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TRANSLATION OF
M. ANDRE CHENIER'S LETTER,
Published in the "JOURNAL DE PARIS,"
of the 5th of May.

FRENCH Citizens! on this day when a deplorable and shameful event, at the commencement of the war, has severely admonished us of the value of wisdom and reason, let us guard against that fickleness of mind which has always appeared to be the characteristic of our nation.—The least success elevates our hopes, to a degree bordering on folly.—The least repulse plunges us into despair.—But in the midst of a well-minded grief, we are willing at last to examine maturely the misfortunes which have just befallen us, and firmly apply those certain remedies which these misfortunes themselves point out, we shall have no reason to be discouraged. Let us only open our eyes—let us remember that fortune and chance are empty sounds:—That success is the reward of good conduct; that the reverse is the chastisement due to imprudence.—Since we have neglected the counsel of wisdom, let us at least profit by the errors of which we had forewarned us. Let the past correct the future; and then, not only the melancholy scenes which we lament, will cease to be an unlucky omen, but they will rather be a beacon placed at the entrance of a dangerous channel, to caution us to quit it as soon as possible.

Till now, all men who saw with terror the relaxation of discipline in our armies, who saw disobedience and revolt reduced to system and become our military code; the soldiery encouraged to imbibe in Clubs the most detestable principles—or the most pernicious and false conclusions from true principles; the Generals disgraced in a thousand ways—injured, hated, struck, assassinated with impunity, and always condemned unheard;—the soldiers always excused, justified without inquiry, applauded and rewarded when they ought to have been punished—those who have seen with terror such things, who loudly lamented them, and who would have had us look their fatal consequences in the face, pined (if not for traitors) at least for men governed by old prejudices, incapable of expanding their minds to our new plans of Government, or of rising to the height of a Revolution, but on the contrary; those men, insulted every day by a crowd of mercenary wretches, were, and always will be, friends of their country, friends of humanity and of the laws; who instead of attempting by furious declamations, to flatter the passions of a lazy and ignorant multitude, employ their leisure and their reflection in studying history and the nature of things.

They know that when men arm and embodied are not confined within the rules and limits of exact discipline, debauchery, thoughtlessness, and a contagious indolence, soon enervate their minds and their bodies.—They know that want of subordination in armies, partakes of the essence of despotic empires; in which the soldiers, at least sometimes, revenge the wrongs of the people, but always do so by producing evils still greater; and that free nations, who have done greater things than others in war, have obtained their superiority by the rigid austerity of their discipline.—You may quote as an example of the contrary, those very enemies against whom we now fight. But have those Germans received the military art from their fathers, or have they borrowed it elsewhere? Do their armies resemble those of the ancient northern Hordes, or are they governed by rules similar to those of the Roman armies?—Let no one then treat the German or Prussian discipline with a decision equally stupid and proud; and let them learn to imitate despots in those things, in which despots have imitated free people.

Let us then, since it must be so, cast a glance upon the horrible and shameful event with which we have stained the commencement of this war. I do not remark that French soldiers have fled; for the circumstances which followed were such that one no longer thinks of reproaching them with their flight.—They have assassinated their chiefs; they have massacred unarmed prisoners.—Do such horrors compose the history of free people, or that of eastern tyrannies? It is in the latter that armies resemble those wild beasts which they tame in the same countries, to prepare them for the chase; but which, when they are in want of prey, return furious and strike their keepers with terror.—'Tis there that Generals are butchered, that prisoners are cut to pieces, that prisons and strong castles are the only asylums to which Ambassadors and peaceful strangers can fly for shelter, against the violence of an enraged populace. Is it there we would look for examples? And are French troops becoming Janizaries?

If any thing can yet further excite the anguish of every truly patriotic heart, it would be the tone and discourses of all those odious fanatics, of all those vile turbulent demagogues that fill the clubs, whom the evil genius of France has raised and supports against her.—These have all our misfortunes proceeded. There, have been fomented sedition and want of discipline. There, has rebellion been declared against all lawful authorities; hatred to every virtuous man; protection to all malefactors. They have already poured out on the tomb of the unfortunate DILLON, and the companions of his fall, atrocious and base calumnies; which, for four years past, are the only expiations which have followed the murder of so many victims sacrificed by the friends and retainers of these societies. Doubt not that the authors of so many disorders set every instrument at work to prolong them; doubt not that they will contend for revolt and plunder. As for their altars and fire-sides, doubt not they will abuse the Rights of Men as a pretext for procuring impunity to those who desert and massacre their Generals. Doubt not that

those false and ferocious pens, which insult their country by calling themselves patriotic, will labour and strive, after the first transports of our grief shall be past, to interest us for the fate of soldiers who could make no other use of their arms than in assassination; and to tell us, that in truth it was only an error, but that the chiefs were aristocrats, and that the army was sold. It will not be for want of their efforts, if we do not hear some buffoon preparing a *Triumph* to those cowardly murderers.

