COX *versus* KEAN.

FAIRBURN'S EDITION

OF THE

TRIAL

BETWEEN

ROBERT ALBION COX, Esq.

AND

EDMUND KEAN,

FOR

Crim. Con.

INCLUDING THE

CURIOUS LOVE LETTERS,

&c. &c.

TAKEN IN SHORT-HAND.

Illustrated with a Carricature Engraving.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

This Trial, with the Memoir of Mr. Kean, will be published in about THREE PARTS, *at Sixpence each.—It will contain the Whole Proceedings, with all the Letters from Mr. Kean to Mrs. Cox, &c. &c., and will be completed without delay.*

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COX *versus* KEAN.

FAIRBURN'S EDITION

OF THE

TRIAL

BETWEEN

ROBERT ALBION COX, ESQ.

Plaintiff,

AND

EDMUND KEAN;

Defendant,

FOR

Criminal Conversation

With the Plaintiff's Wife,

INCLUDING THE

EVIDENCE, SPEECHES OF COUNSEL,

AND ALL THE

Curious Love Letters,

&c. &c.

Tried in the Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, January the 17th, 1825, before the Lord Chief Justice Abbott, and a Special Jury.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A MEMOIR,

CONTAINING

ECCENTRIC ANECDOTES

Of the Defendant in this Cause,

AND ALSO OF

LITTLE BREECHES.

" I will hold my little darling to my heart, and sleep in spite of thunder!"

KEAN.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN FAIRBURN,

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

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TRIAL
FOR
CRIM CON.

COX *versus* KEAN.

Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, Jan. 17th, 1825.

THE powerful interest excited by this extraordinary case was beyond all precedent; and it being generally understood that it would be brought forward on Monday last, at an early hour in the morning crowds began to assemble adjacent to the court where the trial was to be heard, and among them were observed several members of the theatrical profession.

As soon as the doors were opened, a rush was made, and the body of the court nearly filled, when the door-keepers had a difficult task to do their duty, by keeping out those who attended merely out of curiosity; and in the performance of which they were obliged to put up with the impertinent threats of STUDENTS, who never studied the law, *reporters* who never reported, and witnesses who never gave evidence; and it being impossible for them to be acquainted with all, many unprivileged persons gained excellent situations, while others, who were actually engaged to perform their important duties for the press, &c. found it impossible to obtain convenient places in the court for the purpose of hearing the evidence.

Prior to the commencement of the trial, Messrs. Elliston, Cooper, Hughes, and several other actors, took their seats, and we also noticed many persons of distinction in the court.

COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

MR. DENMAN, the Common Sergeant,
HON. MR. LAW, and
MR. CHITTY.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENDANT.

MR. SCARLETT,
MR. BROUGHAM,
MR. PLATT.

At half-past nine o'clock precisely, the Lord Chief Justice took his seat, when the most profound interest and silence were observed in the Court.

The Jury were then sworn, which consisted of the following Persons.

Special Jurors.	*Talesmen.*
W. FORSTER, wine merchant.	JOHN DYER.
NEIL BLACK, merchant.	WILLIAM CHAPMAN.
WILLIAM VENNING, merchant.	JOHN PETER PADLINGHAM.
T. BORRADAILE, merchant.	THOMAS HENRY.
A. BALMANNO, merchant.	HENRY VENSON.
JOHN DIXON, merchant.	
JOHN CATLEY, merchant.	

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The Hon. Mr. LAW read the declaration, which set forth, that Robert Albion Cox, Esq. was the plaintiff, and Edmund Kean the defendant: that it was an action for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife; and that the defendant had pleaded Not Guilty. The damages were laid in the declaration at Two Thousand Pounds.

The COMMON SERGEANT (Mr. Denman) then rose and opened the case for the plaintiff, nearly in the following terms:

May it please your lordship, and gentlemen of the jury, from the opening of the pleadings in this case, you are put in possession of the nature of the action, and it has become my painful duty to request your attention to one of those cases which in the present state of morality has become too frequent, and a case, gentlemen of the jury, which in all the cases of profligate and varied variety notorious as some of them may be, cannot exceed this in its vastly afflicting nature, one indeed in which for a long continued time the sacred laws of hospitality had been violated, and the privileges of private friendship had been abused, and one in which every sacred tie that holds the heart had been held up to mockery—a case in which that confidence which professions of friendship inspires, and without which friendship never could exist, had been most criminally, most dishonourably abused.

In the lengthened narrative, Gentlemen of the Jury, which it will be my painful task to submit to you, I have at least the consolation of being spared the necessity, usual in cases of this kind, of introducing to your knowledge the characters and situations in life of the parties in this case; for it would be difficult to select two individuals who are better or more universally known in this great metropolis.

The plaintiff was a member of the distinguished corporation of this great city, and a man who had discharged the various duties of his office in a manner which had been duly appreciated by all who had come within their operation; and of the defendant perhaps it was, as he had said, still less necessary to say any thing by way of description. It was known to them all, that he had long occupied the very first place in the first rank of a profession, which brought its members most constantly and most conspicuously before the eyes and the observation of the public. It was impossible for any man, living in the metropolis, not to recollect the extraordinary impression which he made on his first appearance—how his genius blazed at once on the public eye—and how, at once, he seized that high situation to which others had climbed by long industry, by patient study, and after many reverses, and held it as rightfully his own. For eleven long years, which had intervened between that time and the present, he continued in the same brilliant situation, not only enjoying all the reputation and applause which it was calculated to yield, but deriving from it splendid emoluments, exceeding, perhaps, any which had ever else been attained by an English actor. It was almost equally well known, that this most prosperous condition formed a striking contrast to his previous fortunes. Immediately before his sudden elevation, he was performing in obscure provincial theatres,

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unknown even by name to the public in London—and giving only by occasional bursts, and to a few nice and critical apprehensions, any intimation of those powers which had proved unrivalled on the stage. The rank which he then held presented a strange contrast to the situation in which he was found but a short time previous to his appearance in London. It is known to you—for no circumstance connected with the life of such an individual can be unknown to you, as gentlemen mixing in society—that the defendant was, at the time I refer to, a member of a strolling company of players in the west of England, his great talents languishing in obscurity, disregarded and unknown, except to a few minds possessing more than ordinary discrimination, by whom his value was occasionally appreciated. At that time he was playing one of the humblest parts in the most humble walk of his profession, when he attracted the notice of the present plaintiff, who was then residing in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, on his paternal estate, where he and his family had lived respected and esteemed. Mr. Cox had the satisfaction of first noticing the talents of a neglected son of genius, of this friendless young man, and with a generosity honourable to his mind and to his heart, rendered him every service which lay within his power. He cheered and encouraged his exertions, and contributed by more solid proofs of friendship, such as were the most valuable to a man situated as the defendant then was, to prove the sincerity of his regard and the liberality of his disposition. Just previously to his appearance in London, he was performing at Dorchester, where his merits were discovered by a few individuals, who resolved to foster and to protect them. Among these was the plaintiff, Mr. Cox, who then resided, as I have told you, in the neighbourhood of that town on his paternal estate, which had been for ages in the possession of his family, and by the mode of dispensing and conducting which they had acquired the esteem and respect of all around them. Mr. Cox having discovered the talent o this then unknown and friendless young man, rendered him every service in his power, spoke warmly of his merits, invited him to his house, and introduced him to the notice of the neighbouring gentry; so that the very first acts of the acquaintance on the part of Mr. Cox were those of the most disinterested friendship. It was now proper to state, that in 1805, Mr. Cox had married his present wife; he being then thirty-three, and she about twenty-one years of age. She was a lady of excellent family in Westmoreland, of good education, and of fair prospects as to fortune. At first he resided with her wholly at Dorchester; but in 1812, being then concerned as a partner in a bank in the country, he was tempted to engage in a similar concern in town, and he accordingly resided for the most part in London; but still paying occasional visits to his estate in Dorsetshire, in company of his wife. It was on one of these visits, in 1813, that he formed that acquaintance with Mr. Kean which proved so fatal to his happiness. In that year Mr. Kean came to London, appeared at Drury-lane, and made that extraordinary start into eminence and wealth which every man must well remember. Mr. Cox was then a shareholder of Drury-lane Theatre, soon afterwards a mem-

