

DOMESTIC.

From the Metropolitan.

[The other day the following letter of that sage and patriot Jefferson, was handed to us, and we concluded to re-publish it for the sake of the wisdom contained in the sentiments relating to State rights and the Supreme Court. The letter was written to Mr. W. T. Barry.]

Nat. Chron.

Monticello, July 3, 1822.

Sir:—Your favor of the 15th June is received, and I am very thankful for the kindness of its expressions respecting myself; but it ascribes to me merits which I do not claim. I was one only, of a band devoted to the cause of independence, all of whom exerted equally their best endeavours for its success, and have a common right to the merits of its acquisition. So, also, in the civil revolution of 1801, very many, and very meritorious, were the patriots, who assisted in bringing back our government to its republican track. To preserve it in that, will require unremitting vigilance. Whether the surrender of our opponents, their reception into our camp, their assumption of our name and apparent accessions to our objects, may strengthen or weaken the genuine principles of republicanism, may be a good or an evil, is yet to be seen. I consider the party division of whig and tory, the most wholesome which can exist in any government, and well worthy of being nourished, to keep out those of a more dangerous character. We already see the power, installed for life, responsible to no authority, (for impeachment is not even a scare crow,) advancing with a noiseless and steady pace, to the great object of consolidation. The foundations are already deeply laid, by their decisions, for the innihilation of constitutional state rights, and the removal of every check, every counterpoise to the ingulphing power of which themselves are to make a sovereign part. If ever this vast country is brought under a single government, it will be one of the most extensive corruption, indifferent and incapable of a wholesome care over so wide a spread of surface. This will not be borne, and you will have to choose between reformation and revolution. If I know the spirit of this country, the one or the other, is inevitable. Before the canker is become inveterate, before its venom has reached so much of the body politic as to get beyond control, remedy should be applied. Let the further appointments of judges be for four or six years, and renewable by the president and senate. This will bring their conduct, at regular periods, under revision and probation, and may keep them in equipoise between the general & special government. We have erred in this point, by copying England, where certainly it is a good thing to have judges independent of the king; but we omitted to copy their caution also, which makes a judge removable on the address of both legislative houses. That there should be public functionaries, independent of a nation, whatever may be their demerit, it is a solecism in a republic of the first order of absurdity and inconsistency.

To the printed inquiries respecting our schools it is not in my power to give an answer. Age, debility, an ancient dislocated, and now stiffened wrist, render writing so slow and painful, that I am obliged to decline every thing requiring writing. An act of our legislature will inform you of our plan of primary schools; and the annual reports show that it is becoming completely abortive, and must be abandoned very shortly, after costing us to this day \$180,000, and yet to cost us \$45,000 a year more, until it shall be discontinued; and if a single boy has received the elements of a common education, it must be in some part of the country not known to me. Experience has but too fully confirmed the early predictions of its fate. — But on this subject I must refer to others, more able than I am, to go into the necessary detail, and I conclude with the as-

urance of my great esteem and respect.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Mr. W. T. BARRY.

Beauties of General Gaines.

The letter of Gen. Gaines in reply to the Governor of Georgia, which we publish to-day, will be read with great interest. It is in our opinion one of the most finished compositions of the kind ever presented to the American public, and while its lofty, independent spirit, its moral force and beauty of sentiment and expression, will find admirers with all possessing any tinge of these elevated qualities, it will satisfy even Governor Troup that those who lead the armies of the republic, are not alone distinguished in the science of arms, but sometimes wield a pen even more to be dreaded than their sword, when their own feelings or their country's service calls it into action.

Norfolk Beacon, Aug. 16

General Gaines' letter to the Governor, of July 28.

