



Miracle-worker or man of straw? Count Alessandro di Cagliostro was a cult figure of European society in the tumultuous years leading to the French Revolution. An alchemist, healer and Freemason, he inspired both wild devotion and savage ridicule. In the book [The Masonic Magician – the Life and Death of Count Cagliostro and His Egyptian Rite](#), my co-author (Robert L.D. Cooper) and I try to unravel the incredible story that was the life of one of the Enlightenment Era’s brightest lights.

I have extracted the following fascinating – and somewhat amusing – little known accounts, featuring Count Cagliostro and his wife Seraphina, from Chapter XVI, Volume 1 of *The French Stage and the French People as Illustrated in the Memoirs of M. Fleury*. Written by Jean-Baptiste-Pierre Lafitte and later edited by Theodore Hook, Esq. F.S.A and published by Henry Colburn, 1841.

They illustrate him in various lights and the chapter headings certainly reflect this: *Ghost stories*. — *Apparition of D'Alembert*. *Origin of Cagliostro's celebrity*. — *His cure of Madame Sarrasin*. — *His beautiful wife Seraphina*. — *The philosopher's stone*. — *Cagliostro banished from France*. — *The merchant and his wife*. — *Test of conjugal fidelity*. — *Cagliostro's phial*. — *The black Tom cat*. — *The Redoute Chinoise*. — *Cagliostro placing at see-saw*. — *Conversation with the conjuror*. — *Mysterious announcement to Dugazon*, — *Anecdote of Palissot*. — *A prediction fulfilled*.

I hope you enjoy this *petit aperçu* – or small insight – into the life of a bombastic and colourful character, whose light we hope never fades! Read on...

My very best wishes,

Philippa

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**THE
FRENCH STAGE AND THE
FRENCH PEOPLE,
AS ILLUSTRATED IN
THE MEMOIRS OF M. FLEURY.**

EDITED BY THEODORE HOOK, Esq, F.S.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER XVI

Cagliostro. — The trial relating to the queen's necklace. — Ghost stories. — Apparition of D'Alembert. — Lady Muntz. — Her credulity. — Origin of Cagliostro's celebrity. — His cure of Madame Sarrasin. — His beautiful wife Seraphina. — The philosopher's stone. — Cagliostro banished from France. —

The merchant and his wife. — Test of conjugal fidelity. — Cagliostro's phial. — The black Tom cat. — The Redoute Chinoise. — Cagliostro placing at see-saw. — Conversation with the conjuror. — Mysterious announcement to Dugazon, — Anecdote of Palissot. — A prediction fulfilled.

I AM now about to introduce to my readers a man, who for a time was the exclusive object of attention in Paris. For him, literature, the drama, and all other subjects of general interest were temporarily forgotten. I allude to the celebrated conjuror Cagliostro, who counted among his numerous dupes the Cardinal de Rohan. But to work on the worthy cardinal's credulity was perhaps no very difficult task.

It is not my purpose to touch upon the affair of the Queen's necklace, which is still enveloped in mystery. I do not feel disposed to enter upon so long a tract of beaten ground, though I could mention some new and curious details connected with that memorable case. I was in the right channel for receiving authentic information. My sister was at Vienna whilst the Cardinal Prince de Rohan was ambassador from France to the Austrian court; I was myself on terms of friendship with Madame Campan; Grammont Roselly had already endeavoured to make Mademoiselle Oliva a servant of Thalia; I knew Cagliostro before his great adventures, and I beheld the idol when he was in the plenitude of his glory: thus qualified, I might sit down and write a history of the necklace. But a few unpublished details, though curious, would throw no more light on the affair, than that which is already sufficiently apparent: namely, that all that long and deplorable case arose out of the mystifications practised on a noble-man by an intriguing woman; and the scandal Aiguillon upon the preceding ministry of M. de Choiseul.

