

THE fall and destruction of Robespierre and his party, open a new field for speculation.

It appears, that sensible of his popularity being in a decline, he had determined to make a desperate push to re-establish his power. But unwilling to do things by halves, he resolves, with the true spirit of a Frenchman, to settle matters at once, and denounces one hundred members of the Convention. This intemperance, and impatience to get rid of his enemies, proved the destruction of this great Oracle of Democracy. Had he been contented to proceed gradually, his superior talents, when turned with their full vigour to any object, would have enabled him to have risen superior to any attempt against him; but so bloody and barefaced a measure seems still more to have startled the Deputies, who had already taken the alarm at his sanguinary proceedings, and had been for some time secretly undermining him—these seized on a favorable opportunity afforded by the absence of some of his party, to destroy the confidence of the Galleries in him; and Billaud Varennes, coming boldly forward, denounces him for a traitor,—he is vigorously seconded by Barere, Roudon de L'Oise and others—Tallien draws his dagger, and threatens to take the execution of justice on himself—that argument, which has convinced so many, proved on this occasion equally irresistible. But he did not need to put his threat in execution—Robespierre and the others, attempting to defend themselves, are severally refused to be heard, and silenced by the Galleries—The Convention, overawed by the influence of Tallien, instantly determines his fate; and sentences to the Guillotine, the man who had so long been accustomed to govern there with absolute sway. Those lesser luminaries of Democracy, who may be considered as satellites of Robespierre, are obliterated by the greater importance of his character. The Revolution, which like Saturn, devours its own children, has swept off together with Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, De Launey of Angiers, Robespierre the younger and a number of others—all of whom were distinguished men—but involved in the fate of Robespierre, they pass before our eyes like meteors, and remain undistinguished from the clouds that have gone before them.

Happy had it been for Robespierre to have fallen by the hands of L'Amiral—he might then like Marat have been worshipped as a Demi-God, and enrolled in the Calendar of martyrs to the revolution. But fate did not permit: destined to fall by the plots he had laid for others, "like a woodcock caught in his own springe" he is justly killed with his own treachery.

Thus fallen before the invincible arm of the Guillotine, low lies the mighty Marius of France—his lot is much less fortunate than his of Rome, as his crimes were greater: arrested early in his career of villainy, cut off by his own murderous steel, Robespierre scarce attained the prime of life: Marius after a life of discord, in the 70th year of his age, and 7th Consulate, died of a pleurisy brought on by drunkenness.

No more shall the bloody butcher of Paris cause to pour down her streets the torrents of blood, which have been depopulating for three years past, the most delightful country in the world. His dark plots and secret artifices, his bloody proscriptions, whereby he has sacrificed on an average thirty individuals daily, are now at an end.

Robespierre is gone! the last branch of that famous Triumvirate, who laid to deep their plots, and seemed to aim at nothing less than the total subversion of all the governments of the earth: Marat murdered like Crassus, Danton vanquished by Caesar Robespierre; and he in his turn destroyed by Brutus Tallien, and the other Deputies, who may be called the Cassius's, the Cæsar's, the Cimbers, &c.

Robespierre is gone! but there is too little cause for the friends of humanity to rejoice: new Marioses and new Sylbs will arise from his ashes, and those bloody scenes which have already struck the world with horror, will be re-acted. There is however some consolation in the idea that the ruthless villain has been caught in his own snare.

Robespierre no doubt intended to have made himself a Dictator; in this he has failed, perhaps only to give room for some new candidate: he is probably now gone to regions, where he will have a larger scope for the display of his Revolutionary powers.

For the Gazette of the United States. Mr. FENNO, On Tuesday evening I took a walk

up towards the State House, to give in my vote, and to observe the manner in which the Election was carried on; on approaching near the place, I was accosted by a man who had a number of tickets in his hand, who asked me if I was going to vote, on answering in the affirmative, he immediately offered me a ticket in favor of Mr. — who he recommended in the strongest terms, and at the same time told me to step up to Mr. O'Ellers's Hotel where I would get a share of something that was good, and free of expence.—I proceeded on a little further, when another person offered me a ticket of the same description—and whose empty stomach I imagined had induced him to perform the service; this person had all the appearance of an ignorant tool—crying out, "dam F—, we have not forgot the Bargo yet!" and much more to the same purpose, not worth mentioning, were it not to shew the folly and absurdity, of our fellow-citizens, in leaving a matter of the greatest Importance to every free-man of the United States, to be decided by persons, who while they suppose themselves free, sell this glorious privilege for a mess of Pottage, a slice of ham, or a drink of Grog. I should be sorry to say, the majority of the Citizens who attended the Election were of this cast—no; for I believe there were many of the most respectable characters, and men of sound understanding, who attended; but I am sorry to say this most important duty of electing officers of government is too much neglected by our fellow-citizens in general; and if not more closely attended to, corruption of men and manners will certainly be the consequence; from which and the pest of Democratic Societies, may we ever remain free.

