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THE GREEN BOX

Heartman's Historical Series No. 19



LA CASSETTE VERTE

DE

MONSIEUR DE SARTINE,

*Trouvée chez*

MADemoiselle du Thé.

---

Ipse dolos tecti ambagesque resolvit.

VIRGIL.

---

*(Cinquième Edition revue & corrigée sur  
celles de Leipzig & d'Amsterdam.)*

---

A L A H A Y E,

Chez la Veuve Whiskerfeld , in de Platte  
Borze by de Vrydagmerkt.

M. DCC. LXXIX.



THE GREEN BOX  
OF  
MONSIEUR DE SARTINE  
FOUND AT  
MADEMOISELLE DU THÉ

---

*Ipse dolos tecti ambagesque resolvit*

*Virgil*

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES  
LIBRARY

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## A WORD TO THE READER

What a contradictory mixture of precaution and negligence is revealed in the conduct of ministers of all countries!

In France, as in England, they enclose their secret papers in green strongboxes. Unfortunately these boxes sometimes go astray.

It is to such precaution and to such negligence that I am indebted for the discovery of the political ruses of Monsieur de Sartine. About six weeks ago while making my morning calls with the Reverend Father Anselme, Jacobin, we were passing Mademoiselle du Thé's house. We knocked. Her chambermaid, a petite but very piquante brunette, whose eyes forever appear to be demanding absolution, opened the door for us. Seeing that her docility was not displeasing to my companion, and that he was dying to make her his penitent, I left them and slipped into the apartment of her mistress to whom I hoped to render the same kind services. The door of her boudoir was slightly ajar and I had hardly entered before I perceived a plumed hat and a sword lying on the sofa. My curiosity being excited, I determined to see what else I might find in the room.

I give here but a detail of what I saw; I content myself with saying that by dint of a thorough search I found a green box hidden in the veils of the mirror. What a discovery for a Jacobin! It is necessary to remark that M. de Sartine, who

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had not left the king until a very late hour, was still in the arms of Mademoiselle du Thé, while I took possession of the box. I leave it to the Sophists to determine which of us was the happier.

Having then seized the box and having hidden it under my overcoat I stealthily left the room and went home with the intention of studying politics. I left my companion behind without the least qualms of conscience—he was no doubt amusing himself at a somewhat different game.

I avow I had at first some scruples as to what use I should make of the contents of the box, but reflecting that to a man in my position it is a sacred duty to know all secrets, and that even a king, who in confession dares to hide his slightest thoughts is looked upon as a profligate, a minister, therefore, who locks his secrets in a strongbox is assuredly a declared enemy of religion, and I concluded that M. de Sartine, or at least his strongbox, should be subjected to rigorous questioning.

But, you ask me, why publish these secrets? Does your oath not oblige you to conceal them? Is it not sufficient to be aware of them without publishing them? My answer is that the papers themselves shall plead my cause and serve as my justification. The critics, in comparing Sartine's box to that of Pandora, will not hesitate to compare the editor with Epimetheus. There is, however, a great difference between us. Epimetheus opened his box and war and discord spread on earth for the first time, but all evil had long ago spread in France when I opened that of Sartine. Does not the fabulist in telling us that hope, how-

ever, still remained, mean to tell us that a careful, thorough search will reveal our hope at the bottom of all green boxes? If, in one word, I can prove by these papers that one can no longer rely on the ministers of France and still less on the opposition in England, which of my readers, having the happiness of his country at heart, will not be thankful to me for having published them?

As to you, my compatriots, you whom I love and to whom my exile \* should render me dear, if I have been unhappy enough to be culpable of an indiscretion, I do not doubt that you will charge this to the ardent but blind zeal of a true patriot. But while I am suffering, will you not do something for yourselves? Will you not always think and act as true Frenchmen?

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\* So soon as the editor had resolved to publish these papers he believed the wisest thing he could do would be retire to Holland. The Bastille was, and still is, the avowed enemy of all press-liberty.



## PREFACE

The editor believed it his duty to publish these papers in the same order in which he took them from the box, and the good opinion which he has of the perspicacity of his readers does not allow him to add his remarks.





# THE GREEN BOX

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR MYSELF \*

When his Majesty starts speaking to me about the misery of the people, of the complete exhaustion of the exchequer, or similar things it is time to address him in favor of the glory, the love of the empire, and above all of Louis the Great.

If his Majesty inquires for particulars regarding the loss of Pondicherry, I shall begin talking about the artillery, the arms and other munitions of war taken so gloriously at Senegal. The transition from Asia to Africa is not so very considerable, and his Majesty is a poor student of geography.

D'Estaing's fleet is in so bad a situation that it is high time I discovered that I always thought he would not be successful. At the last levee I appeared troubled, 'tis true, but that is not sufficient. It will soon be necessary to decide. Good! the next time the king speaks of D'Estaing I am resolved to shake my head and, if necessary, even to shrug my shoulders.

Although it is quite à propos to praise the generous love and disinterestedness which our young king has shown America, sane politics nevertheless forbid me to say too much. In an absolute

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\* It is not without great difficulty that the author was able to decipher these secret instructions. As the MS. shows, they have been repeatedly and at different times hastily jotted down by M. de Sartine, sometimes with a pen, sometimes with pencil.

monarchy it is dangerous to speak too warmly of the love of liberty. Besides, it might appear contradictory. For if at present we are generously inclined towards America, we should not so soon forget behaviour of the English regarding the Isle of Corsica, and if we are so liberal to Dr. Franklin, does not his Britannic Majesty supply poor Paoli's living?

It will be prudent to engage a large number of poets, sculptors and engravers who are to confirm the good opinion of himself with which we have inspired the king, and to banish boredom from Versailles.

Every piece of bad news will necessitate a variation in flatteries employed. Sometimes the amusement of an ode where he shall sit among Jupiters, among Apollos, among Alexanders, etc. At other times to surpass if possible the flattering brush of Le Brun. The sculptor in his turn shall represent him in an allegorical form of a fountain of thirteen waterjets throwing sprays over thirteen laurels. As to the engravers, they will, I fear, be forced to put their genius to torture to invent new designs for their medals. For example: His Majesty breaking a bundle of thirteen fagots; His Majesty, as a colossal figure, standing with one foot in Paris the other in Philadelphia. After all, I think it will not be very difficult to invent novelties, for while Louis XIV is busy fighting against the liberty of Holland, the artists will exhaust themselves with designs to celebrate his love of liberty, and in striking as many medals as he suffers defeats.

Meanwhile, if we cannot procure any medals,

we can resort to tapestries. Colbert, with a fine knack for flattery and ceding nothing to his compatriots the Scotchmen, had assuredly no other object in establishing the manufacture of Gobelins but to find a new means of adulation. I will improve on the idea and hang the palace at Versailles anew. Design for tapestry: thirteen stripes, symbolic of the thirteen States of America, strewn with fleurs de lis, the whole interlaced with laurels in woolen weaving.