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ber of the committee; and thus he had means of facilitating Mr. Kean's progress, and of swelling his triumph, which he did not fail eagerly to employ. No man living felt greater pride in that success which he had predicted, or expressed more enthusiastic pleasure in the display of those talents which he had detected when in obscurity, and which were now recognized and hailed by all. Mrs. Cox also, being a woman of cultivated intellect, and well read in the works of our great dramatic poets, especially Shakspeare, felt the warmest admiration for Mr. Kean's talents, and frequently went with her husband to witness the finest exhibitions of passion and skill. The acquaintance which had commenced at Dorchester was now renewed, and continued between the families. In this, surely, there was nothing remarkable. Mr. Kean was himself, and had been for some time, a married man; and if Mr. Cox had entertained any suspicion from the frequency of his visits, the circumstance of his being frequently accompanied by Mrs. Kean, would have had a powerful tendency to remove it. Mr. Kean was not then a very young man—he must have been nearly thirty years of age: he did not come to Mr. Cox's house merely as a theatrical adventurer, who had gained a large share of popular admiration, but as a husband and a father, and as a man whom Mr. Cox had known and befriended in less prosperous days. Under these auspices, he continued to visit at the plaintiff's house, and an honest confidence was reposed in his gratitude and honour. During the whole of that period the plaintiff continued to entertain the same confidence in the honour of his friend, and to treat his wife with the same indulgent and tender consideration which had attended their intercourse in earlier years. If they were acquainted with him, they would know well that a man of more frank and unsuspecting disposition—a man of kinder and more generous heart—a man of more open and cordial manners, did not live; or a man who, from his very virtues, was more liable to be made the victim of treachery like that which had destroyed his comfort for ever. As a husband and a father, he was welcomed to the house of Mr. Cox, who was also a husband and a father. Can any man say that such circumstances were calculated to excite suspicions, or inflame the mind of the most jealous and unconfiding individual? Mr. Cox was a person of an open and generous character; he suspected no injury, and never wronged his friend, even in idea, by supposing him capable of violating every principle of honour and gratitude—of abusing his confidence, seducing the wife of his bosom, and robbing him of his peace of mind for ever.

Under what circumstances, gentlemen, this fatal attachment commenced I am totally at a loss to tell you. The plaintiff is entirely ignorant of them. He is at a loss to give evidence of the origin of his dishonour, and the first instances of the criminal intercourse; but the proofs which he has to submit to you this day of the certainty of his wrongs, and the infidelity of his wife, showed, when discovered by him, though at a recent period, that the story of his misery was not of short duration, but that for seven years before the defendant and his wife had continued their guilty and depraved attachment.

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During all that time, with an hypocrisy of which I cannot sufficiently express my detestation, the defendant upheld the most cordial intercourse with the husband whose peace of mind he had for ever detroyed.—Those who know the plaintiff are aware that he is a gentleman of the most kind and benevolent disposition, of a peculiar openness of mind, and frankness of manner—above the vice of suspicion—a man, in fact, open, from the liberality of his own sentiments, to the imposition of the man who had abused (and cruelly too) his generosity, and sported with his feelings. I am therefore, gentlemen, at a loss to lay before you any early proofs of the defendants criminality, or of those fatal circumstances which crushed the plaintiff's happiness for ever, or even to lay before you when it first took place. But, gentlemen, I have letters to submit for your consideration, which will shew you that this guilty and unhappy intercourse was going on for a considerable length of time, under so cautious a management that no suspicion could be excited in the mind of the plaintiff;—every precaution which cunning or forethought could devise was made use of to give to the guilty parties security, which they did possess until the month of March last year, when a discovery took place. Then did my injured client, gentlemen, awake to the full sense of his misery, to the perfidy of his false friend, the falsehood of his wife, and to the conviction that he had been basely wronged for years. He did what every honest man should do—in the first moment of his indignation, he quitted the mansion within which lived his faithless and guilty wife, and he caused it to be communicated to that wretched woman that he would not turn her into the street, but that he would withdraw from his home, and never again live under the roof of that woman whose perfidy he had detected: this was the conduct of a gentleman and man of honour: he provided himself a lodging, and endeavoured to seek an asylum for the guilty woman. Mrs. Cox soon after withdrew from his home, and on his return he found a vast mass of letters, which were carefully, but most unaccountably, left packed up. These letters he handed over to Mr. Coles, his solicitor, in whose charge they remained until the present hour: and, Gentlemen, I have them all to lay before you. Several of these letters are addressed in fictitious names, but it will be evident to you and all men reading one of them, that they refer to the same subject, and were intended for the same person. The first letter I will trouble you with is dated the 5th of April, 1820. Mr. Kean had then gone on one of those excursions to the country from whence he derived so much professional fame and real emolument. He writes to Mrs. Cox from Lynn, in Norfolk, as a person for whom he entertained a warm but respectful attachment. It is clear, from the tone of the letter, that a criminal intercourse had taken place, but possession had not yet lowered the object of his guilty passion in his esteem, and he had not as yet viewed her with disgust or treated her with contempt. He calls her the dearest of women—and that alone applied to a married woman went to shew the intimacy of the connexion subsisting between her and the person who so warmly addresses her. It began "dearest of women," and thus goes on—

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Lynn, 4th (post-mark, Lynn, April 5, 1820)

"Dearest of Women.—It is the trick of letter-writing to panegyrise fine countries, to comment on antiquities, to relate anecdotes, and in toto—to tell your correspondent that you are a person of great observation; now as I do not aspire to that character, and my pen is guided only by my heart, I shall tell my dearest Charlotte, that I have been so lost in the thoughts of her, since I left London, that I have paid no other circumstance the least attention. My dear dear girl, every mile that bore me from you, convinced me how dear you were to my heart; every day I have passed without you, how essential you are to my happiness.

"I am satisfied we were formed for each other; the assimilation of disposition, in all its characters, proclaims it; and I could, if I was not a philosopher, revile most impiously the fate that has given you to another. But to answer some of your darling questions, the theatre was last night crowded to excess, and the applause as enthusiastic as it could be for the country; but Charlotte did not hear it. The neighbourhood of Lynn is beautiful, the walks enchanting—Charlotte does not partake them. Thus every thing that I might enjoy bears with it its counterpoise of mortification. Our separation is, however, but transient. I have not yet made any arrangement for the next week, and consequently expect to return on Sunday, and hold my dear little girl in my arms. 'Fly swift ye hours.' But should any circumstance interfere with this, I shall let you know; and now, my dear dear girl, banish from your mind every supposition of a change in my affections—they are unalterable. From the first moment I saw you, I loved every hour; that passion has increased; and, in the possession of your heart, I acknowledge, with gratitude, that I have obtained the very summit of my wishes. Do not doubt me, Charlotte; I write you from my heart, a heart overflowing with love, from a heart that while it beats shall own no other mistress.

"Dear, dear, dear girl, more than fame, more than wealth, more than life, more than heaven—I love you.

"I have received your charming letter; do come if you can.

"Mrs. Allen, to the care of Mrs. Price, Crown Inn.

"18, Martlett-court, Bow-street, London."

Gentlemen of the Jury, this appears to be the first letter indicative of the guilty attachment, so far back as the year 1820, and begins with a title in itself, when applied to a married lady, I say implies nothing else but that an improper connexion had begun; and if this letter does not denote a foregone conclusion, I am at a loss what form of words can. Soon after the time we are now upon, the defendant went upon a theatrical speculation to America, and from thence he writes in the same impassioned and warm style. He calls her "his dearest little love," and regrets that he had not accepted an offer she made of going out with him to that country. This commences with the same ardour which distinguishes all the defendant's correspondence. He says:—

"Feb. 6. (post-mark, March 9, 1821.

"My dearest little Love,—I have received your enchanting little epistle, though I am almost angry with you, to suppose that for a moment I could cease to love you. Do believe me, when I tell you, that every hour of absence I feel more and more the influence you have over my heart; one moment I think of my folly in not encouraging your proposal of coming with me, and the next, applaud my fortitude in repelling the foremost of my wishes; but we shall meet again, sweet. I hear of all the adventures at Drury-lane Theatre: in your next tell me their successes, whether the humble spark of talent of the Kean still glows in the dramatic world; or if some unexpected meteor has dazzled the perception to the total extinction of the minor light. I am almost tempted to say, 'Come over and tell me all yourself;' but then, you could never return, and I must; besides you would by such an act lose your rank in society, which you are so well qualified to adorn. I fancy I have you near me, and cannot help, boy like, kissing the paper that I know will shortly be in your hands. What project for the summer do you allude to, darling? I shall not quit the United States till the following year: I wish you could prevail on some one to come and look after lost property. Oh, dear, dear, dear girl, if I had but you in my arms, amidst the ac-

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clamations that attend my professional career, I should think this the promised Elysium. Every thing both on and off the stage, in this country, has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I am getting a great deal of money, and all is going off well. Give my love to my aunt, and tell her I am as prosperous as I wish to be, which I know will be pleasing to her. Remember me with affection and gratitude to sister Ann; and, my dear, dear, dear little girl,

"Doubt that the stars are fire,
"Doubt that the sun doth move,
"Doubt truth to be a liar,
"But never doubt I love."

