

"I write for fun."—Burns.

Sir,—You who are an observant man must frequently have noticed, that when a stranger enters a room filled with company every one is ready to make some remark upon his appearance, and some conjecture concerning his character. "He is a gentleman," says one, "look at his bow." "A complete exquisite," cries another, "look at his stock!" "Very delicate," says the Doctor, "I judge from his waist." "Very poor," continues the Merchant, "I judge from his dress." "I will tell you what I think of him when I know him better," observes a canny Scotsman,—and he is right! Now an author when he first makes his appearance before the public, is liable, not only to criticism, but to conjectures without number as to who, and what he is! Some ladies cannot understand a writer till they know whether he is tall or short—a married man or a bachelor, and whether he is agreeable. Some gentlemen on the other hand, measure a man's talents by the length of his nose, and others, by the width of his hat.—So that a man introduced to a party of strangers, and an author just coming before the public, are in a very similar situation. Fortunate would it have been for all parties, if a certain member of parliament could have put his resolution into effect, viz:—"That all anonymous writers should put their names into the title page of their books." But very unfortunately, all the other members laughed, and called the motion a bull—it was therefore thrown out, and anonymous writers continuing without a name to this day, are exposed to all the inconvenience I have just mentioned. To avoid then, Mr. Editor, giving unnecessary pain, (for curiosity is a painful sensation), I will as a particular favour, whisper a little of my private history into the ear of the public, begging of all persons who are apt to tattle, to pass over what follows, and keep their palates in reserve for my next letter.

I cannot recollect any thing of my Father—he died two years after I was born, but I have been told by many that knew him that he was quite a universal genius, and that there was not a stricter kirk-goer (to use the parson's expression) in all the land. He was a tailor by profession, and there are reports that he made a pair of spatter-dashes for the Pretender once; but this although it would be an everlasting feather in the cap of our family, I have my doubts of. Future antiquaries must enquire and decide concerning this point. But of this I am certain—the Laird of Langskirt got all his clothes made by my father until the very year in which he died. My mother as it was said, was left "well to do in the world," and like all mammas she thought nothing could be too good or too expensive for her only child—her pretty darling. And as is always the case in such circumstances, I became quite spoiled, at seven. I would eat her sugar plums, and slap her till she gave me more; at fifteen, I paid little attention to her advice; and now at the age of thirty, I think of her long since dead, and of my undutiful conduct till the very tears fill my eyes. She sent me to college, as all the old women of the parish had prophesied that I was to be a pillar of the Kirk in after years, with the design of making me a minister, but unfortunately for her plans, I determined to be a pillar of the Theatre, and actually performed a part in several plays on an Edinburgh stage, and being by nature something of the figure of Richard 3d, I succeeded best in this character; but as my evil stars would have it, one night as I was performing from a stage with great effect, I encountered a wheel barrow behind the scenes and down I fell upon my nose. Formerly "this gnomon of my phiz," was shaped like the curved part of the letter D, but by this unfortunate accident it has ever since resembled the same part of the letter B. Here of course ended my acting, and my mother dying soon after, I was left with about seven pounds a year; but extravagance soon reduced me to want and poverty, and a love of novelty have after many years struggles, induced me to seek a home here—where, alas, Mr. Editor, I am the poor son of a poor tailor!

Such is my history, but misfortunes never come singly—For the other day making some chemical experiment, I produced an explosion which has wonderfully injured my personal appearance, in depriving me of the use of my left eye, and as celebrated characters are ever open to the attacks of scandal, some ill-natured persons have hinted that I met with the accident not in the way that I have stated, but by falling upon a needle while in the act of mending my pantaloons. But as the lawyers say this carries falsehood in its very face, and needs no refutation. "Bless me," I think I hear one of the fair sex say, "what a suspicion! and does he a son of a tailor, even suspected of sitting cross-legged, himself dare to write for our papers—how vulgar the Editors are getting, to allow such an insult to be offered to their patrons." Now young lady, whoever you are, recall to your recollection, the names of Oliver Cromwell, Buonaparte, Johnson, Kirk White, and a host of other worthies. Inspect their genealogical tree, and you will find them to have been as low as myself in their birth and almost as high as the same person in their understanding. But why trouble your readers, Mr. Editor, with excuses for writing, "I write for fun," or in other words to please myself, howbeit, if I should happen to please others, I shall have no objection. And now I think of it, I would advise all persons to read this series of letters, and in a very disinterested manner I offer all and every one in this City, my rhetorical essays without exacting five shillings from each person as is the usual method—as this demand has a great effect upon the "featural expression," so much so, that I have actually seen a great unwillingness in some persons to attend Mr. Pemberton—which Mr. P. will join me, I am sure, in saying argues a great want of taste.

