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MEMORIAL, OR BRIEF,

FOR THE

COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO,

D E F E N D A N T:

AGAINST THE

KING'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL,

P L A I N T I F F:

IN THE CAUSE OF THE

CARDINAL DE ROHAN,

COMTESSE DE LA MOTTE,

A N D O T H E R S.

From the FRENCH ORIGINAL, published in
PARIS, in FEBRUARY last;

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

BY PARKYNS MACMAHON.

Monsieur de CAGLIOSTRO ne demande que Tranquillité, & Sureté,
"l'Hospitalité les lui assure."

Lettre de M. le Comte de Vergennes, p. 22.

D U B L I N:

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P R E F A C E.

THERE is hardly an instance upon record, of a question so intricate, so lost as it were, in a wilderness of complicated incidents as that of the famous necklace, supposed to have been bought of the very Jewellers of the *Crown*, for the use of the Sovereign. And by whom? By a man of the first rank both in temporal and clerical dignities. By PRINCE LOUIS DE ROHAN, a descendant of one of the first families in France, whose ancestors have had independent principalities of their own in Britany. Himself a Prince of the Roman Empire, in right of his Bishoprick of Strasburgh, Grand-Almoner to his most Christian Majesty, and a Cardinal; to crown the whole, a man possessed of livings and church preferments to the yearly amount of 60,000l. Sterling, besides a large patrimony of his own.

Such is the person charged with the commission of a crime which would put even the most consummate depravity to the blush. Virtue and vice they say have each their progressive degrees. No one can be all at once a wretch. Thus far therefore I think that probabilities militate strongly in favour of the Cardinal, that the facts may do so likewise, must be the wish of all those who have at heart the dignity of MAN.

But

But my object is not at present to dive into this iniquitous mystery. It is the Cardinal's pretended or real accomplices, if not rather his seducers, who call up my attention.

The first, who is involved in this affair, and may, in all likelihood, prove the very contriver of the whole Plot, is the Comtesse De la Motte. This Lady's descent from Henry the II. of France, by the bastard line, is established beyond contradiction; but the obscurity in which she lived, before the benevolent hand of the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers was stretch'd out to her assistance, was by no means favourable to the display of those noble sentiments which the world naturally looks for in persons, whose birth sets them above the vulgar. Brought up to the business of a mantua-maker, she early imbibed that spirit of intrigue inseparable (I speak of Paris) from that occupation. The first I can trace her to have carried on, *on her own account*, is her intimacy with one *La Motte*, styled in the memorial of the Comtesse, an officer of Gendarms; though in fact he never rose above the situation of a private in that corps, and who is now dubbed a *Comte*, with as much right to that title, as thousands of our French visitors here can pretend to that of Chevalier, Marquis, &c. &c.

The *next* in succession, though he certainly deserves to be mentioned *first*, is the celebrated Comte DE CAGLIOSTRO. The extraordinary character of that unaccountable being has too long puzzled the inquisitive part of mankind, (and few of us indeed can plead an exception),

not

not to merit the immediate attention I pay to him, in preference to the Comteſſe. My intention being to give, hereafter, a full account of the whole tranſaction; that Lady's memorial will have its turn next, together with every particular concerning the Cardinal, and the authenticity of my correſpondence will enable me to do it in a full and ſatisfactory manner, ſo far as relates to plain matter of fact.

COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO leaves the public in perfect darkneſs about his birth and parents. Hence ſo many conjectures made by idle ſpeculators. One of them, determined at all events to give a father, at leaſt, to the Comte, has fixed upon the late Grand Maſter of Malta, PINTO. He gravely tells the world, that a Malteſe Galley, captured, about 37 years ago, a Turkiſh pleaſure-boat, with ſeveral young Ladies of the firſt diſtinction on board, one of them *exchanged hearts* with the Grand Maſter, who by his holy vow of celibacy, could make of his fair capture any thing, but a lawful wife. Some little time after the Grand Signior, by the interpoſition of the French Court, obtained that the Ladies ſhould be returned to their diſconſolate parents. They all ſet off together, not even the *Grand Miſtreſs* excepted. The latter could not eaſily conceal her ſhame; ſhe was brought to bed of a boy. Her father enraged at this, though a very common accident, would have deſtroyed the fruit of his daughter's unlawful amour; but ſhe found means to have the child put in a place of ſafety

and soon after died by poison or of a broken heart. Thus runs the tale of the day.

But I am happy to have it in my power to refute the above fiction, by an account of Cagliostro's real birth. My Author is the *COURIER DE L'EUROPE* of the 10th instant. A paper which, in point of French information, I look upon as the only criterion of authenticity.

The imperial family of the *COMNENES* have long reigned independent over the Christian Empire of Trebifond; but, by process of time, they became tributary to the Turks. From that noble source Comte de Cagliostro derives his origin. This is now proved beyond any dispute. He was born in the capital of that empire, and is acknowledged to be the only surviving son of the Prince who, about 35 years ago, sway'd the precarious sceptre of Trebifond. At that period, when Comte Cagliostro was in, or near the third year of his age, a revolution took place, the reigning Prince his father was massacred by the seditious, and himself by some trusty friend to the weaker party, carried to Medina, where the Cherif had the unprejudiced generosity to have him brought up in the religion of his Christian parents.

Whether Comte de Cagliostro has thought proper, from political reasons, to remain, as it were, in a cloud, or actuated by the spirit of a becoming pride, has disdained to gratify the curiosity of a nation, where he has been treated with so much indignity: certain

it

P R E F A C E. vii

it is, that his high descent is no longer contested: but even circumstantially proved in his memorial, wherein he recites, that the black slave in his service, told him, *of all things* to beware of the *city of Trebifond*, and predicted the misfortunes that were to befall him, after his departure from Mecca.

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M E M O R I A L

FOR THE

COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO.

I AM oppressed—accused—defamed!—Have I deserved this fate?—I consult with my conscience, and there I find that peace which men refuse me.

I have travelled much—I am known all over Europe, and the greatest part of Africa and Asia.—I have, in every place, shewn myself a friend to my fellow-creatures.—My knowledge, my time, my fortune, have constantly been employed in administering comfort to the unfortunate. I have studied, practised physic; but never disgraced that noblest and most comforting science by any lucrative speculations. Yielding to a secret, an irresistible impulse, I flew to the relief of suffering humanity, and thus became a physician.

B

Rich

Rich enough to move easy within that sphere of benevolence which I had traced out for myself, I found means to preserve my independence by *giving*, but never *receiving*; my delicacy was such, that I refused rewards, even from the hands of Sovereigns.—The wealthy I have assisted with remedies and advice—to the poor I have given both money and remedies.—Debts I never contracted; in my morals I am chaste, nay, I will say it, austere; I never gave offence to any one, either in my words, deeds, or writings. The injuries offered to me I have freely forgiven; the good I have done, was done in silence. A stranger every-where, I have every-where fulfilled the duties of a good citizen—every-where I have respected the religion, the laws, and government.—Such is the history of my life.