"For Mrs. Allen, care of Mrs. Price,
2, Craven-buildings, Drury-lane, London."

During the reading of this letter the auditory with great difficulty restrained, but on its conclusion the whole court joined in bursts of laughter.

The learned Common Sergeant continued, and said it would appear that this paper is a set form of theatrical love-making, for the defendant has made use of it more than once. In one of those epistles dated 5th April, from America, he gives an account of the brilliant professional career he was then pursuing: he calls her "darling little girl," and then proceeds in terms of great affection:—

April 5.

"How shall I thank my darling little girl for all her solicitude and affection, and how shall I tell her how much I love her, and how great my desire to have her once more in my arms? In my heart she reigns triumphant, and ever will reign there, while one pulsation throbs to recollection; indeed, love, I sincerely repent of my folly in restraining you from your wishes: there is not a night or day passes but some pleasing remembrance makes me say 'if she were but here!' Indeed, Charlotte, I love you, dearly love you, and though I always thought I did, the mortification of absence most powerfully convinces me: your charming letters are a great source of delight and instruction to me, as of course my feelings are deeply interested in the success of Drury-lane, and I receive all the events with double satisfaction when they come from you, as I am well assured you inquire into them only for my gratification. It will be some time before I shall thank my little darling in person. I stay another year in America, and the only way we have to reconcile it is, that it is to my interest. I shall sail from New York to Liverpool on the 16th of next April, anno 1822. Oh! what joy I shall then feel in clasping my dear, dear Charlotte to my heart. You ask me what money I am making? My love, it is almost incredible. I am living in the best style, travelling magnificently, and transmitting to England £1000. each month. It gives me great pleasure to find Elliston is doing so well: from his great kindness and indulgence to me, he is entitled to my best wishes; it is likewise doubly fortunate for me, as he cannot have any scruples in granting me an extension of absence: it is pleasing to find London does not forget me, though the musical phenomenon may have cast a temporary cloud over the tragic meteors of the dramatic hemisphere. Well, but how do you do? are you in health? are you in spirits? what are your occupations? no flatterers about you I hope. Do not let any one rival, or at all events supersede me in your affections. I have now, Charlotte, dispassionately and reflectively placed my whole heart and soul upon you! It may perhaps be burdensome to you, for I am jealous, very jealous. I know as yet I have no cause, but absence is sometimes dangerous. I have given up all the frivolities of my nature, rejected all correspondence that could interfere with your feelings. I have thought of you with the affection of a lover, and with the admiration of a friend: I have weighed the incontestable proofs of your love, have dwelt with rapture on the retrospection of the most happy moments of my life spent in your society, and on summing up, have come to this conclusion, that through life, when imperious duty does not interfere, I am, my dear Charlotte,

Unalterably, determinately, and affectionately yours.
EDMUND.

"My love to sister Ann. Say every thing to aunts.
"Mrs. Charlotte Allen, to the care of Mrs. Price,
No. 1, Craven-buildings, near Wych-street, Drury Lane, London."

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Is there a man who hears these letters read, but must not feel that the defendant had enjoyed, before they were written, that which he himself calls "the summit of his wishes," in the arms of his "little darling," of "his beloved Charlotte," as he calls her, and that under circumstances skilfully managed to keep the injured husband in the dark as to what was going forward? I dwell on these parts of the letters, to show the artifices used to hoodwink Mr. Cox, because I have heard a report, which among the malicious part of the public has found some way, that there has been a connivance to his own infamy on the part of Mr. Cox.—And, indeed, when I reflect on the confidence misplaced by that afflicted gentleman on the honour of his perjured friend and faithless wife—when I reflect that no husband could be more fond, tender, and confiding, I must admit there might be some grounds to charge him with a culpable negligence, with a want of caution and due vigilance as the guardian of his wife's honour, were it not for those letters found in so extraordinary a manner, which bear internal evidence in his favour—which speak plainly enough for his exculpation, of the pains taken to keep him in the dark as to what was passing, and the extreme caution with which the criminal intercourse was conducted. There were, no doubt, said the learned Sergeant, malicious persons in the world, to whom any tale of scandal would be welcome, and who might lend an ear to any of those false representations of the plaintiff; but to those who were acquainted with the manliness and honour of Mr. Cox's character, must feel that he was a man incapable of descending to such meanness, even were not the proofs in his favour so strong and conclusive as those which I now lay before you. It had been suggested that the confidence of Mr. Cox had been so unbounded, and his negligence so glaring, that the Jury must conceive no small share of blame rested on his head; and certainly if the letters did not completely destroy the possibility of such a suspicion, this suggestion seemed to derive some colour from the entire confidence reposed by the husband in the affection of his wife, and in the gratitude of his friend. No husband was ever more fondly attached; no friend was ever more generally unsuspecting; and it would be shown, beyond all doubt, from the letters, that he was kept in complete ignorance of every circumstance which could lead to detection. If, then, connivance was the defence relied on ——

Mr. Scarlett smiled, and said, Oh! stop; I do not intend to rely upon connivance.

The Common Sergeant.—My learned friend has, I find, disclaimed the defence provided for him by public rumour; but as it is clear that that rumour existed, I will conclusively shew to you, gentlemen, that such a rumour has existed. It cannot be unknown to you that Mr. Cox has experienced some reverses of fortune, and that he had some well-founded expectations of being enabled to procure, through the interests of his friends, a situation of profit abroad. To this prospect, repeated allusions were made in the defendant's letters. A letter dated 17th of July was here read by the learned gentleman, it was as follows:—

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Post-mark, July 17, 1822

" My dear beloved girl—Though I rejoice that all is safe, I must hate the causes of our separation, but it must be our mutual consolation that we shall meet again with greater pleasure ; and perhaps devise some means to make us as inseparable in person as I am assured we are in heart: let but the great cause be removed, and I shall laugh at all agencies, though they may pursue in chaise and four: in other words, let him but go abroad, and I will dare the worst may threaten, with the exception of not making them miserable whom I am bound to protect, which by being a little more cautious we can easily avoid. We will in future depend upon ourselves. Confidence creates presumption, and presumption disgust. You can, I am sure, understand me. I will write to you more fully on Sunday, which you know is the day, the only one, I have time ; and I can now only say,

Dearer than my life I love you, only you,
and so shall do till eternal dissolution.

" Mrs. Simpson, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London."

In another letter dated the 25th of April, 1822, he says, " I am now in the chambers, where every article reminds me of you. Let us get rid of our annoyances, and then we shall part to meet no more."

He then advises her constantly to change her route in walking out, both in going out, and coming back, every day, to prevent her being watched, and that she should allow no one but herself to take the letters to and from the Post-office. All these precautions shew the utmost care to avoid detection. It commences as usual—

21st July. (Post-mark 21st July, 1822.)

" My little Darling—Thank Heaven all is well ! and let us be more wary for the future. I received your darling letter ; and very much I fear I wrote, or that you interpreted, harshly my last letter ; indeed, my love, I would not grieve you for worlds. I know the necessity of his departure, and I would then hold my little darling to my heart, ' and sleep in spite of thunder.' I am so surrounded by visitors, that I can scarcely seize a moment to dictate to my love the sincere emotions of my heart; but that I love her better than all the world, and will continue to do so till the end of life, is a feeling that I never can be dispossessed of.

" Do not mind my short letter. I really am so bothered I cannot sit down one moment. I am greatly successful here.

" Mrs. Simpson, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London."