But to return to the Italian conjuror. Six or eight months before the celebrated process, a great deal was said about Cagliostro. He was reviving the miracles of the Count de Saint Germain. He had not, however, gained credit at court. The Queen good-humouredly rallied those who related to Cagliostro's prodigies, and the King sharply rebuked several noblemen who sought permission to present him. Our good Louis XVI had no faith in charlatans...save those who happened to be his ministers. Cagliostro exhibited his ghost-scenes for payment, and at various

prices. For a certain sum one might be indulged with a sight of one's deceased relatives, friends, and acquaintance; and by doubling the sum, one might be introduced to a group of ghosts composed of some of the celebrated personages of past ages. Lady Muntz, with whom I have already made the reader acquainted, gave me an account of the apparition of D'Alembert, one of Cagliostro's grand evocation-scenes, at which she was present, together with some other superannuated ladies and gentlemen of quality. Her description of this mysterious ceremony was as follows.

For the reception of the spectator's, who were distinguished by the more dignified appellation of guests, arm-chairs were ranged along the wall of the apartment, on the east side. This latter point was essential. On the west side the Grand Copt, the title assumed by Cagliostro when in the exercise of his mysteries), placed the chair destined for the reception of D'Alembert. An iron chain, hung within arms' length of the spectators, kept them at a distance from the apparition.

There was a little deviation from the time which tradition has fixed for the wandering of ghosts, and three o'clock in the morning was the hour chosen by Cagliostro for the evocation of his spirits.

About three o'clock then, an order was heard for the removal from the scene of mystery, of cats, dogs, horses, and birds, and all reptiles, should there be any near. In the lapse of a few seconds, another command ordained that none but free men should remain in the apartment. The servants were accordingly dismissed. These ceremonies being ended, a profound silence succeeded, and the lights were suddenly extinguished. The same voice, but now in a louder and more authoritative tone, ordered the guests to shake the iron chain. They obeyed; but no sooner had they touched the chain, than a strange indescribable emotion pervaded their whole frames. At length the clock slowly struck three; and during each prolonged vibration of the bell, a flash sudden and transitory as lightning, illumined the apartment. During the flash which succeeded the first stroke of the clock, the word 'Philosophy' was seen in legible characters above the empty arm-chair reserved for

D'Alembert. In another moment all was enveloped in obscurity, and at the second stroke of the bell, another flash of light illumined the word, 'Nature'. Another interval of darkness succeeded, and then was heard the third stroke of the clock, and a word appeared more brilliant than those which preceded it. This word was 'Truth'. The lustres were suddenly relighted as if by enchantment. Stifled cries were heard as if proceeding from some person whose mouth was gagged and a noise similar to that of someone struggling to break loose from those detaining him; and Cagliostro appeared.

The Grand Copt wore a costume, to which it would be difficult to name anything analogous. A flowing drapery set off his figure to advantage, and the glow of enthusiasm which kindled in his countenance made him look really handsome. He delivered a short but impressive address, commenting on the words Philosophy, Nature, and Truth. Turning successively to the four cardinal points, he uttered some cabalistic words, which resounded back as if from a distant echo; he then again commanded darkness, and directed the guests once more to shake the chain. This was a terrific moment! The light vanished and with the clanking of the chain was renewed the singular emotion I have before alluded to. The outline of the empty arm-chair became gradually perceptible, as though the lines had been traced on a black canvas with a crayon of phosphorus. In another moment, and as if by the same process, a winding-sheet was discerned, and from beneath its outspreading folds two fleshless hands were seen resting on the arms of the chair. The winding-sheet gradually opening discovered an emaciated form a short breathing was heard, and two brilliant, penetrating eyes were fixed on the spectators. This was D'Alembert.

To the spectators was conceded the faculty of seeing the person thus called from the dead; but Cagliostro alone had the power of hearing him speak, and transmitting his replies to any questions that might be addressed to him.

'And what questions were addressed to D'Alembert?" said I to Lady Muntz.

'He was asked whether he had seen the other world.'

'What was the philosopher's reply?'

'Ah, Monsieur Fleury, it was a terrible reply ... most distressing; especially to one like me, who after suffering so much misery in this world, look forward with hope to a better future ... Would you believe it? He replied in that shrill tone of voice, just, you know, as he used to speak.'

'How should I know how he used to speak? You mean to say, I suppose, that Cagliostro spoke for him.'

