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From the London Morning Chronicle.

LONDON

When a stranger first [illegible] he finds a vast deal to astonish him, which he had not previously calculated upon. Before he sees it he has formed his own ideas of its appearance, character, and extent, but his conceptions, though grand, are not accurate; so that when he actually arrives within its precincts—when he is driven for the first time from the Exchange Charing Cross—he is generally a good deal amazed, and in no small degree stupified. London can neither be rightly described as a town, nor as a town, nor as a city; it is a nation; a kingdom in itself. Its wealth is that of half the world, and its amount of population that of some second rate countries. Its conventional system of society, by which the human being is rounded down like a pebble in a rapid river, and its peculiarities of different kinds mark it as quite an anomaly; something to which the topographer can assign no proper title. London was originally a town on its own account. It is now occupied of the cities of London and Westminister—the latter having once been a seat of population on its western confines—besides a number of villages, formerly at a distance from it in different directions, but now engrossed within its bounds, and only known by the streets to which they have communicated, their appellations. All now form one huge town, in a connected mass, and are lost in the common name of London. By its extensions in this mahner, London now measures seven and a half miles in length, from [illegible] to west, by a breadth of five miles from north to south. Its circumference, allowing for various inequalities, is estimated at thirty miles, while the area of ground it covers is considered to measure no less than 18 miles square.

"The increase of London has been particularly favored by the nature of its site. It stands at the distance of sixty miles from the sea, on the north bank of the Thames, on ground rising gently towards the north; and so even and regular in outline, that among the streets, with few exceptions, the ground seems perfectly flat. On the south bank of the river the ground is quite level; and on all sides the country appears very little diversified with hills, or any thing to interrupt the extension of the buildings. The Thames, which is the source of greatness and wealth to the metropolis, is an object which generally excites a great deal of interest among strangers.—It is a placid, majestic stream of pure water, rising in the interior of the country, at the distance of a hundred and thirty-eight miles above London, and entering the sea on the east coast about sixty miles below it. It comes flowing between two fertile banks, out of a richly ornimented country on the west, and, arriving at the outmost houses of the metropolis, a short way above Westminster Abbey, it pursues a winding course between banks thickly clad with dwelling houses, manufactories, and wharves, for eight or nine miles, its breadth being here from a third to a quarter of a mile. The tides affect it for fifteen or sixteen miles above the city: but the salt water comes no farther than thirty miles below it. However, such is the volume and debth of water, that vessels of seven or eight hundred tons reach the city on its eastern quarter. Most unfortunately the beauty of this exceedingly useful and fine stream is much hid from the spectator, there being no quays or promenades along its banks, as is the case with the Liffey, at Dublin. With the exception of the summit of St. Paul's, the only good points of sight for the river are the bridges, which cross it at convenient distances, and, by their length, convey an accurate idea of the breadth of the channel. During fine weather, the river is covered with numerous barges or boats of fanciful and light fabric, suitable for quick rowing; and by means of these pleasant conveyances, the Thames forms one of the chief thoroughfares.

"London consists of and apparently interminable series of streets, composed of brick houses, which are comonly four stories in height, and never less than three, The London houses are not by any means elegant in their appearance; they have, for the most part, a dingy ancient aspect; and it is only in the western part of the metropolis that they assume any thing like a superb outline. Even at the best, they have a meanness of look in comparison with houses of polished white free stone, which is hardly surmounted by all the efforts of art and daubings of plaster and stucco. The greater proportion of the dwellings are small. They are mere slips of buildings, containing, in most instances, only two small rooms on the floor, one behind the other, often with a wide door of communication between, and a wooden stair [illegible] balustrades, from bottom to top of the house, only in the more fashionable [illegible] as with railings; in all the business parts they stand close upon the pavements, so that trade may be conducted with the utmost facility and convenience.