Necker has a little too much conscience, or is sly enough to try and make everybody believe so. For he will not accept any emoluments whatsoever. But, if he receive no favors, no contracts, no presents, does he not give the lie to the old proverb "No penny, no paternoster."

## To Monsieur de Sartine

RUE DE GRAMMONT, PARIS

London, January 25, 1779.

Monsieur,

I have had the honor of receiving your orders which were transmitted me in the most obliging manner by your secretary. The connections which several years of residence in this country have enabled me to make combined with those you so aptly indicate, will without doubt enable me to make some discoveries which are worthy of your attention. I fear, however, that they will be but small in number. Employed in this species of secret embassy by any other than M. de Sartine, it would perhaps not be difficult for me to exaggerate and to repeat minute details with an officious and mysterious zeal which would not fail to be of advantage to me. But in writing to you—what events could I communicate which your sagacity had not already foreseen? What suggestions could I make which you as an intelligent man, had not already conceived? This obstacle would be difficult to surmount in any country, but it is a hundred times more so in England, the Country of Freedom, where the offices of a spy are nearly reduced to nothing. A dozen newspapers in the morning and as many in the evening leave us, forsooth, with nothing to do.

In London a secret is a prodigy, even in the most private affairs. As to public affairs, the patriots glory in the fact that a liberal constitution has a perfect horror of any secret. It really appears to be so, for the gentlemen of the opposition demand that not only the most minute accounts of the Army, Navy and the taxes be shown them. They also demand to see the letters of the ministers, the most secret instructions for the different departments, and lastly all papers, the premature communication of which would serve them in deranging the most carefully concerted plans of the ministers. They demand, I say, that these papers be exposed on the tables of the House of Parliament where they have seldom been exhibited before; so in one way or another their contents become known, are printed, and in a few days are made public. Thus the ministers of France are as well informed as are those of England, and study things with much greater attention and a hundred times more profit than they who first demanded their publication. Poor encouragement for an English spy! The Gazettes, the pamphlets, the debates of the Houses of Parliament, the memoirs and the bombast of periodical libels which fill to overflowing the shop of our good friend the Sieur Almon, exclude the possibility of any other discoveries in so small a country that besides is stricken with politics.

To render myself really useful I will therefore confine myself to the secret motives and hidden interests which agitate the opposition and, as the Englishmen themselves publish the text of their politics, to write the commentary. Engaged

as we are, in a war which the speeches, the publications, the predictions and the threats of the English opposition have forced us to undertake, it will be of greatest importance to penetrate their intentions, to discover their designs, or, to express it better, to become the *spies of their hearts* a study all the easier for a disrobed Jesuit, as his researches will be directed by the movements of his own party. I am invited to dine at Lord Shelburne's and will seize the first opportunity which presents itself to send you my first dispatches. I shall be only too happy if I can give you proofs of my great respect and perfect attachment with which,

I have the honor to be,

Your very humble, very obedient and  
very devoted, and very faithful servant,

---

To Monsieur de Sartine

Old Hotel Lautrec.

(*Secret*)

My dear Sartine,

Gerard, in the last letter he wrote me, gave a pleasant enough account of what happened in the first audience accorded him by the Congress. I am sending it you, it will make you laugh. What a disgust he appears to have for this despicable *vermin!*

Yours, etc.

GRAVIERS DE VERGENNES.

Philadelphia, August 21, 1778.

My dear Monsieur,

You will have perceived that in my public dispatches I have exaggerated as strongly as possible the details of my first audience, so as to give the king as good an opinion as possible of his new allies. But in writing to you, I forget the minister and mock this embassy of mine. The forced politeness of these rebels greatly amused my secretary and myself so we have drawn up the enclosed account-current.

I am, sincerely

Your, etc.

CONRADE ALEXANDRE GERARD.

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ACCOUNT-CURRENT OF THE COMPLIMENTS BETWEEN  
GERARD AND THE CONGRESS

<i>Debit</i>	<i>Credit</i>
To one carriage and six horses to <i>drag</i> me to the audience, including two delegates.	Permission to one of them to sit on the same seat as I.
To the president and the Congress who rose in a body at my entrance.	A bow of my secretary and myself.
To having listened to my French and having it translated.	Listened to their bad English.
To the speech of the president and his ridiculous bow after having finished.	Permission to my secretary to make a copy.

To 27 awkward bows received at one time or another from the said president and the said Congress. One on my part and 26 on the part of my secretary.

To having placed me in a seat vis-a-vis of the president. Consent to dine with them after the audience.

To all getting drunk in honor of the alliance. Consented to be surfeit of their wine and their company.

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To Monsieur de Sartine

London, February 3, -79.

Monsieur,

I would have had the honor of giving you my news sooner had I not been restrained from trusting my letters to the mails by a fear of discovery, being thus forced to await a safer way. I have been all the more pressed as I wanted to express my thanks for permitting me to draw on you for the sum of 200 louis.

A few days after writing you I dined at Lord Shelburne's. Monsieur de Flossac, an intimate friend of Dr. Price the celebrated actuary, spoke so favorably to him of me that the doctor counselled Lord Shelburne to draw me within his circle. It was on the thirtieth of January, a festival for every good republican! We were announced and immediately ushered into the library. Here we found Lord Shelburne with all the members of his party, that is to say, with Colonel Barré and Barrister Dunning. The three politicians were oddly enough occupied. They



were listening to a lecture on electricity which Dr. Priestly was delivering. He was, however, continually keeping an eye on politics. They moreover gave themselves up to experiments of pure curiosity, one of which was rather singular.

They put orator Dunning, a small and very fat man, on a stool the legs of which were standing in water; in a manner that reminded me of the reception of Dr. Last in "The Lame Devil," a comedy of the late Monsieur Foot. I asked whether he was going to make a speech, when Lord Shelburne very obligingly signed me to touch his (Dunning's) nose with the tip of my finger. I did so and to my great displeasure it showered sparks. At first I suspected that the machine had been constructed with the intention of illuminating the face, but I was told that it was nothing but a little diversion before commencing the real experiments.

Dunning now stepped off the stool and a brass wire was placed around his neck for the purpose of conducting the electric spark through his throat; for the orator has a very raucous voice and Dr. Priestly has flattered him into believing that in a few years these operations, often repeated, will dissipate the phlegm and restore his voice. These physical politics achieved, Colonel Barré began speaking, a man of wit but very noisy! Listening to him one begins to think that there is no one in France whom he does not know, and that he is familiar with all parts of the world. I confess that I was rather astonished that you have not mentioned him to me, par-

ticularly so when he told me that he knew you very well indeed.\*

The Colonel's voice is pitched in the tones of opposition, it is a baritone capable of expressing the fears and doubts of a patriot, and has a cadence comparable to a clap of thunder, very useful indeed in threatening a minister. These two orators are the only ones whom Lord Shelburne allows to take part in his councils and to share his hopes. He is not making a mistake either, for the one has the reputation of being the best counsellor that money can buy in a shady case, and the other passes for the best story teller in the world.