'Well, perhaps he did ... but nevertheless, it was the ghost of D'Alembert that seemed to speak; and the answer to the question was: "There is no other world".'

'Was that the answer?' said I.

'It was. We were all filled with horror.'

'And did no one make any reply?'

'Reply! Who could venture to reply to the ghost of M. d'Alembert ... a dead academician ... a philosopher returned from . . . whence?'

'That is precisely,' said I, 'what you should have asked him. You should have said: "M. d'Alembert, if there is no other world, where do you happen to come from now?"'

Lady Muntz acknowledged that the question would have been very just; but observed, that had I been present, I probably should not have had courage to address the ghost. I hinted the possibility of Cagliostro having imposed upon her and the rest of his visitors, but she would not admit such a suspicion; she affirmed, that he himself was quite passive in the ceremony.

'As to M. d' Alembert,' pursued she, 'I observed whilst he was speaking, a little impatient movement of the right leg as though he had been trying to put his foot on the rail of his chair. That was a remarkable habit with d' Alembert during his lifetime.'

I made no further attempt to shake the lady's faith, lest by doing so I should defeat the object I had in view. Lady Muntz was acquainted with Cagliostro, and I hoped through her to be introduced to him.

The origin of that charlatan was unknown. He represented himself to be the natural son of a Grand Master of the order of Malta. He was born in Naples, had studied medicine and chemistry, and with the view of perfecting himself in those sciences, had travelled much. His reputation for medical skill was his first passport to notoriety. As he killed or cured by methods different from those usually employed in the medical profession, and as there is no class of people so credulous as invalids, he soon gained dupes, and pocketed plenty of fees.

His first lucky chance was the cure of Madame Sarrasin, the wife of a wealthy Swiss banker. He recovered this lady from a dangerous illness, and her husband rewarded the itinerant Esculapius by furnishing him with letters of credit on every place with which he was in correspondence. Cagliostro was thus supplied with the means of living in affluence in the principal cities of Europe, and of applying himself to the mysterious exercise of his magic wand. Cagliostro had another talisman in the charms of his beautiful wife Seraphina, who was an important help to him in the art of dupery, in which she was no less an adept than her husband.

Their house was frequented by all the beau monde of Paris; and Cagliostro was rapidly making his own fortune, whilst pretending to teach other people how to make theirs; for besides his medicines and his conjuring of spirits, he affirmed that he had discovered the art of making gold. Seraphina's bright Italian eyes, and her husband's enthusiasm, carried conviction to every heart.

Cagliostro made his disciples believe in the philosophers' stone; and Seraphina made her admirers believe whatever she pleased. By this means they soon established a sort of free-masonry, of which he was the presiding deity, and she the Grand priestess. The idol required offerings and the Grand priestess accepted presents; and matters proceeded prosperously. The temple of the magician was a scene of irresistible attraction, and the balls, concerts, and sumptuous banquets, which were given there were frequented by all the rank and beauty of the capital.

The trial relating to the Queen's necklace augmented, in no small degree, the reputation of Cagliostro. The most extraordinary statements were published, the most romantic stories were circulated and eagerly listened to. Cagliostro's celebrity was then at its height; but at the conclusion of the process he received orders to quit France.

In obedience to this command our conjuror left Paris, with the intention of proceeding to Germany. On his way through Metz, a curious incident occurred, the particulars of which have been variously related. The following is, I have reason to believe, the authentic version. M. Latour-Eccieu, who had amassed a considerable fortune in some of the colonies, married, on his return to France, a lady whom he had met within a secluded country place, his choice being influenced by the maxim of Sganarelle: 'Epouser une sottie est pour n'etre pas sot.' [To marry a fool is not to be foolish]

But in his prudent calculations there was one little circumstance which M. Latour-Eccieu, like many other similarly wise gentlemen, lost sight of; namely, that though an ignorant novice may be very willing to keep the right path, yet it is a hundred chances to one if she does not, on her introduction to the world, meet with somebody who will lead her into the wrong one. Thus it happened in the case here referred to: and the attentions paid her by an officer of the garrison became very particular.

