cure was too obvious to be denied, the wicked whisper was started on its devastating way, "Yes, but the results are not permanent!"

It was now rumored that the magistrates had again forbidden him to practise as a physician, and he began to refuse patients. Many were glad of it. Lavater's 'physiognomy' had penetrated even to Roveredo, and Cagliostro was reputed to be so good a physiognomist that he could read anyone's thoughts and inner vices by merely looking at him. People were afraid of him. The physicians even descended so low as to betray

Cagliostro by persuading the pharmacists to falsify his prescriptions. Also a servant was tempted to ask for money when delivering medicines to patients, and on being dismissed by Cagliostro commenced to sell his bogus prescriptions as though they were Cagliostro's own. No possible scheme seems to have been untried to bring him into discredit.

Attacks were made on other counts; he was never known to approach the 'holy table' on Sundays; and great excitement had been caused by the initiation of three neophytes into some degree supposed to be either Masonic or a degree of the Illuminati.

Even a priest came to Cagliostro to be cured. Cagliostro told him what to do. "Now give me the remedies for maladies to come," said the priest.

"If I came to confess to you," said Cagliostro, "you would absolve me; but if I asked you to absolve me also for my sins of the future, would you do so?"

"No!" said the priest. "Then," said Cagliostro, "I will treat you in the same way!"

Some of the more thoughtful and temperate were certain that Cagliostro was a great scientist and chemist. Among these were Masons to whom he had revealed certain arcane secrets. They said: "He is a good man, learned in all the wisdom of Europe and Asia, and, moreover, one who detests charlatans."

It was while at Roveredo that Cagliostro heard from England of the strange and unhappy fate that had overtaken all his persecutors in that country. Probably his Masonic friend O'Reilly of Great Queen Street was his informant.

Cagliostro was still quoted as a great boaster. It could not seem otherwise if he had told even a hundredth part of what he knew. One of his 'boastings' is interesting to medical men. He declared that with certain chronic cases he was able to bring them without new infection, to a crisis, and then suddenly to throw off the whole of the poison and so effect a cure. But he was very bitter with those who took advantage of his cures without any attempt at moral betterment. "Go!" he exclaimed. "You are not afraid for your morals, but for your bodies. Amuse yourselves then. In any case I will not use mercury, treating one poison with another, for fear that in driving out the first malady this should bring about another more serious one." But some of his enemies who claimed to have analysed and tested his ointments declared that he had spoken falsely and that in certain of them mercury was used. It is well to remember that the same accusation was made against Paracelsus. As stated above, there were treacheries and misunderstandings in plenty.

At Roveredo Cagliostro repeated the story of the challenge by poison which he had used so effectively with the fire-eating professional ignoramus Roggerson, at the Court of the Empress Catherine in St. Petersburg. When challenged as a gentleman of the best society, Cagliostro threatened to have some of his many servants throw the Scotch physician out of the window. Challenged as a physician, he offered to give Roggerson two arsenic pills while himself accepting any poison the man should choose to give him, obviously an extraordinary handicap. But Roggerson backed out and was dismissed by the Empress who advised Cagliostro to have nothing to do with such an unworthy man. This incident is somewhat similar to the challenge used against the wretched blackmailer Morande in England years later, and which was equally effective in finding the bully's cowardly spot.

Others of these so-called boastings were statements of alchemical matters, which, as he used the figurative language of the art, naturally sounded highly exaggerated, just as did the old statement that Hannibal used vinegar to make a way over the Alps.

An immense amount of harm was done to Cagliostro through distorted reports of his anecdotes and teachings guardedly intended to break the ground for an understanding of the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karman, and the phenomena and rationale of what is now called spiritualism. To these things can be traced the absurdities as to his age; the strange claims as to his calling down divine vengeance to kill an opponent in a court of law; the ridiculous tales of 'spirits' invited to dinner, suggested to some wag by the ever hospitable spare plate at his table for the casual visitor. Often, indeed, as he said of his prescriptions if they should ever get into hospital hands, his words would be misunderstood, for lack of data as to his methods, doubtless. He gave medicines so simple that his dismissed servant could easily procure them; but they were made up in such a way that the most skilful physician could not imitate them correctly. In fact he sometimes did the most marvelous things with plain water magnetized by himself.

For instance, the famous Prince Talleyrand relates in his Memoirs (ch. iv) that he applied some of Cagliostro's magnetized water to the forehead of a friend, a lady of the French Court, who was suffering from migraine. Despite warnings, the phial was handled by a number of frivolous scoffers who, after an evening at the opera followed by plenty of champagne, were roaring with laughter at Cagliostro's supposed magical cures. Pouring a little of the magnetized water onto his hand, Talleyrand applied it to the forehead of the Marquise. He did not believe that Cagliostro's sensitive preparation could be poisoned by the coarse magnetism of the company; but it proved to be so, and the results were tragical. The lady shrieked with agony, and Talleyrand could not withdraw his hand. When it was forcibly torn away much of the skin of her forehead came with it. The lady was long in recovering and bore a scar to her death. The Paris police investigated the case thoroughly, and Cagliostro was completely exonerated from blame, the medicine being found to be nothing but pure water. No wonder Cagliostro at one time had to announce by placard that his remedies would not be efficacious if supplied by his unfaithful servant, the spy of the physicians, paid to ruin him.

