

His generous haste to see her wrongs redressed,
 Were felt by him, and stamp'd this part his best!
 In *Pierre* and *Cassine* too, he claims our praise;
 In *Demetrius*, *Prince*, who mourns o'er other days;
 And in *Othello* too, tho' critics rail,* He may not triumph—but he does not fail:
 The modest grace, and gentlemanly case,
 In all his actions, cannot fail to please;
 And tho' some partial critics cry him down,
 His worth is warmly greeted by the town;

* I have seen a critique, (if it can be called so,) wherein the writer asserted, that one of the blacks taken from the hand of the Guards, would play the character as well. Now this I admire, because the falsehood is so apparent, that it cannot for a moment be mistaken for truth.
 Mr. Hazlitt, in his "View of the *English Stage*," has constantly endeavoured to uphold Mr. Kean by disparaging Mr. Young. Mr. Kean stood in no need of his assistance. He was as little benefited by his praise as Mr. Young was lowered by his censure.

In one part of his work, Mr. Hazlitt says, "Mr. Young, as *Mark Anthony*, exhibited a just and impressive picture of the Roman hero, struggling between the dictates of his love and honour."
 In another part of the same work, we meet with the following contradictory passage:—"As long as he continues himself to play indifferent characters, we shall say nothing; but whenever he, (Mr. Y.) plays *Shakespeare*, we must be excused if we take unequal revenge for the martyrdom which our feelings suffer!"
 Thus we see that Mr. Young plays *Mark Anthony*, ("one of *Shakespeare's* five manner; yet, in seeing him play *Shakespeare*, Mr. H.'s feelings suffered martyrdom." What opinion can we form of this critic's taste, or who, (after this) shall accuse Mr. H. of impropriety?)

And of an actor's powers 'tis ill confess'd,
 The general feeling is the sweetest part
 It was the general voice, when Kean first came,
 That spoke his praise, and brought him into fame;
 It was the general voice, when Kean ble took
 His long farewell, his last and parting look,
 Which fondly burst, and told his throbbing heart,
 'Twas sweet to cheer him, but 'twas sad to part.
 Possess'd of this, ne'er heed the critic's tongue,
 Let them be still unjust—he you still Young!

BOXIANA.

To the Editor of the *British Stage*.
 Sir—The annexed account of a recent *set-to* was drawn up by a friend of mine, who is one of the Gentlemen of the *Farcy*. To me, I confess, many of his expressions are perfectly unintelligible, but as others may comprehend them more clearly, I send you the article for insertion in the *BRITISH STAGE*.
 ANTI-BLANK.

Fight between the Lord Harry and Handome Charley.

"This battle, which has excited so much interest amongst the *Corp Dramatique*, took place on the 1st of October last, and the following is a correct account thereof. A clear *Stage* having been procured, the combatants made their appearance about half-after eleven; *peish*, and set to at once. The *Lord Harry* had for his seconds, *Conky Ban* and *Big Ben*; while *Handome Charley* was backed by *Hopping Ned* and *Key Pig*. Mr. F—y

"Sonnet-writers. To the Editor of the *British Stage* and *Literary Cabinet*,"

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was appointed bottle-holder, by virtue of his *feri facia*.
 "1st. Round.—Harry commenced business by fetching Charley a chattering face, which he returned by a tap on his wig-block. Harry down.

"2nd. Round.—Harry flew in right and left, and tapped Charley's *char*; and, in a rally, both went down.—Four to two in Harry's favour.

"3rd. Round.—Charley put in a left-handed body blow, which Harry evaded, and following up Charley, doused his gums, or darkened his daylight.—Jendenhall Market to a Bunch of Cut's-Meat, on Harry.

"4th. Round.—The men came to the scratch, as if determined to be busy. Harry again proved himself a troublesome customer; peppered away in right earnest; made a hit at Charley's jolt-toe-trap; rattled his grinder-case; fetched him a teaser on his snuff-box, and a blow on his back. Charley fell, with his left eye greatly damaged.—All Lombard Street to an Egg Shell on Harry.

"5th. Round.—Charley seemed somewhat fresher, and, with his left hand, put one of Harry's sparklers in mourning; paid a visit to his liver-case with his right daddle; and planted a rattler under his left ear. Charlet frowed from Harry's smeller, and he fell, as dead as a knacker's jacquey.—Two to one on Charley.

"6th. Round.—Harry not coming to time, some impatience was manifested; but, having taken a swig of heavy wet, he was enabled to stand to his man; though he still rolled about, as if he had been at a blue-rain party. Charley was as lively as a grig upon a grifiron, put in a teaser upon his nob, and quered his left peeper.—Harry down.

"7th. Round.—Harry made play, but failed in judging his distance. Both the men were piping. Harry

was doubled up by a right-hand teaser in the wind, which spoiled him, and he fell.

"8th. Round.—Harry got Charley's head into Chancery, and fished and punished him terribly, till he received a staggerer in the bread-basket, which threw him across the ropes.—Betting even.

"9th. Round.—The men, having fished the swipes, were all actively Harry stopped a well-intentioned visit to his grinders, and fetched Charley a posing touch on the nob. In a close, there were some ugly deliveries on Charley's mug, and both fell.—Three to four on Harry.

"10th. Round.—Charley seemed in a jesting humour, as much as to say, 'I'll take the pride out of you.' Harry hit right and left at his front-piece, and fetched him a podger on the nozzle. Both distressed in the bellows. In a close, Harry was undermost.

"11th. Round.—Charley hit Harry right and left on his mouth, which immediately entered into partnership with his nozzle in the red-wine trade. Harry slept down, in avoiding a blow.

"** Here the Seconds interfered, and prevented a continuance of the contest. A little sullenness was observable between the parties for a few days; but, in the end, they adjusted all their differences over a glass of Worcester Ale."