Settled for these six years amongst a sensible, generous, and hospitable people, I thought to have found at last a country that I could adopt for my own.—I already enjoyed the flattering prospect of doing good to my new countrymen:—A sudden clap of thunder has dispelled the fond illusion, and I find myself entombed within the dungeon of the Bastille.—My wife, too! the most amiable, the most virtuous of women, has been dragged into the same abyss.—The thickest walls, bolts without number, part her from me.—She laments her fate, and I cannot hear her moans!—If I interrogate my gaolers, they are silent. Alas! perhaps she is no more! How could
her

her tender frame resist to such sufferings? Hath it been possible for her to live six months in a place, where man himself has occasion for all his strength, all his fortitude, all his resignation, to struggle against despair?—But I entertain the reader with my own woes, forgetting that I am doomed to enter into my justification.

I have been apprehended and cast into a prison!—What crime have I committed?—What is the charge brought against me?—Who is my accuser?—Is there any witness to depose against me?—I am completely in the dark.—Even the nature of the complaint, on which the warrant is grounded, is not known to me; and yet they will have me to justify myself!—How can I ward off a blow struck by an invisible hand?—I am answered, that the criminal law here will have it so.—I am silent, and with an aching heart I humbly submit to a law so severe, and so alarming to impeached innocence.

All I can do, therefore, is to surmise what may be the nature of the charge. If I conjecture right, I shall have combated against mere chimeras; but I shall have spoken in favour of truth, and given to the sensible part of the public, an opportunity of setting a proper value on the libels published against a wretched man, at the very time that he lingers in captivity, threatened with the two-edged sword of justice and power.

STATE OF THE QUESTION.

That Messrs. Bohmer and Bassanges have delivered, to the Cardinal de Rohan, a necklace valued at 1,600,000 livres, is a fact which seems now fully established.

It seems equally certain, that the Cardinal has declared to the jewellers, that he acted only as an agent in the business; that the real purchaser was the Queen; and that, to this effect, he produced a written instrument, reciting the terms under which the purchase was to be made, and having, in the margin, these words: "*Bon—bon—approuvé* MARIE—AN—TOINETTE DE FRANCE."

Her Majesty has declared, that "she had never given any orders for the purchase of the necklace; that she *never* had approved of the supposed terms, and that she *never* received the necklace."

It is then beyond dispute, that the reality of a misdemeanour is fully established—but of what nature is the offence?

Common sense tells me, and my counsel's opinion confirms it, that there is no material forgery in the case; not the least pain has been taken to imitate the Queen's hand-writing; nay the signature, subscribed to the paper, by which the jewellers have been deceived, is not, they say, that which her Majesty usually assumes.

What

What then must it be called?—A *supposititious signature*, with an intent to defraud the jewellers and entice them to deliver up, upon trust, a trinket of great value, which, perhaps, they would not have consented to, had they known that it was intended for any other person but the Queen herself.

What have the laws decreed against this crime? What punishment is provided to punish the abuse of a sacred name? I know not, nor does it concern me to be informed of it: all I have to do in this affair, is to ask justice for myself, and pardon for the offender.—Submissive innocence hath perhaps a right to hold this language.

But who is the offender?

Did Cardinal de Rohan know that the signature was an imposition?—Did he know, that the Queen had, in fact, given no order concerning the necklace?—Did he know, in fine, that the necklace was not to be delivered to the Queen?

On the very contrary: has he not been the innocent accomplice in a fraud, to which he was the first to fall a victim? Did he think,—had he not a right to believe, that he had been chosen as negotiator in a transaction acceptable to the Queen, and which her Majesty wished, for a time, to be kept secret.

Involved, I know not how, in such material concerns, I shall not degrade in this circumstance, the title of the *friend of mankind*, which has at times been conferred upon me, perhaps not unworthily; I shall expose my
innocence

innocence without declaring for any party. Traduced in the most unaccountable manner by a woman whom I have never injured, I most sincerely wish that she may fully clear herself. Happy if justice can find no more than *one person* guilty in this affair!

The Cardinal pretends, that he has been imposed upon by the Comtesse DE LA MOTTE. The latter has, in the greatest hurry, and before any decree had been obtained, published a memorial in which she charges me with being a sharper—a forcerer—a thief, and namely, that I had laid, and carried into execution, a plan for ruining Cardinal de Rohan; and also that I had secreted the necklace, deposited with me, in order to add so much more to the *hidden treasures of an unexampled fortune*.

Such are, in a few words, the imputations laid to my charge. Their being inserted in a ministerial interrogatory, has brought me and my wife to the dungeons of the Bastille: and their having been repeated in a printed memorial with the most aggravating circumstances, invented at leisure, is the cause of my having been apprehended by virtue of a warrant granted for that purpose.

I shall refute, since I am compelled to do it, those imputations, which, in any other circumstance, I would have only treated with contempt. But before I go any further, I must shew myself what I really am. It is time the world should know who is that COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO, concerning whom so many absurd

furd tales have been related. As long as I have been permitted to remain in peaceful obscurity, I have constantly refused to satisfy the curiosity of the public; now, that I dwell in captivity; now, that the laws call me to an account of my actions—I shall speak. All I know of myself I shall relate with candor, and perhaps the history of my life will not be the most unimportant article of my justification.

The CONFESSIO*N* of COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO.

I CANNOT speak positively as to the place of my nativity, nor to the parents who gave me birth. From various circumstances of my life I have conceived some doubts, in which the reader perhaps will join with me. But I repeat it: all my enquiries have ended only in giving me some great notions, 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 thro' 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 Mahometan Religion, and that his constant residence is at Medina.

I recollect perfectly that I had then four persons in my service; a governor, between 55 and 60 years of age, whose name was Althotas, and three servants, a white one who attended

attended me as valet-de-chambre, and two blacks, one of whom was constantly about me night and day.

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 drop'd by chance, have induced me to suspect that I was born at Malta; but this circumstance I never have been able to ascertain.

ALTHOTAS, whose name I cannot speak without the tendèrest 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 Physic.

By him I was taught to worship God, to love and assist my neighbours, to respect, every where, religion and the laws.

We both dressed like mussulmen, and conform'd outwardly to the mode of Mahometan worship; but the true religion was imprinted in our hearts.

The Muphti, who visited me often, always treated me with great goodness, and seem'd 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 subterraneous caves dug out by the ancient Egyptians,

Egyptians, to be made the repository of human knowledge, and shelter the precious trust from the injuries of succeeding times.