Concluding his little record of Cagliostro's stay at Roveredo, Clementino Vannetti shows himself to be an impartial recorder, as he himself claims. "Behold then the things which we have thought worthy to be recorded in regard to Cagliostro," he says. "He that writes has never spoken with him. He has written what has been told him, without hate and without affection, neither taking away nor adding anything, but endeavoring only to preserve to history all that has been related in the city about this famous man, leaving the onus of judgment to others."

The outcome of all this agitation was that the Emperor Joseph II was prevailed upon to prohibit Cagliostro either ministering to the sick or giving them advice. His enemies had been pretty active. About this time, too, his wife was persuaded to go to confession and to attend mass. She was induced to talk freely to the priests, and her words were used later in the unfair trial of Cagliostro before the Inquisition.

After this there was nothing to do but to prepare for departure. "The town is accursed!" exclaimed Cagliostro. "I will go far away where envy will not distil its poison and unbelief has never planted its roots."

A large number of the sick had gathered just over the border, beyond the Adige, outside the jurisdiction of the Emperor, and Cagliostro paid these a visit, returning to Roveredo. Remaining only two days to pack his trunks, he left again with his wife for Trent on November 11th. As the carriage was about to leave, he turned to the people round him

and bade them farewell: "Tell the people of Roveredo to pardon their servant if he has given them little satisfaction; in truth he has given them all his good will, and his heart has never used any deception before them."

XI. Cagliostro at Rome

Cagliostro left for Trent on November 11, 1788, after his brief stay at the little Tyrolean town of Roveredo. Trent was only thirteen miles away, and the local physicians would have instantly denounced any attempt at defying the decree they had extracted from the Emperor against him. By sowing suspicion among Cagliostro's patients, by falsifying his prescriptions, by allowing a dishonest servant to *sell* prescriptions and remedies in his name, they had done everything possible to cause the failure of his cures. These were indeed marvelous in their results and in the sense that they were examples of the utilization of remedies and natural forces not known to the science of the day. But they needed the universal ingredient of all successful medicine - faith; and this being undermined by slanderous tongues, there were naturally failures and relapses.

There was another reason for the departure from Roveredo. The Countess Cagliostro was a Roman and a Roman Catholic. Her husband, the Count, never interfered with religion, but actually sent his patients to the churches to give public thanks to God for their recovery, precisely as others had been told: "Go, show thyself to the priest...." But in these last days the priests persuaded Cagliostro's wife to make public professions of her religion, to confess, and to open her mind to them on religious matters. This, as Cagliostro probably suspected and as afterwards proved to be the case, was in reality one more method of entrapping him. The object was to destroy him as a Freemason; or, alternatively, to gain his wonderful knowledge for their own propaganda or secret advantage.

On the other hand, Cagliostro actually entertained hopes that he could induce the Pope to accept his system, and, with the support of the Knights of Malta, to make it of use in the Roman Catholic world! We do not know upon what data he based this idea, but it was from Malta that he had set out on his Masonic travels over Europe, and it is probable that he had received his training as a chemist and physician there, under the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. There were secret associations on both sides and it is not at present known to history whether the Pope was not personally under obligations to support Cagliostro and at the same time, officially, his deadliest enemy. At any rate many believe the Pope knew that Cagliostro was no impostor.

At that period there was a vast amount of heterogeneous thought masked as orthodoxy in official life, and it seemed to have been tolerated where no great scandal arose. An example of this has been seen in the case of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan, in France. Enjoying splendid semi-regal state at Saverne and a vast dignity at the French court, even though temporarily out of favor with the Queen, he was in reality about as worldly as any Frenchman of the day. Cagliostro introduced him to a new world, in fact; when he began to turn the Cardinal's attention to spiritual matters. Similarly, other important dignitaries of the Church were sometimes in reality quite different from what their official position appeared to make them. The converse was also true, that many who

appeared to be anything but orthodox Roman Catholics were in reality staunch supporters of that Church.

It is in such a paradoxical world that we have to follow the fortunes of this grand Freemason during the tragic last years of his life in Europe. The task is not easy, nor can it be fully completed until the day when the records of the fraternities to which Cagliostro belonged are given to the world. Many are the missing links and seeming paradoxes, but one thing is certain, that the *Life of Joseph Balsamo* given so eagerly to every country in Europe in 1791 by his self-constituted accusers and judges, is of no more weight than, say, the histories of the Roman Emperors by the early Christian fanatics, their enemies, or the later veracious chronicle for the benefit of monarchical schoolrooms which described the Emperor Napoleon as "the Lieutenant-General of the Armies of the King"!

There was one of Cagliostro's patients in Trent who invited him to that place, and there were others, among them the Margrave of Anspach, who knew him well. We find him high in favor with the Prince-Bishop, who discussed matters of common interest with him in an apparently friendly way. Whether this was merely another attempt to spy upon him or to entrap him, it is difficult to say, but there is no question that those around the Prince-Bishop of Trent were doing all they could, probably under a friendly guise, to collect anything that could be twisted into evidence against Cagliostro. It mattered little what the evidence was, so long as it would serve to get up a plausible case against him. The 'delenda est' had gone forth, and only the formal occasion remained to be developed.

Serafina Cagliostro, his wife, a vivacious daughter of the Church, talked and confessed and chattered to her heart's content. It is customary to declare that this woman, for whom Cagliostro sacrificed so much since their marriage in Rome, betrayed him only from ignorance, or at the most, from a religious 'conscience,' and the reluctance on the part of sentimental writers to condemn her, because she was a woman and a very fascinating one at that, is natural. Yet there is no excuse for her betrayal, even though some things she said without malice were twisted into damning statements against her devoted husband. At Trent, indeed, of all the enemies that surrounded him, she was the worst.

