OF TIMOTHY PICKERING.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE MODERN ARISTIDES.

It is often the misfortune of humble talents to aspire to lofty distinctions.—It is sometimes the curse of their possessors to have friends, who, from ignorance or selfish views, lay claim for them to honors, which only serve to render them ridiculous. The cobweb that covers such extravagant praise is seen through by every discerning eye. Col. Pickering eulogised a chief clerk by alledging that he possessed talents which would qualify him to discharge the duties of secretary of state; and this chief clerk, now metamorphosed into an editor, returns the compliment, by denominating his patron a modern Aristides. In this interchange of flattery, it is difficult to decide, which party, is the most ridiculous.

If the political or personal friends of col. Pickering would be silent, it would be well for his character, which, as it posseses nothing remarkable either for its brilliance or solidity, might soon be consigned to a fortunate oblivion. If, however, instead of this friendly behaviour, they will drag him before the public, and blazen his virtues and talents, until the real man vanishes from our view, they cannot expect a continuance of that indifference which constituted his safest shield. By assigning him the highest niche in the temple of fame, they commit a flagrant injustice towards a crowd of men sterling merit, and by eulogising him for sentiments and acts, which in the best days of Rome would have been viewed and punished as traiterous, they challenge for their hero a notoriety that deprives him of his only safe refuge.

The truth is, that the qualifications of Mr. Pickering lie within a very narrow circle. Gifted by nature with none of the commanding traits of a statesman, and not having acquired, either by education or an intercourse with the world, either accurate or liberal views of public affairs, his capacity to be useful altogether consists, in the drudgery of office, in the regular discharge of the details of clerkship.

Whenever you behold him raised to an eminent station, you see him attending to little things when he ought to be attending to great ones. And it would be well for his country if his disqualification for such a station stopped here. But unfortunately, he is not only deficient in comprehensive, enlarged, and generalising views; he is at the samt time, the slave of personal and political prejudice, and of passions, that, under disappointment, work themselves up to phrensy. So much so, that when the head of state requires a cool, collected presence of mind, to guide her into port, his mind is as fiercely agitated as the billows that encompass her.

That such a man should be extolled as an Aristides, must bring to the mind of the reader the trite but true maxim that 'praise undeserved is satire in disguise.'

The *Athenian* of this name was reverenced for his valor, his justice, his patriotism, his superiority to personal differences when the good of his country required it, his incorruptibility, and his poverty.

A superficial acquaintance with the biography of col. Pickering is sufficient to shew the cutting sarcasm that is concealed beneath the absurd parallel attempted to be drawn.

The Athenian was a soldier, a general, a hero. As a military leader he was at least on a level with the ablest chiefs of the times. At the memorable battle of Platea, he was second to no one.

I mean no reproach when I say that col. Pickering passed through the revolution without eclat, through that revolution, which was the crucible of heroism and military talent. Yet he was in our armies, on the theatre the best fitted to excite all the talent of this kind he possessed. Amidst the pitiful jargon that falsely charges republics with ingratitude, no one has dared to reproach public opinion with having been a niggard in its applause of every noble or heroic achievment that contributed to the conquest of our liberties. Deficient as the government may have been in the bestowal of its pecuniary bounty, the laurel has been awarded with no sparing hand. And yet our modern Aristides, although then of an age best fitted for the display of military powers, does not appear to have performed a single service characterised by any extraordinary traits. We do not charge him with a want of duty. He may, for aught we know, have done his duty. But it is a fact, that, if he had the talents of Aristides, the discerning eye of general Washington either did not behold them, or if it did, that great man, for once selfish, must have feared, by his promotion, that his own fame would be rivalled or eclipsed.

The *Athenian* was distinguished for his *justice*. "He was" says Plutarch, "solid and steady, inflexibly just, incapable of using any falsehood, flattery, or deceit."

What say the archives of our country of the modern Aristides? What says president Adams? Our hero under under him held the responsible and confidential office of secretary of state. The public affairs were critical and awful.—Peace was the ardent wish of the president; war was the desire of the party to which col. Pickering belonged. To attain his end, Mr. Adams wished for an honorable reconciliation with the French republic; the nation wished it. Not so with our modern Aristides. His wish was to make, with the republic, "confusion worse confounded."—What were the means by which he pursued his end. An end which he might honestly have pursued as a man, but which he could not honestly pursue as a public officer deriving all his power and influence from a chief magistrate having a different end in view. But to say no more of the end, what were the means he practised? For what was he understood to have been dismissed from place by president Adams? For withholding from him dispatches whose communication would have conduced to an amicable settlement of our differences with France.* Was this "just?" Did it prove him "incapable of using any falsehood or deceit?"

