

His generous haste to see her wrongs redressed, were felt by him, and stamped this part his best!

In *Pierre* and *Cassius* 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;

And of an actor's powers 'tis all confessed,
The general feeling is the surest test
It was the general voice, when Ken first came,
That spoke his praise, and brought him into fame;
It was the general voice, when Kenble took
His long farewell, his last and parting look,
Which loudly burst, and told his throbbing heart,
'Twas sweet to cheer him, but 'twas sad to part.
Possessed of this, ne'er heed the critics' tongue,
Let them be still unjust—he you still Young!

BOXIANA.

* I have seen a critic, (if it can be called so,) wherein the writer asserts, 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. Keen by disparaging Mr. Young. Mr. Keen stood in no need of his assistance. He was a 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* fine manner; yet, in seeing him play *Shakespeare*, Mr. Y.'s feelings suffered martyrdom. "What opinion can we form of this critic's taste, or who, (after this) shall accuse Mr. H. of immaturity?"

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

4 (Nov. 1819), 67-68

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 Farce. 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 *Corps Dramatique*, took place on the— 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; *peit*, and set to it once. The Lord Harry had for his seconds, Conky Ben and Big Ben; while *Handome Charley* was backed by Hopping Ned and Ikey Pig. Mr. F—y

was appointed bottle-holder, by virtue of his *jeu favori*.

"1st. Round.—Harry commenced business by fetching Charley a chattering facet, which he returned by a tap on his wig-block. Harry down.

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

"3rd. Round.—Charley put in a left-handed body blow, which Harry evaded, and following up Charley, doused his gums, or darkened his daylight.—Jerdonhall Market to a bunch of Cat'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 joltice-trap; rattled his grinder-case; fetched him a teaser on his snuff-box, and a blow on his back. Charley fell, with his left leg 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. Claret flowed from Harry's sneller, and he fell, as dead as a knacker's laquey.—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-ruin party. Charley was as lively as a grig upon a griffiron, put in a teaser upon his nob, and quivered 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 Chianery, 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 brushed the swipes, were all ready. 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

the death of an individual, and used with the information of our old press or box (in converted everything of business have been distributed bottled; scored over English; others from op, like Chinese, or diamonds occasionally in on of lightning, zig-zag; circumstance it is a fact that there are few human in present generation who some time or other at-ise compositions. I am ally fond of poetry; and give a new number of a the first article I turn to original Poetry.*" but re may be occasionally a "ans, the great bulk is " principally consisting es to Anna, Maria, or deary of the " inspired ow, of what importance the general reader, whe-poet's) Anna's eye-drolls; or his Maria's hair-ten; since it is to be at although he trumpets arms to the public so *secretly*, he is not at all y should be generally mind. There is au- of the same composition he " unhappy rejected which we are almost as asseated. The lover sions is possessed of a I principle—the begins and ends properly th; but between these, is of beautiful, kind, heavenly maid or god- fully interlarded—this

is rather inconsistent. In many of them, the mistress is represented as charming without, but cold and ugly 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 granite or porphyry, for Portland would be corrupted 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 devil 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 slave" who would be likely to return the passion; this reciprocity would have a tinge 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 if many, 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 luckless one, on which to exercise their muse. If it should accomplish this, I shall certainly have done "the state some service."

ARISTIDE.
Philomel Square,
Oct. 28, 1819.

THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK,
No. 3,

RETORT COURTEOUS. A few years since, a Bishop and a General dining together, the Bishop gave *Buenaparte* 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 *Proteogelée*, there would be no need of an army." When it came to the General's turn to toast, he gave, in *Proteogelée*, 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 MOR. When Buonaparte was in Italy, having been irritated by some instance of pettiness, he said, in a loud and vehement tone, in a public company, "Tis a true proverb, *Gli 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.)

EXCURSIVE SIMPLICITY. A lady from London was lately taking a walk near Cheltenham, and in her devious 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 City*, upon which, she exclaimed, with great simplicity, "Lank a mercy! 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—"Medan," 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—*the city of the linen*. I saw a very wealthy man stealing some wares 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 permeubated 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 to cover a social bottle, they naturally expressed to each other their surprise and disappointment on this 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 recitative, "*fine Oysters, fresh Carlingford Oysters.*" Boused and astonished at the well-known