In all these letters, you see, Gentlemen, there is the same distinct allusion to the husband, as one whose departure was necessary for their security, as the removal of the only barrier which prevented the defendant and Mrs. Cox from finding tranquillity in each other's arms. Gentlemen, I told you that the actual discovery was made in March, last year ; but it would appear from the correspondence that in the January previous something had happened which made the parties apprehensive of detection, as another letter from the defendant to Mrs. Cox calls upon her, in case of need, to fly to his arms for refuge. He writes from Southampton, in Jan. 1824—

(Post-mark, Southampton, Jan. 22, 1824.)

" My darling, darling love, writes to me in affliction, and every thought but for her happiness has subsided ; she flies to me for refuge ; my heart, my whole heart, is open to receive her. My advice, my love, is this—if you can, secure Miss W. to your interest ; if not, fly to my protection. All I ask is, that for a few months you will hide yourself, that when the hue and cry is raised, they shall find nothing to criminate me : " if the goods are not found upon the thief, there can be no conviction." Make up your mind by Monday, and meet me alone, if possible, close to the Diorama, Regent's Park, by one o'clock. Keep the meeting an entire secret, if you can ; if that is impracticable, do not let any other person be prepared to see me, till the moment I stand before them. What money you may want you shall have in three hours' notice. Indeed, my love, I adore you, and if it becomes your determination to proceed to extremities, you

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shall ever find in me, your lover, husband, father, friend; but do not let my darling ever again degrade herself in the opinion of her worshipper, by placing on the same scale houses and servants, against feelings of affection.

" There is but one point on which I am firm; that is, my duty to my family; after that, I am all in all yours for ever.

" Mrs. Elbe, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London."

The reading of this letter excited another burst of laughter.

You see, Gentlemen, how well versed the defendant is in criminal law. He says, " if the goods are not found on the thief there can be no conviction ," but the result, Gentlemen, has been, that the goods were found on the parties, and they are placed thereby in the awkward situation in which we this day find them. Now, Gentlemen, here is a point to which I call your attention, and beyond which we almost need not go. Here is a letter dated January, 1824, in which the defendant calls upon Mrs. Cox to fly to him, as a father, husband, and friend, accompanied with offers of any money she might want, at the same time displaying the accustomed caution with respect to the unhappy plaintiff. It was, perhaps, needless to go further. Here was a clear proof that Mr. Cox was still deceived—that he had no idea of her " stolen hours of lust." It should be also recollected, Mr. Kean being married was a blind in the affair. Mrs. Kean being in town, and a young lady residing in the family, gave a sanction to all intercourse between his wife and the house of the defendant, and made him less suspicious than, on first appearance, you might be inclined to think. The facts must, indeed, be as strong as, I am happy to say, I have the power to present them, on the part of my client, to remove the surprise that such an intercourse could have so long continued without the knowledge of the husband. Gentlemen, I am now at a loss to know what palliation the defendant can offer for his conduct. There was one ground to be advanced, which, if brought forward, I can only consider as an aggravation of the defendant's crime. I have heard it rumoured that it is to be said here to-day, that Mrs. Cox is a person of abandoned character—one so depraved as to admit the embraces of other men besides the defendant's. If such she be, her infamy is unknown to my client, as it is to me. It is impossible for him to divine to what a depth of degradation she might have fallen, but it is for you, Gentlemen, to consider by whom she has been betrayed from virtue and plunged in crime—seduced from the comforts of her home, from the arms of her husband, from the esteem and respect of society. If a lady, such as you have heard Mrs. Cox to be, could be so fallen from her fair estate, as not only to tarnish her good name by one fatal act of indiscretion, but to yield to the embraces of the worst and most abandoned of mankind, who has charged upon himself her degradation and her ruin but Mr. Kean, who first abused her ear and seduced her into sin? On him be the crime of betraying a lady like this, of character—of family, from honour and virtue, to infamy and despair. If such be the defence taken to this action—if these charges be founded in truth, it is a cruel aggravation of the defendant's conduct to bring the fact before you and the public. Who but himself has taken her from the path of honour and of duty? and can he,

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without meeting your indignation, skreen himself from his awful responsibility, by charging upon the unfortunate woman the effect of which he is the fatal cause? But, Gentlemen, if the plaintiff's wife was really the guilty person thus insinuated, the same art by which suspicions were not excited with regard to Mr. Kean, kept him carefully in the dark as to all other of these supposed cases. Even Mr. Kean himself was unsuspicious; for his letters show that he had no idea the lady's love was shared with him in common with others. In January he complains that she had smiled on a Colonel somebody, whom she met at a route or ball, and is angry that he had not a monopoly of her smiles. When, therefore, he, the favoured lover, was all confidence and faith, surely he cannot be surprised that the husband had no suspicions on the subject. The defendant addressed Mrs. Cox on the 21st January, 1824, "Dear L. B." This seemed to be a favourite direction which he used towards her, as I find several letters commence in the same manner. The letter was to this effect:—

(Postmark, Southampton, 21st Jan. 1824.)

"Too plainly I perceive, still dear L. B., an obvious change in the tenour of your letters, and a less observer of the world could easily interpret that change of circumstances effects a change of sentiment.

"Six months ago, I was the only subject of your epistles, every page gave assurances of your love, and your terminations the hope of passing your life with me. It seems now as if you had become weary of the subject, but think it necessary to fill the paper, that I may not too suddenly perceive a change of feeling. You now tell me of concerts, going to plays, give me long critiques of singers and actors, to whose merits or defects I am totally indifferent, and seem very clearly to have made up your mind to a circumstance, which once I was vain enough to think would have broken your heart—that of parting to meet no more: if such is your feeling, depend upon it I shall release you from your bonds, before my departure for America. That simple style of writing that you had, and which I used to clasp to my heart, kiss with my lips, and sleep with on my pillow, is changed to the slang of fashionable coquetry. 'I did not give the Colonel one smile to-night.' Why any night, if those smiles belong to me? But above all, dearest, for I still must call you so, you have betrayed a littleness of mind, which, if I had not read under your hand, I never could have believed.

"Your rejection of his offers, upon the plea of giving up houses, servants, and society—is this my Charlotte? No, I will believe that some fiend has usurped her character; for if you can so coolly balance the world's enjoyments against your love for me, I have been mistaken in you, and think with uninterested observers, that it was passion, and not love. Mark the difference. I could, for you, banish every pleasure of this life; shut myself in the most dreary cavern, undergo every privation, lose even the recollection of my language for want of use, if even at the end of 20 years I was sure of possessing you for ever—that is, with the mind that has captivated me for the last six years. I shall say no more; there seemed but one way to secure our after happiness, and that, it seems, you have rejected. I shall never again repeat it, nor tempt you for a moment to make such powerful sacrifices as houses, servants, concerts, and colonels. Farewell!

"Your unhappy, but fortunately proud, "EDMUND.

"Mrs. Elbe, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London.—Post paid."

If Mr. Kean thus complains, and calls himself the unfortunate Edmund; if he has poisoned the chalice, he cannot complain of the bitterness of the draught. It is clear, however, from all these circumstances, that Mr. Cox had not the least idea of the practice going on affecting his dishonour; and if no suspicion of any other

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person ever were excited in his mind, the care taken to conceal the injury executed by his friend was less likely to bring the defendant to his notice. Gentlemen, it may be proper for me to state in what mode the connection between the defendant and Mrs. Cox was first discovered by the plaintiff. There was a young lady residing in the family, who, though not placed there as a spy, became acquainted with the fact. The servants also were in the secret. Some of them had lived in the family of Mr. Cox for several years, and having become acquainted with the fact, thought fit to conceal it, from their attachment—a mistaken attachment—for him, and an unwise consideration for his feelings: they dreaded to make him miserable by so painful a disclosure. They were even afraid, if they communicated the fatal intelligence to Mr. Cox, that he would scarcely listen to them, and they therefore left him in ignorance of his disgrace from the feeling that they could not make him believe how much and how long he was injured by his perfidious wife and faithless friend. Now, Gentlemen, it is fair to state to you that the criminal attachment between these parties was at length discovered in consequence of an appointment between them. Mr. Cox was living at the time in Wellington-street, and when he was from home, arrangements were made to admit the defendant. On one occasion when the plantiff was absent, and Mr. Kean within his house, the usual precautions were neglected. Mr.Cox unexpectedly returned, and a full discovery was made. I will not conceal from you, Gentlemen, that when once this fatal affair was laid open to Mr. Cox, other facts came to his knowledge, by which he had reason to suppose that his wife had injured him with others besides the present defendant; that she was criminal to others as well as to him. It is a fact which I have no instructions to conceal from you, and it had so much influence on the plaintiff when he commenced this action, that he instructed his solicitor to lay the damages at the lowest possible sum, and it was the act of the solicitor himself, that the damages were laid at the low sum of £2000. Under all these circumstances, you, Gentlemen, will regret that Mr. Cox has not claimed at your hands a greater compensation for the injury he had sustained; particularly if you consider the perfidy which betrayed him, and the artifices by which he was deceived. There were letters written in January, 1823, which unmasked the whole system of cunning and treachery, which had been pursued by the defendant. It is a part of that system by which the unhappy husband was so long hoodwinked and betrayed. You will find, that on the same day two letters were written by the defendant, the one to the wife, assuring her of his unceasing regard and attachment—the other to the husband, in exculpation of something which had been insinuated respecting his conduct to Mrs. Cox. Such was the duplicity of this man. This event arose out of the following circumstances. In the early part of the year 1823, Mr. Kean had occasion to make one of his professional tours through the West of England. In that tour he invited Mr. and Mrs. Cox to accompany him. Mrs. Kean, and a very respectable clergyman of the church of England, were also of the party. In the course of that journey Mr. Cox either heard or