I was now in my twelfth year. The desire of travelling, 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 by him prepared, and we set out after having taken our 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 amongst the descendants of Mahomet. I here alter'd my dress from a simple, which I had worn hitherto, to a more splendid one. On the third day after our arrival, I was, by my governor, presented to the Cherif, who honour'd 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 drop'd 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 at the recollection.

I remained

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 surprized his eyes rivetted 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 had been a crime in me to wish for some information concerning my parents, and the place where I was born.

At night, I would converse with the black, 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, that I was more pressing than usual, he told me that if ever I should leave Mecca, I was threatened with the greatest misfortunes, but above all, bid me beware of the city of Trebifond.

My inclination to travel got the better of his forebodings.—I was tired with 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 favour struck me with amazement; he strain'd me to his bosom with more than usual tenderness, bid me never cease to adore the Almighty, telling me that as long as I should persist 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 for ever remain imprinted in my memory.

This was our last interview. The caravan waited only for me, I set off, and quitted Mecca never to re-enter it more.

I began the course of my travels by visiting Egypt. I inspected those celebrated pyramids, which, to the eye of a superficial observer, only present 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 traveller ever entered before.

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

It is not here 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 favourable 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 then an easy matter for my well-wishers, to come at the truth of most of the facts which I am about to relate.

Accompanied

Accompanied by my Governor and the three attendants who continued in my service, I arrived, in the year 1766, at the island 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 do me the honours of the island.

Here, for the first time, I assumed the European dress, and with it the name of Comte de 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, Grand 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, 20 years after that period, I should be apprehended and dragged to the Bastile, for being honoured with the friendship of a prince of that name!

I have

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 *Trebifond*; 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 travelling and the predominant desire of practising physic, induced me to decline offers, equally generous as they were honourable.

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 my hand, he said to me with an almost expiring voice: "my son, keep for ever before your eyes the fear 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

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 birth-place of my companion.

The Chevalier, on account of his own affairs, having been obliged to undertake some private voyages, 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 shut up in my apartment, endeavouring to improve myself in the Italian language, my valet-de-chambre introduced to me the secretary of Cardinal Ursini, whose business was to request I would 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 honour of conferring repeatedly with his Holiness.

I was then (1770) in my 22d year. Fortune procured me the acquaintance of a young lady of quality, *Serafina Felichiani*; she was hardly
out

out of her infancy, her dawning charms kindled in my bosom a flame, which sixteen years marriage have only served to strengthen. It is that unfortunate woman, whom neither her virtues, her innocence, her quality of stranger could save from the hardship of a captivity as cruel, as it is unmerited.

Having neither time, or 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 to whom I have been known. Most of them are still in being, their testimony I challenge aloud. Let them declare whether I was ever guilty of any action disgraceful to a man of honour. Let them say whether I have at any time sued for a favour; 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 Medinaceli, Comte de 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 honour to be introduced.

IN COURLAND.

The present reigning Duke and Duchefs. All the courts in Germany.

AT PETERSBURGH.

Prince Potenehin, Mr. Nariscin, General Gelacin, the General of the Cossacs, General Medecino, Chevalier De Corberon, the French chargé d'affaires at that Court.

IN POLAND.

Countess Comceska, Comte Gevufki, the Princess of ———, now Princess of Nassau, &c.

I shall

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

I arrived at Strasburgh on the 19th of September, 1780, and, a few days after, being met by Comte Gavuski, who knew me again, I was forced to give way to the earnest solicitations of the inhabitants, and of all the Alsacian nobility, to make my knowledge in physics 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 Strasburgh, are acquainted with my conduct there, and my occupations. If I have been libelled by some obscure scribblers, the public newspapers and some equitable writers have done me justice. I shall refer the reader to the valuable work intituled *Letters sur la Suisse*. Vol. I. p. 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 Strasburgh, will also vouch to the number of soldiers cured by me.

Ask the inn-keepers; they will tell you if their houses, their hotels, &c. could suffice to the concourse of strangers who resorted to Strasburgh on my account.

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

The keepers of the different gaols 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 offence; 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 any one, 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 BAS-TILE.

I had been at Strasburgh 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

hearing of my residence at Strasburgh, was come there for no other purpose than that of strengthening the bonds of our mutual friendship.

The Chevalier has 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 Strasburgh, 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 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 honoured me with a visit, in order to consult with me about the illness of Prince Soubise, who was afflicted with a mortification, and 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 polite-

ness, 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 got to Paris, and the Cardinal would have carried me directly 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 staid in Paris, my whole time was taken up in visiting patients every day, from five in the morning till midnight.

I employed an apothecary; but I distributed, at my own expence, 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 of any gratuity, either in money or presents, I consent to be deemed unworthy of any confidence.

Prince

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 Strasburgh, where I resumed my usual occupations. What good I did gave rise to various libels, in which I was stiled Antichrist—the wandering Jew—the man of 1400 years old, &c. Unable to bear so much ill usage, I was 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 those recommendations, which are the more honourable that I had never solicited those testimonies, either directly or indirectly.

L E T T E R I.

*Written by Monsieur LE COMTE DE VERGENNES,
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to
Monsieur GERARD, Pretor of Strasburgh.*

Verfailles, 13th March, 1783.

COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO, Monsieur, is not personally known to me; but common report, ever since he settled at Strasburgh, is so very much in his favour, 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 authorises me to recommend him to you, and
to

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 dispositions, 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 honour, &c.

(Signed)

DE VERGENNES.

L E T T E R II.

From the Marquis de MIROMINIL, Keeper of the Seal, to the same.

S I R,

Verfailles, March 15, 1783.

THE Comte de Cagliostro has zealously employed his time, since he has settled in Strasburgh, 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, &c.

(Signed)

MIROMINIL.

L E T -

L E T T E R III.

*From the Marquis DE SEGUR to the Marquis
DE LA SALLE.*

Same date.

THE good conduct which I am well assured Comte Cagliostro has supported in Strasburgh, 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 labouring under various complaints, who had recourse to him, entitle that foreigner to the protection of Government. The King gives you charge to see not only that he be not molested at Strasburgh, whenever he thinks 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)

S E G U R.

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

Persecuted by a set of men who, for a long time, had witnessed my success with an eye of dissatisfaction, I determined to leave Strasburgh, 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 time enough 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 teased again to resume the practice of physic, I resolved to take a tour to England; to this effect, I crossed the southern parts of France, and arrived at Bourdeaux 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 me and my wife a seat in their box, any time I should think proper to visit the play-house. The Jurats, and the inhabitants having given me the most distinguished reception, and requested me to give up my time to the assistance of the sick and infirm, as I had before done at Strasburgh, I suffered myself to be prevailed upon, and began to give advice at home, and distribute amongst the poor remedies and pecuniary supplies. Such was the

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 honour of being introduced to the Marechal de Mouchi, the Comte de Fumel, Viscomte 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 Bourdeaux.