AN OBSERVER.

From the Eagle.

No fiction can be pleasing, or instructive, which has not some resemblance to reality, or at least a shadow of possibility. But many modern versifiers pay little attention to this maxim. The dull insipidity of their measured prose is rendered still more disgusting by plagiarisms from the absurd fables of antiquity. True our best modern poets generally reject such ridiculous machinery. Yet absurdities of this kind, sometimes occur even in the enlightened period.

"Attend, and paint the Majesty of Jove? Says a late writer in a certain periodical publication. Jove was the BAAL of the Assyrians, and, BAAL was the DEVIL! We have no objections to the gentleman's painting the majesty of the DEVIL! But an ode for the purpose ought not to be inscribed to the SUPREME, nor be prefaced with the term JEHOVAH! If an appearance of levity, in censuring such improprieties, is admissible, you will please insert the following.

SKETCHES HUDIBRASTIC;

On the absurdity of invoking Heavens Gods in poetry; or checking the fallies of genius, by critical rules not founded in NATURE.

SAY, can no other power inspire Our frigid bards with heavenly fire, But such as tun'd Mæonian lays, And gain'd the Greek immortal bays! Is there no God, who rules above, That poets chant their lays to Jove? Or shall we bend the servile knee, To an old Pagan Deity!

That poet, who in modern days, By antique rules attunes his lays, May "cut a dash" with borrowed wit, But has of genius not a whit; For want of which, is doom'd to tread The path by ancient writers made.

Some rhyming dunces perhaps will say, "Just let us poets have fair play, Great Homer did invoke his muse, And we will do it, if we chuse." The Mantuan Bard, in lays divine, Courted Apollo, and the Nine. 'Tis right I'm sure in modern ages, To imitate those ancient fages. Yes they went on, without restriction, Still heaping fiction upon fiction."

Your argument, though vain, I'll answer, Convince your dulness if I can Sir. Perfection does to none belong, Those ancient fages might do wrong, To censure them we'll not be sparing, When their absurdity is glaring, Poetic images they sought, In fables their religion taught, But sure a modern writer fails, Who introduces fictitious tales, And makes old Heathen Gods, machines, To animate poetic scenes. Except sometimes in humorous pieces, Their agency our mirth increase. Would you describe a drunken rout, And for expressions are put to it, Then haul in that old heathen BACCHUS, And make him rhyme with wine and crack-ers.

Or when a lover's lost his heart, 'Twill oft affect some other part, And this, I'm sure is very plain, The heart's connected with the brain;

From which I bring this inference; That one in love has no pretence, To half a grain of common sense. For him to introduce a Coward, Will not appear to be so stupid, Because, the little urchin blind, Is but an emblem of his mind.

But what has that old bully MARS To do with modern Indian wars? Or do you think, that Madam CLIO, Can well describe the broad Ohio? Did wife Apollo ever dream Of Mississippi's mighty stream? Arcadian Pan e'er tune his voice Or banks of rapid Illinois? Dianna ever lead the chase Among the tawny savage race, Who prowl the wood in quest of prey In regions of declining day?

'Tis said the famous Reed Pegasus Is metamorphos'd to a Jackals! For poets after them I ween, The fittest beast that e'er was seen. A kind of friendship will subsist Between the rider and the beast. Brutes of a species, they'll agree, And jog along so cleverly, 'T' oblivion's valley there to stay; As pious Sternhold used to say.

"Until forever, and a day," Ye who are candidates for fame, Ambitious of a poet's name, No more address the Pagan throng, Nor file Apollo god of song, Columbia's daughters sure are fair As maids Pisirian ever were, And Bunker's bill by far surpasses, The heights renown'd of mount Parnassus. 'Tis folly then to sue for aid To Phoebus or Aonian Maid; For if one cannot write without, Which often is the case no doubt, 'Tis time his labors to give o'er, His scrawl to burn, nor scribble more, For 'tis the truth, he ought to know it, 'Tis nature's voice HE IS NO POET.

Foreign Intelligence.

F R A N C E.

NATIONAL CONVENTION,

August 2.

Addresses were presented from Tours and Lille, upon the late events at Paris. A letter was likewise read from the Representatives of the people with the armies of the Rhine and the Moselle.