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observed something regarding Mr. Kean's attentions to Mrs. Cox which excited his notice. A conversation ensued between Mr. Kean and Mr. Cox on the subject; and the result of that conversation was, the writing the two letters to which he had alluded. The first of these letters to Mrs. Cox commenced thus:—"My dear little imprudent girl, your incaution has nearly been the cause of bringing our acquaintance to the most lamentable crisis." The letter begs of her to make Mr. Cox believe that they are about to part never more to meet, and to assure him that in that parting Mr. Cox had lost a sincere friend. The letter, however, professed the warmest attachment for Mrs. Cox, and a proposition for a renewal of their intercourse. The letter written at the same time to the plaintiff began as follows:

Post-mark, Exeter, 6th Jan. 1823.)

"My dear Cox,—I have been seriously considering the mass of nonsense uttered by us the two last nights at Salisbury, I must own likewise they have given me great uneasiness. If I have paid more attention to your family than any other of my acquaintances, the simple motive was to shew the world that I valued my friends as much in adversity as when I shared their hospitality in their prosperity. I am sorry my conduct has been misconstrued, as the inference is unworthy of yourself—me—and a being whose conduct, I am sure, is unimpeachable! To remove all doubts upon the subject, and to counteract the effects of insidious men, I shall,beg leave to withdraw a friendship rendered unworthy by suspicion.

"I must be the worst of villains, if I could take that man by the hand, while meditating towards him an act of injustice. You do not know me, Cox: mine are follies, not vices. It has been my text to do all the good I could in the world, and when I am called to a superior bourne, my memory may be blamed, but not despised. Wishing you and your family every blessing the world can give you, believe me, nothing less than Your's,most sincerely, EDMUND KEAN.

"R. A. Cox, Esq. 6, Wellington-street, Waterloo-bridge, London."

Is it possible, I ask you, Gentlemen, for any man to believe that one could thus write to the person on whom he was inflicting the most cruel of all injuries? How is it possible for any human being to guard against such deceit, or to believe that any person in whom he trusted could act with so much duplicity? This is the manner in which the defendant addressed the man he had deceived. He takes leave of him for ever, acts the part of the injured person, and sinks the invader of domestic happiness—the seducer of the wife of his friend, and destroyer of his happiness. Is it possible for one man to give, or another to receive, a greater injury than this, combining, as it does, the breach of all moral and sacred ties—the laws of hospitality, and the rights of friendship? Gentlemen, I feel at once what impression this letter has made upon your minds. You see the artifices by which the defendant so long concealed his criminal intercourse from the plaintiff's knowledge. It is fit that society should be protected from such men, and that you feel justly malignant at such great, such almost unexampled treachery. You feel it due to the plaintiff, to society, and to justice, to mark your sense of that conduct by your verdict. It is unnecessary for me to occupy you longer—I will call the witnesses—I will produce the letters I have stated, and a few others; and when you have heard them, I am sure you will feel that it is right to manifest your opinion that no imputation rests on the plaintiff, already afflicted with so great and so unme-

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rited a misfortune, and that you would deem it a betrayal of your duty to him and to the public, to withhold from him the amplest compensation which he has demanded.

The learned gentleman sat down, and the following witnesses were examined in support of the plaintiff's case.

THE EVIDENCE.

Mr. Robert Hemming *sworn*,

Examined by Mr. Chitty.—Resides at Dorchester. Knew Mr. and Mrs. Cox before their marriage. The lady's maiden name was Newman. She was a lady of education, and had a highly cultivated mind. Was present at her marriage with Mr. Cox, on the 16th of July, 1805. Mr. Cox had property in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, and continued to live there some time after his marriage. Witness was in the habit of intimacy in the plaintiff's house after his marriage. Mr. Cox and his wife lived most happily and affectionately together.

Cross-examined by Mr. Scarlett—Mr. Cox was a widower at that time, and had one son, who is now living. Miss Newman was about twenty-one at the time of her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Cox lived for some time after their marriage at Dorchester.

Mr. Thomas Fellowes *sworn*.

Examined by Mr. Law.—Was acquainted for many years with Mr. Cox, both before and after his marriage, and continued in habits of intimacy with him and his wife up to the time of the commencement of the present action. During that time Mr. and Mrs. Cox conducted themselves very properly towards each other. Plaintiff was attentive and affectionate to his wife, and she was equally affectionate and attached to him.

Cross-examined by Mr. Brougham.—A Miss Ann Wickstead was an inmate of Mr. Cox's family? She was in attendance. Witness had not seen her that morning. Plaintiff had a son, Mr. Albion Cox.

Have you seen a Mr. Whatmore at Mr. Cox's house? I have.

Don't you know that Mr. Whatmore was very intimate with the family? He was intimate there.

Do you happen to know where he is now? No, I do not.

Don't you know that he is living with Mr. Cox? No, I do not.

Have you heard so from Mr. Cox? No.

When, sir, did you see Mr. Cox last? I dined with him yesterday.

Don't you known that Mr. Cox commenced an action against Mr. Whatmore? I might have heard it; but don't recollect it. If it was said before me, it must have passed over.

Re-examined by Mr. Scarlett—What situation did Mr. Whatmore hold in the family? He was a clerk to Mr. Cox.

Mr. Wheeler *sworn*.

The eccentricity of the witness's appearance and style of address excited particular attention and amusement, while he was going thro' his evidence. On arriving opposite the Lord Chief Justice, he gave

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a sudden look at his lordship, and made a low theatrical bow. On mounting the witness-box he was examined by Mr. DENMAN.—— Pray, Sir, what are you? A. (in a very positive tone) I am a retired member of the Medical Profession. I resigned in the month of June the office of Apothecary to St. Bartholomew's Hospital—(a laugh.)

Q. Were you in habits of intimacy with the plaintiff and his wife for several years? Most assuredly, as I was then in attendance upon them in sickness and in health—in sickness as their apothecary, and in health as their friend—(laughter.)

Q. Had you opportunities of witnessing the domestic conduct of the plaintiff and his wife? I had repeated opportunities of witnessing their reciprocal attachment. Q. Was their conduct kind and affectionate? On every occasion that I had an opportunity of seeing them. Mr. Cox was an attentive, affectionate, kind, and obliging husband; and I am also bound to say, that Mrs. Cox was a kind and obliging, and attentive and affectionate wife—(laughter.)

Cross-examined by Mr. SCARLETT.—When did you cease to attend as their medical adviser?

The witness.—I cannot exactly say, Sir. Mr. Cox never descended to the low practice of compelling me to make out a bill; so I have no memorandum, and am past seventy: my memory is not so good as it was—(a laugh.)

Mr. SCARLETT.—I do not speak of the precise day: about what period?

The witness.—At the time when I retired from my situation at the hospital; but I have visited them since as a friend.

Mr. SCARLETT.—And have they always seemed as affectionate as when you attended them?

The witness.—Without variation, or the shadow of change.

The precise and emphatic manner in which this gentleman gave his evidence excited loud laughter in the gallery, where, we suspect, the audience could generally hear very little.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE observed, that this *boisterous laughter* was unbecoming a Court of Justice. Those who wished to indulge in such merriment should go elsewhere; and if the interruption occurred again, the gallery must be cleared.

