



## ON EMPIRES THAT HAVE THE VAPORS LIKE PRETTY LADIES.

(2 Nivôse, Year XII.)

If wealthy people are in good health, the doctor's interest is to persuade them that they are in danger and that their condition offers alarming symptoms. The doctor finds it useful to inspire them with this terror. From this come so many amusing diseases, like the vapors of women, vapors that never attack those who do not have enough to pay the Faculty.

Empires also have their imaginary illnesses and their doctors, who are diplomats. These gentlemen would be lost if all remained in peace. They would be like a prosecutor without a trial, like a doctor without patients. When the sovereigns are in agreement, a good diplomat must shuffle the cards; it is an opportunity to exchange notes and counter-notes, where the ambassadors stand out on both sides. After much chicanery, the debates are reconciled, and each ambassador has saved his country, if we are to believe him.

(This paragraph is marked with an ink line by the police.)

When you see the appearances of an inconceivable war, like the one that threatens to break out between Bavaria and Austria, believe that there is diplomacy at stake. Here, on both sides, are mock hostilities. And why? For the village of Oberhaus. A fine prey, this village, to stir up a war! It is about this village that learned diplomats launch notes and counter-notes! Isn't this the trial of Figaro between the conjunction AND and the conjunction OR? All this gives importance to the political agents, who would not know what to become without these official tricks.

Upon this pretext, troops were marched, from 20 to 30 thousand men. Let us be reassured; war is politically impossible between these two powers. The result will be that the respective ambassadors will have performed feats; each of them will boast of having protected his country from a war, and he will obtain as a reward cords, pensions, etc.

Why are diplomatic niceties so influential? It is because public opinion is very foreign to affairs of this kind. They rely entirely on diplomats who themselves know very little about them. They believe themselves clever when they have studied statistics, public right and espionage. After that, they know, like the one who has six months of room, how to be

killed as a rule. That is enough, since their antagonists are of the same strength! But if they don't have the genius for their profession, they do have the tactics of the bar, the art of aggravating quarrels; this is why so many empires frequently march armies to support the notes and counter-notes of ambassadors. And when these gentlemen, for an insignificant village, make Austria and Bavaria gossip, we see very well that these emotions are provoked to promote the diplomatic doctor; they are the vapors of command. It will be nothing more, and each of the two armies will return as it came.



## RESPONSE TO DÉLYROR.

(5 Nivôse, Year XII.)

To MONSIEUR DÉLYROR.

If all the madmen were sent to Charenton, that town would soon be more populated than Paris. How many crazy people there are in this world, starting with lovers, jealous people, painters, poets, philosophers, and even many pretty ladies. M. Délyror wishes to enroll me in this brilliant legion; he is wrong to call himself a member; because, joking about my article *Triumvirat*, he gave a great example of prudence, he had the finesse not to address the substance of the question, proof of common sense. He would have racked his brains on such a subject, way beyond his reach, and that's when he would have gone really Deliror. He foresaw the danger; he confined himself to innocent jokes in a moderate tone; on this I congratulate him, and I propose him as a model to those people steeped in bitterness who treat newspaper articles with importance, and who want to hang a man with four lines of his writing. Mr. Délyror has avoided this ridicule.

In his taunts, he is prolix, drowned in the chatter. His accusation of madness is well-worn and meaningless: the proud call all those who know more than themselves mad. Christopher Columbus was declared mad, he was the laughingstock of Europe for seven years for having proposed the search for a new continent. Galileo and so many famous inventors were considered mad in principle. The inventor of the mathematical calculation of destinies must therefore also be a madman, according to the laughers; but whoever laughs last will have a good laugh, and the outcome will not be in seven years as in the Columbus affair.

To conclude, M. Délyror or Dérysor only has his decent style on his side, but he is far from the conciseness and reasoning necessary in a personal apostrophe. However, as the one-eyed are kings among the blind, M. Délyror can still serve as a guide to so many

muddled minds who respond to reasons with invectives, and who, having no other talent than that of mocking, do not know restraint, either in their written diatribes or in their offensive verbiage.



## INVITATION TO THE ECHOES.

(7 Nivôse, Year XII.)

It is amusing for me to make so many young muses gossip at will: if I have an article printed, these gentlemen immediately fight against me in verse and prose, in the two newspapers. Aren't they a little confused being twenty to one? Couldn't you, gentlemen, talk about anything other than me? Where would your mind be without my madness? You only develop it when I excite it. I Am not so uniform; satire, harmony, the triumvirate, all that is madness for some, good for others; but at least it is varied. You would still have cackled about the problem of women's liberty, if I had given it.

Since you absolutely want to fight with me, let's make the fight recreational for the public, let's make an assault on novelties: let's see who will be able to change the subject best. You are in your twenties; I will therefore have twenty times more to invent than each of you to say anything new. I shall be more deprived of dealing with my familiar part, which is foreign policy. We have to give it up, since the triumvirate article has made so much noise. Was I to expect such an uprising of public opinion? Many times I have sent political notes to the government; I have received flattering letters in response, signed by Carnot, Talleyrand and other personages, who, I hope, understand politics: when one has their vote, one can console oneself for not being in favor with the diplomats of the Grand'Côte.

As for harmony, how dare people who pretend to common sense rise up against a calculation that is unknown to them?

The public will incline, as well as me, to put an end to this deluge of brocades, which are becoming more and more insipid. I therefore invite these numerous critics, all occupied with me, to say something new and fly on their own, without waiting for me to stimulate them.

The good spirit in the newspapers is not to dwell on the same chapter; and I dare to believe that the public prefers my varied follies to their monotonous spirit, always stunned in quibbling with the same individual. God knows how they shine there. They are a company repeating a banal joke, the sobriquet of madness, which ignorance gives to all inventors in their beginning. — FOURRIER.