The husband grew suspicious, and his suspicions were confirmed by the whisperings of friends; which, added to some pecuniary disappointments, determined him to adopt a project which he had some time contemplated. This plan was to freight a vessel with merchandise, and to go abroad again on a mercantile speculation. "If", said he, "my wife be guilty, I will leave her enough to live on, and I will depart alone. If she be innocent, I will take her with me, and make every exertion to secure to her a fate worthy of her fidelity".

Whilst settling his affairs, with a view to this final departure, he had occasion to make several little journeys. On returning from the last of these progresses, he informed his wife (who was exceedingly superstitious), that whilst travelling he had been lucky enough to meet with Cagliostro; "that celebrated man, who possessed the faculty of penetrating the inmost recesses of the human heart, had observed his depression of spirits, and had hinted to him the possibility of his wife's infidelity during his absence from home. The wife vehemently protested

her innocence, and expressed her indignation at the suspicion. M. Latour- Eccieu soothed her by the assurance that he would never accuse her wrongfully. Cagliostro, he added, had furnished him with the means of infallibly arriving at the truth. So saying, he drew from his pocket a small phial, containing a coloured liquid. "To-night", said he, "when we retire to rest, I have only to drink this magic potion. If my suspicions be well founded, you will find me to-morrow morning transformed into a cat".

"Into a cat?" exclaimed the wife.

"Into a black tom cat!" said the husband.

"Gracious heaven! . . . but surely you will never be so rash as to drink that horrid draught....It would be tempting the judgment of heaven, which you know the Church forbids".

"But there are commands of the Church as well as prohibitions and I wish to ascertain whether her commands have been observed," said M. Eccieu. "Besides, you may retaliate; for this potion answers equally well both wife and husband. If therefore I have ever broken my faith to you, you have only to drink this potion at night on going to bed, and next morning I shall find you metamorphosed into a cat!"

"Me metamorphosed into a cat! Do you imagine I would ever consent to drink your horrid potion? A cat, indeed! To catch mice, and cry 'Mew!' I shudder at the very idea of it. Now, never think of taking that stuff, my dear. Let me persuade you to throw it away."

But the more the lady inveighed against the potion, the more firmly was the husband determined to follow out his plan; and accordingly that same night, when he retired to rest, he swallowed a good part of the mystic beverage. The lady tried to suppress her emotion; but notwithstanding her credulity, she felt a hope that the whole was merely a trick prompted by jealousy. She pretended to fall asleep; but every now and then curiosity forced her to stretch out her hand towards her husband, in order to ascertain whether the metamorphosis had commenced. M. Latoui observed this; and distracted as he was by his fears and hopes, it was not without considerable satisfaction that he ascertained by her snoring that she had really fallen soundly asleep.

About seven in the morning the lady awoke. As her recollections of the potion and the cat seemed to be the effect of a dream, she yawned, rubbed her eyes and then turning round, missed her husband. She called him, but received no answer. She became alarmed, and was about to rise, when she observed something moving in the bed. She turned down the bed-clothes, and to her horror beheld a large black cat! It was her husband . . . her dear husband! The fatal potion had wrought its destined effect, and her crime was discovered! But in his present altered state, her unfortunate husband could not reproach her. She fell on her knees beside the cat, called him by the tenderest names, confessed her fault, and sued for pardon. The cat at length raised his head, and stared with apparent astonishment at the lady, who was hanging over him with suppliant hands.

"He will not recognise me," she exclaimed. "He despises me! Alas! I well deserve this!"

Meanwhile the husband, who was concealed in a closet, overheard every word uttered by his wife during this curious scene. He seized the first opportunity of affecting his escape, and on quitting the house proceeded straight to the sea-port, where the ship was waiting which was destined to convey him abroad.