Mr. ROBERT BLENKINSON *sworn.*

Is clerk in the house of Messrs. Coutts and Co., of which Mr. Kean was a customer, proved the hand-writing of the defendant to a number of letters.

The letters were then put in, and copies read by Mr. Abbott; the Lord Chief Justice looking over the originals. [Several of the Letters will be found in the preceding pages]

(Without date or post mark.)

"My darling Love.—I have been in my vagaries, very drunk: but more doting on you. I am going to Richmond—can you come? If you can, tell Hughes to order you a carriage at Kendall's, and come to the King's Arms, foot of the bridge.—Your Lover.

"Little Breeches."

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" I have been so ill, that it is with the utmost difficulty I could consent to act to-night. If every part of my conduct is to be misinterpreted, and deprive you of the joys of riding in kind friends' carriages, perhaps it would be better that we made no future appointments.

" I do not say this sincerely, for I love you dearer than my life, but I am very angry at your note. If your feeling was what I could wish it, you would pity my illness.

" L. B. " Love—and do not provoke.

" No, I forgot—Mrs. ! ! ! Alleyn."

" Oct. 14.

" My dear little Love—I shall be a fortnight longer away than I expected. Could I have dreamed of such an event, I certainly would have had you with me, but your feelings must be reconciled in my interest. I shall have the only thing I love in the world, Friday, the 31st, in my arms, and that is you, my dear, dear, dear, dear, L. B. I go by Glasgow and Edinburgh to London.

" L. B."

" My dearest, dearest little Love,—Walk every day in my absence. They will soon be tired of watching. Change your route each time. The receiving-house for letters shall be here, on both sides, under the names of Sexton and Mrs. Elbe. Put all letters in the post yourself, whether Twopenny or General. On my return I will so contrive our meetings, that a lynx's eye shall not penetrate our retreats. Oh, my soul, my love, life without you is valueless. I knew not till now the extent of my adoration.

" Mrs. Elbe."

" Welcome, my life, my love, my soul, I cannot see you till after the farce, which I act in to-night for my benefit. How does my little darling. I introduce to you my friend Mr. Crooke, an officer of the wolves, whom I have commissioned to be in attendance, and pay all honours to his captain's love. I shall hurry through the Tobacconist as fast as possible. It mattered not what subject.

" Little Breeches."

" Dearest Love,—I am very sorry we could not meet yesterday, as if I should not chance to see you to-day, I cannot meet you till Monday. To-morrow I must be with the Fund; on Sunday they have engaged me in home service. If you receive this before two o'clock, I shall leave the theatre at that time, and walk through the Cows home. Shall take care of the box. Glad the clothes fit.

" On my soul I expected a Fund Committee to-morrow. I shall be at one at the place I appointed to day. I have received a note; that I have had suspicion of. ********

" Mrs. Elbe."

Post-mark, April 25, 1822.

" My dear little Love knows her Edmund too well to attribute his silence to neglect, or forgetfulness of that form which is always present to his eye, and is so mingled with his nature, that it is felt in every pulsation of his heart. My dear Charlotte, never believe but that I love you beyond every thing this world can give me, and this little absence (however tedious it may seem) only confirms that you alone are necessary to my happiness. I am now in the chambers, where every article of furniture, every circumstance, recalls you. I could say return immediately to London, but prudence interferes, and advises us to get rid of our annoyances, and then, my dear, dear love, we meet to part no more.

" L. B.

" To Mrs. Allen, Post-office, Dorchester."

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" 28th July. (Post-mark 28th July, 1822.)

" My dearest, though imprudent, little Girl, for such I see you are determined to remain, in spite of admonition and experience; why will you direct to me in my own name, when the others answer just as well? letters may miscarry. I have not heard from her lately. She may be on the way to me—they may follow me—we have had one dreadful instance of that: my dear love, for Heaven's sake be guarded. I cannot write you a long letter, I am at all times so surrounded; but, if I were to write to you volumes, it could only be repetitions of the same theme, and that is, that I love you almost to distraction; and every hour of absence from you tells me, that life itself is not valuable without you. I thank you, dear love, for asking for the plaid: it displays that undivided confidence which ever should subsist in hearts formed for each other. I hope my little darling will always tell me her wishes without disguise or reservation; and if, love, money, or industry can accomplish them, she is certain as she may be of the heart of her Adorer.

" Say to T—— that I shall never forget her attentions to you. Love to Aunt S—— and Sister Anne.

" Mrs. Simpson, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London."

" Friday, August 2. (Post-mark, 8th Aug. 1822.)

" My Heart-Strings.—That you are mistress of my heart and fate, every moment of my life confirms. The world without you appears one vast and gloomy dungeon, and your letters are as sunbeams through the grating of the prison-house. I dwell on them with admiration. I fancy I am free, and for a moment I am basking in the full meridian of my wishes. The delirium subsides. I see the barriers that encompass me—my sun is withdrawn (yourself) and all again is left to shade and desolation. O God! Charlotte, how I love you. If such a feeling is a crime, why are we given it? I did not seek it. The power that will condemn has placed you in my way; the same inspiring hand that framed my better qualities pointed to you as the object of my love—my everlasting love. I must not doubt the justice of the Great Being, and have little or no faith in the general Tempter. Whate'er it be, 'you are my fate—my heaven or my hell.'

" Hughes left Dublin yesterday: he told me for Richmond: but, from a secret correspondence he has been carrying on, and an increasing mystery in his manner, I suspect there is something in the wind that his friends must not know, and I am sorry to own, that my disposition is so froward, that with me want of confidence is loss of friendship. One point you, my dear love, must look to. I shall send 180*l.* directed to him, at D. L. T. on Tuesday, the 13th, which he will receive in due course; and though I have no suspicion but what he will be there to receive it, I should like you to see he does—that is, call at the theatre yourself, and see when the letter arrives. By the time you will receive this you will have seen him: ask, in your own frank and casual manner, if he is going to France, and write me instantly I shall leave Dublin for Edinburgh the same day I direct the money to him—I play there on the 19th. Thus you see, my little darling, I make you my woman of business, as well as companion of my heart. Your offer to assist poor Emery is like yourself—noble and unaffected; but, my love, keep your little purse for contingencies—I will send to Emery. You charm me by your charity, for I know it is not from ostentation: every day shoots up some unexpected tendrill round the root of my affections, and you—little witch—you have so entangled it, that nothing but an earthquake can disperse them. Tell Tidswell that had she no further claims on my affection but behaviour to you, I should hold her in my heart for ever—I shall never forget it. Now, little b—, obey the following injunctions about Hughes—Silence. Direct me Simpson—watch the receipt—make your plaid as you please—love me dearly, dearly, and get rid of all obstacles as soon as you can. Caution be our pass-word.

" Mrs. Simpson, care of Mrs. Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London."

(Post-mark, Aug. 30th, 1822.)

" My dear, dear Love,—I am too closely watched to write much, but I again

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repeat, I love you, only you. I received your letter this day; you may direct to me, "——— Simpson, Esq. Post-office, Glasgow." Watch H——s.
Edinbro', Friday night.

" Mrs. Simpson, to the care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-Garden, London."

" Carlisle, Nov. 3. (Post-mark, Nov. 6. 1822.)

" By dearest Love—Do not let the thought enter your little brain for one moment, that I intend you unkindness, or that my love is undiminished ; you shall find me ever the same, though I say with Coriolanus, ' World, I banish you.' She (Mrs K.) left me yesterday for London ; if that had not been the case, I could not have written to you now. I am watched more closely than Buonaparte at St. Helena, independant of which, I have never been three days in a place. I am setting off for Whitehaven, where I play till Friday the 8th, and set off after the play for London ; if you could manage, without a shadow of suspicion, how happy I should be ; but beware, my brain is overclouded now with care, and you must lighten, not increase it.

" She gave me a hint about meeting me at Barnet on Monday morning, but if every thing should concur smoothly in bringing you to St. Alban's, I would not go through Barnet, but take another road to London : but remember, caution is the word, and true love will rather shield its object from dangers, than incur them.

" Mrs. Simpson, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-Garden, London."

(Post-mark, Exeter, 6th January, 1823.)