"The lightness of the fabric of the London houses affords an opportunity for opening up the ground stories as shops and warehouses. Where retail business are carried on, the whole of the lower part of the edifice in front is door and window, adapted to show goods to the best advantage to the passengers. The London shops seem to throw themselves into the wide expansive windows, and these, of all diversities of size and decoration, transfix the provincial with their charms. The exhibition of goods in the London shop windows is one of the greatest wonders of the place. Every thing which the appetite can suggest, or the fancy imagine, would appear there to be congregated. In every other city there is an evident meagerness in the quantity and assortments. But here there is the most [illegible] abundance; and that not [illegible] spots, but along the [illegible] roughfares [illegible] whatever way you [illegible] this extraordinary [illegible] cantile wealth is striking [illegible] able; if you even penetrate into an alley, or what you think an obscure court, there you see it in full force, and on a greater scale than in any provincial town whatsoever. It is equally obvious to the stranger, that there is here a dreadful struggle for business. Every species of lure is tried to induce purchases, and modesty is quite lost sight of. A tradesman will cover the whole front of his house with a sign, whose gaudy and huge characters might be read without the aid of glass at a mile's distance. He will cover the town with a shower of colored bills, descriptive of his wares, each measuring half a dozen feet square, and to make them more conspicuous, will plaster them on the very chimney tops, or what appears a very favorable situation, the summit of the gable of a house destroyed by fire, or any other calamity calculated to attract a mob. In short there is no end to the ways and means of the London tradesman. Their ingenuity is racked to devise schemes for attracting attention, and their politeness and suavity of manners exceeds almost what could be imagined. Yet it is all surface work. Their civility is only a thin veneering on the natural character; for, after pocketing your money, they perhaps care not though you were carried in an hour hence to the gallows. But why should we expect any thing else? It would be too much for human nature.—The struggle which takes place for subsistence in London is particularly observable in the minute classification of trades, and inventive faculty and activity in individuals in the lower ranks. Money is put in circulation through the meanest channel. Nothing is to be had for nothing. You can hardly ask a question without paying for an answer. The paltriest service which can be rendered is a subject of exaction. The shutting of a coach door will cost you two pence; some needy wretch always [illegible] up as if by magic, out of the street, to do you this kind turn. An amusing instance of this excess of refinement in the division of labor is found in the men who sweep the crossing places from the end of one street to another. These crossings are a sort of hereditary property to certain individuals. A man having a good deal the air of a mendicant, stands with his [illegible] and keeps the passage [illegible] exercising [illegible] and a hint as [illegible] ment muttered, which in many cases, meets with attention; for there are a number of good souls who never miss paying Jack for his trouble. We happen to know a gentleman who never passes one of these street sweepers without laying a contribution into the extended and capacious hat.

"The constant thoroughfare on the pavements of the city always forms a subject of wonder and curiosity to the stranger. When the town is at the fullest in the winter and spring, the pavement is choked with passengers, all floating rapidly on the streams in different directions, yet avoiding any approach to confusion, and in general each rounding any difficult obstruction in the way, with a delicacy and tact no where else to be met with. Many of the strangers who arrive in London from the country are possessed with dreadful notions of the dangers to be encountered in all directions when walking along the streets. In their youth they have carefully perused a tattered copy of "Barrington's N[illegible]n Spy," [illegible] which [illegible] fortified them [illegible] counts of ring droppers, cut purses, foot pads and others who subsist by way laying simple passengers. Before they leave home, they sew up their money in the lining of their clothes, and resolve never to show more than six pence at a time— in public. They also determine to have all their eyes about them wheresoever they go, and make up their minds never to appear astonished at any thing, lest they be singled out for robbery, and perhaps murder.—Catch them, if you can, going any way, but in the main lines of the street; the Strand and Fleet street are their regular beat, and they would as soon think of crossing the deck of a line-of-battleship in the time of action, as venture through any of the narrow streets or short cuts. No, no: they know better than to do this.

Strangers make a serious miscalculation when they imagine that they are to be annoyed or plundered in the streets of London. These streets are now as well regulated as those of any to[illegible] in the empire, if not better, and [illegible] liable to interruption and spoliation unless he court the haunts of vice, or remain out at improper hours. You may at all times of the day walk along without suffering the slightest molestation. Nobody will no that you are there. In the midst of the dense and moving crowds, you are as much solitary as in a desert. You are but an atom in the heap; a grain of sand on the sea shore.—It is this perfect seclusion that forms one of the chief charms of a metropolitan life. You depart from a retired part of the country where you cannot stir out unobserved, and plunging into this overgrown mass of humanity, you live and die unobserved and uncared for.

From the Raleigh Register.

The public have been lately informed that I contemplated the publication of a Work entitled "A Vindication of the Character of the State of North Carolina from the aspersions of Mr. Jefferson as contained in his Letter to the late John Adams," published in the 4th volume of the Boston edition of his works, p. p. 314—15. I now propose, through the public press, to suggest a more detailed account of the volume than is contained in its Prospectus—and to point out the aspersions which it is its object to controvert.

By reference to the objectionable letter of Mr. Jefferson, it will be [illegible] that the [illegible] Declaration of Indepen[illegible] ject of his correspondence, and that event in our history is insultingly denied. I say insultingly denied—because, not only the language in which his denial is couched is contemptuous—the reason upon which he doubts shallow—and the whole spirit of the letter obviously malignant—but the character of the State vitally assailed by a reflection on the patriotism of William Hooper, one of the Signers of the National Declaration of Independence from North Carolina.