Whether the Prince Bishop was an enemy or, what he appeared to be, a very good friend, is hard to say; but when pressure was brought to bear upon him, again through the Emperor, to get rid of so dangerous a man as one of the Illuminati, and one who was also the Grand-Master of a proscribed rite - a Mason, in short - he let Cagliostro go. The Prince-Bishop gave Cagliostro letters of recommendation for the Cardinals Albani Colonna and Buoncompagni, at Rome. These letters would be accepted as proofs of the good will of the giver, were we not so accustomed to seeing Cagliostro's worst enemies, in the guise of friends; give him similar guarantees - that he might fall into the waiting hands of their confederates. It is one of the mysteries of such a life that the martyr, accepting his doom, bears his own Cross to his Calvary without a murmur. History is amazed at the seeming blindness with which a man of vastly superior intelligence is apparently so unable to distinguish friend from foe; but history itself does not know that the sacrifice made to help the individual or to help humanity includes responsibility for the consequences of failure on the part of those helped to profit by the Promethean fire from Heaven. The chained God of the Caucasus cannot escape his doom until he has paid the penalty *for* those he has enlightened. Enlightenment has its birth-pangs for those who bring to birth the souls of men.

A month only, and Cagliostro having passed through Venice and Turin, arrived in the Eternal City, the city of doom, where, twenty-one years before, he unfortunately married the girl who was to prove his Delilah.

So in the month of May, 1789, the fourteenth year of the Masonic effort of which he was permitted to form a part, Cagliostro arrived at the Scalinata hostel in the Piazza di Spagna, in Rome, shortly afterwards removing to the Piazza Farnese. He was known in Rome, besides having the introductions from the Cardinals at Trent; and his wife was a Roman. There is no need to suppose that she was of low caste merely because of her ignorance of writing; she had been brought up in the fashion of the time, unable to write, because of the parental logic current in good society - a girl who could not write could not correspond with a lover without the knowledge of parents! However, the fact remains that Serafina Cagliostro, though not of humble origin, could not even write her name.

If we were dealing with the story of an ordinary man, there is much that would be almost impossible to explain in the conduct of Cagliostro at Rome during this fatal year, 1789, without access to the records of the Fraternity to which he belonged. The indescribable mental agony of the months passed in the Bastille in 1785 and 1786 would have been enough to deter all but one man in a million from taking similar risks again - but Cagliostro was the one man in a million or in several millions. He not only took the risks but even seemed to court disaster. Freemasonry was actually a crime by the laws of the Church, which artlessly pointed out that as its practice was secret it *might* be against the public interest. But Cagliostro had not practised Freemasonry within the limits of the Pope's as an adventurer; a high officer of the order of Malta, though with difficulty, fled to that island; the police made mysterious arrests all over the city; rumors of amazing plots by the Masons were set afloat and the police were or pretended to be in mortal fear of revolution; all was chaos, suspicion, terror, rumor, disturbance of the peace - all the machinery of the Inquisition brooded over the city. No one was exempt.

Remember that while Cagliostro was accused only of initiating a Freemason, and was guilty of nothing more, from December 1789 to April 1791, fifteen months (before condemnation), he suffered in the cells of Sant' Angelo things which few men could suffer and live without going insane. That the torture was mostly mental at this time (the physical torture in its worst form came later) only makes it worse.

Warmth is refused him though it is winter and he is suffering. He is manacled and chained by the neck. Every effort is made to 'break his will.' The accusation that he had practised Masonry at Rome within the jurisdiction of the Holy Father and the Inquisition is a mere pretext. Every hole and corner of his life is ransacked for 'evidence'; anything, no matter what, is used to show that he is a danger to the world. His wife is made to 'confess,' is encouraged to talk about him, and every possible statement that can be used against him is carefully doctored to meet the case. The spies that have surrounded him for years are all utilized for the same purpose. He himself is worried, bullied, cajoled; questioned again and again on the same points until he says something that can be taken *out of its setting* and made to appear against him. He is dismissed, and before leaving is suddenly called back and asked again a question he has answered a dozen times already, in the hope that he will appear to contradict himself; every art and wile that a subtil psychology can invent is used to ruin him. And yet he maintains the power of thinking clearly, even of an occasional hard hit at his persecutors. There is a story that he was asked if he knew

the seven capital sins. He had irritated the inquisitors and the question was angrily flung at him. "Luxury, envy, greed, gluttony, and idleness...."

Cagliostro stopped.

"You forget pride and anger!" he was reminded.

"Pardon me," he replied, gently. "I did not forget. I refrained from naming them out of respect, and in order not to offend you!" This frankness was avenged in the official *Life of Cagliostro* in which he is shown to be a terrible person because he did not even know, when questioned, how many capital sins there are.

There is some mystery as to the exact position of the Pope. Both Jeanne d'Arc and Jacques de Molay had claimed an appeal to the Pope, and now Cagliostro himself declares that if he is permitted to lay his case before the Pope, the latter will not only adopt Egyptian Masonry as an ecclesiastical order, but will set him free at once! He is reported by the Vatican apologist to have declared:

"....all that I have done I have done by the command of God, with the power that he has communicated to me and to the advantage of God and the Holy Church; and I can give proofs of all that I have said and done, not only physically, but morally, showing that as I have served God for his own sake, and by the power of God, he has at last given me the antidote to confound and to combat hell, for I know no other enemies than these; and if I am wrong the Holy Father will punish me; if I am right, he will reward me; and if the Holy Father could have the report of this examination in his hands tonight; I predict to all my brethren, believers and unbelievers, that I should be free tomorrow morning."