" My dear little imprudent Girl.—Your incaution has been very near bringing our acquaintance to the most lamentable crisis. Of course he will shew you the letter I have written him ; appear to countenance it, and let him think we are never to meet again, and in so doing he has lost a friend. Leave all further arrangements to me.

" My aunt desires her best wishes to you, notwithstanding her anger, she says of your conduct before him. ' Love shields the object of its wishes, not exposes it.

" All shall shortly be as you wish."

" Mrs. Simpson, care of Mrs. Matthews,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-Garden, London."

(Post-mark, Portsmouth, Jan. 16th, 1824)

" My dear love,—I wrote angrily to you yesterday, forgive me. I was disappointed at not receiving a letter from you, and wrote in irritation. Indeed, love, I would not doubt you for worlds ; for I live but thinking of you, and if I lose you I am sure my heart will break. I do not come to London till the following Monday. I am engaged at Southampton for the next week : direct your next letter accordingly. I do not know how to answer you about your Dorsetshire proposal ; is it not hazardous ? Whenever you leave London, their eyes will be upon you ; think of it well, and let me know when you have determined. Let me find a letter from you on Monday at Southampton. Love to aunts and sisters.

" Mrs. Elbe, care of Miss Tidswell,
" 12, Tavistock-row, Covent-Garden, London. Post paid."

" How can I thank you for your flattering solicitude ?—by no other means than by obeying implicitly all your commands. I am infinitely better this morning, and impatient to convince you that your suspicions are unfounded, which I hope to have an opportunity of doing to-morrow, 12 o'clock.

" Doubt that the stars are fire ;
" Doubt that the sun doth move ;
" Doubt truth to be a liar ;
" But never doubt I love.

" Mrs. Cox, Little B——."

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Swansea, August 16, 1821.

My dear, dear Love,—I cannot write fully to you till I get to Cork. Half of your letter has been found, and created a most terrible explosion. She leaves me on Saturday, the 19th; I shall then write about my arrangements. Farewell, my darling little

B * * * II.

Little Breeches.

Some evil spirit has got into our house. I cannot see what is the matter. I dare not go out alone. She says, "she has as much right to pay visits as me," and is determined that Charles or herself accompanies me wherever I go, till I leave London. Whatever it is, I hope it will dispel before to-morrow. Bless you.

My beloved Charlotte,—She has taken it in her head to accompany me to-day wherever I go, and I cannot shake her off. You must guess my mortification, Ever, ever, ever,

Charlotte. Your's, only yours.

August 18, (Post mark Hastings, Aug. 21, 1821.)

My darling Love,—You must be aware how very difficult it is to get one moment to myself: the eyes of Argus may be eluded, but those of a jealous wife impossible, even now I am on tenter-hooks. I expect the door forced open, "and what are you writing?" the exclamation. Or, Susan, to see if every thing is comfortable, or Charles with a handful of endearments for his dear papa, all tending to the same thing,—what is he about? I shall therefore only say here, there, or any where, I love you, dearly love you, and so for ever, ever, ever.

Mrs. Alleyn, care of Mrs. Price, No. 1,
Craven-buildings, Drury-lane.

Saturday, (post-mark, Hastings, 27th Aug. 1821.)

My dearest Love,—Happy am I in being any way instrumental to your happiness or comfort. I fear you coming to Rye, that is, I fear I should not be able to see you, I am guarded more closely than a felon. I cannot go into the most private closet, without a sentry at the door; the beautiful scenery by which we are surrounded, has no influence over jealous minds; the boy shortly goes to school, and his aunt accompanies him. I shall then have leisure to write; at present, I am in momentary expectation of being surprized. God bless my dear love, and believe me for ever, your's, Affectionately and sincerely.

Mrs. Alleyn, care of Mrs. Price,
Craven-buildings, Drury-lane, London.

(Post-mark, Battle, Oct. 18, 1821.)

My beloved Girl,—I write from Bexhill, on my way to Peveney Castle. You may judge how desolate the place appears, no little darling to meet and welcome me, but I shall be in London, Monday, the 29th, and then have again all that I value on this earth. Do not be disappointed if the first week or two in London, I should not see so much of you as I wish. I am sure you love me too well, not to forward my ambition, and till I have acted De Montford, total seclusion, and privation of that which gives me most delight, is absolutely necessary. Dear, dear, every hour every day, I love you better.

Mrs. Alleyn, care of Mrs. Price,
2, Craven-buildings, Drury-lane, London.

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(Post-mark, Hastings, Oct. 26, 1821.)

My dearest Love,—On no account come near the park, I shall cross over Waterloo-bridge on Tuesday, between one and two o'clock, will see you on Wednesday, at twelve, in the saloon of the Theatre. I have declared you are in the West Indies. If you are seen I am ruined. Ever, ever, ever, yours.

Mrs. Alleyn, care of Mrs. Price,
2, Craven-buildings, Drury-lane, London.

(Post-mark, Dec. 31, 1821.)

My darling little Love,—I am acting every night, and rehearsing every morning. The weather is bad. The houses not great. I am not well, but as much in love with Little Breeches* as ever, and so shall continue in secula in seculorum.

Mrs. Alleyn, care of Mrs. Price,
2, Craven-buildings, Drury-lane.

* The nick-name by which it would seem from his letters the defendant usually addressed Mrs. Cox, alluding to the clothes.

(Post-mark, April 25, 1822.)

My dear little Love knows her Edmund too well to attribute his silence to neglect or forgetfulness of that form which is always present to his eye, and is so mingled with his nature that it is felt in every pulsation of his heart; my dear Charlotte, never believe but that I love beyond every thing this world can give me, and this little absence (however tedious it may seem) only confirms that you alone are necessary to my happiness. I am now in the chambers, where every article of furniture, every circumstance recalls you. I could say return immediately to London, but prudence interferes and advises us to get rid of our annoyances, and then my dear, dear love, we meet to part no more.

L. B.

To Mrs. Allen, post-office, Dorchester.

June 19, damned town.

(Post-mark Bath, June 20, 1822)

My little darling Love,—I am in such a vortex of perplexities and mortifications, that I can scarcely collect my thoughts sufficiently to thank you, for your letter, and to tell you how much I love you; it is now my dearest girl I wish for you, now that I am suffering under the most painful sensations of wounded pride, and the evident dupe of determined scoundrels, my mind boiling with rage and grief; wants now my own dear darling—my love to condole with; my fevered head wants rest in the bosom of my Charlotte. Indignation, resentment, and all the passions of the furies guides my hand while I tell you that in this infernal city, where I was a few years since the idol of the people, my endeavours are totally failing. I have not yet acted one night to the expenses; come to me darling, come to me, or I shall go mad. You must put off Tidswell; the carriage will not hold us all; if I should ever return to London, I will give her a jaunt to some of the environs, but if my provincial career is followed up by this terrible sample—Heaven or hell must open for me. I bore my elevation with philosophy, I feel I cannot long submit to the opposite; meet me as soon as possible at Birmingham, (that is as soon as safety will permit), and believe, my dearest girl, that I love you to distraction and in heart!!!—I am solely yours for ever, ever, ever, ever.

Mrs. Alleyn, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London. (Post-paid).

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Post mark, Shrewsbury, July 9, 1822.

My dear Madam, L.B. will explain the perplexities we are in, and I have so much confidence in you, that I am sure you will render us the utmost assistance. I place her for a time under your protection, and I assure you, on my soul, it is the object in which all my happiness is centered; her imprudence is great, so great, that it had led me to the brink of destruction, but her affection is unbounded; and I fear I never could resign her but with life. To your judgment I refer her for advice and to your charge I trust her till affairs are accommodated. She has plenty of money, and I will rather add to your comforts than diminish them, if he is determined to break with her I shall be happy the moment I can call her mine, but if a reconcilation can be brought about, we must be content to meet more cautiously. In London there is no danger; but being absent at the same time, has given us cause to regret our imprudence, perhaps as long as we live. I send the inclosed, with my love to aunt Sally.

And believe me ever,

Your affectionate friend and nephew.

To Miss Tidswell, 12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London, 9th July.

EDMUND KEAN.

"28th July. (post-mark 28th July, 1822.)