For what is five shillings in consideration of improving the mind?—a mere nite. Now as I charge nothing for my lectures, I must positively keep to myself the power of selecting my own subjects for writing, and not allow the public to laugh when I wish them to weep, or to shed tears when I wish them to smile. Having stated my condition, I think I see the public good gentleman turning up his eyes in admiration of my generosity; "Noble dog!" "generous fellow!" "thou brave son of a tailor!" "I am heard from a thousand mouths, yet one may say to me, recollect the fable.

Mons parturibat gemitus immanes cions; Eratque in terris maxima expectatio, At ille inurlem peperit, Hoc scriptum est tibi, Qui, magna quum minaris, extricas, nihil.

A mountain as the Poets say, Happen'd to be confin'd one day, And much men wonder'd, much did fear, And all agreed 'twas very queer, The event they sent from house to house, The mountain mean time gets a mouse, The moral is, my man, for you, Who talk and nothing else can do.

To this hint I would answer that the "bipes implumis," commonly called man, is by nature a Talker, and the glory which every man seeks, or ought to seek, is bestowed only upon fighters and talkers. Now of the two, I choose the profession of talking as being the least dangerous employment, and on my side I adduce the names of Pitt, Fox, Erskine, and Canning. I might add the name of my poor father who is dead and gone—a man noted for the power of his tongue, who I have been told would speak two words to every stitch he took. He always said "Talking is a wholesome and a goodly exercise, words are cheap, and may be made to flow faster than water." This last part of his speech, however, I fancy is not correct; if he had belonged to a Water Company it is probable he would have thought otherwise. But enough has been said to show that a great talker is better than a great fighter, or to descend to personalities, that my father, a quiet, sober, harmless, inoffensive, talking tailor, is preferable to your restless, wild, killing, cut-throat Napoleons. Suppose we should take a poetical view of the subject, still the tailor bears away the palm, at least in my estimation.

Tityre, tu, patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena.

O gentle Tailor setting at your ease, You give your bag-pipe many a hearty squeeze.

How much more of the true pathos and softness there is in this than the following—

Arma virumque cano.—Id.

I sing of war and war's dire friend and crosny, That little busy bustling chap call'd Bony.

But Mr. Editor, you must not judge from anything I have said that I am an enemy to Emperors or Heroes, so far from it I have really determined, that when these letters are translated into the Chinese language, and the Emperor of China, struck with admiration of the beauty of the style, and the nobleness of the sentiments does send a deputation to New-Brunswick, requesting me, the author, to become his Poet Laureate, with ten thousand pounds a year, as pocket money, and forty chests of young hyson tea, besides several other little requisites, and a handsome salary, I have really determined, that I will accept of such dignities. Indeed, I think I might almost be persuaded to take this birth without the pocket money, (but this is between ourselves), and must by no means reach the Emperor's ears, for I have been often told he is rather "a close shaver," and once was near discarding his house-keeper for wasting his tea.—But the accounts, I have no doubt are exaggerated, and I dare say his Majesty and I will get on very well together. I will take a lesson or two from Bob Southey in the art of anointing my odes with oil of fool, (better known by the name of flattery), which is very grateful and pleasing to the palates of Emperors, Kings, and Potentates. Talking of Poet Laureates recalls to my mind a story they tell of Mr. "Pye," one of the predecessors of the present renowned Robert Southey.—Pye was called upon to fill the important place of ballad-maker, or Poet Laureate to His Majesty; he was a modest deserving man, (like myself for instance) and very fond of pastoral poetry; instead thereof of writing odes upon the King's whiskers, or the prime minister's pantaloons as was his bounden duty, poor Pye sent out his odes replete with such expressions as these:—"The feathered choir," "The sportive warblers," "Harmonious birds."—A celebrated wag after reading them observed very dryly,—

"When the Pye was open'd, The Birds began to sing, O! was't that a dainty dish To set before the King."

Poor poor Pye! Bob Southey (as we say in Scotland) is a more "canny chiel" than you. For the truth of this observation, see my "Dissertation on oil of fool, Calves head, and Southey's poetry," which, like Mr. Hogge's Poems will be published as soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers offer.