Cagliostro had spoken.

The offense was the practice of Masonry in the dominions of the Pope. The accusation and examination wandered all over Europe, into every detail of Cagliostro's life, back into the history of Masonry, suggesting, leading, driving, using words of double meaning, bringing the 'evidence' of his wife against him, twisting his words out of their order and circumstance - it was not a trial of Cagliostro, but the trial of Masonry through Cagliostro. One instance of the methods adopted should make Masons think.

He had declared that after his experiences in a London lodge, where he had been treated, after the coarse manner of the time, as a butt for tasteless pleasantries, he had doubts as to the propriety of *such* Masonry. Now he declared that his Egyptian rite (founded on the original and true Eastern Masonry) was for the advantage of religion.

"You have avowed and subscribed to the confession that Masonry is contrary to religion; now you say it is for the advantage of religion. How do you reconcile these statements?" he was asked, in substance. "One of them is evidently a lie."

"I do not understand these verbal subtleties," he replied with asperity. "Surely I know what I am talking about!"

The methods of the examination were neither new nor unusual. Cagliostro attempted to answer freely, and his replies were promptly suppressed because he was wandering from the case. The Vatican reporter says that the judge had to "lead him, as it were by the hand." His wife was easier to "lead," and she said just about what she was told to say. She was not brought into the examination at all, but if Cagliostro attempted to cite her as a witness on his behalf he was met with the information -

"Yes, she has been examined on the matter, and has given evidence against you!"

If he was faced with some new accusation, some new falsehood, he learnt to recognise that she had been induced to make it, and instead of appealing to her evidence in his defense, he remarked:

"If my wife said that, she is a miserable wretch!"

Promptly the answer is entered against him. "If he were not guilty; he would not have suspected his wife of denouncing him on the point. Therefore it is one more admission on his part."

His judges condemned him to death. It was their highest card. It was promptly trumped, but only the lowest trump was used - purposely. An *unknown stranger* demanded an audience of the Pope and on giving his name was instantly admitted. The interview was short, and the stranger departed. The Pope decided that Cagliostro should not die there and then. This is what the Vatican apologist says:

"His defense was brought forward; it showed both the talent of his defenders [indeed it did!] and the bad state of his case: finally the time came for judgment. It was preceded, as all the rest of the procedure had been, by the most rigorous forms and practices in use even in ordinary criminal tribunals as that constitute the good administration of justice and prove to the accused that they are not unjustly condemned."

It is the tool of the Inquisition that is speaking; apparently he counts upon an audience devoid of either information or intelligence. The examination was interminably drawn out so long as there was the least hope of extracting new damaging details from the accused, and if his memory was short, the torture chamber inevitably refreshed it. This "rigorous form and practice of justice" has been well described by a recent Italian author precisely as we state it.

The case was then, after these "rigorous forms of justice," brought to the "assembly general of the Holy Office" on March 21, 1791, and before the Pope himself on April 7th.

"The judgment needed no great discussion," says the Vatican agent. "Cagliostro had confessed; the most convincing proofs demonstrated that he was the restorer and propagator of Egyptian Masonry in a great part of the world, that he had even practised it at Rome, and that he had there received two candidates."

Let it not be forgotten in the maze of Inquisitorial jargon that the last fifteen words are absolutely the whole case against Cagliostro.

"It was in vain that he had wished to avail himself of the sentiments of those who commute the penalty incurred by a heretic, a dogmatist, every time that he displays contrition and repentance; it was in vain that he had wished to utilize in his defense the proofs of repentance that he had given at the last; the edict of the council of state, of which we have spoken in the preceding chapter, cannot be put aside; the penalty of death which is there pronounced, is moreover fitting to a man who, both in matters of faith and in matters profane, has given himself up to every sort of rascality, and must be considered as one of the most pernicious members of society. [*This emanates from the Vatican press!*]

"But the *consultive* judgment of his destiny was entrusted to persons full of gentleness, the gentleness and the indulgence which inspire religion, and which animate the *consulters* of the Holy Inquisition; and his definitive sentence was reserved to the great

Pius VI, who, in the course of his glorious pontificate, has always known how to unite the characters of a just prince and a clement prince. He desired not the death of the malefactor and preferred to leave him time for a true repentance. Behold then the sentence which the supreme oracle pronounced upon the person of Joseph Balsamo; it entirely accords with justice, equity, prudence, religion, and public tranquillity, both for the estates of the Pope and for the rest of the world; we give it here in its entirety:

"Joseph Balsamo, attainted and convicted of several crimes, and of having incurred the censures and penalties pronounced against formal heretics, dogmatists, heresiarchs, masters and disciples of superstitious magic, had incurred the censures and penalties established, both by the Apostolic laws of Clement XII and Benedict XIV, against those who, in whatever manner, favor and form societies and conventicles of Freemasons, and also by the edict of the Council of State decreed against those who render themselves guilty of this crime at Rome or in any other place of the pontifical domination. However, as a special grace, the penalty which delivers the guilty man to the secular arm [that is to say to death], is commuted to perpetual imprisonment in a fortress, where he will be strictly guarded, without hope of pardon; and after he shall have made abjuration, as a formal heretic, in the present place of his detention, he will be absolved from censures, and there will be prescribed for him the salutary penances to which he has to submit.