One never sees strife or jealousy prevail in this party; and how could that be possible? Doubtless there is a bond of faith between them that in politics three persons are as one. Several less intimate friends, however, are not *de trop*, for at present they strongly resemble three admirals who have no vessels to command. They are too proud to join any other party, whether it be the government or the opposition. Lord Shelburne, it is true, is a sort of minister by anticipation; and not a day passes without his practising the role which he thinks he will ultimately play. At his house everything is ruled by the laws of etiquette. He receives his ordinary company with all the pomp of holding a great levee. There it is each in his turn. He portions out his smiles to each according to rank and has formulas for his various compliments.

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\* Although I know nothing whatever about this gentleman who knows me so well, it would be sorry policy not to acknowledge an acquaintance. He may be of use to me when I need him.

In his conversation he aims to place himself on a level with his listener.

So far as I am able to judge he has the mania of wanting to appear as patron of all England. He would have you believe that the fine arts exist in England only by his means. Somebody invents a new rat-trap? Not to believe him the patron of so useful an artist is to mortify him deeply. His conversation, the subject of which is always politics, is so much a mixture of the sentiments and phrases of his two friends and philosophers that one could very well compare him with a talking encyclopaedia in which the different subjects have been treated by different professors. The "Military Art" and the "Knowledge of the World and its Ways" by Colonel Barré, all the ruses and subtle distinctions of law by Barrister Dunning, philosophy and scepticism by Dr. Priestly, and the political paradoxes by my friend Dr. Price. This mixture without being original, is nevertheless very effective. One admires the picture that produces so beautiful an effect for if the trees are by one artist, the cattle by another and the figures by a third, the design is great for all that and the combined beauties so distributed are curious and splendid.

A rich man himself he devotes much time to the study of finance. He has all kinds of lists of all kinds of things. He had the kindness to tell me in confidence that he has a thousand new objects for a thousand new taxes and that he has no doubt whatever that the English Nation will have reasons to be thankful, if ever he becomes a minister. He is so taken with his calculations

that he thinks of them in all places and at all times. Recently he assured the House of Lords, that he rode in Hyde Park every day to make an exact estimate of the horses in England by the proportional number in Middlesex, with the idea of putting a tax on saddles and bridles.

I leave it to your usual penetration to determine of what use this party could be to the ministers of France in decrying those of England. As for me, I can easily divine by their present conduct of what use they would be to you if they were at the head of the Ministry. I soon hope to give you a sketch of the Rockingham Party.

I have the honor to be,  
Monsieur,  
Your very humble, etc.

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To Monsieur de Sartine

Versailles, March 22, 1778.  
Sunday Evening

My dear Friend,

I have just come from the levee of the Queen. It has been of a perfectly awful length and your American Ambassadors have had their audience. Had it lasted a little longer they would have given me a head-ache and dispensed me from the task of writing to you. But I know that you are anxious to know whether they have been found acceptable, or at least passable. Everything considered—so so. But to whom are you indebted

for this? To the Countess Jule de Polignac and myself. We had enough trouble persuading the Queen to endure their company, I assure you. Unhappily Mademoiselle Bertin had been admitted to the Queen in the morning and you know how little the war with England is in the interest of the tailors. She had so ridiculed the ambassadors that, when they entered, Her Majesty had all the trouble in the world to refrain from laughing. I am not in the least surprised, for to speak the truth, my dear friend, they were dressed badly enough and, singular to say, not one of them has distinguished manners.

We had done well to vaunt their simplicity and their contempt of all formalities. "'Pon my faith" said the Queen, "I must say that they are nothing but rabble!"

"But" I answered, "look at Dr. Franklin's white hat, it is the emblem of innocence." "And at his spectacles," said the Countess, "they are what I call real economy" (one of the lenses was broken). "This Dr. Franklin," said Her Majesty, "is really very singular in everything." We laughed at the sally and the Queen regained her good humour. The Duke de Coigny who was present at the time assured her that singular as the doctor was with his white hat and one-lensed spectacles, he had nevertheless found the secret of bottling up lightning, and that, uncorking it, he could cause worse troubles than Pandora when she opened her box, or the companions of Ulysses when they opened the goatskin.\* All of which

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\* Which contained the wind. Transl.

made us laugh very heartily because we did not understand a word of what he was saying.

In short, up to the present time we have managed things fairly well. But, for heavens sake, my friend, send me some dancing masters and french tailors for the barbaric ambassadors, and above all, get his Excellency the doctor to have his glasses mended.

Goodbye,

LAMBALLE.

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To Monsieur de Sartine

London, February 15, 1775.

Monsieur,

From day to day I am more convinced of the difficulties of securing secrets worth knowing. You have foreseen this when indicating the persons who would be likely to be of greatest use to me in my secret embassy. At the head of your list I find Monsieur Le Texier. I went to see him at his house in Market Lane, and this is the result of my interview. At first he assured me that his country was still dear to him, but that at present he was obliged to give his love of her a little rest, because, to obtain the management of the Opera, he had been forced by his patrons to swear never to write anything on, or to speak of anything relating to, politics. I showed him plainly that this could only have reference to speaking in public, and that we could easily have nightly conferences. "Ah, Monsieur" he cried,

“remember Beaumarchais and Deon, our rendezvous would but serve to renew the idea of the ‘Pairing of the Spies’ and people would not fail to ask themselves which of the two is the male.”

He continued to assure me that he was attached to his country and to Monsieur de Sartine, and after having cogitated for some time he said that he believed he had found an altogether new means, a means that was more curious than the hieroglyphs and the lemon juice, and would serve to communicate with me without in the least violating his promise. “How?” I asked. “How? by the way I have my hair dressed.” By the way he has his hair dressed, you ask me? Yes, and we have so well chosen our signals that at present I can with the aid of my glasses read all his thoughts regarding politics by the arrangement and the number of his curls. And this even though we be at opposite ends of the great hall of the Opera. For instance: if the stocks should appear to be *rising* or *falling* his curls will be placed *over* or *under* his ears, which at this distance are for me a sort of barometer or scale, showing me the changes likely to take place. In the same way I determine by the *largeness* or *smallness* of the curls whether the ministers are *rigid* or *flexible* toward the Americans, and if he *augment* or *diminish* their number I know that the parties are growing *stronger* or *weaker*. Very valuable knowledge indeed while Parliament is in session. I wished that he would elaborate on the idea and that he had arranged so the different sides of his head would express his ideas on the opposing parties. The *right*, for instance, for

the *Cabinet* and the *left* for the *opposition*, the curls of one side for the *Whigs* and those of the other for the *Tories*, and to express by these means the "yes's" and "no's" by the proportions of the curls of the different sides. "It's too much to ask of me" he answered, when I proposed it to him "even if it were possible to gain Madame Hubbard's approval of so paradoxical a hairdress, the novelty alone would be enough to arouse suspicion and perhaps lead to our being caught." With this exception he has promised to be very exact in his communications. He has, consequently, made a secretary of his valet, in so far as he gives me news of what passes in his master's head by his manner of dressing his hair. You see for yourself, sir, how difficult it is to worm a few secrets even from the best of your friends and on how very delicate distinctions my discoveries depend. I do not, however, let these difficulties discourage me, for I believe that, ultimately, it will be possible to obey your orders. I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your most humble, etc.



