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FROM THE CENTINEL,

MR. RUSSELL,
Enclose you an extract "from the British Mercury," for December last; a work edited by the celebrated J. Malibù Pan. If any American can read the tale unfolded in it, without the mingled emotions of pain, horror, and indignation he is a fit subject of editorial government, and deserves all the tender mercies of French humanity. Please to give it a place, and oblige.

An enemy to Oppression.

POOR SWITZERLAND!

After describing the intrigues by which the French diffused their poisons in Switzerland, and at length invaded it, M. du Pan gives a full view of the event of Unterwalden, as follows:

The horrible scene being, without exception, the most enormous of the crimes of the French republicans, and the most striking proof of the spirit of the government, and the character of its soldiers, we may be allowed to return to that event. We have a full view of it in an authentic letter written on the spot, by a respectable native of Switzerland. There we shall see that the Thermopylae, the battle of St. James, and other celebrated actions, could not boast of men more nobly devoting themselves for their country, than did the Swiss of Unterwalden.

"It was" (says the writer) "in the valley of Stanz that the discontent broke out, which more secretly agitated the other vallies of the small cantons who had been diffused by repeated intrigues, from joining the inhabitants of Lower Unterwalden. Left entirely to themselves, the latter entered, notwithstanding, into the resolution of perishing with arms in their hands, rather than survive the subjugation of their country.

Having assembled to the number of 12 or 1400, they entrenched themselves at Standzstadt, on the border of the Lake Lucerne, at the entrance of the valley of Stanz; where they erected batteries, & made their dispositions with judgment.

"On the 9th of September in the morning, a strong French column leaving Lucerne, on rafts loaded with artillery, proceeded to attack these heroes, and were thrice repulsed.—A single discharge from the shore sunk 2 barks, carrying 500 men.

"The French were disengaged and refused to return to the charge. At this critical moment general Schauenburg, promised a reward of a thousand crowns (125l.) to the first boat that should land, and declared that he would order a discharge of canister shot to be fired upon those who should attempt to fall back.

"This measure produced its effect; a bark made the shore and landed two mortars, with which a battery was dismounted, and the disembarkation of the rest of the column facilitated. At the same time a second still stronger column doubled the eastern extremity of the lake at Alpnach, and by bye paths came upon the left of the little band of Standzstadt, who were almost as soon assailed in the rear by the third column, that had landed at Buchs & Stanz, and were thus completely surrounded by forces ten times superior to them in number.

"Then began the battle and the carnage. Our rustic heroes fire on every side, fight foot to foot, rush among the enemy's ranks, slay and are slain. These mountaineers were seen preying French officers to death in their nervous arms; old men, women and children, roused by the noble example, and catching the enthusiasm of their sons, of their husbands, and of their fathers, appeared throwing themselves into the midst of the French battalions, arming themselves with clubs pikes, pieces of muskets, nay, the very limbs of the humane body strewing the ground with carcasses, and falling with satisfaction of having fought to maintain their native land free from a foreign yoke.

"This incredible resistance exal-

persed the French soldiers to madness. When he had no more victims whose throat he might cut up on the field of battle, he sought them in the valley, which from one end to the other became a prey to flames and to the most horrible carnage. First Stanzstadt, then the villages, the hamlets, the numerous habitations spread about the borough of Stanz, houses, barns, stables, for three leagues round, were set on fire, given up to pillages, and laid waste unto cruelty with a barbarity unknown in modern history.

"The ferociousness of the French vented itself upon every living creature, and upon the bodies of those who had just expired, without the distinction of age or sex, and with circumstances of monstrous inhumanity, which makes those who hear them shudder with horror, and of which I spare your feelings the recital.

"The inhabitants of Schwitz, who had at first been inclined to join the discontented, but who had been restrained, from the object and extent of the expedition being concealed, hearing the cannonade in the morning, were ashamed at having deserted their brethren. Two hundred of them hastily armed themselves, forced the post which the French had established at Bruggen, to intercept the communication of the two cantons, and towards the end of the day arrived at Stanz, the conflagration of which,azing at its height, shows them the result of the action.

Upon this those men, worthy of their ancestors, swear in the face of Heaven, not to outlive the fate of their brethren, and to revenge them in dying; they rush instantly upon a body of 600 Frenchmen who were sent to oppose them, and whom they exterminate. Fresh corps come up, and they are overcome by numbers, but not one of those heroes violated his oath—one and all died in arms.

"What strength of character! what a lesson to degenerate nations who boast of being the lovers of liberty! But why so late in devoting themselves thus sublimely? A year ago it would have saved Switzerland. The French attacked and destroyed those unfortunate mountaineers with a force of 10 or 11,000 men: the battle lasted from 5 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the evening.