After all this abuse of the State, its history, and its men, in the true spirit of deception, he disclaims all intention of imputing any doutfulness to North Carolina. No State was more fixed or forward, he exclaims—and yet he had in a few preceding lines, aspersed in the grossest manner the character of her Rrepresentative on the most illustrious and trying occasion of her political existence. If North Carolina delegated the rankest tory in Congress to sign on her behalf the National De[illegible] of Independence, the [illegible] the Delegate [illegible] the statutes whigs, Ca[illegible]enn *(admitted to be so e[illegible] s letter)* permitted their associate to play the double part of a Whig at home, and a Tory in Congress, they too must sink, notwithstanding the approbation of Mr. Jefferson.

In the refutation of these charges I have concluded to divide my proposed work into three Chapters—the first comprising a history of the rise of the Revolution, in which the events which preceded and succeeded the Mecklenburg Declaration, will be discussed, and the virtue of no doubtful less rescued from the uncertain authority of our assailant. In the course of this chapter too, I shall have an opportunity of discussing the Military discipline adopted by the Congress of August 1775, and of introducing to the notice of the public the deeds of those who were foremost in all the perils of that clouded day. There are besides, in several of the standard Works of this time, misrepresentations of various events in our history, which may properly be corrected in the first chapter,—and all such corrections will, in every instance, be supported by the best authority.

The second chapter will be devoted exclusively to the Mecklenburg Declaration. The grounds upon which Mr. Jefferson doubted its authenticity, will be discussed, and the most indisputable evidence, drawn, not only from the testimony of living men, but from the annals of the State, will be exhibited in its favor. Not a shadow of doubt as to the truth of that most honorable event in our history shall remain.

In the third chapter, I shall vindicate the character of William Hooper from the unsupported calumny of his pen. I shall contradict the naked assertion—that he was the rankest tory in Congress—by a short sketch of his political character, and illustrate his patriotism by an exhibition of many of his private letters, written during the term of his service in the Continental Congress.

In the performance of this duty, thus assumed, I shall not insult the pretentions of the book to the truth and candor of history, by any professions of respect for the public or private character of Mr. Jefferson. The little hereditary reverence which as a native of the Southern country I could not escape, was entirely extinguished on my first perusal of his letters; and I should esteem myself unworthy of the citizenship of the State, by any avowal of respect or reverence for the [illegible] character of [illegible] of her worthiest sons.

JO. SEAWELL JONES

Shocco, May 8th, 1833.

Ridiculous.—The Columbia Times contain a long editorial article headed "Jacksonism,' in which an elaborate effort is made to prove that General Jackson is inflamed with "a grasping and inextinguishable ambition for royalty and kingly rule," and that he is playing a deep game for the accomplishment of his designs. In order to give this ridiculous charge a semblance of probability, it has suited the Times, to represent the President, not as an "imbecile dotard" and "toothless tiger,' as is, or has been the wont of the Nullifiers, but as "the master spirit, who stirs the strife that must (it fears) fling the North and the South into an angry and exterminating conflict." Jackson having been thus transformed from a puppet to a master spirit, "Van Buren, M'Lane, Livingston, Webster, (?) and all the (kindred) host are painted as "base minions" and pliant tools—"grovelling spirits" and "fawning sycophants."

Charleston Courier.

INDIAN CUSTOMS.

The Philadelphia Commercial Herald, referring to the brilliant Aurora Borealis recently seen in that city, says—

We remember, in 1827, that precisely such a stream of light appeared. We were on the Fox River of Lake Michigan, and were ascending that river with a party, composed of United States troops and Indians. The Indians numbered about one hundred. Immediately on appearance of this light, (not the Aurora Borealis, for they were accustomed to that, but an emanation from it, such as we saw on Friday last, (the Indians made a halt. They interpreted it into a sign of anger in the Great Spirit, and as indicating his disapprobation of the business they were going on. It was in vain that we represented our views of this light.

They answered. "It lies across the path, and we cannot pass over it, it is above," meaning it was placed there by the Great Spirit. Had this stream of light happened to be in the direction of our march it would have been interpreted differently.

Fortunately one of the Indians espied a rattlesnake. The appearance of a rattlesnake, in an emergency of the sort, considered an omen for good. They believed the snake to have been sent by their friends from the land of souls. After much pow-wowing over the reptile, and sprinkling a present of tobacco over his head, which was designed as a token of friendship, the Indian who had discovered him, and whose property he therefore was, ran his finger and thumb up his back, and catching him fast by the neck, raised him from the ground give him a crack, as if he held a whip in his hand—thus dislocating the vertebræ of the back. Then with a stick the work of his destruction was completed. The Indian was careful to send back, by