I dare say Mr. Chubb, before you have read this far in my valuable epistle, you are wondering internally, why I do not at once inform you and my readers what I intend to write about, and desist from this "hop-and-step-and-jump mode of inditing," as Peter Pindar calls it—why I do not rush "in medias res" as the Epic Poets do, or as some classical author a short time ago did in your paper, by crying out Water! Water! Water! why I do not give you a bill of fare to shew if any of my dishes are worth tasting. Your surprise, I confess is very natural, but I have my reasons. In the first place this is an age of mystery—writers must all wear

masks—nothing must be plain, and he that is not understood is safe. Why! where would the works of the Lake Poets go to, if they were to follow the plan of the classical writer I have just mentioned, and give the real contents of their Poems in the title page!—Milk and water! Milk and water! milk and water! No! no!! mystery is the order of the day, and he that would ride Pegasus aright, should do as I do at present, wrap a cloak of obscurity around him from top to toe. In the next place I cannot think for one moment of acquainting the public with what I intend to write about, as I mean to give them some agreeable surprises, and a bill of fare would entirely deprive them of that pleasure; for while they are expecting a salt herring or a dish of eels, how glorious a triumph it will be for me to serve up on your hospitable and luxurious table, Mr. Chubb, a fresh turbot, or a goodly turkey—I was going to say goose, but the Edinburgh Reviewers would immediately distort this into a reflection on my father's profession, or a cut at some of themselves, so as it is metaphorically speaking, let it be turkey.

You will be surprised at one thing however.—This moment I have changed my opinion about making this letter anonymous, and have determined to sign my name. Dame Prudence and Esquire Interest, have had a great dispute about it. Sign it, says Interest, you do not know the service it may be of to you—names go a great way in this sublunary world—who knows but you may write yourself into a snug little birth, (such as the Poet Laureatship you were just mentioning) and if your signature is absent from these letters another may claim them.—Take care, take care, what you are doing. But brother Interest, says Prudence, let him wait awhile and see how they are received by the public—let him be for some time "the Great Unknown, Jr." and then when his fame is spreading like a tree that has been concealed, let him come forward and claim a pension, knighthood, and any other little odds and ends that are to be got at court. Another thing he will gain by keeping himself on the back-ground is an opportunity of observing and remarking upon every person without being known himself, as Fortunates in the Fairy tale. "And longer had she spoke," when a pert, pretty, lively, gay little hussy (I think they called her vanity) interrupted Dame Prudence, and bid her resign my name and fear nothing.—In obedience to her command, I am Mr. Chubb, Your Humble Servant,

HABBAKUK CONLEEGLOTH. LONDON, AUGUST 6—13.

On Tuesday, His Majesty's ship Andromache, Captain C. R. Moorson, arrived at Portsmouth from the Cape of Good Hope, leaving the colony on the first of June, when his Majesty's ship Owen Glendower, Commodore Christian, and Samarang, Captain Dunn, were in Simon's Bay.

The Governor, his Excellency the Right Hon. Gen. Lord Charles Somerset, Lady Charles, and family, were well.—The Samarang arrived from England and Rio de Janeiro the day before, having on board about forty thousand pounds of Colonial Coined Metal, for the internal use of the Colony on Government account; the wretched state of the paper medium of the colony, gave this arrival of specie great importance.

The news brought by the Samarang of the great reduction of duties on Foreign Wines was hailed by the growers and merchants as a happy omen for the improvement of the condition of the colony.—The leading article and staple commodity for exportation, and as a proportional cumulation of the duty on Cape Wine must necessarily follow, it must prove a stimulus to encourage the planter to extend his vineyards, as no doubt the great and yearly improvement of the Wines and their cheapness, will cause a greater consumption in England.

Three naval officers and a party of the Andromache's men, in the York, tender, visited that enterprising officer, Lieut. Farewell, R. N. and party at the third point Natal, commonly called Port Natal. Chaca King of that part of the Eastern Coast of Africa, had given Lieutenant Farewell a grant of the Harbour and Territory surrounding, demonstrated every civility and attention, frequently soliciting Lieutenant Farewell, to visit his huddled city, distance about two days walk from the coast. Chaca's force about him consists of from 13,000 to 15,000 well made fine young men, who are in a state of perfect nudity, and hardly one of them but appears to have been wounded. Their instrument of warfare is simply a shield and spear, of a larger size than are used by other clans, and only one of each is permitted to each warrior; if in action a man returns without either, he is instantly put to death. Their mode of fighting, therefore, differs in some measures from the rest of the savage tribes in Africa, since with this shield, they dexterously avoid the thrown arrows of their enemies, whose practice is to carry numbers and then rush in. Chaca's marauding routs and attacks are generally nocturnal. The kraaled city is situated on a hill, the foot is walled in with a composition of manure, clay, and earth, which cements and becomes durable. The huts resemble bee-hives, with no other aperture than the one to creep in at, differing widely from those of their opposite neighbours, the Madagassars, whose are constructed of bamboo and palm leaves, a floor risen something from the earth, and mats to repose upon. Chaca is a well made man, and above the common stature of his subjects; he does not allow of a plurality of wives, gives to each as he thinks fit, one; none dare ask, none dare seek another. His own concubines are numerous; hitherto, so soon as they prove pregnant they are put to death, saying he is too young to have children now, though he is between thirty and forty years old: but so averse is he to an overgrown population, that he frequently orders the infants of those he has united by his own mandate, to be destroyed.—