"The manuscript book which is entitled *Egyptian Masonry*, is solemnly condemned, as containing rites, propositions, a doctrine, and a system, which open a long road to sedition; as Likely to destroy the Christian religion; and as superstitious, blasphemous, impious, and heretic. This book shall be publicly burnt by the hand of the executioner, with the instruments belonging to that sect.

"By a new Apostolic law are confirmed, not only the laws of the preceding pontiffs; but also the edict of the Council of State, which forbid societies and conventicles of Freemasons, making particular mention of the Egyptian sect, and of another vulgarly called the *Illuminati*; and there will be established the gravest corporal penalties, especially those of the heretics, against any person whatsoever who associates with these societies or shall protect them."

XII. The End

Cagliostro was removed to the fortress of San Leo, in the Duchy of Urbino. On May 4th, 1791, the public burning at the hands of the executioner of Cagliostro's papers, effects, and Masonic paraphernalia, was celebrated with all the ceremonial drama of the Inquisition. As each article was thrown into the fire, the crowd clapped their hands and uttered cries of joy. What could they know about Freemasonry? The only plausible reason for their joy, if it was spontaneous, must have been that their God had been saved from the terrible onslaughts of - a Cagliostro!

The abjuration is described by a modern author:

"The Holy Office desired to offer the thaumaturge to the populace as a spectacle, to show this heretic Freemason as an abject penitent. Cagliostro, in his penitent's garb, feet bare, a candle in his hand, between the two files of monks, passed from the castle of

Sant' Angelo to Santa Maria. There, on his knees before the altar, he asked pardon of God and of the Holy Church and abjured his errors...."

Somehow the thing seems overdone: one would like to ask several questions on the matter. However, let us follow what has been published.

"On the morrow, the prisoner, suddenly awakened, was conducted by night, under a strong escort, to San Leo. While he was asleep they had taken away his clothes and substituted a new suit which he had to put on. All these precautions were ordered by the Cardinal Secretary of State, who hoped perhaps to find some trace of a correspondence with persons outside. At any rate the Cardinal Zelada directed the governor of Sant' Angelo* to give all possible facilities to the two agents of the Holy Office who had been given orders from the Sovereign Pontiff to make a minute search, both in the cell where Joseph Balsamo had been imprisoned and among his clothes, his rags and books that remained.

* "In Rome, Darbargiri Nath [a high chela] went to the prison of Cagliostro at the Fort *Sant Angelo*, and remained in the terrible hole for more than an hour. What he did there, would give Mr. Hodgson the ground work for another *scientific* Report if he could only investigate the fact."

- *Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, p. 110

They had not yet discovered his secret. The search must go on!

Imprisoned in San Leo, they yet feared a possible escape, for they knew that Cagliostro had really extraordinary powers. Any other man would have been safe enough there, but this man had power that might even laugh at the grave, if he chose to use it. So a convenient anonymous letter being received by Cardinal Doria, denouncing a project of the French for rescuing Cagliostro gave the needed excuse for putting him in an *oubliette*, (literally "a place forgotten"), practically a well, instead of his stone chamber. Balloons were then attracting much attention, and Cagliostro had declared that before balloons could be steered they must be made in some other shape than globular! Therefore rumor said a balloon was to be used to rescue him; this gave excellent color to the plan of putting him in an underground hole.

The governor of the prison himself is our authority for some of the details of the life of his prisoner in San Leo. The cruel cynicism of his description is revolting. Mysterious confessors visited his cell, ever seeking to drag his 'secret' from him. If Cagliostro showed himself 'obstinate' there were other means of "bringing him to reason." Shrieks and blood-curdling cries are said to have come from his cell and disturbed the whole fortress.

"Cagliostro is drunk again," said the governor of the prison, cynically. As if he could obtain anything more than just enough food to keep life in his body!

The prisoner makes some statement which appears paradoxical. The confessors for the day are irritated at their non-success.

"It is evident that a man who says such things is insane," declares the governor. "The *bastonnade* was even insufficient to make him keep silence!" says this agent of the Inquisition, Sempronio Semproni, in a letter dated July, 1793.

There is a famous *mot*: "One doesn't live ten years in the Inquisition's hands." That a man should live six months under such a deliberate system of slow death and torture is one of the greatest wonders in connexion with this wonderful life. That Cagliostro lived until August 28th, 1795, more than five years from the date of his arrest, is but a proof the more that he possessed powers and a will of extraordinary development - powers such as he exhibited to the public even in such humanitarian work as that of a thaumaturgic healer.

He died, it is said, of an apoplectic attack at the time when the French armies entered Italy, a convenient date for those who feared him and the liberating legions of Napoleon, *the Freemason*.

If the reader is dissatisfied with this veracious account, there is an alternative. The Pope's Secretary told the antiquary Hirt that Cagliostro was really put to death in his cell for having tried to throttle one of the confessors who was paying him a visit.

If still dissatisfied with the second veracious statement of Cagliostro's death, there is a third account which some like to believe, since it is given on the authority of one who made thousands of seemingly impossible statements, not one of which has yet been proved untrue, while most have been absorbed into 'common knowledge' in the fifty or so years since they startled the world with their novelty. We refer to H. P. Blavatsky. Able investigators have done wonders to clear up the story of Cagliostro, though they reject the cornerstone of the whole fabric in denying that he had anything to do with Count Saint-Germain, or that Madame Blavatsky's information is worth consideration, or that even Eliphas Levi* (the Abbe Louis Constant, the famous Kabalist) knew anything about him.