"It is very easy to say that they were fanatics by their priests. That fanaticism is at least a glorious and a useful one, that makes men encounter death in defence of their laws, their liberty, and their country. An attempt has been made to render all those martyrs ridiculous, by making the capuchin Paul Stigger their general—It is the fashion of the day—but the folly of this folly is demonstrated by the excellent military dispositions they made, according to the confession of their oppressors themselves. No, their glory is pure, their sacrifice was entire. Reduced to their own forces alone, they did not appear to have hoped for a moment, not to fall; but attached to their liberty, to their customs, to their soil, much more than to their lives, they would have thought themselves dishonored forever, had they survived the ruin of their country.—We may deplore so fruitless a patriotism, yet all but adoration is its due.

"Some day, when my children are old enough to understand me, I will go with them to Standzstadt, and upon the fallen heaps of that valley, upon the graves of those noble fellows, I will say to them—Here there lived a simple and happy people, strangers to luxury and to the corruption of towns, as well as to the ambition and disputes of great states; their days passed peacefully in the bosom of nature, and they were sheltered by their mountains and their woods. A formidable enemy came upon them when they were deprived of the power of preserving their ancient independence—but they fought to the last, and buried themselves under the ruins of their habitations, rather than live slaves within them.

Let the memory of this heroism teach you what your country has right to expect from you; and remember, will I add, if Switzerland should be still under the yoke, remember that you have a country that calls for vengeance.

Yes, Vengeance! Vengeance! for vengeance will be justice and benevolence to the human race.—Vengeance is the cry with which forty millions of human creatures, oppressed by the revolution, ought to answer all the susceptible ladies and compassionate idlers, who call for moderation; a sublime virtue, but which has its limits; nor can its wise applications extend to a government, at the name of which every family must tremble, while millions of degraded slaves, and shameless villains crowd its counsels, its armies, and its dominions."

From J. Russell's Commercial Gazette.

There is no idea the public has gained to slowly, or that is so unfamiliar in common reasoning, as the pacific nature of the controversy with France. Even yet we do our utmost to liken the case to other ways. There is no such resemblance. The struggle has heretofore been force against force. The foe was ever external, his numbers were counted, his weapons assigned to him by the laws of war. Our enemy scorns these laws and resorts to other means of annoyance. We fight a necromancer, who is feeble and unfurnished with all known and lawful arms, and to be feared only by his spells and incantations. Every country has some rabble, wretches sunk in squalid poverty without any forecast, and knaves with too much of it. Folly, credulity and want are the clay; vice and ambition the potter, at work for the directory. Everywhere the French have found such allies; and every where resolute government has found such enemies—enemies near its heart, thirsting for its life blood. All those to whom the law is no friend, naturally turn to France, who is no friend to the law. It is not external force that can annoy us. France owns not one merchant ship, and the remnant of her navy thinks it liberty to change its prison. It is only by faction, by French influence that we can suffer. By hearing and agitating all that is foul in our society, the directory may bring on that violent intestine contention that will effect change if it should not work destruction—if it should stop short of the putrid, the secret would be lost forever. The mild and gentle character of our government could not be preserved: always assailed, often in danger and sometimes, in jeopardy; the endless struggle for its life against all those whom it ought to despise and whom it is forced to dread, will not merely recommend and justify, it will extort many rigid measures for its safety, and perhaps in the end some for its vengeance. The best men in the nation will approve of such measures, and while faction is seen wetting its scalping knife and dipping its arrows in poison, the men who in ordinary times are the most jealous for liberty will say, necessity is above all law. Government itself will be vindicated by a sort of revolutionary reasons, and administered with a portion of the acrid and caustic spirit of a prevailing faction. So far is it therefore from being true, that such a party as exists among us, tends to check and soften the severity of our administration; that its existence is almost the only danger we can discern. Without such a party the government would be for a long time as it is at present of coarse, imbrued with the characters of our wild people, the mildest in the world, and the nearest resembling the Lucas of Peru.

Even despotism, as soon as they are quietly established, exhibit the character and manners of a nation until they have gradually assimilated; the national character becoming a little worse, the government a little better. This chance, so favourable to us is not left to America. The revolutionary process would do the work of ages in a month. The ci-

zens of Paris could not bear the shock of homicide on the stage, yet they came from the play houses, weeping with soft sorrows to behold, say to taste the fresh blood of victims in the streets. Blood was shed, not merely for plunder, not merely for vengeance, but for sport—the guillotine was a spectacle that after a time scarcely excited a light curiosity; the days of murder were kept as anniversaries, those black days on which one would think every Frenchman would see the sun, thoon of his beams, & wading in thick mists. Revolution is an agent that must change, and that may destroy: It melts like fire all that is fusible, and calcines or vitrifies all that is not. It blackens even gold, though it cannot waste it. The temple of liberty, so splendid for its use and workmanship, is built of perishable materials, and all of them combustible.