The disconsolate wife now lavished all her affection on the cat. Her friends endeavoured in vain to convince her that she was the victim of delusion; but in vain. The inexplicable disappearance of her husband, the well-known power of Cagliostro, the phial, and the mystic potion, all convinced her of the terrible truth. In the hope of expiating her error, she resolved to devote her future existence wholly to her Black Tommy. As to the animal, he showed himself perfectly satisfied with a mistress who tended him with such affectionate solicitude. During the day his resting-place was an embroidered cushion at the fire-side; and his dinner consisted of a pate or some other dainty cooked and served to him by the lady's own hands. The fair penitent interpreted every look, answered every mew of her favourite, and was never more happy than when, at night, he vouchsafed to repose on the couch beside her.

Such was the state of affairs for the space of six whole months. The lady was gradually beginning to reconcile herself to the metamorphosis; but unfortunately the cat grew weary of his monotonous happiness, and sighed again to taste that liberty which he was wont to enjoy before he became the honoured representative of M. Latour-Eccieu. One fine spring morning he was discovered to be missing and after an anxious and vigilant search he was at length discovered on the roof of a neighbouring house, holding gentle converse with an amiable minette of his acquaintance. It now became Madame Latour-Eccieu's task to pardon: but this escapade helped somehow or other to reconcile her to her own conscience, and to banish remorse. Indeed, reports affirmed that she renewed her acquaintance with her old friend the officer; and if he did not altogether succeed in undeceiving her, it is nevertheless certain that the lady and the cat became more and more indifferent to each other; mutually closing their eyes to each other's foibles, and thenceforward living on the easy terms of a Parisian husband and wife.



BUT TO return to Lady Muntz and my introduction to Cagliostro. Finding that her ladyship was inclined to evade the fulfilment of her promise, I determined to introduce myself; but before I could accomplish this intention, accident brought me into contact with the celebrated personage. I beheld him, too, divested of all the pomp and circumstance of his mystical state; and, to speak figuratively, *en robe de chambre*.

I was fond of the game of tennis, and had acquired a reputation for being a good player. Dugazon, who was partial to all active amusements, asked me to give him some lessons; and for the purpose of practising we used to go to the garden of the Redoute Chinoise, a place of public amusement, but quite unfrequented on week-days. The garden was surrounded by walls, and attached to it was a cafe, where Dugazon and I frequently breakfasted, repairing afterwards to the garden to play at tennis, and sometimes to rehearse our parts.

One morning, when we entered the cafe of the Redoute, the little woman who presided at the *comptoir* beckoned to us, whilst we were making our accustomed reverence. On our advancing to her, she said, with a sort of mingled gladness and mystery: "Gentlemen, I have such news for you...Count Cagliostro is here. He came with his wife to breakfast. Take no notice; but go into the garden. Give Jacques a trifle, and he will procure you a sight of the great conjuror!"

We did as we were bidden, and presented an *ecu* to Monsieur Jacques, who was shortly to be married to the lady of the cafe. Jacques was quite overjoyed at the good luck of meeting with us, and we were proceeding along one of the paths of the garden, when the little woman came running quickly after us.

"I forgot to tell you," said she, "that Count Cagliostro requested we would not admit anybody to the garden whilst he should be here. But I could not think of denying entrance to such good customers as you, gentlemen; and I told him that I would let no one in except two or three

conseillers de bailliage, who are in the habit of coming. I don't know what may be your profession, gentlemen; but it struck me that you might possibly be *conseillers de bailliage*.

At all events, you can easily pretend you are; for I should not wish him to know that I have told an untruth."

"But, madame," said I, "you forget that the count is a conjuror."

"Ah !" said she, laughing, "conjuror as he is, he does not know the difference between Burgundy and Bourdeaux. I will answer for it he will not find you out."

We promised to maintain our new characters to the best of our ability. I was all anxiety to see the mysterious count, and Dugazon was dying with impatience to catch a glimpse of his pretty wife. We were not kept very long in suspense. We observed a little movement, (which I should find it difficult to describe), regularly given to the branches of a lilac tree. The branches swung backward and forward as regularly as the pendulum of a clock. At the same time we perceived a sort of wand rising and falling, though we could not see the hand that held it; the foliage of the lilac tree, and some thick clustering shrubs, intercepting our view. The measured movement above mentioned was not unaccompanied by sound; some words were uttered, but they were ourselves to witness some sublime mystery, and we eagerly hurried along the little garden path, which, after several turnings and windings, suddenly opened on a grass-plot. Judge, reader, what was our amazement when we beheld the Grand Copt, the awful Cagliostro, playing at see-saw! Grotesquely bestriding the swing, which formed the favourite diversion of the little girls and boys who visited the Redoute on Sundays. Madame was setting the machine in motion, whilst the count held in his hand a light switch or cane, which he used in the way of a horsewhip, at the same time uttering some incomprehensible words. To what language these words belonged I do not pretend to say; they were probably a compound of Greek, Latin, Hungarian, and Italian, for the count spoke all those