The explanation of this is simple. It is Madame Blavatsky who gave to the world information as to the real fate of Cagliostro and of his connexion with Count Saint-Germain and the learned Dr. Mesmer of Vienna. It is she also who quotes a Polish Count of that name at that time in France, a mystic mentioned in Madame de Krudner's letters which are with the writer's [H. P. B.'s] family, and one who belonged, together with Mesmer and Count Saint-Germain, to the Lodge of the Philalethes. Where are Savalette de Langes' manuscripts and documents left by him after his death to the Philosophic Scottish Rite [Lost?]

In *Lucifer*, Vol. V, p. 393, H. P. Blavatsky writes:

"Many are the absurd and entirely contradictory statements about Joseph Balsamo, Count de Cagliostro; so called, several of which were incorporated by Alexander Dumas in his *Memoires d'un Medecin*, with those prolific variations of truth and fact which so characterize Dumas *pere's* romances. But though the world is in possession of a most miscellaneous and varied mass of information concerning that remarkable and unfortunate man during most of his life, yet of the last ten years and of his death, nothing certain is known, save only the legend that he died in the prison of the Inquisition. True, some fragments published recently by the Italian *savant*, Giovanni Sforza, from the private correspondence of Lorenzo Prospero Bottini, the Roman ambassador of the Republic of Lucca at the end of the last century, have somewhat filled the wide gap. This correspondence with Pietro Calandrini, the great Chancellor of the said Republic, begins

from 1784, but the really interesting information commences only in 1789, in a letter dated June 6 of that year, and even then we do not learn much.

* Eliphas Levi refers to Cagliostro in his *Dogme de la Haute Magie*, I, 219-20, as having "died forsaken in the cells of the Inquisition," a statement which H. P. Blavatsky challenges with the direct assertion that it was a false statement, and that, moreover, the Abbe Constant (Eliphas Levi) "*knew* it was so."

"It speaks of the 'celebrated Count di Cagliostro, who has recently arrived with his wife from Trent *via* Turin to Rome. People say he is a native of Sicily and extremely wealthy, but no one knows whence that wealth. He has a letter of introduction from the Bishop of Trent to Albani.... So far his daily walk in life as well as his private and public status are above reproach. Many are those seeking an interview with him, to hear from his own lips the corroboration of what is being said of him.' From another letter we learn that Rome had proven an ungrateful soil for Cagliostro. He had the intention of settling at Naples, but the plan could not be realized. The Vatican authorities who had hitherto left the Count undisturbed, suddenly laid their heavy hand upon him. In a letter dated 2 January, 1790, just a year after Cagliostro's arrival, it is stated that: 'last Sunday secret and extraordinary debates in council took place at the Vatican.' It (the council) consisted of the State Secretary and Antonelli, Pillotta and Campanelli. Monsignor Figgerenti performing the duty of Secretary. The object of that secret council remains unknown, but public rumour asserts that it was called forth owing to the sudden arrest on the night between Saturday and Sunday, of the Count di Cagliostro, his wife, and a Capuchin, Fra Giuseppe Maurijio. The Count is incarcerated in Fort St. Angelo, the Countess in the Convent of St. Apollonia, and the monk in the prison of Araceli. That monk who calls himself 'Father Swizzero,' is regarded as a confederate of the famous magician. In the number of crimes he is accused of is included that of the circulation of a book by an unknown author, condemned to public burning and entitled 'The Three Sisters.' The object of this work is 'to *pulverize* certain three high-born individuals.'

"The real meaning of this most extraordinary misinterpretation is easy to guess. It is a work on Alchemy; the 'three sisters' standing symbolically for the three 'Principles' in their duplex symbolism. On the plane of occult chemistry they 'pulverize' the triple ingredient used in the process of the transmutation of metals; on the plane of Spirituality they reduce to a state of pulverization the three 'lower' *personal* 'principles' in man, an explanation that every Theosophist is bound to understand.

"The trial of Cagliostro lasted for a long time. In a letter of March the 17th, Bottini writes to his Lucca correspondent that the famous 'wizard' has finally appeared before the Holy Inquisition. The real cause of this slowness of the proceedings was that the Inquisition; with all its dexterity at fabricating proofs, could find no weighty evidence to prove the guilt of Cagliostro. Nevertheless, on April the 7th 1791 he was condemned to death. He was accused of various and many crimes, the chiefest of which are his being a Mason and an 'Illuminate,' an 'Enchanter' occupied with unlawful studies; he was also accused of deriding the *holy* Faith, of doing harm to society, of possessing himself by *means unknown* of large sums of money, and of inciting others, sex, age and social

standing notwithstanding, to do the same. In short, we find the unfortunate Occultist condemned to an ignominious death for deeds committed, the like of which are daily and publicly committed now-a-days, by more than one Grand Master of the Masons, as also by hundreds of thousands of kabbalists and Masons, mystically inclined. After this verdict the 'arch heretic's' documents, diplomas from foreign Courts and Societies, Masonic regalia and *family relics* were solemnly burned by the public hangmen in the *Piazza della Minerva*, before enormous crowds of people. First his books and instruments were consumed. Among these was the MS. on the *Maconnerie Egyptienne*, which thus can no longer serve as a witness *in favour* of the reviled man. And now the condemned Occultist had to be passed over to the hands of the civil Tribunal, when a mysterious event happened.