At the end of eleven months, finding myself harassed as I had been at Straßburgh, I left Bourdeaux, 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 ready-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 physic any longer; I have kept my word, and have obstinately persisted in rejecting all solicitations to the contrary.

Prince Louis has honoured 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

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, that, whilst 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 were to die in child-bed. The prediction hath already been accomplished on one of them; and the survivor waits, in the utmost uneasiness, the fatal minute. If you know the truth of what will happen, or if you think it possible to find it out, I shall repair to Versailles to-morrow, 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 prove equally so.

The Comtesse did not seem satisfied with the
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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, Madam, that I am an adept in the science of nature, as a physician; nor am I without knowledge of some of the properties contained in the 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 out 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 to-morrow."

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 occasion to compose my features, to refrain from bursting out into a loud laugh. 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 ingenuity.—" Well, Miss, I shall know the truth of it in an instant; commend yourself to God, and your innocence. Step behind

behind that screen, shut your eyes, and think within yourself, 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 on the outside of the screen with the Prince, who stood near the fire-place, *not lost in extacy*, as Madame de la Motte is pleased to express it; but holding the hand to his mouth, lest, by an indiscreet laugh, he should disturb our grave ceremonies.

Whilst the young lady stood behind the screen, I busied myself for a while in making some magnetising gestures; then I said to her, "Stamp on the floor with your *innocent* foot, and tell me if you see any thing."—Her answer was in the negative. "Then, Miss," 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 niece *innocent*, by an aunt who was no such a thing.

Wishing to try how she could 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

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 thoughts of having convinced us of her innocence.

The two ladies eat some sweet-meats, 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 shewn on the occasion.

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

Three or four days afterwards, 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, then, that this social recreation should one day be represented to the magistrate, as an act of witchcraft, a sacrilegious prophanation of the Christian mysteries!

The Prince having thus brought me acquainted with the Comtesse, was pleased to ask me, what I thought of her? I have always pretended to some knowledge in physiognomy.—I am sincere—and I answered that I took the Comtesse 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 it true, as she said, that she

she enjoyed the special patronage of the Queen, she would be better provided, and that she would have no occasion for any other protection. The Prince and I persevered in our respective opinion on the subject.

The Cardinal set out soon after for Saverne, where he remained one month or six weeks. From the time of his return to Paris, he became more frequent in his visits to me. I perceived 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 that 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 transaction about the necklace, and imparted to me the suspicions as well as the fears 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 had passed, 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 after it, 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 there was but one way left, namely, to deliver that
 woman

woman into the hands of the Police, and proceed directly to Court to lay the whole matter open to the King and his Ministers.—The Cardinal objecting, that so rash a step he could not reconcile to his feelings and generosity, “In this case,” said I, “God is your only resource; he must, and I wish he may, do the rest.” The Cardinal, however, having refused to give to 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 22d of August, a Commissary, one exempt, and eight Satellites of the Police entered my house. They began their plunder in my very sight—I am compelled to open my scrutoires. 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 Chenon*, 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 Bastile;
a hackney

a hackney coach happening to pass by, I was permitted to enter it.—The awful draw-bridge is let down, and I am led to——. My wife has 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 only add a single observation, and, Heaven can witness, it is the expression of truth.—Were I left to chuse between an ignominious death, and six months imprisonment in the Bastile, I would say, without hesitation——“Lead me on to the scaffold.”

Who could suppose, that an innocent man can be reduced to that abyss of misfortune, as to look on a warrant for apprehending his body, as a favour from Providence? Yet such was the case with me. When after five months captivity, the warrant was signified to me, 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, in the same time that judges were appointed, I was at liberty to see counsel, and had it now in my power to enter into a justification.

The decree or warrant bears date the 15th of December 1785—It was notified to me on the 30th 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 shewing myself what 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,

cence, and the nature of the charge brought against me. And although 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.

EXAMINATION of *Comte DE CAGLIOSTRO*, on
the 30th of January 1786.

Q. How old are you?

A. 37 or 38 years.

Q. Your name?

A. Alexander Cagliostro.

Q. Where born?

A. I cannot say for certain, whether it was at Malta or at Medina; I have lived under the tuition of a governor, who told me that I was of noble birth, that I was left an orphan when only three months old, &c.

Q. How long have you been in Paris?

A. I arrived here on the 30th of January 1785.

Q. On your arrival where did you take apartments?

A. In the Palais Royal, at a ready furnished hotel, where I lodged twenty days, more or less.

Q. Had you, when you came to this capital, money requisite to keep house?

A. Most assuredly, I had brought with me every thing necessary for house-keeping.

Q. Where did you fix upon a house?

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A. In

A. In the Rue St. Claude, on the Boulevard.

Q. Who hired the house? was it you or the Prince (Cardinal de Rohan)?

A. I requested Monsieur de Carbonieres (a gentleman in the Prince's household) to strike the bargain for me, as I had entered into no one of the kind before in any part of the world. This was my reason for entreating Monsieur de Carbonieres to settle every thing concerning the house, furniture, carriages, &c. and I supplied him, from time to time, with the cash necessary to answer those exigencies, for which he afterwards produced the receipts.

Q. Who provided you with necessaries?

A. I alone, in every thing.

Q. But the Prince boarded with you?

A. Though he did so, it was always at my expence; yet, sometimes, as he was wont to bring his friends, or some persons patronized by him, he would order from his own house, one or two dishes; nevertheless, at night I allowed my cook for the whole expence of the day.

Q. Did you see the Prince immediately on your arrival here?

A. No; but two or three days afterwards.

Q. Was the Prince at your table every day?

A. He at first came but seldom to dinner; but since, he was regular three or four times in the week.

Q. Were you acquainted with a Lady of the name of La Motte?

A. Certainly—the first time I met her, she told me that I had seen her before, in man's cloaths,

cloaths, at the foot of my staircase at Strasburgh, where she asked me whether I could give her any tidings of the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers; when I answered, the Lady was then at Saverne, and that she had set off the same day to meet her.

Q. Did you see her since, at the Prince's house?

A. Most assuredly.

Q. Was she not then in company with one of her nieces?

A. No.

Q. Yet you have seen that niece?

A. Give me leave to relate the fact: (quoted before, see p. 26).

Q. It is said that you put a crucifix round the girl's neck, together with black, green, red, and other coloured ribbons, with an apron fringed with silver, and that you made her kneel and take an oath?