languages, and their meaning was probably synonymous to the phrases used by children when amusing themselves in a similar way : "Va done! allons done! va done!" &c.

An irrepressible burst of laughter announced our presence. The count looked round, and was evidently confused at being caught in so ludicrous a position; but immediately recovering his self- possession, he jumped down from the machine and advanced to us. He was a handsome man, handsome, at least, as far as regarded the noble and intellectual expression of his countenance: his figure was not tall, but his head and countenance were exceedingly fine.

"Gentlemen", said he, speaking French with a strong Italian accent, "I cannot but regret having been thus surprised, more particularly on my wife's account; but if you be philosophers, you will acknowledge that nothing is futile, and that after breakfast the swing is not a bad thing to assist digestion."

Dugazon, who had not yet quite subdued his inclination to laugh at the drollery of this introduction, replied: "Surely none but persons possessing very peculiar constitutions could hope to assist digestion by means of swinging. With regard to myself, I can only say the effect would be quite the reverse." Shortly; he could proceed no further. The lady suddenly turned upon him her beautiful dark eyes. It was, to use Dugazon's expression, *un éclair de velours* [a velvet glow!] A glance from Madame Cagliostro cut him, and it completely overwhelmed him. I stepped in to his relief. I apologized to the Count for our abrupt intrusion upon him, adding that these innocent amusements did him infinite honour; that we were too happy to have found him in one of those moments when ceremony is laid aside ; and that we should consider ourselves much honoured if he would accept our company for a quarter of an hour.

He assented with all the easy frankness of a man of the world, and we promenaded about the garden, chatting together as familiarly as old friends. Cagliostro discoursed of his travels, and of the impressions produced on him by his visit to Paris; and assured us that he was deeply sensible of the kind reception he had experienced in the circles of the French nobility.

"You are right to say the French nobility...you have not met with much favour in some other circles as in ours, for example", said Dugazon, recollecting his character of the *conseiller de bailliage*.

"If you allude to the magistracy," said Cagliostro, "what have I to fear from them? I have no other secrets than those of medicine and chemistry. I assist the poor *gratis*, but I make the rich pay me liberally; I follow a very honest course, and I see nothing in it that can give umbrage to the parliaments."

"But you know, count," said I, "it is confidently alleged that Satan furnishes the recipes for your medicines, and . . ."

"Satan!" interrupted he sharply; "Satan? How can I derive the power of doing good from the principle of evil? No; I obtain my power from providence! Would your parliaments persecute a man whose power is delegated from heaven? Gentlemen of the law," said he with a bitter smile", let me tell you that such a proceeding would be a violation of all law, divine and human."

Perceiving that Cagliostro was getting warm, I tried to turn the conversation to another subject. I wished to hear something of the ghost-scenes, and especially about the apparition of D'Alembert, so strangely described to me by Lady Muntz.

"Yet nevertheless," said I, "Count, you deal in the supernatural. For example: those spirits that you conjure up."

"Ah!" said the Count, "you have heard of those spirits that appear at my bidding! Those ghosts that rise from the grave at my command! But have you seen them? Until you see them with your own eyes, reserve your opinion".

"But," resumed Dugazon, "all Paris..."

"All Paris has not seen them," interrupted Cagliostro; "I am not a mountebank, who exhibits a show in the public streets. I have made myself acquainted with wonderful secrets: I possess a profound knowledge of the natural sciences. Your *savans* who would have rejected me as a man of science, receive me as a conjuror. I labour for the benefit of mankind. I work my cures by securing an ascendancy over the imagination of my patients: I prepare their minds in such a manner, that even the touch of my hand will in some cases effect a restoration to health. I must confess that I expected to find in certain classes of French society, more true philosophy."

