

THE GLEANER. No. XXIII.

Now, by my manhood, my full four
disdains,
These dark'ning glooms, which sud-
denly pervade;
The well wrought system dignity ful-
tains,
And perseverance lends its potent aid.

THAT melancholy pause, and ex-
treme dejection, which at this present
apparently pervades every order of citi-
zens among us, is, methinks, rather
derogatory to the American character.
The question, relative to opening the
temple of Janus, seems to be agitated
with unbecoming warmth, and a zeal
not properly tempered by knowledge,
is, I conceive, strikingly exemplified by
every party.

That our country hath, during a
most auspicious period, been borne for-
ward upon the full tide of prosperity,
no one but the embittered, the cynical,
or the interested incendiary, will deny.
Peace, with her olive wreath, was to
us the celestial harbinger of unexampled
felicity; agriculture hath flourished in
primeval beauty, fostered on the bosom
of liberty, and fanned by the genial
airs of the meek eyed goddess, it is ra-
pidly approximating the highest perfec-
tion of which it is susceptible. Our
manufactures have surprisingly advan-
ced. Our navigation is extensive; al-
most every stream conveys the well
freighted bark; and our commerce,
wafted by the breezy gale, hath accu-
mulated riches upon the far distant shore.
It may be problematical, whether trade
ought not to partake in some degree the
nature of its favorite elements; and
whether, under the general regulations
of rectitude, it would not probably find
its own advantages, and equal balance:
at any rate, unaided by treaties of com-
merce, our merchants grasping the objects
of their wishes, have, in many instan-
ces, found their enterprizes crowned
with uncommon success. The arts and
sciences too, are obtaining naturaliza-
tion in our soil. Literature, blest source
of rational elevation—literature hath
enlisted its votaries: The extensive and
energetic movements of the soul are
afloat; the sciences and the virtues love
the venerable shades, and sequestered
haunts of liberty, and, cultivated suc-
cessfully in this new world, we had hop-
ed that they would become patrons of
frugality, temperance, and that holy
religion, which smootheneth the bed of
death. Our citizens, as it should seem,
intuitively, had become sensible of that
indiscriminate advantage, derived to the
community in general, where each indivi-
dual receives from the common fund, and
where every member contributes his quota,
for the benefit of the whole; in one word,
every one seemed sensible of the bless-
ings of a good government, and *fede-
ralism* was the basis, on which we were
successfully building the superstructure
of every thing useful, every thing vir-
tuous, every thing ornamental. What
a fearful and destructive hydra is faction!
War is its eldest born, and with the eye
of the basilisk it seeketh to annihilate the
cherub peace.—Dreadful is the progress
of war; it is retrograde to almost every
virtue; the duties of benevolence it in-
verteth; it enjoineth upon every indivi-
dual to afflict, and harass, by every
possible means. Cultivation is no more.
Destruction, with shocking exultation,
exerciseth in every goodly walk, its fa-
tally blasting influence. Population la-
ments its murdered millions, the earth is
humectated by the blood of our fellow
creatures, and those infernal demons,
discord and malice, are glutted by the
calamities of the human species. A
late elegant writer inimitably portrays
the consequences of even *successful war*;
perhaps a review of the picture may
be of use.—“ We must fix our eyes not
“ on the hero returning with conquest,
“ nor yet on the gallant officer dying in
“ the bed of honor, the subject of pic-
“ ture and of song, but on the private
“ soldier, forced into the service, ex-
“ hausted by camp sickness and fatigue;
“ Pale, emaciated, crawling to an hos-
“ pital with the prospect of life, per-
“ haps a long life, blasted, useless, and
“ suffering. We must think of the
“ uncounted tears of her who weeps
“ alone, because the only being who
“ shared her sentiments is taken from
“ her, no martial music sounds in uni-
“ son with her feelings; the long day
“ passes and he returns not. She does
“ not shed her sorrows over his grave,
“ for she has never learnt whether he
“ ever had one. If he had returned,
“ his exertions would not have been re-
“ membered individually, for he only
“ made a small imperceptible part of a
“ human machine, called a regiment.
“ We must take in the long sickness,