## LIST OF STRIKING TITLES

For pamphlets to be written and of translations to be made, all of which are in our favor. (S...)

*Portfolio of Monsieur Voltaire*, published by his heir. Plenty of blasphemies, and still more paradoxes to amuse the Americans.

*The Merchant Aristocracy*, twelfth edition, revised and corrected, for the use of the Ministers of His Majesty, by Monsieur Terray \* (Captain of vessels in the service of H.M.) and by Monsieur Beaumarchais.

*The Harmony of Despotism and Anarchy*, dedicated to the author of "Common Sense," a poem written to celebrate the alliance of His Majesty with America.

*Liberal Thoughts on the Bastille*, a refutation in advance of all pamphlets our enemies may write.

*Dialogue in Hell between Lally and D'Estaing*. This brochure should be written at once, but it is not necessary to publish it yet, for D'Estaing may still escape if Admiral Byron has any taste at all for illuminations.

*Heads their Trumps*. Eulogy on the two brothers, the Howes.

*The Queen's Choice between Pallas and Venus* Imitating the choice of Hercules, an ode, because such wonders demand the sublime.

*Mentor and Telemach*, or, a Bride for the Colt. A flattery for old Maurepas and His Majesty.

*I wash my Hands*. Excuse for myself.

## TRANSLATIONS OF ENGLISH PAMPHLETS

*Collection of Speeches made, and of Pamphlets read, by Mr. Burke in the House of Parliament.*  
Literal translation.

*Letter from Monsieur Hartly to His Constituents at Hull.* The solicitations and the spelling a little corrected.

The periodical libels which appear under the name of "*The Englishman*" but for which the title "*The Frenchman*" would be more appropriate.

Finally all that can be found at the shop of Sieur Almon, since the dismissal of the Duke of Grafton, excepting always the "Letters of Junius."

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\* Discharged for having elaborated a little too much on his theory in overloading his frigate with merchandise.

To Monsieur de Sartine

Tuesday morning at 11:15.

My dear Sartine,

What shall I do with the enclosure? Not a week passes but I receive two or three letters from this man. What he says is very true, and I think we should do something for him, or at least promise to do something. I hope your head-ache is better. The Duchess asks me to tell you that you will never make any headway so long as you persist in listening to the drivel of old Maurepas. It seems to her that one is punished enough by being obliged to listen to the king. If you have nothing better to do after the opera, have supper with us.

DE CHARTRES.

P.S. You are too kind in enquiring about the health of our little *Valois*. It was nothing but a catarrh. His mother would insist on taking him to see the illuminations.

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(*Enclosure*) Toulon, on Board the Royal Louis,  
September 14, 1778.

His Highness the Duke de Chartres.

Highness,

I am not in the least astonished that the press of affairs which without cessation occupy your Highness, have made you forget an affair of so little consequence as the interest of a simple indi-

vidual. Allow me to observe that at a moment when the nation is celebrating the naval victory of July 27th, it should be an honor for that nation to reward me for the advice I have presumed to give and which, happily, has been so successful. Without my advice the equipment of the fleet by which you have acquired so great a reputation, would have been retarded for a long time or, perhaps, altogether thwarted. I beg to remind your Highness that it was solely at my instigation that copies of the "Order to throw Anchor at Brest" were placed on board the vessels taken by the English. I foresaw plainly enough that they would be duped, and consequently, alarmed. Events have even surpassed my expectations. The English fleet retired and ours was equipped without hindrance. I dare to flatter myself that your Highness will take it upon yourself to see to my advancement, and to furnish me by these means with occasions to show my zeal in battle as I have shown it in council. I have the honor to be, with the most profound respect,

Your Highness,

Your very humble and very obedient,

JEAN, JACQUES, CHARLES, LOUIS GASCONARD.

Marine Guards.

To Monsieur de Sartine

Monday Evening, 6:30 p. m.

Alas, my dear Sartine, our excitement and our hopes have vanished at the same moment. It may be that great emotions do not last long or it may be the expense of the illuminations has had the same effect as a bleeding has in a fever, this "Keppelerie" has altogether ceased. More of this favorite dish of the bourgeois in honor of innocence. More grave stones and candles, more aldermen with blue cockades, more bourgeoises of the garter à la *Keppel*. He has refused to take command of the fleet and his popularity has been razed to the ground like his pavilion. Thus ends this strange farce in which we have seen the principal actors successful and being blamed for it, being thanked by the Parliament and forgotten by the people. It is a well concerted plan and promises much. We will have to put some other intrigue in motion to create that disunion in the nation which has always been so great an expedient.

I am very sincerely your etc.,

FRANKLIN.

P.S. This bad news troubles me so that I think I will not come to sup with you. Have the kindness to make my excuses to Madame de Sartine. If I feel better, I will come tomorrow.

(Satire found in the Tuilleries, written apparently by the Marquis de Louvois. I have advised D'Orvilliers to court him more than ever.

S.....)

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#### A WORD TO THE READER

The naval victory of July 27th, indidicive as it was, has been so strongly claimed by both sides that it is not possible to accede it to one nation without outraging the convincing reasonings of the other. I flatter myself to have found a way of satisfying all Paris, without compromising myself, and leave everyone to read as he pleases. The double creed of the Jesuits furnished me with the idea, and the desire to satisfy everybody made me execute it. Those who wish to read an English victory read the following verses column-wise, while those who would persuade themselves that D'Orvilliers was the victor, read them cross-wise. As to myself, I have been so convinced by the excellent reasonings of both parties that I am of both opinions. Those who think as I, read them both ways.

## THE VICTORY OF JULY 27

*Proved and granted to him who has the right  
of claim*

They have lost their memory.	Who say the English were victorious.
Who give the victory to the French.	Have reason to feel elated.
When Monsieur d'Orvilliers writes.	The truth is clear and good.
One reads a lot of falsehood.	In the defense which Kappel presented.
False reports that I detest!	One cannot escape.
When one is strong enough one remains.	If one finds the enemy.
The French entered their port.	When the enemy had taken flight.
The English found themselves the stronger.	One dispenses with pursuit.

To Monsieur de Sartine

Friday Morning at 11:30.

Why did you break your word? I waited for you all the evening—all the evening—alone! How you would have enjoyed my remarks on the enclosure! I was obliged to use all my eloquence, I assure you, to obtain permission to read it. Angelique was in the sunniest of humours all the morning while dressing me and, certainly, I expected some wonderful news. At last she told me that she had received a letter from America. I am sending it you. You know that Monsieur Maréchal, the valet of the Marquis de La Fayette always has had a tender regard for my Angelique. You and I have often laughed at the expense of his master,—ridiculous Don Quixote that he is! Why should we not amuse ourselves at the cost of his squire? Tonight, until then, my dear little angel, think of

Your passionate and faithful  
DU THÉ.