The instrument of revolution is the want and vice of every country which France arrays, and trains, and officers. There is not the least reason to doubt, this very work has been done here, that the men are enrolled, armed and waiting only for French troops to be landed, or events adverse to our government to gain them sufficient internal strength to act without them. Nothing but the want of such strength has prevented an open rebellion. Will any man then deny the wisdom, the humanity even of our government, which has prepared arms and forces and revenues enough, (we hope enough) to discourage the attempt. Is it not perfectly clear that it is cheaper to raise troops to prevent an invasion or rebellion than to repel the one or crush the other? By preparing force we have happily prevented the dire necessity of resorting to it. Let the cowards against government be silent when they reflect that it is the part of presumption to lay that we should have been as safe without such preparations as we are, that is more than they can know,—and let those who reason further do honor to the prudent foresight, the humanity, the sound economy of our rulers who have thus employed pence to save pounds. For my part I had rather see uniform coats than gibbons, and a day of review than a field of battle, as to our new raised soldiers being intended to subdue the people it is the most childish of all tales. A little army scattered on the coast and frontier over a space of some hundred miles could not subdue an armed nation, as this nation actually is. This state alone is an overmatch for all the troops of the United States. This state has at least one hundred and forty thousand men able to bear arms, of whom a spirited fine militia would to a man resist an attempt on our liberty.

It might be said that Congress, proceeding from ourselves, infested as it is too with powerful minority or opposition, never would make the attempt—or if it should, the members would be turned out. The only danger to our peace, order and liberty is in the French faction. Though checked it is not discouraged, it only lies in ambush for a more deadly onset. Still the papers devoted to France persist in advocating her cause and displaying the rancor of a party that is irritated by disappointments. Is it possible to maintain peace with France without raising her faction here? and if that faction should rise again, as it will what can save us from civil war? Surely, not the tender mercies of France; they are cruelties: not the patriotism of the Jacobins; they boast of their philanthropy and would rejoice to see their country bleed and burn for the cause of humanity. Nothing can save us but the French party being kept down by the force of government, and the auxiliary force of public opinion so low and so weak that they will not take arms.

Are we sure this hope will not fail us? France tho' lately checked will rise again in power. The allies spend their force in garrisons as they advance. The French as they retreat, augment their own by withdrawing them. They call in their detachments, they concentrate their armies. They approach

their own frontiers, and will draw great reinforcements from their millions of abject slaves: French slaves however, who are infatuated with the passion for conquest, and who in their hearts wish to see the nominal republicanism of their nation propagated, like magnetism, sword in hand throughout Europe. Even supposing victory to attend the combined forces—this revolutionary giant will be dreadful when he falls; wounded and in mortal agonies, he must be approached with precaution. Faction will still cling to France, its own being depends on its fidelity—the less it can hope for foreign invading troops the more will it try to gain recruits, the more watchful, industrious profligate, in weakening government by spreading rumors and jealousies. Thus will it doubly gain strength by adding to its own, and taking away from that of its adversary. In this state of things is it not a folly, a fatal rashness to think there is any safety in new compacts with France? What can negociation do but furnish false appearances of friendship to mislead our citizens and disarm our government, to restore to her partisans all their open activity and part of their credit, to give faction the sceptre and bind our princes (the constituted authorities) in fetters of iron.

A treaty with France will not be worth a skin of parchment. Why should we deceive ourselves, and try to deceive the world as to our danger and its remedy? Open war would at once decide our situation; it would call up our spirit, it would ascertain our duties; no more Logan's could then negotiate as if the Jacobins really were a separate people. The united Irishmen, and the Americans of their gang could not, as they do begin, a rebellion with impunity.

If however, open war should be declared, what good reason is there for delaying to pass laws to punish as misdemeanors, such acts as would be treason in time of war. The French are our enemies, adhering to them is a crime against the state; and if sufficient provision is not already made by law, it ought to be made to restrain it.

The contest we are engaged in is novel and perilous. France cannot send ships or troops to annoy us. All she can do she is doing, that is, operating by her faction to induce America like Switzerland and Holland to commit suicide.

PHILO LAOCOON.

Late European Accounts.

LONDON, August 3.

Paris papers to the 29th of July inclusive were received yesterday. They bring the confirmation of the capture of all Tuscany, with the exception of Leghorn, where they left a small garrison, probably to protect the last embarkation and flight of their officers. Macdonald had escaped to Genoa in a felucca, but his whole baggage and artillery were taken by an English brig and two privateers from Minorca.

The recapture of Naples is acknowledged; and the French, who remained there at the time, are kept as hostages for the Neapolitans who have been sent into France.

General Maffena is stated to be in greater force than the Archduke, and some mutinies escape at the inactivity of the French.

In the interior of France, troops are continually re-called from the extremities of the Republic to Paris—among others the garrison of Cortou.

We hear no more of Prussian mediation and the constitutional king, except in the *Club du Maine*.—On the contrary the French press assure, on the authority of the *Journals de Courland*, that the Duke of Orleans has recanted the errors of the revolution, and is received into the mercy and favor of Louis XVIII. The assassinations in the South are asserted to be publicly committed in the streets of the great cities at noon day, and amidst the applauses of the gallant-gentlemen. The Chouans and robbers of