What a vivid contrast does the conduct of the Athenian exhibit on a memorable occasion? Alexander having apprised him of the intention of Mardonius to offer him battle the next day, desired him to take notice and avail himself of the intelligence but not to communicate it to any other person. Aristides, however, thought it wrong to conceal it from Pausanias, who was commander in chief, and communicated it to him.

The *Athenian* was a *patriot*. He was so in the truest sense of the term.—There was an invariable consistency between his professions and actions.—He fought the battles of his country and staked his life on her cause. He animated his fellow citizens to the combat. He never dreamt of rising on her ruin or disgrace. With the inflexible justice for which he was so distinguished, he was never the apologist, much less the advocate of his country. This was no virtue in those days. An ignominious death would have sealed the fate of him who justified the wrongs inflicted on his country.

What a prominent contrast again glares upon us in the public conduct of Mr. Pickering, who declares that we have received no essential injury from England. Gracious heavens? Can such a man be extolled by any but Englishmen? Does he not, morally speaking, cease to be an American?

When, too, was this declaration, made? At the moment, when it was too likely that we were on the eve of hostilities with England; when our government, still anxious, without a sacrifice of national honor, to maintain peace, had adopted the wisest measure ever devised; but a measure, that called for all the virtue and disinterestedness of patriotism to give it effect. Then was the season for all that is magnanimous and virtuous to shew itself. The government had definitively taken its course; the law had solemnly marked out the path to be pursued; the will of the nation had emphatically been expressed; an appeal was made to the public virtue. At such a season, had the Athenian lived, what would he have said? He would have said—

"*Athenians*,

"I was opposed in council to the Embargo. Had my voice prevailed another course would have been pursued. But those, invested by the nation with the right, have adopted this measure. The fundamental maxim of liberty is that the will of a majority shall prevail; and the public safety imperiously requires that in an emergency the whole national force, moral as well as physical, should co-operate. On the altar of patriotism, therefore, I sacrifice my opinions. The nation having willed this measure, it is the duty of every good citizen to aid in enforcing it, and more especially to support those whose special charge ti is to see it carried into effect. Foreign powers will learn to respect us, when they perceive that we are an united people."

How painful, humiliating, and degrading, was the deportment of the American senator! His conduct, compared with that which would have been displayed by the Grecian in like circumstances, is not marked by a stronger opposition than exists between the brightest day and the darkest night.—Not satisfied with discharging his duties as a senator, he addresses the Legislature of Massachusetts, through the governor of that state. Availing himself of his official station he instils suspicions of the motives of the president in recommending, and of congress in imposing the embargo. He calumniously charges the chief magistrate with withholding information received relative to the views of the French government. He reproaches the whole government with being under French influence, and with a desire to plunge the nation into a war with England.—He stigmatises the embargo as pregnant with ruin to the interests and liberties of his country. Instead of co-operating in the execution of this pacific measure, he literally unfurls the standard of revolt against it, and exults in paralizing his government.

The Athenian invariably displayed his superiority to personal differences whenever the good of his country required. When Themistocles, his rival and enemy, was appointed to the command of the Athenian forces, he assisted him both with his person and counsel, "not disdaining," says his biographer, "to raise his worst enemy to the highest pitch of glory for the public good."

With our modern statesman, pique, envy and disappointment have ever been uppermost. Mr. Jefferson, the first of our living citizens in all the virtues and qualifications that adorn a public station, the man whom a foreign and courtly residence never tainted, whom power never betrayed or wealth allured, who has through the course of a long life, from early habit and native vigor and elevation of mind, literally lived above temptation; this is the man at whom, on all occasions, the envenomed shaft has been levelled. Yes, on all occasions, but more especially, in those when the dart could at the same time pierce the man, and the cause which he so illustriously maintained, the cause of liberty and his country.

It seems, however, that col. P. is an Aristides, for his incorruptibility and his poverty. We do not charge Mr. P. with being a corrupt man, although, were we to imitate him, we might with much more color of truth urge the insinuation against him, than he does against Mr. Jefferson. For Mr. J's. circumstances have always been easy, if not affluent; while Mr. P. has always, we are told been poor. Gold, therefore, could produce but little change in the circumstances of the one, while a great change might have been produced in those of the other. Again, Mr. Jefferson's opinions and course have been invariable and consistent; whereas, those of Mr. P. have changed, without any ostensible cause. As a soldier he fought against that tyranny which he now palliates and eulogise.

But does his poverty, allowing it to be unfeigned, constitute any merit?—Does it prove either his industry, his intelligence, or his patriotism? It may prove that he is not a dishonest man; but is integrity so rare among us, that every honest man merits deification?

Mr. P. is incorruptible, and, therefore he is another Aristides. But does this follow? Is every honest man an Aristides? Aristides was a rare, a great man. In his hands he held the sceptre of power; on his virtues hung the liberties of his country. Corruption might well fix her fangs upon him.—He was worth buying. But who would think of buying Timothy Pickering?—An individual driven from power by his political friends, and despised by his political enemies. That man would really be considered a fool who bought up, at a high price, the blanks of a drawn lottery.