"Since their faith is no longer there," said the beautiful Seraphina, raising her left hand to heaven, and with her right hand making the sign of the cross, "they are ready to put faith in anything".

From the remarks that had fallen from Cagliostro, I naturally supposed that he had been imposed upon by our assumed characters, and that he took us to be nothing less than members of the sovereign magistracy. I was confirmed in this belief by perceiving that he wished to break of the conversation, apparently fearing that it might lead to something unpleasant. My surprise may therefore be conceived when Cagliostro drew out his watch, and after looking at it, repeated the following lines from Moliere's 'Tartuffe':

"Il est Monsieur, trois heures et demi; Certain devoir pieux me demande Il-haut, Et vous m'excuserez de vous quitter sitot."

Then offering his arm to his wife, he bowed to us profoundly; and Seraphina bade us farewell with a most gracious smile and courtesy.

"Adieu, M. Fleury! Adieu, M. Dugazon!" said Cagliostro. "You wished me to act a part for your entertainment but you have been acting for mine."

"But I hope," said the lady, "we leave no unfriendly feeling behind us."

"By no means, madame," we exclaimed with one voice; "we continue friends. Au revoir!"

"Au revoir! Gentlemen. I hope we shall meet again; you especially, M. Dugazon. I have some strange things to disclose to you about Banieres."

Truly the magician now gave proof of his power. Dugazon stood transfixed, and as if suddenly petrified. When he came to himself, he would have pursued Cagliostro and his wife, had I not forcibly detained him. Our curiosity was roused, and we both resolved to seek an interview with the magician for the purpose of clearing up the mystery. But ere we could fulfil our intention, Cagliostro was arrested; and after the judgment pronounced against Madame Lamotte, his banishment from France was so promptly decided on, that we had no opportunity of seeing him again.

That Cagliostro should have recognized us was nothing very extraordinary. As to Dugazon's romantic adventures, they were known to one or two individuals in Paris besides myself and [Dugazon] and it is not impossible they might have reached the ears of Cagliostro. As to his assertion of having something to disclose, I do not believe it had any foundation in truth. I have no doubt that it was made for the mere purpose of taking leave of us with *l'effet d'un coup*.



BEFORE I have done with Cagliostro, I must relate the following little anecdote. Palissot was invested with the cross of a Dutch order of knighthood. When some friends were offering him their congratulations, he said: "Do you know that the famous Cagliostro prophesied that I should have this honour?"

"Indeed!" said someone, "how was that?"

"I will tell you. I had reason to be dissatisfied with my treatment at court. I conceived myself entitled to a reward for real and important services I had rendered to the monarchy; in short, I had written an answer to the ode addressed by the King of Prussia to Louis XV. To wound

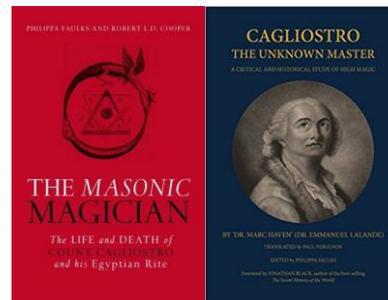
the vanity of an author – “the vanity of a royal author” - the vanity of Frederick II. What was my recompense? To be banished [from] court. That same day, I happened to be on a visit to Madame d'Angevilliers; Cagliostro was one of the party. I told him what I had done, adding, that I conceived myself entitled to the cordon of Saint Michel, but that I had got nothing but ingratitude.”

"One day or other", observed Cagliostro, "you will have something quite as good as that cordon, and you will receive it from the hands of a great monarch.”

“You see, gentlemen, he foretold my investiture with this cross; and the prophecy having been fulfilled; I firmly believe in all his other predictions.”



To find out the whole story about Cagliostro, you can read it in my books [*The Masonic Magician – The Life and Death of Count Cagliostro and His Egyptian Rite*](#) and [*Cagliostro the Unknown Master*](#) both available from Amazon – just click on the links!



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