A. It is false.—I only think, to the best of my recollection, that the Prince added to her ornament a few ribbons to please her fancy. I also believe, that I had then about me a common *masonic* apron; but I am not certain that she made use of it. Whether or not, I trust implicitly to the Prince's recollection, and whatever he may say on the subject I shall take for granted.

Q. Have you laid a sword, in what manner I know not, on the young Lady?

A. All I know is, that, having my sword on, I laid it down.

Q. But what of the oath administered?

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A. The

A. The assertion is false.—I have already informed you of my reasons for doing what I did.

Q. Is it true, that after the second trial, the young girl being withdrawn, you, in company with the Prince and Madame de la Motte, retired to another room, in the middle of which were placed a dagger, crosses of St. Andrew and of Jerusalem, a sword, Agnus Dei, besides a great number of wax lights; that then, and there, you had made Madame de la Motte take an oath, telling her it was necessary she should swear not to reveal to any one what she might see: that next, addressing the Cardinal, you spoke to him in these words: “ Well, Prince, bring here—you know what.” That immediately the Cardinal opened a bureau, out of which he took a wooden box of an oval form, and full of loose diamonds; when you said: “ Mind, Prince, that there is another which you know of:” that the Prince took it up, and said to Madame de la Motte, “ I make you a present of 6000 livres, and these diamonds you must give to your husband, directing him to set off immediately for London to sell some of them, and have the others set, and not to return till the whole of his errand is fulfilled?”

A. This is false—very false, and I can prove it.

Q. What proof can you administer?

A. In the first place, when any magnetising operation was to be performed, the care of preparing the room devolved upon Monsieur De Carbonieres; and after the second trial was over, there came in a respectable personage, whose

whose name I will not mention. But prince Louis will tell you who that person was, because I will not call a more respectable man as a witness of such a trifling frolic. The Prince and the two persons alluded to will tell you, that there was in the room neither crosses, dagger, &c. That whatever may have been reported on the subject is false; that no oath was ever taken; the Prince's Household may be called as witness, concerning the tale of the 30 wax lights; all the servants will declare whether the room was lighted more than usual.

Q. Is it true that you have given the Prince any hopes of his being advanced to the ministry?

A. False again; for I have always advised him to leave Paris, and reside entirely at *Saverne*, because on that spot he could do more good, and lead a quieter life.

Q. Is it true that you told, or made the Prince believe that your wife was the Queen's intimate friend and confidant, and that she kept a daily correspondence with her Majesty?

A. By heavens that's too much! and if the Prince will say such a thing, in spite of all the regard he has a right to expect from me, I say it is a falsehood.

(The judge or reporter, shewed me then a small piece of written paper: and continued.)

Q. Do you know any thing of this note? Yea or nay?

Having inspected it narrowly, and finding it to be a forged hand-writing, I answered.)

A. I

A. I know nothing of this billet, nor am I acquainted with the hand-writing; neither I or my wife have ever been at Versailles, we have not the honour of being known to the Queen, never went out of Paris, and besides, as my wife cannot write, how should all this be possible?

Q. Has the Prince never presented you, or your wife with diamonds?

A. Nothing more than what I shall here recount ever came to my knowledge.

Whilst I lived at *Strasburgh*, I was in possession of a very curious cane-head, containing a repeater set round with diamonds, of this I made a present to the Prince, who offered to barter some jewels against it; but I refused, having always been more pleased to give than to receive. It is true, that, on the anniversary of my wife's birthday, the Prince used to make her presents; but I believe the whole consisted in a dove (*Holy Ghost in the French*), my portrait originally set round with pearls, which the Prince caused to be replaced by small diamonds, and a small watch with a chain, set with small brilliants, some of which were larger than the rest. As to my other diamonds, they are known in all the courts of Europe where I have travell'd. This may be easily ascertained. I am shut up in the Bastile, so is my wife, as well as the whole bulk of my fortune; you need but search to be convinced of the truth.

Q. But your manner of living is expensive; you give much away, and accept of nothing
in

in return ; you pay every body ; how do you contrive to get money ?

A. This question has no kind of relation to the case in point ; however I am willing to give you some satisfaction. Yet, where is the importance of knowing whether I am the son of a monarch, or that of a beggar, and why I travel without making myself known, by what means I procure the money I want ? As long as I regard religion and the laws, and pay every one his due, that I always do good and never any harm, the question you now put to me is idle and unbecoming. But, know that I have always taken a pleasure in refusing to gratify the public's curiosity on this account, notwithstanding all that has been said of me, when I was called the man of 1400 years, the Wandering Jew, the Antichrist, the unknown Philosopher, in fine all those enormities which malice can invent. Nevertheless I'll condescend to tell you that which I never revealed to any one before. Know then that the principal resource I have to boast of is, that, as soon as I set my foot into any country, I find there a banker who supplies me in every thing I want, and is afterwards repaid. For instance, I have, for France, Sarasin de Basle, who would give me up his whole fortune, were I to ask for it, so would Monsieur Sancotar at Lyons : but I have always requested these gentlemen never to say that they were my bankers ; and besides those resources, I derive further assistance from many things which are known to me.

Q. Did

Q. Did the Prince ever shew you a writing subscribed, *Marie—Antoinette de France*.

A. I believe he did, 15 or 20 days before he was arrested.

Q. What did you say concerning it?

A. I said that I could conjecture nothing else, but that Madame de la Motte was a cheat, and that she deceived the Prince. In fact, I have at all times warned the Prince to be on his guard, told him that she was a dangerous woman; but the Prince never would believe me, and I have always look'd on the bill as a forged one.

Q. Look at this paper, and tell me whether it is the same?

(The judge shew'd me then a written paper, on which I perceived the name Marie—Antoinette de France. But having observed that it was full of figures; which I had never remarked before, my answer was.)

A. I cannot swear to its identity, as there are now figures, which were not on the paper shewn to me before.

Q. But these figures have been set down by us?

A. That's a matter of indifference to me; I tell you that in conscience, I cannot swear this to be the same; besides I had taken but a slight survey of it, as the affair did not concern me, it was very immaterial for me to know whether it was a real or a forged instrument.

Q. Is it true that, previous to your being confined, you propos'd laying out 150,000 crowns in the purchase of a house?

A. It

A. It is false.—I recollect indeed that one day, as I was under the hand of the hair-dresser, some persons then present, talked of a pavilion which a company of my friends intended to buy, and that I answered, I very willingly would take it of them; but this was spoken at random, and undesignedly. The intended purchasers were Monsieur de Bondi and others.

N. B. The examination was closed, when I recollected the above circumstance, but the *reporter* did not think it necessary to insert the last answer, in addition to the rest.