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*(The Enclosure)*

Mademoiselle Angelique, Chambermaid etc., etc.,  
etc., etc., of Mademoiselle Du Thé.

Philadelphia, September 24, -78.<sup>o</sup>

At last, divine Angelique, love smiles upon us. My master is tired of these savages. We are returning and your faithful Maréchal will lay his laurels at your feet. How your little heart would



have beaten the day we prepared ourselves for battle! I say *we*, for I had resolved, that, should my master be killed, I would not stand by with folded arms, and as he had sent Milord Carlisle a challenge for having dared to be disrespectful to his master, by God and all the Saints of Paradise, had he been beaten, I would have made Monsieur Storer regret that he mocked mine!

But the English poltroon sent the Marquis an excuse. Unhappy affair! after all the expenses we had preparing for this duel! Oh, Angelique! what a wonderful duelling-dress! Superb! Crimson cloth, interwoven with olives in gold and lined by one of the best furriers that America ever produced. Wonderful shoes with red heels as well made as these miscarriages know how. What a grand sight it would have been had they fought! I had put the Marquis' hair in curling papers, and intended to make him six curls on either side. But now—everything is at an end, and we are leaving this country. To speak the truth, my dear Angelique, the Congress of Milord Washington is in despair! All day yesterday my master was busy writing them a letter of consolation. I listened and heard him read out the superb words "The moment I heard speak of America, I loved her. The moment I heard that she was at war, I burned with desire to spill my blood for her. And the moment I can be of use to her is the only moment worth living for!" Oh lovely Angelique! how beautiful are these few moments! Beautiful, however, as they may be, they do not compare with those I reserve for thee! The Marquis' letter had all the expected

success. The Congress of Milord Washington, everything considered, behaved pretty well in this instance. They wrote their Doctor Ambassador telling him to buy a beautiful sword which is to be presented to my master. What do you say to this, Angelique? What is more, Monsieur Laurens in his letter prayed God to bless and protect the Marquis. What a sword! What a benediction! As to me, they have presented me with neither one nor the other. Devil take them! If they had given me a nice sword I would have dispensed with their benediction. But, my dear Angelique, love me always and I gladly renounce both their swords and their benedictions!

I am, and will be, all my life,

Thy slave,

JEAN, CHARLES, JACQUES MARÉCHAL.

## SECRET DISTRIBUTIONS

	<i>Livres, Sols.</i>
To Monsieur ..... for suppressing a libel against the queen .....	80,000.0
To the same for sending us English grey-hounds .....	20,000.0
To M. Jacques for advice received and for expenses while in prison .....	20,000.0
To the same for payments made to M. Smith of Plymouth, M. .... of Portsmouth, M. .... apothecary at Chatham, Mdsle ..... of Deptford, Madame ..... of Bristol, Messrs. .... of Limehouse, Wapping, Blackwal, etc., etc	15,000.0
To an Alderman of London for the budget of his regiment of the Militia. To Alderman Lee for information. It is a question whether such a sum ever came to his notice .....	10,000.0
To Colonel Brome of the Artillery of St. James' Park for an exact calculation of the English artillery .....	12,000.0
To the widow and the pretty little child of the late M. Jean le Peintre .....	4,000.0
To the Reverend Jackson, editor of the Ledger, the General Adviser, and the London Packet. N. B. He was recommended to me by my good friend the Duchess of Kingston .....	11,298.4*

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\* This is a fraction of what I have paid up to the latest editions of the said Ledger, General Adviser and London Packet.

*Livres, Sols.*

To the Honorable T. W. for important information .....	80,000.0
N.B. His Excellency Dr. Franklin promised to reimburse us for the full sum so soon as affairs are better.	
To M. Panchaud who, instead of being a <i>bull</i> , found himself a <i>bear</i> , while trying to cause a drop of the English stocks, when the news of the capture of the St. Lucie, of the capitulation of Pondicherry, and the blockading of D'Estaing arrived at so inopportune a moment. ....	400,000.0
To the same for money advanced T. W. who lost in a similar enterprise .....	155,000.0
To money advanced Dr. Franklin until the arrival of his fleet carrying tobacco .....	130,000.0
To his Excellency Silas Dean for use in America .....	100,000.0
To his [third] Excellency .....	100,000.0
To M. Sayre, Ambassador to the Court of the king of Prussia for not being successful in gaining an audience .....	80,000.0
To illuminations of the Pont Neuf and by order of the Duke de Chartres .....	10,000.0
To several poets for a quantity of odes on the naval victory of July 27th, at six sous per line .....	5,000.0
To his Excellency Dr. Franklin to buy a sword which Congress has ordered to be presented to the Marquis La Fayette ....	1,000.0

	<i>Livres, Sols.</i>
To Beaumarchais to pay for the two vessels which he bought from the king .....	100,000.0
To Gerard to distribute secret presents among the members of the Congress, snuff- boxes ornamented with a portrait of the king, for their wives and daughters, and a box filled with rouge, of the kind the Queen uses, for Milady Washington, twice as beautiful as the sword presented to the Marquis de La Fayette, etc. ....	600,000.0
To Duke de l'Vauguyon for having nego- tiated a loan in Holland .....	150,000.0
To my secretary for his personal use as a recompense for his integrity .....	500,000.0
	5,434.298.0
	ARNOLD.

( Cette Lettre valoit bien la peine qu'on la déchiffra. — Elle vient du meilleur de mes Espions — Le projet est excellent ; j'en pourrai tirer avantage — Cette tentative peut amuser les marchands de sucre qui ont fait banqueroute : quoiqu'ils n'y gagneront rien quand même elle réussiroit — Mais j'en doute — Je n'aime pas ces couvans dont parle d'Orville, ils pourroient bien nous être aussi nuisibles à *Jersey* qu'ils l'ont été à *Queissant*. S — )

Nous avons à présent une belle occasion d'attaquer *Jersey*.  
 123 † 75, 836 ≡ 4 : 2. 342 † *a b*. 11. 19 : 6 : Q : 187. 91 : 3 : 4.

Tous les Officiers de la Marine se querellent entr'eux  
 18. 3. 78 800 ~~85~~. 62. 3 8 4 : † † 36 9 ≡ 312.

Le passé les occupe tellement qu'ils oublient. le présent.

3 : 800. 24. 6 (†) 42. 9 † 3. 72. 11. 5. 932. 9 17 : 43

Il y a une grande quantité de nos sucres dans l'isle,

X. 3 : 9. ≡ 800. 24. 6. 42. 9. S. G : 11. ☞. 11. 342

Et le Gouverneur reste à Londres pour haranguer au Parlement.

2. 1. 0060 13 4 † - - - 72. 5 †. \* 312. *a b*.

