

## THE LATE MR. COMMISSIONER GOULBURN.

be open to the accused to question the *bona fides* of the demand for his extradition, upon the ground that his surrender has, in fact, been sought for political reasons. That all legal proceedings necessary for the surrender of an offender by the United Kingdom, on account of a crime committed in a foreign country, should originate in an application before the principal metropolitan police-court. That the Act the 29 & 30 Vict. c. 121, which expires this year, making certain provisions with respect to the admission of judicial or official documents, or copies thereof, in evidence against persons accused of crime, in accordance with the extradition treaties now in force, should be further temporarily continued."—*The Law Times*.

## THE LATE MR. COMMISSIONER GOULBURN.

*Baily's Magazine* for the month has this passing notice in the obituary, "Mr. Commissioner Goulburn has also gone the way of all flesh, and we may remark that when in the Guards, and in the zenith of his glory, he had a long string of horses under the care of George Boast at Burton-on-the-Hill, of which if our memory serve us correctly, Milo, Romeo, and Grimaldi were the best. He was a most kind-hearted man, and had a host of friends." The writer's memory certainly does serve him wonderfully well, for, according to the *Calendars*, it is just sixty years since Grimaldi, Romeo & Co. were running! But it is not as a turfite that the learned serjeant will be best remembered as a sportsman. During the time that the famous John Corbet hunted Warwickshire, he was one of the leading members of the Hunt-Club at Stratford-on-Avon, and in a poem he wrote on a run with these hounds he thus introduces himself:—

In a mode rather different came Goulburn the Bard,  
Who, a long time disdaining the cry of Hold hard!  
Over hedges and ditches was thoughtlessly fanning,  
Resolved at all hazards to follow Bob Canning;  
To accomplish which end he kept on at a score  
That his five-year-old nag felt a sensible bore;  
So at Sworford, unable to climb up the hill,  
At a nasty ox-stile stood obligingly still;  
There left him in plight not a little distressing,  
The breed of Arabians most fervently blessing!

Some two or three years after the *New Sporting Magazine* had been started, and when it was in full swing, a hotel-keeper at Leamington brought an action of libel against the publishers for something that had been said in the work about his house. Serjeant Goulburn as one of the then leaders of the Midland Circuit, was for the plaintiff, and Mr. Hill, afterwards Recorder of Birmingham, for the defendants. The line of the latter was to laugh the thing out of court, and in furtherance of this Mr. Hill, with apparent carelessness or chance, took up a volume of the magazine from some others before him, with the remark that "I should not be surprised if these impertinent fellows had been saying something about my learned friend himself." And then, after turning over a few pages, he read the subjoined

passage to the immense amusement of the judge, jury, and public, heightened by the protestations of the serjeant, who vainly attempted to interfere: "The Serjeant Goulburn of the present day, brother to the ex-minister of that name was a conspicuous character in Warwickshire, in Mr. Corbet's time. He is a better lawyer than he was a sportsman, but he was a valuable acquisition to the Stratford-on-Avon hunt. They were the days of his youth, and, nothing loth, he yielded to the allurements which England holds out to that delight-giving period. Like the great Lord Erskine, he had been a soldier and a sailor. He had race-horses and hunters, and so had others. But he had—what but few possess—the talent to amuse beyond his fellows. In short he was the charm of society wheresoever he entered into it; for, although by nature a satirist, he sought but to amuse, and if pain was given the remedy was at hand by the same means by which the wound was inflicted. A poem written by him, called 'Epwell Hunt' descriptive of a run he saw with Mr. Corbet's hounds—somewhat in the style of the famous Billesdon Coplow song—was an admirable performance as a real picture of the passing scene, and, if I am not much mistaken, will outlive the best of his judicial orations." "No, no," said Mr. Hill, closing the volume, "not outlive them, but they will descend hand in hand to posterity together." This description was, of course, from the pen of Nimrod, who had also been a member of the Stratford Club.

It is said here that Mr. Goulburn was by nature a satirist; and, undoubtedly, beyond the judicial orations, the best thing he ever produced was a satirical poem called the Pursuits of Fashion, wherein "The Fine Man, or Buck of the First Set," is clearly sketched from Beau Brummell; while the author's own experiences must have been of considerable assistance in portraying "The Coffee House Cornet, or Buck of the Second Set," as well as in his study of "The Knowing Man, or Buck of the Turf." The work has long been out of print, and, indeed, was intended in the first instance only for private circulation, so that we may the more readily give a taste or two of its quality. Here is some very hard hitting anent the turf:

Or, make ye health and happiness your care?  
Avoid Newmarket's soil, they grow not there.  
When all your hopes, mayhap your future bread,  
Depend upon a jockey's heart or head;  
When merest chance, a bolt, a cross, or swerve,  
Has power to place in torture every nerve;  
When perspiration's drops bedew the cheek,  
And scarce the mouth retains its power to speak;  
When from the socket starts the anxious eye,  
And every pulse beats high in agony.

Let those who thus have felt—let them confess,  
Can health be then enjoyed? or happiness?  
But you *may* win—what then, unthinking boy,  
You shout, you halloo, and conceive it joy.  
Such joy the footpad feels when quirk or flaw  
Have saved him from the vengeance of the law.  
Like yours, his present bliss is rendered vain,  
By hopes of better plunder, greater gain;  
Like you, resolving headlong to pursue  
A something not attained, yet still in view.