I have promised, that, after I had given some account of myself, I should put in an answer, as far as it concerns me, to the imputations which Madame de la Motte has taken upon herself to propagate. The task will be as trying for me, as it will prove tedious to the reader. No matter: I shall go minutely through it, requesting however those who know, or can appreciate me, not to take the trouble of perusing this part of my DEFENCE.

Refutation of Madame DE LA MOTTE's Memorial in that part which concerns the COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO.

EXTRACT from the MEMORIAL.

The Comtesse De la Motte, begins thus.

“ Here enters the scene, one of those personages whom the vulgar in their ignorance,
style

style extraordinary beings; an empiric, a mean alchymist, a dreamer on the phylosopher's stone, false prophet in the sects, into which he pretends to have been initiated, a profaner of the true worship, in fine, the self-created Comte de Cagliostro. Yes, intrusted by the Cardinal de Rohan, with the splendid necklace, Cagliostro has taken it to pieces, in order to add to the treasure of a fortune unknown and unheard of before.

R E M A R K S.

Whatever may have been said about the style conspicuous throughout the whole of the Comtesse's defence, it certainly can boast of an undoubted advantage, which is to contain a great deal of abusive language within a small compass:—to the proof:

A N E M P I R I C.

This word I have heard from the mouth of certain persons; but I never could learn exactly what it meant. If intended to point out a man who, without being a doctor, has some knowledge in physics and takes no fee, who cures the poor and the rich, and receives no money from either; if so I confess it,—I am an Empiric.

M E A N A L C H Y M I S T.

Alchymist, or not, the epithet *mean*, is applicable to those only, who beg and cringe, and it is well known whether the Comte de Cagliostro ever sued for favour, or pensions.

A Dreamer

A Dreamer on the Philosopher's Stone.

Whatever my opinion may be concerning the Philosopher's stone, I have been silent, and never troubled the public with my dreams.

FALSE PROPHET, &c.

Not always so neither.—Had the Cardinal de Rohan taken my advice, he would have been aware of the Comtesse de la Motte, and we should not be where we are.

PROFANER of the true WORSHIP.

This is more serious.—I have respected religion at all times. My life and my outward conduct I freely submit to the enquiries of the laws: as to what passes inwardly, God alone has a right to call me to an account.

Self-created COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO.

I have gone all over Europe by the name of Cagliostro: as to the appellation of Comte, from the education which I have received, the attention paid to me by the Muphti Salahaym, the Cherif of Mecca, the Grand-master *Pinto*, Pope *Rezonnico*, and most of the Sovereigns in Europe, one may judge whether that is not rather a disguise not to appear what I am, than a title of honour.

Intrusted with the Splendid Necklace.

I never had it in my possession; never saw it.

CAGLIOSTRO

CAGLIOSTRO *took it to Pieces, &c.*

If I am possessed of a fortune never heard of before, of an hidden treasure, I certainly had no occasion to take the necklace to pieces with a view to enrich myself.

When a man is rich enough, when he carries greatness of soul even so far as to decline favours offered by Sovereigns, and constantly reject such gifts as the generality of men can accept of without meanness, it cannot be supposed that he will, in an instant, stain the glory of an irreproachable life; nor will he of a sudden sloop from the magnificence of a Prince, to deeds of dishonour, which can only be the consequence of an excess of misconduct and extravagance.

E X T R A C T.

[*The Comtesse De la Motte goes on.*]

“ In order to conceal his *theft*, Cagliostro commanded the Cardinal de Rohan, by that empire which he has assumed over that Prince, to have the necklace sold, some small parcels to be set in Paris by means of Madame de la Motte; and employ her husband to have the more considerable ones set and sold in England.

R E M A R K S.

The intention of the Comtesse, by trumping up a tale destitute of probability, has been to cast a ridicule on the Cardinal, by representing

senting him, not as my friend, but as a slave so much at my command, that he does not hesitate a moment to obey; when I order him to become an accomplice in a robbery, of which I alone was to reap the benefit.

This assertion, wherein impertinence and indecency go hand in hand, deserves not any serious answer.

Yet it may have great weight in the present cause, in that it contains a formal acknowledgment, that some of the diamonds, taken from the necklace, have been disposed of in Paris by the Comtesse, and another parcel sold in England by her husband.

E X T R A C T.

“ We see here the unbounded projects of Cagliostro, which, concealed at first, unravelled themselves through a series of progressive motions leading to an end, equally fatal to the Cardinal and the Comtesse De la Motte.

R E M A R K S.

Those *unbounded projects* alluded to, in their gradual progression, must suppose at least a whole year of intrigue, before the necklace could be obtained.—But how can the supposition be reconciled to matter of fact?

I came for the first time to Paris in the year 1783; but I staid only 13 days in the capital, employed from morning to night in visiting my patients; it was not then assuredly that I was at leisure to speculate and intrigue. Let us now see, whether it has been more in
my

my power to do it in my last journey to this city.

The information, filed by the Attorney General, states that the negotiation concerning the necklace, took place the latter end of January, 1785 ; it says, that on the 29th of the same month, the jewellers subscribed their approbation of the terms proposed by the Cardinal, and that the said necklace was delivered on the first day of February following.

Now it is a fact, which may be easily ascertained, that I arrived in Paris the 30th of January, 1785, at nine o'clock in the evening.

The whole of the business therefore was already transacted, except the delivery of the necklace, which was effected 36 hours after my arrival.—I was at Lyons when the negotiation was on foot.

I was at Bourdeaux at the time of the apparition of a supposed Queen in the grove at Trianon.

It must therefore be supposed that I posted to Paris for the express purpose of reaping the benefit of plots contrived by another.—What an absurdity!—And I linger in confinement!—And the walls of the Bastile have for these six months resounded with my doleful complaints,—with those of my ill-fated wife.

Yet the cries of oppressed innocence have not reached the ear of the best of kings! !—But let us go on with the libel.

E X T R A C T.

The Comtesse, after having endeavoured to prove the necessity of apprehending me ;
after

after having held me out as a sharper, &c. proceeds :

“ What answer can he give to the first article of his examination? His name, his surname, his qualifications.—Comte, *the woman* who follows his fortune, Comtesse de Cagliostro.”

Was it not then enough for the counsel of the Comtesse De la Motte to calumniate, to load me with obloquy.—He must still attack me in the tenderest part of myself.

Oh! I could have forgiven what was only personal to me.—But my wife!—what has she done to him?—What has she done to the Comtesse?—How can a man, who bears a public character, abuse it to saturate with bitterness and woe, the heart of an innocent and virtuous woman, who has nothing to do with the cause he defends, against whom, though she is confined, there is no decree, no complaint laid—a woman to whom he himself can reproach no other crime, than the misfortune of having linked her destiny to mine.