Mais surtout il faut que Milord Sandwich soit congédié,

5 : 13 : 8. † 42 : 978 — 29 ≡ 3 45 — †. 11. 17. 8 : 17.

Parce qu'il est certain à présent que les chemises des Invalides ne sont pas assez longues

400. ≡ 3. †. 28. 43. 7. A : B : 17. 32. †. 11. 14.

pour garantir ces pauvres gens du froid, ou pour descendre jusques dans leurs culottes.

19 : † : 6 *Questo* — 33. 14 45 1775. 1776. 1777. 1778. 1779.

Ainsi nous pouvons nous attendre a bien des émeutes, des revoltes, & à toutes fortes de maux.

(The following letter was well worth deciphering. It is from the best of my spies. The project is excellent, I shall make use of it. This bait should serve to amuse our sugar merchants although they gain nothing, even if the scheme should be successful. But I doubt it will be—I don't like the breed of which D'Orvilliers speaks, they can be as dangerous in Jersey as they were in Ouessant.

S.....)

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We have at present a good chance to attack Jersey.

All the officers of the Navy are quarrelling among themselves.

The past occupies them so, that they forget the present.

There is a large quantity of our sugar on the Island.

And the governor is in London, haranguing Parliament.

But above all, it is necessary that Milord Sandwich be dismissed.

For it is certain at present (that) the shirts of the pensioners are not long enough

To keep the poor men from feeling cold, or to reach down into their trousers.

Therefore we can expect plenty of riots, revolts and all sorts of evil.

The reader probably expects to find here the letter about Lord Rockingham's party which the spy promised in one of his previous letters, but it is impossible for the editor to publish it. It is true that such a letter was among those found in the box, but it is largely crossed out and effaced, and the little that could be read is severely critical of Lord Rockingham's party, as it is called. Perhaps Monsieur de Sartine believes that all people who are openly sworn enemies of the British cabinet, are partisans of the French ministers, and that consequently he should efface these satires as contrary to his own interests. Or perhaps politeness overcame politics, and although he was very much offended at the pleasantries indulged in\* at the expense of the Shelburnists, he nevertheless strongly disapproved of becoming personal on any occasion or on any subject. Be this as it may, he had effaced certain words and left others. For example: one reads at first, although with great difficulty, plenty of matters about the aristocracy, and against the pretensions of some gentlemen who imagine they should be ministers of state, because their ancestors were very simple and honest men of the last century. This part is least effaced and at the side the words "Hereditary Virtue" can be clearly read.

In the part following this he excitedly demands to know why the descendants of Dutch families pretend to a right of governing the reigning king because their ancestors belonged to the court of King William, and why George III, to-day gives

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\* Probably: "indulged in by Lord Rockingham's party." Transl.



two or three dukes the preference because Charles II was hopelessly amorous of their great-grandmothers. Monsieur de Sartine had also effaced this but he had written in large letters "Very zealous old Whigs" above it. Near the names of Grenville and Burke the words "Stamp Act," "Declaratory Law," "contradiction" and "party" could still be read. The whole is followed by compliments on the sagacity of the one and the eloquence of the other. This Lord Rockingham's party appears to have been presented under the allegorical form of a home for invalid admirals and generals, of a "Chelsea Parleментарia" where wounded honor and libelled reputation found an asylum. Monsieur de Sartine had also passed his pen through this, but lightly, so as not to damage the already mutilated MS. too much, and only the shadow of a line through whole pages of panegyrics which follow. "Indiscretion of youth" and "New Market" were the only words more difficult to make out. In his postscript he had given a list of the persons who were at all times to be admitted to the levees of Lord Rockingham. This list had been procured for him, as I understand it, by his wife through the agency of the chambermaid of Milady Rockingham whom the porter of the marquis had given a copy. This has been torn up, but on one of the fragments the names of M. Burke, M. Nollekins, M. Charles Turner, the Duke of Grafton, James Lee, James Rider and of Sir George Howard can still be read, and on one of the pieces is that of Captain Walsingham, with a question mark after the word "Colonel."

To Monsieur de Sartine

On sending him a letter of M. Necker.

What a letter I am sending you! The king read it and shivered, and I myself could not read it without feeling the darkest apprehensions. We must determine to do something, the sooner the better. Why has the "Mothe Piquet" not yet sailed? America opens her arms wide to receive us. What a blow if De Grasset is not successful. I am really afraid. D'Estaing has failed to realise our hopes. "Le pacte de Famille" is no longer. May it please the Lord to allow me to retire to my chateau, and to live in peace with all Europe. Meanwhile—do you believe we shall be able to do something this summer? If not, we must follow Necker's advice.

Your, etc.,

MAUREPAS.

P.S. I have written to my friend in London for information whether Admiral Arbuthnot will retire soon, and whether Sir E. Hughes will remain at Gorée.

(*Enclosure*)

To Count de Maurepas

Monday morning.

My dear Monsieur,

The affection you bear our master the king, and the disinterestedness which I know governs your thoughts of our country, and your earnest desire to help our compatriots, whose courage and fortitude, however great they be, will not be able to bear up much longer against the woes that overwhelm them,—all these demand that I give you, in as few words as possible, a picture of the actual situation of this kingdom in regard to its commerce, its resources, its revenues, its actual expenses, and that I show you as well as I am able to do so, to what misery it will be reduced if this unhappy war does not soon cease. I do not doubt, that on this occasion as on every other, you will attribute my zeal to the disinterestedness which has always been characteristic of my every action, and that you will do me justice in speaking to the king. More I do not ask.

You know, my dear Sir, the nature of the complaints of all our agents and all our merchants. Most of them have been ruined by the prizes England took from them. Our revenues are not large enough to compensate them for their losses. Those who are not yet bankrupt, expect to be so any day, for all the isles that remain to us, are blockaded. In losing Pondicherry we lost the commerce of India. Gorée may fall in a similar manner,

and then the same will happen to the commerce of Africa. Even if our merchandise reaches the Channel, we have no fleet to protect it, and England makes an easy prize of it. That is the actual state of French commerce. As to our revenues, you doubtlessly know, that even in times of peace they do not cover our expenses. In 1769 these expenses exceeded our revenues by 30 millions, In 1770 having mounted to 70 millions, when Abbé Terray made his large reductions, they still exceeded our income by 17 millions. The total of our revenues, including the sums gained by the suppression of the king's privileges and the appropriation of several abbies, do not amount to more than 380 millions, 160 of which are rentals, a sum which this year will not be so considerable as the figure quoted.

	Millions
Annual expenditure for life-pensions and the interests paid by the king, amount to more than ..	139
Expenditure of all departments, including the king's household, civil and military, and the aliments of the princes, are more than .....	200
Special expenses, used last year exclusively for the navy, amount to .....	100
	<hr/>
	439
Deduction for a loan made last year .....	40
	<hr/>
	399

It appears by this detailed account that after only one year of war we find ourselves burdened by an excess of 40 millions in our expenses.

