

Nov. 15 /  
Louvre the 15 of Bell. 1786.

My Dear friend. the 16 of August in the Morning at  
two a clock dyed Frederic King of Prussia. the Evening  
before he sign'd his dispatches as usual. He is no more  
— my Master — your Master in the Art of War has  
finissh'd his Career. If there is no Cannon Ball —  
May you, may I dye Like him — he Dyed Without  
Fear Without Ostentation, Without Dying Speech &  
Without Priest. I am affected, for several Days I  
shall keep my Room, he deserves a tear from Every  
Soldier.

Have you been at the Expedition where the Temple  
of Themis was protected by Dajonels? Is this the  
Republic we assist'd to Establish? — I have  
done with it. & not a Word more.

I hear they Raise troops in the Back Country  
I Expected nothing Elfe. How imprudent was the  
step of Congres to Raise a Corps at this moment.  
But such are our Cunning stratagems:

Vos stratagemes jettent tout  
~~Votre projet pour doute~~ peut estre utile  
Mais il ouvre la porte a une Guerre Civile  
à ce Remede affreux faut-il s'abandonner?  
faut il perdre l'Etat pour Vouloir Gouverner.

Bendon sets Out for Madrid, the King wishes to be well  
informed of Our political Affairs. The information  
he will receive could serve for an Antidote to his  
his American Dominions against the distemper  
of independence.

Le 23 de Nov.

You know my friend the Aversion I always had for that  
Gloomy Month of November. This I ~~think~~ imagine is the  
fillest season in the Year for an Englishman to  
hang & for a German to Drown himself — this  
is not a Smile on heaven nor Earth. the Days pass  
with the Politicks of Our Glorious Government, & the Nights  
suffering by Rheumatisme & plagued by the Night mare.  
All is Glomy all is dark — North come & all will  
be Light. —

Last night I received an other letter from D. Smith. still  
in the stile of jeremia; his mama told him says he  
that I was angry with him for not sending on my sword

\_\_\_\_\_ & then comes a string of Excuses about this  
d\_\_\_\_\_ sword & that's all. If he is as much allarm'd  
about the attachment of his Wife, as he is about yours  
& my friendships, he must have a Hell of a time with  
him. You Billy are some times an Obscure fellow —  
but I am less p'plag'd with you — Even if I am angry  
with you & have the best Reason so to be — you  
do Like as if you d'ont perceive it — till I come  
& beg your pardon that I have been angry — then  
you generously forgive me, you laugh at the old fool —  
& matters go again their train.

I Received at the same time your letter, I rejoice in  
the Expectation of seeing you soon. I was glad to  
find that the speech in the News-papers contain'd Excites  
a smile on your face. In New-York it had not the  
same Effect, it is looked upon as high treason —  
the Dignity of Congress, the Dignity of the Governem't  
& all these Dirty Digniters are pretend'd to be  
insulted. When Madame Dubarry heard the  
Fishes Women calling her a Whore, some body  
observed to her the insolence of these Canaille —  
I'm'en fou — replied she in the stile of  
her profession. As long as I live in this d —  
Republic, I will at least have the Liberty of laugh<sup>ing</sup> —  
When ever I feel a disposition for it — With God knows  
is very seldom.

I really have been sick since a fortnight — a kind  
of a flying gout or some devell or other, no appetit  
express'd in my breast — I was not out my Room  
& within it no soul then. Upon & myself — my ~~friends~~  
friends <sup>are</sup> all occupi'd since I send no more invitations  
Should I dye perhaps Child's will put it to his advertis-  
ments — & they will say is he dead? we did not hear  
he was sick: but he was an old man — and a Bachelor  
— & some will say — now he will no more trouble Congress.  
but I hate to think what you will say.

good night to you my son.

Now the 24.

N 3

Three days more & you are not arrived — & I see  
not a Leaving Creature about me except Agos —  
still sick — still gloomy — Why not send for a Physician?  
— Physician? no, Let nature destroy What is no  
more worth preserving. What detains you so long  
Billy, your presence would be a Relief for my  
Soul, She or What you Call so, is more affected  
the the Daddy. Your last letter told me you were not  
well, my imagination makes you worst — perhaps  
~~dangerous~~ dangerous. All this operates upon my  
mind like the Caricatures on M<sup>r</sup> Cromwells Screen  
on the head of my Nephew when he was Crazed —  
if you d'nt come to morrow — I will — I must  
go to town — I can no more suffice myself — but  
I shall be there alone as at the Louvre. —  
Allone Every Where allone — at Freichenbourg  
Allone — the Idea is dreadful — My Old General  
is dead — for what must his aide de Camp stay so  
long behind him — Let me go — Let me go, &  
all is over. — Billy come I can not stand it longer.

Now — the 26.

to morrow I'll go to town, I feel just strong Enough  
to do it — I fly from the Louvre, I detest the Place  
& go to one which I hate — my friend I take  
my papers with me, to finish my Affairs with  
Congress — be the Result what it will — I will  
arrange all my other business in the course  
of two or three months — & then I set Out for  
Europe — I can neither leave nor Dye in  
this Country. When shall I see you, I want  
you very much. God forbid that you are not  
ill at Boston. To morrow I will offer the  
Leaf of the Louvre to M<sup>r</sup>. Gardouqui, & at  
his Refusal by publication to the Public.

Sturtevant

Letter from Myfanwy