This production has been extolled to the skies as a master piece of composition. No epithets of praise, as will be seen by the above extract, have been too extravagant to be bestowed on it by the Prodigals. When we first heard this shout of applause, we were somewhat surprised, for, when we published the letter, we were not particularly fascinated by its beauties. The Prodigals, however, as all the world knows, being very excellent judges in matters of this sort, we began to suspect that we had not attended to it closely enough to discover its excellencies. We therefore sat down and examined it minutely, and the result is that we now think it to be a pretty, tolerable, good sort of a thing in its way. We were particularly pleased, as we think every body of taste must be, with the following passage, in which Gen. Gaines seems to have put forth all his strength.—Speaking of the cultivators of the soil, he says:

'I rely upon the wisdom and justice and patriotism of at least nine-tenths of those with whom I have the pleasure of an acquaintance—many of whom are cultivators of the land—to which class, in this and every other State of the Republic, I look up with confident pleasure and pride, as they form the adamant pillars of the Union; against which the angry vapouring paper squibs of the little & the great demagogues, of all countries, may continue to be hurled for hundreds of centuries without endangering the noble edifice—this beloved monument of American wisdom and valor and virtue, will stand unshaken, when the disturbers of its infantile repose will be remembered only to be pitted or execrated.'

Here is an admirable congruity of metaphor. The cultivators of the soil are made the adamant pillars of the union. That is well enough.—Then the demagogues may hurl their paper squibs at the 'noble edifice' for hundreds of centuries. That's beautiful; for we are not told distinctly whether the 'adamant pillars' of the union, or the union itself constitutes this noble edifice. There's something charming in such ambiguity, because it sets one to guessing what is meant.—But let that pass. The next branch of the metaphor is beyond measure excellent.—'This beloved monument of American wisdom, and valor and virtue will stand unshaken, when the disturbers of its infantile repose will be remembered only to be pitted or execrated.'—What a splendid coruscation! Neither Homer, Virgil, nor Milton have any thing like it. First there is a monument, and that monument is a beloved monument, and that beloved monument will stand unshaken.—This at once arrests the imagination by its grandeur. Every thing of the monument kind is immediately brought before the mind of the reader. He begins, if he has any

fancy at all, at the battle monument of Baltimore, and runs back over the list of all other monuments until he comes to the Mausoleum and the Pyramids of Egypt. After laboring under the magnitude of the conception of these big, vast, stupendous and magnificent objects, all suggested by the circumstance, mind you, that this beloved monument shall stand unshaken, observe how gently, how gracefully, and how naturally the imagination is let down to ordinary concerns by reference to the disturbers of the 'infantile repose' of this monument. The infantile repose of a monument! How exquisite to have the idea of a monument that will stand unshaken for centuries, connected with that of a dear little baby lying in its cradle, its mama sitting beside it, singing hush-a-by-baby, and keeping those arrant disturbers of 'infantile repose,' the flies off it—Admirable congruity! Language wants terms where withal to do it justice. Take the figure in any shape and it is worthy of all commendation. The repose of a monument—good.—The repose of a beloved monument—excellent. The infantile repose of a beloved monument—bracissimo. In the whole course of our reading and observation we have never known this metaphor to be excelled except in a solitary instance. In the summer of 1820 we had the felicity to hear a preacher at Lincolnton, N. C. hold forth after the following fashion. 'Brethren,' (said he, and his tone, his look, his gesture, every thing about him foretold the importance of what he was about to utter,) 'Brethren, if you find a spark of grace come down from above and take root in the heart, be careful to water it well with the bread of life, until it shall blaze up and put forth the blossoms of righteousness.' Candor compels us to admit that the preacher's figure is a little better than the General's. The General makes a monument have infantile repose; but the preacher makes a spark take root, and then he waters the spark, and waters it too with the bread of life—and after he has thus watered it, he makes it blaze up, and lo! the blaze puts forth blossoms. The difference between the two consists in this:—the General's fancy flashed but once, brilliantly enough to be sure; the preacher's gave a number of flashes in succession of equal brilliancy.—G. Jor.