All ye whose souls can feel what is honorable and good; all ye who have a country, and who know what a country is; who knew what you said when you swore to defend it, and with whom to "live or die free" are not words without meaning; Oh, French citizens, all ye who have Sons, Wives, Parents, Brothers, Friends, with whom and for whom you wish to conquer; with whom or before whom you are resolved to die,—how long shall we talk of our liberty in order to remain slaves to impious factions? Raise then your voice, shew yourselves, let the nation come forward, and annihilate all those troops of idiots who usurp its name; and who, commanded by knaves, will destroy us if you do not all put forth your hands. This is the only moment that remains, this the precise moment in which we are to decide the future. Evil shall it be to us, if we shut the ear to the first warning that war has given us. If our conduct is courageous and wise; if our representatives display, on this occasion, the grand character of equity, constancy, and vigour, worthy of them and of us; if those regiments of the line who have acted with French courage, if that battalion of spirited National Guards, whom the city of Paris shall have eternal honor in having given birth to; in a word, if all the warriors who behaved as good soldiers, as good citizens, as freemen, are commended and rewarded as they merit—if those who abandoned their General shall be chased with ignominy, deprived for ever of the use of arms and of the rights of citizenship;—if the murderers of their commanders shall meet condign punishment;—if the villains who massacred unshrinking prisoners are given up to the hostile nation—in short, to let all Europe know that the French people disavow this right borrowed from the manners of cannibals, and that they have not recovered their liberty in order to make war like barbarians;—if the law invest our Generals with all the power necessary to preserve in their armies a strict discipline, and punish them for improper tenderness rather than for rigour;—if justice be always attainable, and the immediate consequence of the crime;—if the intolerable audacity of these usurping fraternities be repressed;—if the projects of our Generals, the march of our armies, the plans of attack, before their execution, cease to be objects of discussion in clubs—the present evil may be easily repaired—our Generals may recover confidence—and our troops regain their own esteem, as well as that of foreigners. The loss of a post is a matter of indifference, but the honor of France has been more brought in question by these detestable actions than it had been for ages past.

If in place of this, our Legislature shall be indolent and weak, where justice and firmness alone can save us, what officer, having a soul and talents, would wish to remain in such an army?—What General wish to command troops capable of assassinating the man whom they have previously dishonored?—Where is the citizen that would not dread to make war on an enemy to whom unpunished massacre would give a right to make retaliation, unless they choose to conquer us by generosity and virtue? And what people would not consider themselves just in despising another, which, in becoming free, forgets the manners of civilized life, and directs themselves of humanity?

Behold then what every Frenchman should say to himself, and say to his fellow Frenchman, in repelling with shame and ignominy all infamous flatterers, who wish to render a useless example of this first lesson of misfortune.

Ye to whom the wishes of your fellow-citizens have trusted the destiny of the empire, it is time to see and to found the precipice toward which we drive with such great strides. You have too long listened to those who call a hatred of all subordination patriotism, the impunity of all crimes liberty; who have fraternal feelings for those alone who are banditti or murderers; and who seek for the reputation of humanity in their pity for villains, which is an insolent derision of all good men. Recollect that nothing is more humane, more indulgent, more delightful, than the severe inflexibility of just laws; nothing more cruel, more unpleasable, than clemency to criminals; that there is no liberty which is not held under laws, nothing as despotic or as sanguinary as anarchy.

LEGISLATORS! France has undertaken, with courage and alacrity, a war, the success of which shall secure its own liberty and that of Europe at large. It is for France to furnish its army, but it is yours to organize it, and in order to this you must both create and repair.

It is your duty—you are charged to prevent Frenchmen from having made a frivolous and vain oath, when they swore to defend their liberty against all its enemies. Foreign Despots, at the same time that they tell us they do not wish to go to war, dare to dictate to us respecting the kind of Constitution under which it pleases them that we should live—Legislators! it is for you to decide whether these contumacious propositions shall have the force of laws, or whether they shall merely become ridiculous bravadoes. Recollect that an undisciplined army is terrible only to its own country.

ANDRE CHENIER.

From a late English Paper.

EPISTLE,

From NAPPER TANDY, in Dublin, to TOMMY PAINE, in London.

DEAR TOMMY this comes from the island of Saints, Where NAPPER is making a thousand complaints, 'Gainst Law and Religion, Vicegerents and Kings, And Bishops and Judges, and such odious things; And happy he is not alone to complain, But in concert to growl with his dear Tommy Paine. You have heard how I challeng'd a Man of the Law, And escap'd by a Trick from the Messenger's Paw; How they took me again, and refusing all Bail, Sent your poor Napper Tandy disgraceful to Goal.

But eod I'll be up with these Great Legislators, And make them submit to our new made Dictators. You know who I mean, and how easy the way lies, The Jacobin Club that assemble at Daly's. Please God ere its long, every Man in the Realm, Shall each take in his turn and direct the State Helm; And your Doctrine no longer be any man's scorn, For you know, my dear Tom, "We are equally born."

And that he who this moment is ploughing the land, Has a right in his turn our Helm to command. Nor is the day distant when you, Thomas Paine, Of the Government of England shall hold the chief Rein;

And I, Napper Tandy, shall joyfully sing, "I'm greater in Ireland than Viceroy or King"— So keep up the Ball—and write strong as you can, In favor of France, and her new RIGHTS of MAN.