The deputies of the commune of Cambrai were admitted to the bar: they came to denounce the Representative Joseph Lebon, as an agent of Robespierre and St. Just. They complained of the tyranny which was exercised in the commune of Cambrai, where money was distributed, and plays given gratis to the public, in order to mislead them.

Lebon, they said, instituted a tribunal, by which many innocent people perished. On these occasions he had always in his mouth the well known saying of St. Just—"The Revolution is like a clap of thunder, we must strike!" He had convened the people on the 10th of this month, to harangue them, as he frequently did, and doubtless expected to apprise them of the triumph of his faction; but he had only to relate its total discomfiture, and the death of its chief.

Lebon mounted the tribune. Bourdon (de l'Oise)—"There is the hangman Robespierre made use of!"

Andre Dumont—"Citizens, we have heard unpleasant truths. Justice has a long time been outraged in the departments of the north, and Pays de Calais. The hangman chosen by Robespierre has made rivers of blood. Lebon, this sanguinary monster, drunk with blood, and covered with crimes and curses, has dared to contaminate the tribune with his presence, that he might exhale the venom of his infernal soul.—Not a minute passes but he meditates some new crime, and prepares a new assassin.

"I demand the report of the decree by which you passed to the order of the day upon the accusation of Lebon, I demand his arrest and speedy punishment."

Claudel—"I am persuaded that Lebon is a vile wretch, but I demand that he should be heard."—Applause.

Lebon—"Since I am permitted to speak I am more lucky than when I was on the point of perishing by Robespierre, who would not permit me to be heard; for you must know, citizens, this infamous fellow plotted my destruction three decades ago.

I arrived at Arras just as the courier brought the intelligence from Paris of Robespierre having fallen under the sword of the law. I related and confirmed the fact, and told the people to look to the National Convention as a rallying point. The inhabitants were much surprised at the event, but I told them of circumstances which fell within my own knowledge, which enabled them to see Robespierre in his true light. The District directly assembled, and came to resolutions, which I signed, and transmitted to the Convention. Is it not astonishing that calumny should follow a Representative of the People, though for nine months past he has been sweating?

Poultier—He sweat blood!

Lebon—A Representative of the people, who for nine months has continually labored for his country, and preferred her safety to his own. All my denunciations are my enemies, and have an interest in my downfall. There is a great difference between Robespierre; who plotted for himself, and him who only followed the decrees of the Convention and orders of the Committee of Public Welfare. You yourselves sanctioned the report of St. Just, and every order which the traitors gave to those members who were sent on commissions, and we became responsible in consequence.

Bourdon de l'Oise—Thou diedst with the hangman.

Lebon—The Convention made honorable mention of a similar conduct in Lequinio. You consecrated the words of St. Just. Without the severity I employed, aristocracy would still have survived. The tribunal I instituted was under the orders of the Committee of Public Welfare, and they maintained it, though I wrote three or four times to them, wishing them to discontinue it.

Poultier. Lebon has told you that he acted only under the orders of the Committee of Public Welfare. I have proofs that when a courier brought orders from that committee, he tore the orders, and put the courier in prison.

Lebon. I defy the proof of this charge; I always followed the orders, though sometimes repugnant to my own sentiments. Dumont, my colleague, is prejudiced against me on account of some private difference between us. Geoffroy is interested in my downfall. Shall I describe in what manner?

Charreaux—Describe thyself, wretch.

Charles Lacroix. Lebon does not answer to facts; let him say, did he not keep a man, with monstrous barbarity, under the suspended blade of the guillotine, while he himself was reading news which had just arrived?

Lebon. The man was not arrived at the place of execution, and it was a victory which I read to the public.

Legendre. Lebon is accused by every one. I demand his arrest, provisionally, till a report on his conduct is made, to which he shall have every means of reply. Applauded.

Claudel proposed that the committees of General Safety and Legislation should report on this subject, as he justified himself under the orders of the Committee of Public Welfare.

All these propositions were decreed. The Convention then decreed the arrest of Clément and Marchand, agents of the committee of general safety, who have occasioned the complaints of various patriots on their mission. It further decreed, that the ci-devant priests and nobles were excluded from every civil and military function, and charged the Committee of Public Welfare, to suggest a mode of replacing them.

Barrere announced that the army of the North applauded the fall of the new conspirators. The army, he said, was on its way to Holland, and had taken the Island of Cadfan, a position very useful for military operations, and where they had found 70 pieces of cannon and various magazines.

