

your temper, others too much for your pocket.—I never do."—From *Sun Slick's Letter*.

JOHN KEMBLE ON THE BACK OF A RHINOCEROS!—Mr. Kemble had been dining with a noble duke of high convivial habits, and on this particular occasion the libations to Bacchus were so frequent, and of so long a continuance, that the party did not wend homewards until four o'clock in the morning. At a quarter past four Mr. Kemble (who insisted on walking) found himself alone in the Strand, opposite Exeter Change, in the upper apartments of which was exhibited the menagerie of the celebrated Polito. The "main" roar of a lion called forth Mr. Kemble's attention; he paused—and, with the fumes of the wine floating on his brain, he was seized at the moment with a most peculiar whim, and uttered to himself,

"To be, or not to be, that is the question."

It shall be!—no man ever attempted it. In any book of natural history—may in all the voyages and travels I ever perused, no man ever did it. I, / will do it!—the world shall say *alors* I did it. I WILL HAVE A RIDE ON A RHINOCEROS! He here took a pinch of snuff, and exclaimed, "What ho! Exeter Change! Nobody stirring?" He then made a staggering effort to pull the bell. After he had rung the bell several times with tipsy vehemence, one of the keepers of the wild beasts, who slept in their apartment as a sort of groom of the chamber, made his appearance in an ancient beef-eater's dress, and a Welsh wig.—Kemble: Sir, are you Mr. Polito!—Keeper: No, sir. Master's a-bed, and a-sleep.—Kemble: You must wake him, good fellow.—Keeper: I daren't sir, unless it's werry pertiklar.—Kemble: Next time say, "very particular." Hark you, it is very particular. You have up-stairs, if I remember rightly, an animal denominated a rhinoceros.—Keeper: We've got a rhinoceros, and a fine feller she is.—Kemble: Introduce me to him. You object. Go call Mr. Polito, your very noble and approved good master. On the arrival of Mr. Polito, Kemble addressed him: "Mr. Polito, I presume!" Polito bowed.—Kemble: You know me, I suppose!—Polito: Very well, Sir. You are Mr. Kemble, of Drury-lane theatre.—Kemble: Right, good Polito. Sir, I am seized with an unaccountable, an uncontrollable fancy. You have a rhinoceros!—Polito: Yes, sir.—Kemble: My desire is, to have a ride upon his back.—Polito: Mr. Kemble, you astonish me!—Kemble (elated): I mean to astonish the whole world. I intend to ride your rhinoceros up Southampton-street to Covent-garden market.—Polito: It is next to an impossibility, Mr. Kemble.—Kemble: Talk not to me of impossibility. Were it an impossibility, I would do it.—Suppose any accident should happen—the beast is valuable. I would not permit him to be led down into the street under the sum of ten guineas.—Kemble: Here are ten guineas, Mr. Polito—a bargain. Lead forth my charger—Speed! speed!—Polito finding that he could not get rid of the extraordinary application, pocketed the ten guineas, and told the keeper, (who was on intimate terms with the rhinoceros,) to bring the animal out, with the proviso that it was to go no further than Covent-garden. When in the street, ridiculous as it may appear, the grave John Kemble actually mounted on the back of the beast, who hardly knew what to make of it, but, led in a strap by its feeder, went quietly enough, until Mr. Kemble, highly elated by the achievement of his whim, thought it necessary to spur with his heels. Keeper: Gently, sir. Let *cof* alone. This is *roystler* a crusty buffer; if you makes him uneasy he'll pitch you off, and rip you up.—Kemble: Rip *we* up! Ha! ha! ha! What would they do at Drury!—It was daylight; and, of course, a mob was collected from Covent-garden market. At this moment Emery, who was also returning from a late party, saw the extraordinary cavalcade. Emery, somewhat startled at the situation of Mr. Kemble, went up to him.—Kemble: Ah! Emery, how are you!—Emery: Pretty well, thank ye, sur. Why, bless my heart, sur, let me give you a hand off that what-d'ye-call-'em-brute.—Kemble: It is a rhinoceros, Emery.—Emery: Lank, sur! pray come down.—Kemble: Not until I have reached my goal.—"By goles!" exclaimed Emery, as he walked by his side to the top of Southampton-street, when Kemble deliberately dismounted, gave a crown to the keeper, patted the rhinoceros, saying, "Farewell poor beast!" and, holding Emery's arm, uttered, "Mr. Emery, I have, doubtless, committed a very silly action; but, after imbibing a certain quantity of wine, no man's deeds are under control; but nevertheless, I have done that which no living being can say he ever accomplished.

What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros —

Bless my soul, I am getting on the rhinoceros again, Mr. Emery, will you have the goodness to see me as far as Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury."