P. S. As I've lost being Sheriff, next Michaelmas day,

I mean on your side the water a visit to pay; And my Wife says she'll go, her fancy so itches To see if she knows the Combustible Breeches; Those Breeches, Oh, Tommy, how dismal the tale! That just in the critical moment should fail— Those dear Galligaskins that had they been burn'd, Your whole Constitution must be overturn'd; For your Lords and your Commons would certainly fall,

And the four Courts of Justice in Westminster-Hall, To the tune of CAIRA, the Mob would all Dance, And England be just such a Country as France.

OF QUACK DOCTORS.

AN EXTRACT.

From the Boston Independent Chronicle.

WHAT degree of knowledge can be reasonably allowed this kind of practitioners, when six or eight months are the extent of time devoted to physical studies. Without any other kind of knowledge, they turn over many valuable volumes, written by the ablest pens—and in the course of their perusal, acquire a number of old Latin phrases, and hard technical terms, and then close their books forever.— Thus stored, in their opinion, with a fund of useful knowledge, they commence man-slayers. Well might such men wear swords by their sides, to shew they have a commission to kill. Alexander was a celebrated warrior, who, through his martial spirit, shed rivers of human blood. In like manner, Quack Doctors, through their ignorance of the force of medicine, and of its operative effects upon the constitution, are no less distinguished for man-slaughter.

A singular instance of this vice, arising from this order of men, took place not long since in the state of New-Hampshire. A young lad is thrown from a horse and wounded. The best, as was thought, of the eight or nine doctors residing in the town, is called. While the tender youth, by an expressive wish in his countenance, asks a respite from pain, and relief from his most distressing situation, and nature waits patiently for human aid—the famous doctor arrives. He has the knowledge, as well as the weeping parents, that something the youth ails—But what it is, and the remedy, are equally unknown to him. As something must be done, he applies.— Having given his learned prescription, he mounts his horse in great haste, to be gone. The anxious parents beg he would tarry a few moments. But to avoid exposing his ignorance, both of the complaint of the youth, and its removal, he answers, "He will do well, I must visit another patient." Thus the youth is left expiring, and made a sacrifice to the gross ignorance of a false physician.

TURIN, April 25.

NOTWITHSTANDING the pacific assurances given by this court in respect to the affairs of France, there is every reason to mistrust its obscure policy. A whole year has now been spent in completing the troops of the line, and besides these the provincial regiments are arming. These regiments form in the whole an army of 15 or 16,000 men, and are so organized that the whole of them may be collected in a few days. The garrison of Nice is considerably augmented. Considering the exhausted state of our treasury, however, there is reason to think that all these preparations may be solely meant for internal defence.

MARSEILLES, April 9.

The true patriots in Marseilles are a majority of its inhabitants; but they are timid, and the primary assemblies have the assurance to intimidate their antagonists who are not friends to anarchy. Whoever is not a republican and anti-royalist is, with them, an aristocrat; and this word, like the head of Medusa, petrifies all minds.

GIRONNE, (Spain) Jan. 12.

ADDRESS TO THE KING OF SPAIN, Written by a gentleman of Traga, who travelled into France with the famous Count d'Aranda.

Charles! thy august Father gained the affections of the Spanish nation by a government founded on moderation: his reign was marked with blessings, the memory of which will never be effaced; he bridled religious despotism, and mitigated the holy barbarity of the inquisition. We expected of a Prince, whose sentiments announced philanthropy and philosophy, that he would perfect these glorious beginnings: but, Charles! thou hast deceived the hopes of thy people; thou hast suffered them to languish under the iron sceptre of monachism, and the pride of Spain feels the insult. Our allies, the French, are free, and the report of their glorious revolution hath struck thy ears like a peal of thunder, and made thee tremble on thy throne. The state dungeons, which thy august father had shut up, have at thy command been put to use, and thou hast spread fear and distrust throughout thy wide domains; the age of Philip the Second is revived; but, Charles! listen to the voice of a descendant of Cortes, listen to the voice of Spain entire; restore to thy people those rights which God and nature bestowed on them, if you desire not to see them seize on them by force; shut up forever those gloomy mansions of desolation, where sacerdotal vengeance offers up its human sacrifices to a God of mercy; give us up the liberty to speak and think; none but a tyrant can dread the truth, and surely thou canst not desire that so execrable a name should descend linked with thine to posterity; contemplate the miserable condition of our lands, by nature the most fertile in Europe; thy fleets bring into our ports the gold of Mexico and Cusco, but thy people are poor and without industry; within these ten years three great nations have achieved their liberty, and Spain rests still in slavery; we have driven away the courageous Moors, and suffered ourselves to be mastered by the monks—Oh ignominy! oh shame!—Charles, thou art the richest monarch in the universe, be also the most glorious, the most just, the most beloved; shew thyself worthy of commanding the Spanish nation, of reigning over freemen; think on thy true interest, think on the energy of the nation, think on thy renown.