SONNET-WRITERS.

To the Editor of the *British Stage*.
 I have of late years been very much annoyed by a nuisance which has at length grown almost intolerable; I allude to the prodigious increase of amorous Sonnet Writers. At the present moment their number is incalculable; one scarcely ever

death of an individual, mingled with the information we old press or box (in general every thing of was ashamed) a number of fusions have been discerned; some written length-English; others from op, like Chinese, or some fancy Archimedes d others occasionally in on of lightning, zig-zag; circumstance it is a fair that there are few human the present generation who some time or other at- se compositions. I am ally fond of poetry; and ive a new number of a he first article I turn to riginal Poetry;* but re may be occasionally a arts, the great bulk is "principally consisting es to Anna, Maria, or dery of the "inspired w, of what importance the general reader, whe- port's) Anna's eye-balls ing, or his Maria's hair ixen; since it is to be at although he trumps arms to the public so aretely, he is not at all y should be generally nired. There is ano- f the same composition he "unhappy rejected which we are almost as aserated. The lover stons is possessed of a I principle—he begins and ends properly th; but between these, s of deatrous, kind, heavenly maid or god- fully interlarded—this

looking in the genera-
r Poetry will perhaps

is rather inconsistent. In many of

them, the mistress is represented as charming without, but cold and egotistic within; (like St. Paul's) her hair is silver—her brain is—(but hold!—the brain has certainly nothing to do with it)—her heart is stone—usually granitic or porphyritic, for Portland would be eroded by his tears; her eyes are invariably brilliant; her tears pearls; * but her breast is frosty, and never thaws, although so warmly attacked. Yet, notwithstanding this, the poor foolish deity must love, (and what is worse, we must be told of it,) and love the very beings who hate them: they cannot feel an affection for "that kind she" who would be likely to return the passion; this reciprocity would have a linge of the usual affairs of life, and these amorous gentlemen only exist in the region of romance: they must deal in extremes—they blaze, they adore, they roar, they pine, sigh, whine, and then—die.—But, enough. My motive for addressing this complaint to you, Mr. Editor, is, that I may, if you should insert it, have the effect of inducing those of your readers who feel an itch that way tending, to pause, and consider whether they could not find a better subject than this luck-kicked one, on which to exercise their muse. If it should accomplish this, I shall certainly have done "the state some service."

WYNOT SQUARE,
Oct. 28, 1819.

ARTISTEN.

THE COMMON-PLACE BOO!

No. 3.

RETORT COURTOUS. A few years since a Bishop and a General dining together, the Bishop gave *Buonsaparte* as a toast. The General,

* I shall say nothing of the bad taste here manifested; for diamonds and pearls never look well together.

after drinking it, expressed his surprise that the Bishop should give such a toast. "I did it," said the Bishop, "in compliment to you; for, were it not for *Buonsaparte*, there would be no need of an army." When it came to the General's turn to toast, he gave "the *Devil*," which the Bishop refused to drink; but the General insisted that he should; observing that, were it not for the *Devil*, there would be no occasion for ecclesiastics.

ITALIAN BON MOT. When Buonaparte was in Italy, having been irritated by some instance of perfidy, he said, in a loud and vehement tone, in a public company, "Tis a true proverb, *Gi Italiani tutti Ladroni!*" (i. e. the Italians are all plunderers.) A lady had the courage to reply, "Non tutti, ma *Buona-Parte!*" (not all, but a good part.)

ESQUIRE SWAMPY. A lady from London was lately taking a walk near Cheltenham, and in her desolous paths appeared to be not very scrupulous as to the sacred barriers of hedges, &c. A farmer, who, being of an old-fashioned way of thinking, did not exactly see the necessity of his being put to the inconvenience and expence of repairing the prostrate fences, ventured to remonstrate with the *fair Celt*, upon which, she exclaimed, with great simplicity, "Tawk a mery! I thought the country and the fields was nobody's!"

EXPENSIVE SHOES. A respectable looking woman once stole a pair of shoes, in the warehouse of a shoe-maker of considerably sagacity. The owner observed her operations in silence. Some time after, the lady having attentively examined a second pair of shoes, inquired the price—"Madam," said he, very gravely, "the shoes in your hand are 6s. 6d.;

those in your pocket are five guineas."

To prevent exposure, the money was paid on the spot—the surplus over the value of the shoes was given by the tradesman to the poor. Something similar to this happened a few years ago, in the city of Armagh—*James the First*. A wealthy man stealing some articles in his stores: he instantly shut the door, and opening his ledger, exhibited an account of eleven years standing, to the astonished pilferer. In this account he had stated every article that had been stolen from him during that period, with the respective dates, under the head of *Thief, Debtor*. "Now, Sir," said he, "you see the balance you owe me, it has long been due—you have made no remittance; there is nothing to your credit;—pay me now, or you march to durance vile!" The frightened thief paid the money on the spot, and a single entry on the side of *Thief, Creditor*, closed the account.

MODE OF DISCOVERING IRISHMEN. Some years ago, a number of factious gentlemen, emigrated from the province of Ulster to Philadelphia. On their arrival in that city, they perambulated the streets, admiring the regularity of the buildings, but astonished that they had not seen a single Irishman during the whole of their peregrination. In the evening, when over a social bottle, they naturally expressed to each other their surprise and disappointment on the occasion; when, one of the company, a man possessed of infinite natural humour, undertook to discover his countrymen, if they were not involved in everlasting sleep. With a basket on his arm, he sallied forth into the street, and with a well-toned tenor voice, began to cry out in musical recitativo, "*Fine Oysters, fresh Carlingford Oysters.*" Housed and astonished at the well-known