"A stranger, never seen by anyone before or after in the Vatican, appeared and demanded a private audience of the Pope, sending him by the Cardinal Secretary a word instead of a name. He was immediately received, but only stopped with the Pope a few minutes. No sooner was he gone than his Holiness gave orders to commute the death sentence of the Count to that of imprisonment for life, in the fortress called the Castle of St. Leo, and that the whole transaction should be conducted in great secrecy. The monk Swizzero was condemned to ten years' imprisonment; and the Countess Cagliostro was set at liberty, but only to be confined on a new charge of heresy in a convent.

"But what was the Castle of St. Leo? It now stands on the frontiers of Tuscany and was then in the Papal States, in the Duchy of Urbino. It is built on the top of an enormous rock, almost perpendicular on all sides; to get into the 'Castle' in those days, one had to enter a kind of open basket which was hoisted up by ropes and pulleys. As to the criminal, he was placed in a special box, after which the jailors pulled him up 'with the rapidity of the wind.' On April 23rd 1792 Giuseppe Balsamo - if so we must call him - ascended *heavenward* in the criminal's box, incarcerated in that living tomb for life. Giuseppe Balsamo is mentioned for the last time in the Bottini correspondence in a letter dated March 10th 1792. The ambassador speaks of a marvel produced by Cagliostro in his prison during his leisure hours. A long rusty nail taken by the prisoner out of the floor was transformed by him without the help of any instrument into a sharp triangular *stiletto*, as smooth, brilliant and sharp as if it were made of the finest steel. It was recognized for an old nail only by its head, left by the prisoner to serve as a handle. The State Secretary gave orders to have it taken away from Cagliostro and brought to Rome, and to double the watch over him.

"And now comes the last kick of the jackass at the dying or dead lion. Luigi Angiolini, a Tuscan diplomat, writes as follows: 'At last that same Cagliostro, who made so many believe that he had been a contemporary of Julius Caesar, who reached such fame and so many friends, died from apoplexy August 26th 1795. Semirani had him buried in a wood-barn below a fence peasants used to pilfer constantly the crown property. The crafty chaplin reckoned very justly that the man who had inspired the world with such superstitious fear while living, would inspire people with the same feeling after his death, and thus keep the thieves at bay...."

"But yet-a query! Was Cagliostro dead and buried indeed in 1702 [1795], at St. Leo? And if so, why should the custodians at the Castle of St. Angelo of Rome show innocent tourists the little square hole in which Cagliostro was said to have been confined and 'died'? Why such uncertainty or - imposition, and such disagreement in the legend? Then there are Masons who to this day tell strange stories in Italy. Some say that

Cagliostro escaped in an unaccountable way from his aerial prison, and thus forced his jailors to spread the news of his death and burial. Others maintain that he not only escaped, but, thanks to the Elixir of Life, still lives on, though over twice three score and ten years old!

"'Why' asks Bottini, 'if he really possessed the powers he claimed, has he not indeed vanished from his jailors, and thus escaped the degrading punishment altogether?'

"We have heard of another prisoner, greater in every respect than Cagliostro ever claimed to be. Of that prisoner too, it was said in mocking tones, 'He saved others; himself he cannot save.... let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe....'

"How long shall charitable people build the biographies of the living and ruin the reputations of the dead, with such incomparable unconcern, by means of idle and often entirely false gossip of people, and these generally the slaves of prejudice!

"So long, we are forced to think, as they remain ignorant of the Law of Karma and its iron justice." - H. P. B.

ADDENDA

[from *Theosophical Forum*]

From *The Theosophical Glossary* by H. P. Blavatsky:

"*Cagliostro*. A famous Adept, whose real name is claimed (by his enemies) to have been Joseph Balsamo. He was a native of Palermo, and studied under some mysterious foreigner of whom little has been ascertained. His accepted history is too well-known to need repetition, and his real history has never been told. His fate was that of every human being who proves that he knows more than do his fellow creatures; he was 'stoned to death' by persecutions, lies, and infamous accusations, and yet he was the friend and adviser of the highest and mightiest of every land he visited. He was finally tried and sentenced in Rome as a heretic, and *was said* to have died during his confinement in a State prison (See 'Mesmer.') Yet his end was not utterly undeserved, as he had been untrue to his vows in some respects, had fallen from his state of chastity and yielded to ambition and selfishness." - p.67

From *The Theosophical Glossary*, by H. P. Blavatsky:

"*Mesmer, Friedrich Anton*. The famous physician who rediscovered and applied practically that magnetic fluid in man which was called animal magnetism and since then Mesmerism. He was born in Schwaben in 1734, and died in 1815. He was an initiated member of the Brotherhood of the *Fratres Lucis* and of Lukshoor (or Luxor), or the Egyptian branch of the latter. It was the council of 'Luxor' which selected him - according to the orders of the 'Great Brotherhood' - to act in the XVIIIth century as their usual pioneer, sent in the last quarter of every century to enlighten a small portion of the Western nations in occult lore. It was St. Germain who supervised the development of events in this case;

and later Cagliostro was commissioned to help, but having made a series of mistakes, more or less fatal, he was *recalled*. Of these three men who were at first regarded as quacks, Mesmer is already vindicated. The justification of the two others will follow in the next century. Mesmer founded the 'Order of Universal Harmony' in 1783, in which presumably only animal magnetism was taught, but which in reality expounded the tenets of Hippocrates, the methods of the ancient *Asclepieia*, the Temples of Healing, and many other occult sciences." - pp. 198-9

"On Cagliostro," by G. de Purucker:

"I have listened with intense interest to this your most unusual study, and I should not have thought it at all incumbent upon me to say a word, had not the idea passed suddenly through my head that two things might indeed be said, both of a helpful and perhaps of a prudential character. The latter, therefore, I will advert to very briefly as the first thing that I have to say to you.