NEPOS.

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* On this subject, the charge conveyed in the following extract was made by Mr. Eppes in the House of Representatives on the 30th of December, 1808, and to this day remains uncontradicted:

"A man distinguished by the favor of the people, a man advanced in years, the very man who in '98 kept back the dispatches from Mr. Adams, and had almost plunged us into war with France by this act—What does he do? In 1808 he displayed the same spirit of hostility to France which he diplayed in '98; writes a letter in which he attributes the embargo to French influence, to the mandates of Bonaparte."

FROM THE LOUISIANA COURIER.

COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Thierry,

That there are men in the community base enough to undertake the blackest deeds, and effect them by the blackest means, no one can now doubt. It is unfortunately but too true that human credulity is often momentarily imposed on by their arts, and men whose reason should teach them to reflect and judge dispassionately, suffer themselves to be hurried away without waiting to investigate the truth, or even the probability of what they hear. In this state of popular delusion, we have seen sacrificed the most virtuous, wisest and most patriotic members of society; men whose time and talents had been devoted, to render the most important services. It is true that the people often and too late deplore the injustice they have done, and endeavor to make every reparation which remains in their power. The annals of all popular governments are replete with numerous examples.

The enemies of General Wilkinson, knowing that they dare not assail him with the weapons of truth, have recurred to this diabolical practice. They have filled every part of the United States with clamor against him, predicated upon the vilest falsehoods. They have availed themselves of men who are unfortunately too often to be met with in our country, and especially in those sinks of depravity, our seaports and large towns; men who for gold or to serve their own private purposes, are ever ready to assassinate character with the basest calumny, and commit deeds of the blackest hue.—They hoped in the moment of the outcry and delusion which their falsehoods and misrepresentations had produced, that the public mind, prejudging, would pass its sentence and brand the character of Wilkinson with dishonor. It is recorded to the eternal disgrace of my countrymen, that many of them, whose stations and means of information should have forbidden, have suffered themselves to be shaken by such vile and shallow artifices. They were ready to desert the man who had defeated treason, and at least diverted ruin from the territorise of Lower Louisiana. Nay, some of them, to their indelible infamy, have been found ready to league with traitors, to gratify their malice and effect the destruction of the man who had disappointed their treason.——What a melancholy picture does this present to every patriot! Who is there, hereafter, *under any circumstances*, who will take upon himself to go beyond the known and expounded letter of the law? And as all human institutions are, to a certain degree, defective, and villains ever ready to take advantages of those defects, where shall we find that man, after the example of Wilkinson, who, when the laws of the land had not foreseen and provided against the dangers of the moment, will offer up himself at the shrine of ingratitude, injustice, persecution and calumny, to avert the destruction which impends over the lives and fortunes of many of his fellow citizens? In what country but our own, would traitors dare to shew themselves to the light of day? much less come forward publickly and persecute the man who had defeated their treason. In what country but our own, could there be found so many unprincipled assassins of reputation? and so many men who have the effrontery in the very face of society to stand forth and openly colleague with traitors? In any other, the principals would have met the punishment they so justly deserved, and the minor agents would have been consigned to the scorn and the contempt they merited. Could the heroes and sages of the revolution rise from their graves they would be struck with indignation at the enormous strides which vice and dishonor have been making amongst us since they were actors on this stage:—they would blush at the infamous degeneracy of many of the present day;—would weep over the impending evils which are ready to burst upon our country; and bewailing the rapid decay of the fabric erected by their perseveting virtue and sufferings, would sink with sorrow to their silent abodes.

Unfortunately, however, for the enemies of Wilkinson, the far greater portion of the community are as yet untainted by vice. The delusion excited by calumny and misrepresentation is rapidly dissipating. They know it, and with trembling anticipate the moment of a candid and dispassionate investigation; they are conscious it is the moment which is to crown him with honor and bury them in their own infamous pit.—But as the old saying goes, "Drowning men catch at straws," vainly hoping for an instant to check the current in its course (although it should seem they had exhausted every source of baseness and falsehood) we yet see them from time to time inventing new calumnies, suggested by heads and hearts long strangers to the last principles of common honesty. The letter of capt. Carroll, with the date of the 12th of August, has been again reiterated in the Orleans Gazette of Saturday.—None but men who have bid adieu to truth and shame, would have dared to reiterate it.—It is astonishing, nay incredible, that capt. Carroll, a man who has so long worn the honorable cloth of his country—who has been educated in the glorious school of a Truxton and a Preble—who now commands an important, and as it were a foreign station; I say it is astonishing, nay incredible, that capt. Carroll should suffer his name to be publicly affixed to falsehood; and to a falsehood engendered for the blackest and most infamous of purposes. But I am confident that the paragraph of Saturday could never have met his eye—I am confident that his honor would have revolted with the utmost indignation at the base and assassin like use for which his name was employed.—Herewith I send you a certified copy of his letter to gen. Wilkinson of the date of the 21st of August, and from this specimen of the conduct of the general's enemies, the public can judge "if there is any calumny too vile, or any falsehood however absurd," which they have not used or would not use to blacken and asperse the character which bids defiance to their malice.