When his subjects do not approach him with the bow and toss of the hand (the accustomed ceremony in his presence) or appear to be seeking other wives, nay, for numerous other minor offences, he orders them instantly to be speared to death. The deaths of those unfortunate subjects since Lieut. Farewell has been at Natal, average at least fifty a week. There has not been discovered or heard of, from the commencement of the Caffre country on the frontiers of Cape Colony, taking the whole extent of the coast to the third degree of south latitude, so consummate, cruel, and perfect a tyrant.

So extraordinary was the appearance of that noble animal the Horse to Chaca and his tribe, that when Lieutenant Farewell first arrived among them, and Chaca saw the horse gallop, mounted, he offered and actually gave Lieut. Farewell, six live bullocks to gallop him again. He holds the animal in the greatest terror and fear, nor could he be reconciled to approach it. He has an abundance of bullocks, and to prevent their destruction, from the intrusion of the numerous quadrupeds, they are kraaled every night. Since our enterprising countryman has been at Port Natal, Chaca has established two kraals on a rising ground, commanding a view of Lieutenant Farewell's location, containing about fifty bullocks (as Chaca says) for the purpose of protecting him. Much is feared, although this officer is at present a favored participant of his grant and attention, that these blacks will be ordered to embrace an unengaged moment, and himself fall a victim to the blood-thirsty appetite of this barbarian. Lieutenant Farewell, while bartering for ivory, is also employed in fortifying himself, having already completed a wall eleven feet high, trenced without, and mounted on it four fourteen pounders, and is erecting a house in the centre, of the materials of the country, manure, clay and earth; his party now consist at Port Natal of two Englishmen and four Hottentots. There is another enterprising young man of the name of Flynn, in the service of Lieut. Farewell about thirty miles from Port Natal. The natives seem much attached to him. He adopted the custom of the country by going naked, except a piece of cloth round his waist down to the knees, and is qualifying his skin to the lustricity of the natives; he is also collecting ivory.—Chaca says he is going into the interior for some moons, to destroy a nation; that when he returns he will proceed in the direction of Dologoa Bay, then he will return, and slay all before him, till he meets the 'White King,'—pointing in the direction of our Cape Colony.—as, he observes, he knows there is a White King, and there shall be but one White King and one Black King. He will, however, find a powerful enemy in Gaika King of the Caffres. The vessel Julia, which left Port Natal last December, with ivory, obtained in barter for beads and Duagaree, with eleven of the Settlers returning to the Cape, had not been heard of. Lieut. Farewell having been without a communication for some time, and having made himself proficient in the language, had requested, and Chaca had allowed him, a party, with one of Lieut. Farewell's men, to traverse an immense country, crossing the territories of Chief Macasama and Saumba, who are under subjection to him, and possessing the country near to the Banks of Dologoa Bay, to intimate to such English vessels as might be there, his exact situation. The last account from the remainder of Lieut. Farewell's party are of the 25th of May—

Lieut. Farewell, on proceeding eastward from the first located spot, in the neighborhood of Middle Point, to Port Natal, discovered, jammed among the rocks, eight guns, and a quantity of pig ballast, thrown considerably up on the beach; and as they appeared like Indianman's guns, he was led to believe them to be part of the wreck of the Grosvenor, which was lost many years ago on this coast, it being in a parallel line with a place in the interior to which the celebrated Van Reenen penetrated, when the Natives, about that period, informed him of a great ship being on shore, and some white people having passed the hut Van Reenen was in.

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.—The St. Petersburg Gazette mentions the arrival of despatches at St. Petersburg from Lieut. Kotzebue, who reached the port of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamschacka in the sloop of war Predpriyazhny, on June 9, 1824. In his voyage he corrected the reported longitude and latitude of several places in the Pacific Ocean. He describes, in his report, Navigation Island. He saw, in his voyage the Island of Karshof, seen in 1722 by Bagewin, the latitude of which is 15 deg. 27 min. S., and the longitude 143 deg. 24 min. 22 sec. W. He discovered three Islands, one of which, called after his vessel, Predpriyazhny Island, is situated in latitude 15 deg. 58 min. 17 sec. S., and longitude 140 deg. 2 min. 38 sec. W. Another of which, called Bollinghausen, is in 15 deg. 48 min. 7 sec. S. latitude, and 154 deg. 30 min. W. longitude. The third, which he called Kordakaw, after his First Lieutenant, is in 14 deg. 32 min. 39 sec. S. latitude, and 168 deg. 6 min. W. longitude. The latter Island, it appears, was discovered by M. Freycinet; but this was not known to Lieut. Kotzebue. He visited Otateite and Owyhee in his voyage. Charts of his discoveries and of the countries he visited have been sent to Russia.