Cambon. I should inform the Convention of a fact, which will prove the precautions taken by the conspirators to accomplish their ambitious designs.

The commissioners of the Treasury and national revenues have been ordered by the Committee of Public Welfare, to have their accounts audited, relative to the banks of the municipality of Paris. Would you believe that municipality, who were perpetually demanding money, and clamored against such as desired to know its expenditure, accusing them as counter-revolutionists, wishing to impede the public service, had at their disposal six millions and 100,000 livres in assignats, and 45,000 livres in specie. Notwithstanding, on the 4th and 5th of the month, they came to me in particular, to obtain 3 or 400,000 livres for the charges of police and illumination.

It is the more extraordinary this money should be found in the chest, as the Committee of Finances had several months ago taken measures to prevent the Municipality from receiving any sums direct, referring all expences to the National Treasury, that were admitted by the Committee of Public Welfare to be indispensable and necessary.

The Convention should be told another circumstance relative to the younger Robespierre; he, when sent to the army of Italy, was connected with one Haller, an old associate with d'Espagnac, and denounced a number of times. This man suggested a Decree, by which he was to procure twelve millions per month in specie, for the Army of Italy. The Committee of Public Welfare alarmed at the danger, after a consulta-

tion with that of Finances, annulled the Decree.

This attempt having failed, the younger Robespierre, in understanding, no doubt, with Haller, put in requisition all the silks in the South of France, to export them to Genoa. This measure, when it was considered that France drew annually great quantities from Piedmont, alarmed us; and upon consulting with the Southern deputies, the scheme was defeated in despite of the attempts of the conspirators to carry it in the Senate.

Such were the financial operations of the Tyrant. They will suffice to put you on your guard against voting money blindly, without proper indications of its employment.

Upon Monmaya's proposition to exclude ex-nobles, clergy, and strangers, from public functions, a discussion arose. The Convention decreed their exclusion, and passed the decree, which gives the Committee of Public Welfare the right of requisition upon all nobles, clergy, and foreigners.

August 3.

The Convention ordered the insertion of the proceedings at the common hall in the bulletin.

Cambon caused the following decree to be adopted.

COMMERCIAL REGULATIONS.

Art. I. Sums due in foreign money to the inhabitants of countries at war with the republic by workmen, manufacturers, or merchants, for merchandise subject to the maximum, shall not be calculated more than a third above the current exchange, which shall be determined by Commissioners from the National Treasury, and approved by the Committee of Finance.

Art. II. Sums due to the inhabitants of Hamburg, Lubeck, Dantzic, Bremen, and Augsburg, shall be exempt from depot ordonne.

Art. III. The manufacturers, &c. debtors and creditors to the countries at war, shall be admitted to the compensation, provided their credits originated after the 1st of April, 1792, epoch of the first declaration of war—arising also out of merchandise of their own fabric or accustomed sale.

Merlin of Thionville. I do not appear in this tribune, to plead the cause of Priests and Nobles. I demanded their expulsion from office the earliest, and my sentiments upon the subject are well known to my colleagues. I speak in favour of the public good, which the Decree of yesterday will compromise. I shall not explain my motives. I think my colleagues will easily divine them. I demand the suspension of the decree.

After some little contest, in which Bourdon de l'Oise, Royer Ducos, and Villers took part, the Convention suspended the decree and charged the committee of public welfare to present a report on the means of employing such of those citizens as could be useful to the Republic.

To solicitations for the enlarging persons detained, Barrere thus replied:

The two committees of general safety and public welfare are occupied incessantly with restoring freedom to the patriots, and great numbers are at liberty. But the aristocracy must not be suffered to turn to its advantage the revolution which is now operating; the law of Sept. 17th, will be rigidly executed.

Barrere then presented for the approbation of the Convention three citizens, to command the 17th military division. Thierry, Commandant at Lille, to command in chief; and as Adjutants General, Mathis, head of a Legion at Paris, and Remoissonet, Commandant at Soissons, all old wounded Officers, and who rendered eminent services on the night from 9 to 10 Thermidor.

He then presented a new plan for the organization of the National Guards of Paris. The Convention ordered the printing, and the adjournment of the whole.

UNITED STATES.

HARRISBURGH, Oa. 6.

On Friday last, the President of the United States arrived in this town.—The pleasure excited, in beholding, for the first time, our Beloved Chief, in this Borough, is not easily described.—The following address was delivered to him, by the burgeses, in behalf of the inhabitants of the town,

To his Excellency GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esquire, President of the United States of America.

SIR,

While we, the Burgeses and Citizens of Harrisburgh, rejoice in the op-