These, my dear friend, are the exact conditions of our exchequer, and although we raised a loan of 40 million last year (with the intention of making our enemies believe that we were less in need

of money than they and still more to keep our compatriots from protesting against the taxes usually levied at the beginning of a war) we are obliged to immediately negotiate for larger loans, or we will not be able to continue it. The provinces, 't is true, especially Bretagne and Languedoc have shown themselves very patriotic in their contributions, but I am forced to remark that their help is like a drop of water in the ocean.

No matter how carefully I calculate, I am hardly able to keep the budgets for "Bridges and Roads," of the Artillery, of the Waterways, the Special Pensions, etc., etc., from exceeding the normal figure. Step by step with our debts grows the embarrassment of the individual and he demands with more and more insistency what the state owes him.

The expenses for the fleet equipped last year were enormous, and we gained nothing at all by spending these immense sums. The repairing of our men-of-war after the battle of July 27, cost, I am informed, as much as the original expense of building them. Even if it were possible to form a squadron next spring to cruise in the Channel, we could not man them as England holds most of our sailors as prisoners of war. Spain will not come to our assistance. America is ruined, we cannot lend them anything, nor help them in any way. Our commerce is ruined also, we are on the eve of another national bankruptcy, and peace only can save France from the ruin that threatens her. Abandon this American *canaille!*

NECKER.

To Monsieur de Sartine

Feb. 28th.

Dear Sartine.

I cannot contain my rage till my Secretary comes home, or trust my resentment to the tameness of translation. I, the Ambassador plentipotentiary of the United Free States of America, have lived to see the day, when I must endure the contempt of the wretched envoys of evvry paltri principalitu. In short, all the Ambassadors refuse to rank with me. Doria Pamphili, the Pope's Nuncio, calls me Quaker. Count d'Aranda says his Catholic Majesti loves South America too well, to encourage rebel colonies. Chevalier Zeno says the Venetians hate anything but a nominal Republic. Monsieur l'Estevenon de Berkenroode, tells me his States quarrelled for religion, not taxes. Prince Briantinski loves the English, and his mistress the Empress of Russia, desires him to insult me. Baron Golz refers me to Mr. Sayre. All this I could bear—but to see Count Sickingen, Baron Grimm, Baron Thun, and Monsieur Wolff give themselves airs, drives me to madness. In short, sir, I am insulted in all the languages of Europe. My religion is satirized in Italian, mi politics in Spanish and Dutch, I hear Washington ridiculed in Russian, and myself in all the jargon of Germany. I cannot bear it. Make Europe civil to America, or I'll follow Silas Deane.

Yours,

FRANKLIN.\*

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\* Misprint for "Franklin."

To Monsieur de Sartine

Old Hotel of Lautrec  
Monday, 11 a. m.

I hear that several of our vessels have arrived in Virginia. I suppose that you have a balance of our account with our friend Doctor Franklin. I should like to know how much we made last year

VERGENNES.

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The following appears to be but the beginning of Monsieur de Sartine's answer to Monsieur Vergenne's letter. There was but one page of the account to be found in the box, and we can consider ourselves lucky that this one at least escaped the flames.

My dear Vergennes,

Enclosed you will find a statement of the account between ourselves and his Excellency the Merchant-Ambassador. Read it and burn it. It is not necessary that all the world should know how you and I trafficked. We really could write the commentary on the "Merchant Aristocracy." It would be but our right to reward ourselves with a few little presents for all we have gone through. I am tired, I assure you, of the bickerings of the court, and there is nothing more fatiguing than to be continually playing the role of Proteus. I must lift the mask for a moment in writing to you, my friend, it will ease me. Alas! Vergennes, why did we ever listen to Beaumarchais! His absurd councils allied us to these rotten Americans. They owe us considerable sums and we had no chance of reimbursement except by plunging France into this unhappy war. What obstacles have not for a long time beset our every path! The king whom nature designed for a life of ease and pleasure, wants to enjoy both and see his subjects enjoy them also. At his coronation he found the people exhausted by a long and ruinous war, bankruptcies made for honor and the creditors' sakes; the spirit of the people crushed. In spite of all this, a sovereign like he, guided by the sage councils of a Maurepas, would not have failed to restore France to her ancient splendor, while the valuable merchandise of the Indies (colonies of whose importance Colbert was very well aware) entered our ports and were equally distributed among prince and subjects. Instead—what artifices he \* used to make



the king renounce so certain a happiness for the mad speculation of an alliance with America. Then came the English surrender at Saratoga, and ambition could no longer contain itself. Necker did have his doubts, but calm deliberation was overruled by subtle flattery. The queen wants to control everything; we promised to aid her, and she governs the king. But of what use were all these artifices? We have lost Pondicherry and St. Lucie, or, to speak correctly, we have lost both Indies, for we have no forces left at our disposal in the one and D'Estaing is blockaded in the other. The bankrupts of Bordeaux flood us with remonstrances. The captains of the "Wooden Legs" and their widows, reduced to the "sabot," overwhelm us with petitions. As to the first—you easily get rid of them, but Montbarey is tired to death of the latter.

The young officers who at first spoke of nothing but of triumphantly raising the "Fleurs de Lis" and of trampling in the dust the "Lion of England," are tired of their jobs, they have no other wish but to return to Paris. They want to go to the Opera, to the Queen's balls, to their mistresses, they want to promenade and go to the races—in short—they want to do anything but stay in their camps. The king keeps on demanding victories from me. The Queen reiterates that the spectacles of Doctor Franklin want mending. Maurepas shakes his head. Necker calculates and pulls faces. The Spanish Ambassador says nothing. Above all—

(The rest is missing.)

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\* Colbert.

Here is the beautiful sheet which escaped the flames.

—*ex pede Herculem*—

Page 12

ACCOUNT OF PROFITS AND LOSSES  
OF  
MESSRS. DE SARTINE, VERGENNES, AND HIS  
EXCELLENCY  
DR. FRANKLIN, ASSOCIATES

Profits	Livres	Losses	Livres
Forward	2700,000	Forward	957,000
Share of the prizes made by the "Sturdy Beggar," Captain Ephriam Adams ....	60,000	A third of a cargo consigned to Boston, in the "Invincible" taken by the Cutter "Lizard"	40,000
—Consignment—		Share of gunpowder in the "Ocean" taken by the "Thames" ..	20,000
A cargo of tobacco by the "Oliver Cromwell," Captain John Lee .....	125,000	7/8 of the drygoods in the "Vulvan" thrown overboard by the "Venus" .....	50,000
From the "Goudron" and the "Resine" by the "Two Brothers," Captain Solomon Howe .....	80,000	5/16 of the pelts in the "Otter" sunk by the "Beaver" .....	23,000
By cargoes from the Carolinas by the "True Briton," Captain Sabot, by the "Lively," Captain Ebenezer Darby, by the "Sprightly," Captain Caleb Cushing, by the "Milady Washington," Captain Moses Hancock .....	400,000	A cargo of matches, saltpetre, and sulphur taken by the "Hasard"	37,000
		Protested drafts returned by the "Land of Promise" .....	100,000
Forward .....	3945,000	Forward .....	1117,000

## Draft of a Plan for the Ensuing Campaign

### JERSEY

A "coup de main." The militia will doubtlessly flee. The governor will not return till there is nothing left to return for. We are certain of success. What news for our friends in Jersey and America!