When the Duke of Northumberland was presented to Charles X. seated on his throne and surrounded by 200 French courtiers, he addressed the King in English; notwithstanding which, his grace could not possibly succeed in getting beyond the tenth word in his oration! Five times did he begin, and as four of the ten words were, "the King my master," Charles X. who is so well bred a man, that he made a point of bowing to the name of the King of England, took off his hat five times. At length, seeing that

the Duke could by no possibility word further, he waited two minutes which the most ludicrous silence throughout the hall of the throne then replied as if the ambassador spoken! May I confess to you, ple here laugh a little at the sort tion your Nobility receive.—L. A.

In one of the hot houses in the cal Gardens at Kew, there is a sl the willow that weeps over and shade aparte's grave at St. Helena. After been cut from the tree, the litt was put into the earth, and it stru On arriving in England it was pre his Majesty, and as the King was the dead, it was ordered to Kew memorial directed to be taken gre It is now hardly a foot high, but it leaf.

Suttee in Nepal.—Extract of from Nepal, dated Jan. 27, 1825, neral Blicen Syre's eldest nephew Singh, having been at Palpa, ar Nepal in the latter end of N and on the 3d December died. A lowing day the body was burned, with it two of his wives and three The latter, however, had not the being burned on the same pile w lord and master, but had a pile t selves. The brother of the decea his nephew in his arms, lighted th fires—such being the custom! Su not unfrequent in the valley. A one took place some months ago, man burning herself with her sedu had been killed by her own husban

Such is the demand for brick other parts of the world, as well as land—so that the rage for building limited to this country—and such a curicular merit of our brickmakers, th of them have received employme to the South of France, and even t America, to make bricks for the bu contemplated towns and cities im parts of the world. The consequ city of brick-makers in England, t trouble to get them to work, may t imagined. More bricks are now ar than are likely to be made in the

The Countess of Morley, whaler arrived in Plymouth last week, h home a boy about thirteen years old touched. He is a fine, muscular, loo looking youth, of a dark oliv com He came on shore at Mount Wis the day, and excited great attentio promeaders from the astonishme which he viewed the scene arrou different from anything he had be the numerous crowds of well-dre the 24th Regiment, regarding t time of the soldiers with a specie wonder. We understand he is an having in very early years been dep his parents, and was presented to on the Countess of Morley by equi the South Sea Islands, he is a most ex mer, and dives to the bottom with the east case in seven or eight fathoms. His name is Carlalolar, but the sail christened him Thomas Valentine. extremely expert at handicraft ment, it is intended to apprentice some mechanical trade, should he self decide on again going to sea. The Anniversary meeting of the Auxiliary Methodist Missionary Dr. Adam Clarke, at Walcot

A gentleman deputed by the ship ers of the port of London has vis mouth, under the sanction of his Navy Board, to engage a certain nu river Thames. The advantages off ces are as follow:—They are to be ed from Plymouth to London and ba of expence; they will be paid net 7s. per day for their labour, with the extras for job-work; their wages comence from the day of leaving t presty's service, and will continue unt return to the King's dock yards. In case of being maimed, so as to their return to his Majesty's service, will be provided for by the Merchant ders; and should any individual e his death, from any such hurts, h will be entitled to the same advant if the accident had occurred in his dock-yard. The terms are certainly and are likely to produce the desired The President and a delegate from the Wright's Society in London made the pearance also at Plymouth on Tuesd counteract the inducements offered men to remove; and at a meeting well-disposed shipwrights, held the evening at Elliott's Royal Hotel, were invited to attend, which they d explained to the meeting their pte cause of grievance, and entered into a ment of their demands on the ma which were answered by the gentlem put by the Merchant Builders in the satisfactory manner. The shipwri the yard, and the meeting generally, see to think the resistance of the Master ers perfectly justifiable; and we unde there is every probability that 200 or able shipwrights will volunteer their ses for the river. Every facility has afforded by Commissioner Shield and officers of the yard; and one of the men of the yard has been appointed to company the men, to watch over their rests.

A Dutch Mail arrived this morn bringing Dutch, German, and Russian P