This I can say with truth, that, during the space of 16 years now elapsed, since I had the honour of being united to the Comtesse of Cagliostro by the most lawful and honourable ties, she never left me; that she never took a step, which could not be owned by the most austere decency, the most scrupulous delicacy; and that, if there is a woman in being whom slander should have respected—it is my wife.

In regard to the certificate of our nuptials, which some think themselves authorised to require,

quire, I pledge myself, if needful, to make them public when I shall be at liberty, and re-possessed of my papers.

E X T R A C T.

“ The Comtesse de la Motte dares to assert that one of my men makes a boast of having been 150 years in my service. That I sometimes acknowledge myself to be only 300 years old; at others, that I brag of having been present at the nuptials in Cana, and that it was to burlesque the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, the transubstantiation, that I had imagined to multiply the necklace, taken to pieces, into an hundred different manners, and yet it was delivered, as it is said, in its full complement to an august Queen.

That I am by turns, a Portuguese Jew, a Greek, an Egyptian of Alexandria, from whence I have imported into France hieroglyphics and forcery.

That I am one of those infatuated Rosicrucians, who have the power of making the dead converse with the living; that I attend the poor gratis, but that I sell for *something*, to the rich, the gift of immortality.

That my society consists of visionaries of all denominations.

The Comtesse concludes by insinuating that I have been guilty of some misdemeanor in certain courts of Europe, and that Madame Bohmer is well acquainted with some of those criminal transactions.”

REMARKS.

R E M A R K S.

It cannot be expected that I shall repel, as it were one by one, every urge of that torrent of calumnies and absurdities.

I have said it already, my education was that of a child born of christian parents. I never was a Jew, nor a Mahometan. These two religions leave on their sectaries an *outward* and *indelible mark*. The truth, therefore of what I here advance, may be ascertained: and rather than let any doubt remain on this affair, I am ready, if required, to yield to a verification, more shameful for him who requires, than for the person who submits to it.

I should wish, moreover, that the Comtesse would be more explicit, as to the facts she lays to my charge. Let her boldly declare where is that wealthy man to whom I have sold immortality. Let her relate one single particular of those high misdemeanors by which I have distinguished myself in Europe; but above all, I challenge her to point out such of those misdeeds as are known to Madame Bohmer.

If the Comtesse de la Motte, contented to load me with opprobrious language, and to make use of insidious reticences, does not accept of this formal challenge, I must declare to her, once for all, that I shall give to all her reticences, to all her obloquy, past, present, and to come, an answer very laconic. perfectly clear, most energetic, which the author of the *Provincial Letters* gave formerly, in a similar

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circumstance,

circumstance, to a *potent* society of learned men; an answer which politeness forbids me to set down in French, but which the Comtesse's counsel may translate to her—MENTIRIS IMPUDENTISSIME.

E X T R A C T.

The Comtesse speaks next of the magnetizing of her niece, which she relates in her own way; that is, with the addition of a world of circumstances, the very reverse of truth, connecting therewith the account of the necklace, but with that awkwardness and improbability which she does not even take the trouble to conceal.

She makes the Cardinal, a courtier, and an academician, express himself in such low, disgusting a language, that the meanest footman would blush to make use of such jargon. She hears from behind the screen the *clattering* of *kisses* which her niece was exchanging with a beautiful angel.

On a table stood a huge heap of instruments, the best calculated to strike terror and dismay. Swords laid across on each other, ribbons of various colours, the insignia of different orders of knighthood, a dagger, and a decanter of very limpid water, and to complete the horrid sight, "the *dark scene* was *lighted up* with an extraordinary number of wax tapers.

Surrounded with this whimsical apparatus, I administer an oath of secrecy to the Comtesse; and then *command* the Cardinal to fetch me a large white box; we open it, and the Prince gives

gives charge to Madame de la Motte to sell, and procure to be sold by her husband, a certain quantity of diamonds.

REMARKS.

It must be owned either that the Comtesse is out of her senses, or that she implicitly trusts to the credulity of her judges, if she hopes to extricate herself by palming upon the world tales so incoherent and unaccountable.

I have already explained the whole transaction, how every thing passed, and what laudable motive actuated me to take a part in the farce. The Prince of Luxembourg and Monsieur de Carbonieres, can, if called upon, vouch to the truth of my answer as set down in the following interrogatory.

EXTRACT.

“ On the first or second day of August, the Cardinal shewed to Madame de la Motte a small letter with a flourished border, the upper and lower part of which he folded up carefully, that she might read only what was written in the middle. Madame de la Motte read (this deserves attention) these words: *I send by the little Comtesse*—then followed a number of figures which Madame de la Motte could not sum up together; then she read again—*to quiet those poor wretches, I should be sorry to see them in trouble.*—After she had perused the letter, the Cardinal exclaimed—Can I be deceived by her?—by the little Comtesse?—Impossible! I know Madame de Cagliostro too well.

well.—There is no equivocation here in regard to the Comtesse de la Motte, who was present, and to whom the Prelate should have said—Can I suppose that *you* have deceived me? But—I know Madame de Cagliostro too well.”

R E M A R K S.

For ever dealing in fictions! never a proof, not even a probability—what means the Comtesse de la Motte by thus entangling the business! whom was the letter directed to? She says not a word about the superscription.—Who wrote it? was it my wife? I have already declared that she cannot write. Am I the author of it? I never write in French, seldom in Italian. Is it the Cardinal? why should he read only part of the letter to the Comtesse, and conceal the rest from her with so much caution? why break out into such an exclamation, after the perusal of a few words out of a letter written by himself?—Of what nature is that imposition of which my wife is for a moment suspected by him? How comes it that, speaking of her, he styles her with familiarity, at one time, the *little Comtesse*, and at another, with respect, calls her Madame de Cagliostro? All that appears clearly throughout this part of the memorial, is, that the Comtesse de la Motte, in order to wound me on all sides at once, has endeavoured to entangle my wife in an affair, of which she never had even the most distant knowledge.

E X T R A C T.

EXTRACT.

The Comtesse concludes her invectives in these words—"It is necessary, *that man* should learn, by a fresh inquest, that, if the wisdom of the courts of justice have so long given up the practice of making *forcery*, properly so called, a capital offence, those very courts have reserved to themselves the right of censure against that forcery, when accompanied with malefices, thefts, impositions, and above all, when the evil is daily increasing, by means of proper schools to rear up pupils."

REMARKS.

So the Comtesse is sorry not to live in those blessed times, when a change of forcery would have led me to the stake! Thus the Comtesse de la Motte represents me as a professor in forcery, delivering lectures on the art of thieving and swindling to my pupils. Who are those men so vilely degenerate, as to take lessons from such a teacher? Surely the Comtesse will not find them amongst my acquaintance. I think it superfluous to give here a list of those persons who did me the honour to visit at my house; but this I can say with truth, that there is not one of them all whom the most wary of all men, the most formal in the choice of his acquaintance, would not deem it an honour to be connected with.