The ship Fortune, arrived at Plymouth, was struck on the 5th August, 1825, near the floor timber heads, about midship, by a sword fish. The sword of the fish struck the ship with such violence as to pass through the copper, and from thence through 3th inch pine sheathing, 3 1/2 inch white oak, plank, a fine inch white oak timber, and a 2 1/2 inch white oak ceiling into the ship, hold; when it passed thro' a stick of pine wood 3 1/2 inches thick, and from thence through a white oak 1 inch stave into an oil cask, leaving the point the distance of an inch and a half into the oil. The sword broke off two or three inches from the outside of the ship and remained in that situation during a cruise of about ten months, when it was discovered in the harbor of Talcahuano. During this time the ship leaked, in moderate weather, 250 strokes, and when sailing quick 130 strokes an hour. The form of the sword is oval, and the part which remained in the ship's plank was about 12 inches in circumference.—The part which perforated the cask completely filled the hole which it made, so as to prevent any leaking of the oil with which it was filled.—Mer. Adv.

The following paragraph is copied from the Winchester Republican. It speaks with confidence, and we hope it may prove to be correct:

Georgia.—We have good authority for saying that the Georgia differences will be adjusted, without the interference of Congress. For the present,

Georgia will be content with the hand of those Creeks who were knowingly parties to the Treaty, and a compromise with the others will be left to future arrangement. Our information comes from the highest sources at Washington, and may be relied on.

NATIONAL IMPROVEMENT.

In seventy years the people of Great Britain have advanced full eight millions. In twenty-five years, the number of inhabited houses in England and Wales alone, has advanced one half. Fifty years ago, the very existence of canals was a matter of incredulity. Fifteen millions of public wealth have now been profitably absorbed by these mighty ducts, and at least half as much more is at this hour destined for their formation. Fifty years ago, there was hardly a steam engine in the kingdom. There cannot now be less than twelve thousand; a creation of power equal to at least a quarter of a million of horses; an energy which, in a single day, would have raised up the great Pyramid of Egypt. Fifty years ago, our annual export of manufactured cotton did not amount to a quarter of a million in value. It has now swollen to nearly thirty millions. In the same period, our exported woollens, in defiance of Saxon, Prussian, Spanish and American competition, have advanced more than two millions. Fifty years ago, our imports of raw silk were only three hundred thousand pounds in weight. They are now nearly three millions. Fifty years ago, our export of iron was hardly twelve thousand tons. It is now about ten times as much. Fifty years ago, our exports of linens were about four millions of yards. They are now nearly forty millions. Fifty years ago, the whole value of our exported produce, both native and foreign, was just fifteen millions of money. The value of British produce exported, alone, is now more than fifty millions. A hundred and fifty years ago, says old Tucker, there were only two or three vessels in Scotland above two hundred tons. Our whole tonnage is now more than a quarter of a million, employing twenty thousand souls.—A hundred and fifty years ago, says Chalmers, the whole navy of Britain did not amount to a hundred thousand tons. It is now at least three millions of tons, employing about two hundred thousand souls. —Edinburgh Observer.

GENERAL EPITOME.

N. Y. Fall Races.—Tuesday last the Fall Races commenced over the Union Course on Long Island. There will be several interesting trials of speed and bottom between the best blood of our country. Several southern horses, says the Evening Post, have already arrived on the ground.—Among them is Henry, who once manfully contended with Eclipse; also, Flirtilla, and La Fayette, both highly distinguished horses.—The latter is to run a match race with Ariel on Monday, the day preceding the regular races—they are both three year old colts.

Famine at Ceara.—Maranh (Brazilian) papers to the 29th July have been received at Boston. From the papers we learn that 'the scourge of famine was desolating the province of Ceara,' and that a number of families had arrived at Maranh, from Ceara, having abandoned their homes in consequence of scarcity. An order of the Vice President and Military Government of the city, requires of the municipal authority an instant report of the quantity of flour which can be sent to the relief of humanity, suffering under one of the most destructive calamities that can befall the human race. This order states that many persons had perished with hunger.

Kean.—The Liverpool Courier of the 24th August states, that the celebrated tragedian Kean, had actually taken his passage in the ship Canada for New-York, and would sail on the 1st September.