"I think it a dangerous matter, my dear Comrades, to stress the fact at any time, in anything that goes out to the public - or rather to stress the idea - that the Teachers of Wisdom and of Compassion and of Peace send forth their Messengers to meddle in the political turmoils of any age, or to be involved in directing fervered human passions of disagreement into channels even possibly leading to human bloodshed, or to the rending of ties of human affection and love thus leading to the misery of broken hearts. The Teachers guide humanity spiritually and intellectually; they instil lessons of mercy and of pity; and even as regards the very highest of the Teachers of Wisdom and Compassion and Peace - and these last highest because they are such utterly *impersonal* servants of the Law - I know that the Masters are not instigators of strife or of human trouble; and the greatest of these of whom I speak, should indeed they ever act as agents of karmic destiny, do so with the sole objective of ameliorating conditions in human life, and because it is their sublime duty to restore peace and harmony and brotherly love. Should such Exalted Individuals ever concern themselves with the political turmoils of any age, they do so only as Peace-makers.

"Now, these are words which I have chosen carefully. I do not wish to be understood as meaning that the Teachers stand apart cold-bloodedly, and indifferently see things running to ruin; that is not the idea. The inference which I ask you to draw from what I say I believe to be the fact; is this: they do not instigate human quarrels, nor stimulate human passions, nor, on the other hand, direct the affairs of the world as *dii ex cathedra* - as exterior gods pulling the wires of action of human beings, their dancing marionettes. They do not.

"There is a great danger in having this mistaken idea that I allude to, because as our Society grows and increases in importance and in its influence over the hearts and minds of men, we must be able to show that our record has been clean from the beginning, so that at no time in the future can an opponent point an accusing finger at any action done or at any remark made in the past by any Theosophist, and say: 'Look! Out of their own records they condemn themselves to be political meddlers!' The Society is absolutely non-political, because soaring high above the stormy arena of human political passions; as an

organization we have no concern with politics and never have, although as individuals our members hold such political opinions as seem right and proper to them as honest men.

"Turning now to the second idea that occurred to me, my dear Brothers: I am very doubtful as to how much I should say on this point. I speak with extreme reserve. I ask you to use your own imagination and your own intellect, and to allow your own heart to answer, when I say that there is a mystery connected with the individual called Giuseppe Balsamo and the individual known to the world generally as Cagliostro. It is upon the document issued from the Vatican containing the story of the so-called trial and condemnation of Cagliostro that most later students and historians of the checkered and wonderful career of that remarkable man assume that Cagliostro and Giuseppe Balsamo were one individual.

"I can only say that there is a strange mystery involved in the of these two: Balsamo and Cagliostro. How strange is the statement, if true, that both had the name *Pellegrini*, which means *Pilgrims!* How strange is it that Giuseppe Balsamo is the Italian form of the name Joseph Balm, suggesting a healing influence; and that 'Balsamo,' whether rightly or wrongly, can be traced to a compound Semitic word which means 'Lord of the Sun' - 'Son of the Sun'; while the Hebrew name Joseph signifies 'increase' or 'multiplication.' How strange it is that Cagliostro's first teacher was called *Althotas*, a curious word containing the Arabic definite article 'the,' suffixed with a common Greek ending 'as,' and containing the Egyptian word *Thoth*, who was the Greek *Hermes* - the *Initiator!* How that Cagliostro was called an 'orphan,' the 'unhappy child of Nature!' Every initiate in one sense is just that; every initiate is an 'orphan' without father, without mother, because mystically speaking every initiate is *self-born*. How strange it is that other names under which Cagliostro is stated to have lived at various times have in each instance a singular esoteric signification! Study these names. They are very interesting.

"Perhaps I might go one shade of thought farther: to every Cagliostro who appears there is always a Balsamo. Closely accompany and indeed inseparable from every Messenger there is his 'Shadow.' With every Christ appears a Judas. And as regards what you, my Brothers, have so admirably set forth this evening concerning the reason, as given by our beloved H. P. Blavatsky, of Cagliostro's 'failure,' let me point this out: that Cagliostro's failure was not one of merely vulgar human passion, nor was it one of vulgar human ambition, as ordinary men understand these terms. When Julian the Apostate - called 'apostate' because he refused to be from the ancient religion of his forefathers - led his against Shapur, King of Persia, he did so well knowing that he was acting against the esoteric Law; and yet in one sense he could not do otherwise, for his individual karman compelled him to the act. I tell you that there are at times more tragedies in the life of a Messenger than you could easily understand, for a Messenger is sworn to obedience in both directions - obedience to the general law of his karman from which he may not turn a single step, and obedience equally strict to the Law of those who sent him forth. There are in such cases problems to solve sometimes which break the heart, but which nevertheless must be solved.

"Be, therefore, charitable in your judgment of that great and unhappy man, Cagliostro!"

- From *Lucifer*, Vol. 11, No. 1, January-February, 1931, pp. 20-22

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