VERITAS.

New Orleans, August 21, 1810.

SIR,

I herewith have the honor of informing you, that ten vessels are now ready to receive the troops.—Your barge also is ready and you will please to send some person for the purpose of taking charge of her.

With great respect,
I have the honor to be
Your obedt. servt.
(Signed)
M. B. CARROLL, Lt.

General James Wilkinson,
Commander in Chief of the Army.

"True Copy,"
N. PINKNEY, Capt.

To the Editors of the Louisiana Gazette of September 1st.

GENTLEMEN,

On reading the documents published by congress, I discovered that Gen. Wilkinson, under date of the 19th of August, 1809, stated, that not one of the gun boats had been reported ready to take the troops on board. On referring to my letter book, I found that I had reported, under date of the 12th of the same month, ten gun boats ready for that service, and a variety of other circumstances induced me to believe that the General had made a mistatement. A regard for truth and a desire to correct a statement, in my opinion, calculated to injure my commanding officer, then absent, induced me to authorize you to contradict it;—I also furnished a copy of my letter to the editors of the *Orleans Gazette* for publication.

I have just seen in the *Louisiana Courier* a letter, purporting to be a copy of my report, under date of the 21st of August, certified by Captain Pinkney; this circumstance induces me to believe that my clerk may, perhaps, have committed an error in recording my report, which (as any gentleman can see) bears the date of the 12th of August.

If I have in this, or any other instance, done injustice to general Wilkinson, I am extremely sorry for it; and, on being convinced of it, should feel anxious to repair, as far as possible, the injury I had done him. Those who know me, I trust, need not be told that I am incapable of injuring, intentionally, the reputation or feelings of any man. The original report, in possession of the general, will shew whether I have done him injustice or not; I am not bound to believe in the correctness of a news-paper copy.

As to the insinuations in the *Courier*, that I had suffered my name to be used by unprincipled men, I despise them.—Every thing I did in the business was from the impulse of my own feelings.

M. B. CARROLL.

To the Editors of the Orleans Gazette of September 3d.

GENTLEMEN,

When I furnished for publication a copy of my report to Gen. Wilkinson of ten gun-boats ready to receive the troops on board, I had not the slightest suspicion that any error as to the date existed. I am now convinced that it was on the 21st of Aug. instead of the 12th, that the report was made; and I wasled into the error by the mistake of my clerk, who recorded it in my letter book with the date of the 12th of August.

The same regard for truth and justice which alone induced me to publish that Report, now impels me to acknowledge the error—and I hope your brother editors, throughout the U. States, who have published the erroneous report, will have the goodness to correct it.

M. B. CARROLL.

September 2d, 1810.

A very important improvement has been made in this common & useful implement of husbandry, by a Mr. *Dabordieu*, of Reading, England, nephew to counsellor Sampson of New-York. It is called in the patent *Manly's Expedition Plow*, is made for six guineas, is wrought by three horses, plows three acres in a day, and, with the saving of rollings, harrowings, &c. in six days works (at eight hours to the day) makes a difference of four days and four hours in favor of the new plow. The comparative statement is for complete preparing an acre of ground, which requires six days with the old plow, and but one day and four hours with the new. *Columbian.*

Extract of a letter from a gentleman, near Kenhawa C. N. (Virginia) to his friend in Chilicothi, (Ohio) dated 5th Sept. 1810.

"There has lately been a well sunk on the land belonging to my brother ——, and myself, by one of my brothers, who has an interest in it. He bored it ninety two feet, and obtained salt water, which is, in my opinion, stronger than any heretofore discovered at this place, and a sufficient quantity to supply ten furnaces, and to make at least 600 bushels in twenty-four hours! In about a week we expect to start three furnaces at this well."

We understand that a letter has been received in Marblehead, stating that all the Ameriran property which had been detained in the Bay of Biscay was delivered to its original owners. If this be the fact, the probability is, that the same course will be pursued with American property in other ports under the influence of Napoleon.

[Salem Register.

We understand that Mr. *Brown*, the late collector at New Orleans, whose presence in this city we announced in our last, came here voluntarily and expressly for the purpose of surrendering himself to government.

[Nat. Intel.

MUNGO PARKE.

A London paper of the 23d of August contains an extract of a letter, dated Senegal, July 6, 1810, which states that the intrepid traveller, Mungo Parke, is still in existence in the interior of Africa.