After all, I verily believe, that the Comtesse de la Motte, in doing me all the harm in her power,

power, was not so much impelled by a spirit of hatred against me, as by the desire of clearing herself. But, be her intention what it may, I forgive her, as far as I can, the tears of bitterness I have shed through her means: let her not imagine, that my moderation is a piece of mere affectation. From the bottom of the very abyſs into which she has plunged me, I shall raise my voice to implore in her behalf the clemency of the laws; and if, after my innocence and that of my wife is acknowledged, the best of Kings should think an unfortunate stranger, who had settled in France on the faith of his royal word, of the laws of hospitality, and of the common rights of nations, is intitled to some indemnity; the only satisfaction I shall require will be, that his Majesty may be pleased, at my request, to pardon and set at liberty the unfortunate Comtesse de la Motte.

This favour, if it should be granted, cannot offend justice. However guilty the Comtesse may be supposed, she is already sufficiently punished.—Alas! my sad experience deserves some credit. There is not a crime, ever so great, but may be atoned for by six months confinement in the Bastile!

Ye Judges, ye Citizens! ye have read!—Such is the man who made himself known at Strasburgh, Bourdeaux, Lyons, Paris, under the name of COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO. I have wrote as much as the laws of the country require

quire of me, as much as will gratify all other sentiments, but those of an idle curiosity.

Do you pretend to say, that it is not enough? Will you still insist upon having farther particulars concerning the name, the motives, the resources of that stranger? What matters it to you, Frenchmen? My country is, in regard to you, the spot within your empire where I first submitted to your laws; my name is that which I have caused to be revered amongst ye; my motive, God; my resources—my own secret. When, for the purpose of relieving the sick, or of giving food to the needy, I shall crave admittance into your Medical Colleges, or your Benevolent Societies, then you may question: but to do, in the name of God, all the good I can, is a right which, to be supported, requires neither name nor country; neither proofs or pledges.

Frenchmen! are ye only guided by curiosity? Then peruse those futile publications, where malice and levity have combined to direct the envenomed shafts of satire and ignominy against the *friend of mankind*.

Do ye, on the contrary, mean to be fair and just? be not inquisitive: but hear, and love the man, who ever honoured the Kings, because they are in the hand of God; Governments, because he protects them; Religion, because it is his law; Law, because it is its supplement; Mankind, in fine, because, like himself, they are his children.

Once more—ask no questions; but hear and love the man, who came amongst you to do
good;

good ; who bore with patience to be attacked,
and defended himself with moderation.

(Signed)

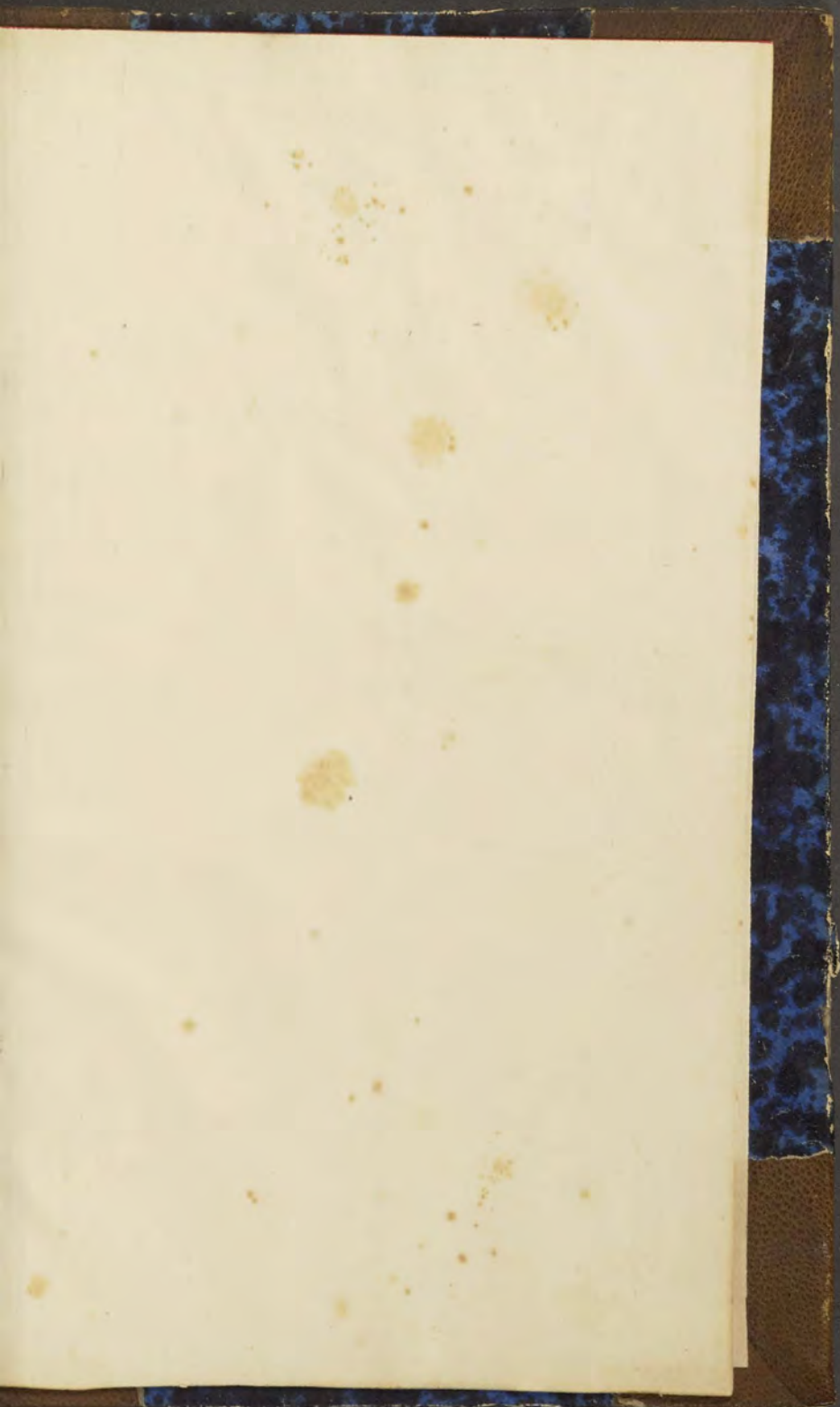
LE COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO.

TITON DE VILLAUTRAN,
Reporter in the cause.

THILORIER, Counsel for Defendant.

BRASON, Attorney to ditto.

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