Invasion of Ireland. The inhabitants are nearly all papists, but unhappily, they enjoy the same privileges as the protestants. Our friends in the opposition promise to do the impossible to make them revolt. One of these gentlemen is even now employed in engaging their priests, particularly Father ————. We must try to have the Irish copy the Americans. The Congress would hold its sessions at Dublin. Chevalier Newnham could be president. Write and order two or three patriotic speeches for the English Parliament, to excite the Irish army to rebellion. Would to Heaven, that the French people could forget the name of Thurot! What is more, the Irish are a very giddy people and although they invite us, it would not be surprising if, when we landed, they mistook us for enemies. It is even probable that their giddiness makes them prefer the honor and safety of England to the disinterested friendship of France.

During the summer months an attack on Southampton and Brighthelmstone, while the bathing season is in full swing, ought to cause an uproar,

and our young officers would be charmed to assault the dancing halls and to enter the bathing houses, sword in hand.

Now to a large fleet. The merchants will continue to grumble if we do not prove that we have their interests at heart by some parade or other, although nearly all evil that possibly could befall them, has befallen them already, for the English freebooters have already fleeced them to the tune of twelve million pounds sterling. Even if we could equip a large fleet, D'Orvilliers would disdain to stay in the Channel, for last summer, after his victory, as he calls it, the Atlantic was not big enough to contain his vaingloriousness and the ambition of his master, although all sorts of things take place in this "English Channel" as the Islanders have the effrontery to call it. We must take care to place garrisons all along our coasts, for, as soon as Jersey is taken, England will certainly try to make reprisals. Not that they love to come too near our coasts, but it is better to be on our guard. Nothing could make us look so ridiculous in the eyes of all Europe than if one or two of their ships should enter our harbors and burn a number of ours.

If D'Estaing beats Byron, we'll send him to burn Plymouth, nobody is more worthy of finishing what M. Jean Le Peintre began than D'Estaing himself.

We are rather at loss as to which forts to attack. The fort of Dover is impregnable. Tuffnel commands there! It is dangerous to attack Scilly, Egerton awaits us, firm as a rock. We could easily make ourselves masters of Tilbury,

if only the entrance were not so dangerous! Many people think it advisable to attack the "Five Ports" because Lord North is governor and he is said to be subject to sleeping-attacks while on duty. He sleeps, it is true, but I fear it is the sleep of the lion who never wakes but to scatter his enemies. Fort William could perhaps easily be taken, for Mr. Rigby, our great enemy, says that the General and Governor Burgoyne cannot arm except in favor of Congress. After all, I think it will be La Tour, if our vessels succeed in entering during the night, for General Cornwallis will be away for a long time and much too busy answering the questions of General Howe, regarding what took place at Philadelphia, to have any time to think of us. Once masters of La Tour we can easily put the citizens of London to flight by setting the lions and tigers of the menagery on them, while we amuse ourselves in the mint, and pillage the arsenal; for it is there that this vain nation keeps her many spoils as a proof of past glory and our strange defeats. That's enough for Europe. As to America . . . . .

*(Hiatus valdè deflendu)*

The following draft of an alliance with South America in one of Lauraguais's pasquinades. He little imagines that we have seriously discussed this subject in the cabinet.

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PROJECT OF A "TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP AND  
COMMERCE"

\*Between "his most Christian Majesty" and the "United States of South America," to be ratified so soon as they revolt against Spain, which cannot fail to happen in the next two or three years.

(1) "In the name of the Holy and indivisible Trinity," His most Christian Majesty will receive an embassy composed of disrobed Jesuits and Doctors of Philosophy from Paraguay, Chile and Peru. M. Conrade Alexandre Gerard (who has already handled similar kinds of embassies) will be nominated and constituted Ambassador plenipotentiary in all the rebelling states of South America, generally and particularly. Charles Génévieve Louise Auguste-Timothee d'Eon de Beaumont,† will be nominated as Chargée des Affairs in the countries of the Amazones.

(2) His most Christian Majesty will have the kindness to send all sorts of munitions of war to be used in killing Spaniards, and demands but an ounce of gold dust for each pound of gun-powder.‡

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\* We have made use of the same terms as those used in the treaty with North America.

† d'Eon was considered a woman, until at his death the contrary was found to be the case.

‡ . . . qu'un once de Poudre d'or pour chaque livre de Poudre à canon.

(3) His most Christian Majesty sends a fleet to convoy the canoes of the United States to all ports of the known world, of which fleet D'Estaing will not have the command, even should he return sane and safe. This command is reserved for M. de Bougainville, for whom the mermaids should have lots of love.

(4) His most Christian Majesty "promises his good offices in mediating" in favor of the inhabitants of Paraguay, Chile, and Peru with the King or Emperor of Morocco or Fez, the Regents of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, etc., as well as all other African Kings and Emperors, furthermore with the Emperor of Japan, and all pirate-princes of that quarter of the globe.

(5) His most Christian Majesty is so passionately fond of liberty that he is content to give his subjects, instead of all other benefactions, full and complete liberty to fish at their pleasure in all waters of South America, because he knows that they love to fish in troubled waters.

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Answer of the Queen to my letter with which I sent her those of Maurepas and Necker. (S..)

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Monsieur,

You will hardly believe how seriously I read the two letters you sent me. Really, they occupied my mind all morning while my coiffeur was dressing my hair. Your correspondents appear

to entertain grave doubts as to the king's being charmed with our war. But I know that you and Vergennes will continue it at all costs. Both of you are my favorites, and I will never abandon you. Besides I can't live without mixing in politics. The nursery has for me none of the charms which it appears to have for Charlotte of England. And even if I had a failing for domestic pleasures, none of my amusements could, if only for appearance' sake, coincide with those of her Britannic Majesty. Very well! What does it matter? If the soil of Versailles is not propitious for the tender myrtle, we shall cultivate nothing but laurels.

To make this war fashionable you have to do nothing but to build camps in Normandy for our young officers, they prefer them to field quarters. As to the Spaniards, they can do what they please. Of what importance is the "Pacte de Famille" as long as my brother is the friend of France? Courage, sir; if D'Estaing should perish, let him, he would have it so. Let us reserve our reinforcements for brave d'Orvilliers, but we will yet see the day on which we shall turn the tents of the English army into a carpet for our feet!

MARIE.

P.S. What wonderful feathers you sent me! I shall not wear them until the first victory is ours. Let it therefore be your ambition that they do not turn yellow in some closet of my wardrobe.

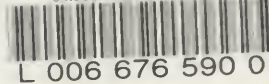












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