“ which no glory soothes, occasioned
“ by distress of mind, anxiety, and
“ ruined fortune. There are not fan-
“ cy pictures, and if you please to height-
“ en them, you can every one of you
“ do it for yourselves. We take in the
“ consequences, felt perhaps for ages,
“ before a country which has been com-
“ pletely defoliated, lifts its head
“ again; like a torrent of lava, its
“ work mischief is not the first,
“ overwhelming, ruin of towns and
“ palaces, but the long sterility to which
“ it condemns the track it hath covered
“ with its stream.—Add the danger to
“ regular governments which are changed
“ by war, sometimes to anarchy, and
“ sometimes to despotism. Add all these,
“ and then let us think when a General
“ performing these exploits, is saluted
“ with *Well done good and faithful servant*;
“ whether the plaudit is likely to be es-
“ choed in another.” But however de-
“ porable the calamities of war, such is
“ the nature of the present scene of things,
“ that there are circumstances which fully
“ involve the necessity of appealing to the
“ sword.—When our dearest, essential,
“ and most important interests are invad-
“ ed, when our existence, as a nation, is
“ put to the hazard, when negotiation
“ fail, when we are subjected to contum-
“ elious indignities, when we are despoiled
“ of our property, and stripped of the
“ hopes of redress: In emergencies thus
“ pressing, every sentiment of *self-defence*
“ will throw the gauntlet for the battle.
“ That it is precisely upon these evil times
“ we have fallen, many *resentfully* and *ve-*
“ *hemently* pronounce.—Well, not yet
“ freed from the jealousies and entangle-
“ ments of European politics, while the
“ hemisphere of the elder world is thus
“ dreadfully tempest, nothing but an
“ overweening self-partiality, could lead
“ us to expect escaping, at least the out-
“ skirts of the hurricane. If we have
“ been unwarrantably and unnecessarily in-
“ jured, and if our abilities are adequate
“ to the contention, let every American
“ play the man for his country; let not
“ our faces thus gather paleness, but
“ when properly authorized by the autho-
“ rity which we have conferred, let us
“ combine, hand and heart, to work out
“ our own political salvation. If our
“ cause is thus righteous, the God of ar-
“ mies will again lead us forth, and doubt-
“ less the palm of victory will be ours.
“ But deliberation here maketh a pause:
“ against whom shall we commence hos-
“ tilities? So many are the wrongs which
“ we are said to have suffered from the
“ maritime belligerent powers, that an
“ unprejudiced American will hesitate
“ against which to prefer the loudest com-
“ plaints; and the investigations made in
“ the general council of our nation, fi-
“ cearly poizeth the scale of deprecation.
“ That the closest observer, uninfluenced
“ by party, is at a loss to decide upon
“ the question. But it is said that our
“ obligations to France ought in equity
“ to destroy the equipoise, thus furnishing
“ a balance in her favour; and indeed it
“ is to be wished, that the conduct of
“ that nation had been such, as to have
“ sanctioned the most unlimited election
“ of her interests. If, when emerging
“ from the benighted clouds of despotism;
“ if, when exoperating herself from the
“ intolerable oppression of unlimited au-
“ thority, she had known where to erect
“ the barriers; if she had not outraged
“ every feeling of humanity, most atro-
“ ciously committing acts, at which even
“ the bosom of *boicism* agonizes at every
“ pore, over which rectitude must pour
“ the never failing tear, and at which
“ fortitude hath learned to weep; if she had
“ supported the constitution which she
“ swore to maintain, we should doubtless
“ have felt for her like veneration, as when
“ the gallant and virtuous La Fayette,
“ directing her councils, led forth her ar-
“ mies, and, pointing her steps to victo-
“ ry and fame, thus extorted the ming-
“ ling and unhesitating applause of an ad-
“ miring world. But alas! France, at
“ this period, exhibits a spectacle, from
“ which lacerated truth indignant haltes,
“ at which reason stands aghast, while mor-
“ tality and holy religion, by base and
“ murderous hands, are stabbed in the
“ tenderest part. Perhaps the only ad-
“ vantage which the revolutionary tribu-
“ nal can boast over the *lettre de cachet*,
“ or the justly execrated *Bastille*, is, that
“ not prolonging the sufferings of its vic-
“ tims, it hasteth to bestow upon them,
“ through the instrumentality of the ex-
“ ecutioner, a speedy emancipation from
“ its tyranny. Whole hecatombs have
“ been immolated; every person who dif-
“ fereth in opinion from the ruling fac-
“ tion is arrested, tried, and executed.
“ The *federalist* findeth no mercy; and
“ even an *avowed wife*, to qualify their
“ *blasted indivisibility*, by a single feature
“ of the American government, is estima-
“ ted as treasonable! With regard to our
“ obligations to France, it ought surely to
“ be considered, whether gratitude can

ever teach us to avert, even the most
liberal and disinterested benefactor, in
deeds less than in words. And, when
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