"My dearest, though imprudent, little Girl, for such I see you are determined to remain, in spite of admonition and experience, why will you direct to me in my own name, when the others answer just as well? letters may miscarry. I have not heard from her lately, she may be on the way to me—they may follow me—we have had one dreadful instance of that; my dear love, for Heaven's sake be guarded, I cannot write you a long letter, I am at all times so surrounded, but if I were to write to you volumes, it could only be repetitions of the same theme, and that is, that I love you almost to distraction; and every hour of absence from you tells me, that life itself is not valuable without you. I thank you, dear love, for asking for the plaid: it displays that undivided confidence which ever should subsist in hearts formed for each other. I hope my little darling will always tell me her wishes without disguise or reservation; and if love, money, or industry can accomplish them, she is certain as she may be of the heart of her Adorer.

"Say to T——that I shall never forget her attentions to you. Love to Aunt S——and Sister Anne.

"Mrs. Simpson, care of Miss Tidswell.
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London."

"Friday, August 2, (Post-mark, 8th Aug. 1822.)

"My Heart-Strings,—That you are mistress of my heart and fate, every moment of my life confirms. The world without you appears one vast and gloomy dungeon, and your letters are as sunbeams through the grating of the prison-house. I dwell on them with admiration. I fancy I am free, and for a moment I am basking in the full meridian of my wishes. The delirium subsides. I see the barriers that encompass me—my sun withdrawn (yourself)—and again is left to shade and desolation. O God! Charlotte, how I love you. If such a feeling is a crime, why are we given it? I did not seek it. The power that will condemn has placed you in my way; the same inspiring hand that framed my better qualities pointed to you as the object of my love—my everlasting love. I must not doubt

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the justice of the Great Being, and have little or no faith in the general Tempter. Whate'er it be, 'You are my fate, my heaven or my hell."

"Hughes left Dublin yesterday; he told me for Richmond: but, from a secret correspondence he has been carrying on, and an increasing mystery in his manner, I suspect there is something in the wind that his friends must not know, and I am sorry to own, that my disposition is so froward, that with me want of confidence is loss of friendship. One point you, my dear love, must look to. I shall send 180l. directed to him, at D. L. T., on Tuesday, the 13th, which he will receive in due course; and though I have no suspicion but what he will be there to receive it, I should like you to see he does—that is, call at the theatre yourself, and see when the letter arrives. By the time you will receive this you will have seen him: ask in your own frank and casual manner, if he is going to France, and write me instantly. I shall leave Dublin for Edinburgh the same day, I direct the money to him, I play there on the 19th. Thus you see, my little darling, I make you my woman of business as well as companion of my heart. Your offer to assist poor Emery is like yourself, noble and unaffected; but, my love, keep your little purse for contingencies, I will send to Emery. You charm me by your charity, for I know it is not from ostentation, every day shoots up some unexpected tendril round the root of my affections, and you, little witch, you have so entangled it, that nothing but an earthquake can disperse them. Tell Tidswell that had she no further claims on my affection but behaviour to you, I should hold her in my heart for ever, I shall never forget it. Now, little bitch, obey the following injunctions, about Hughes, Silence. Direct me, Simpson, watch the receipt, make your plaid as you please, love me dearly, dearly, and get rid of all obstacles as soon as you can. Caution be our pass word.

"Mrs. Simpson, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London."

Edinbro', Sunday Evening, all alone!!!

(Post-mark 22d Aug. 1822.)

My dear, my beloved Girl,—I cannot receive your letter this day, as Scotch offices are fastidiously religious; but I anticipate it will be all that I wish it, all love, all sincerity. I sometimes fear that absence may diminish your fervour. I could wish you always near me, that, by constant attention to your wishes, by the study of your happiness, I should not give you time to contemplate on other subjects. Now do not believe me, for, as much as I love you, I would not care one rush about you, if I but imagined your thoughts could glide on any thing else. I know they cannot. My dear little girl is every thing I wish; her person, mind, and heart, is what my fancy, like Pygmalion, drew; and Heaven alone has given thee animation. That is, perhaps, a little too heroical;—but it is true, I love you dearly, dearly love you.

When does Cerberus leave his watch? We must not trust his sleep any more, for all the heads do not dose at once. I expect them every day. I intreat your caution, and though I shall write to you every opportunity, do not be annoyed if the letters do not come so quickly as your wishes and my inclination would direct them. Above all, my darling, never write a second without receiving my answer, and when, where, and how you are to direct, as thus, you may answer this, "Simpson, Post-Office, Edinburgh." You must then wait for further instructions, though I believe I am engaged in Glasgow, it still may not be so, and others, that I know are there, and are acquainted, and may think they do me a kindness to send them after me: beware of this. D. has been a very successful engagement,

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and I have great hopes of this; these things are satisfactory, but they are not you. I do not see you, do not talk to you, sing to you, scold you, kiss you, and, oh! Charlotte, Charlotte, " what can countervail the exchange of joy"—" That one short minute gives me in your sight." By the bye, I am ashamed to say, that I am very ill, therefore 'tis fortunate that you are not near me, * * * * * * * * * * * * I Thank my darling for all her attention to my directions respecting H——s; I very much fear the old maxim is somewhat verified, Frønti nulla fides, but we shall have no occasion for any assistance but our own, on my return. I shall send your plaid in the course of this week, and tell my aunts that I shall remember them before I leave Scotland. I shall not close this till to-morrow, to see what my darling impudent little B***h has to say to me. Oh! naughty, naughty girl, what right have you to be jealous? have I not given you my heart? am I not manifesting every hour my affection and confidence—fie, fie, fie. It is true my campaigns have been successful, but of what avail! H——s tells me that Wallack is about to take the benefit of the Act, and though he assured me my security was transferred, I find it is not the case, the bond was for 200l. He is only half a * * * * * if he has paid any interest, so goes my labours.

Mrs. Simpson, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London.

(Post-mark, 27th August, 1822.)

My dear, dear, dear, little B***h,—I do declare, when I next see you, I will whip * * * * *. What do you cry for? And, what! do you fear me?—Impossible! A being with much less penetration than yourself can too plainly perceive my soul is centered in you. Every hour of my life but teaches me that all the world without you, my dear, my darling Charlotte, is valueless. You know this too, and yet you love to teaze me. Do not give way to these follies: the world indulges me with quite my share of vexations, and it will be too hard to find thorns in the bosom that I fly to for shelter. I love you, my dear, so much, that Fame, my former mistress, is turned jealous of you, and blows her trumpet so discordantly it rather appals than pleases; nay, she has more than once threatened to throw it from her altogether, or fly to some one whose heart was undivided. We must not drive the capricious dame to extremities.

I hope you got your plaid safe, and like it. I am a bad judge of these things; but it appeared to me very handsome. I asked for the dearest, so it must be the best—they have not yet arrived, but I suppose they are on the way. I shall not see you, darling, till late in the November, before I come to town; I wish you take, in your name of Simpson, some small house either at Camden Town, Kentish, or on the Surry side of London, (furnished) where we may meet unnoticed and unknown; this to be a secret from every one but Tidswell and yourself. I shall write at full upon this subject before I come to London—the fewer we trust the better. I told you I was ill, but I am getting better, shall be quite well by November, and then my darling little dear, hey for kisses and blisses.

Be a good girl, and do not fret, or remember the whipping. I am playing to overflows every night.

Mrs. Simpson, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London.

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(Post mark, Aug. 30, 1822.)

My dear, dear Love,—I am too closely watched to write much, but I again repeat, I love you, only you. I received your letter this day, you may direct to me, " —— Simpson, Esq. Post-office, Glasgow." Watch H——s. Edinbro', Friday night.

Mrs. Simpson, to the care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-Garden, London.

Carlisle, Nov. 3, (post mark, Nov. 6, 1822.)

My dearest Love,—Do not let the thought enter your little brain for one moment, that I intend you unkindness, or that my love is undiminished; you shall find me ever the same, though I say with Coriolanus, " World, I banish you." She left me yesterday for London: if that had not been the case, I could not have written to you now. I am watched more closely than Buonaparte, independent of which I have never been three days in a place. I am setting off now for Whitehaven, where I play till Friday the 8th, and set off after the play for London; if you could manage, without a shadow of suspicion, how happy I should be; but beware, my brain is overclouded now with care, and you must lighten not increase it. She gave me a hint about meeting me at Barnet on Monday morning, but every thing should concur smoothly in bringing you to St. Alban's I would not go through Barnet, but take another road to London; but remember, caution is the word, and true love will rather shield its object from dangers than incur them.

Mrs. Simpson, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London.

Tuesday, Birmingham. (Post mark, 25th Dec. 1822.)

My darling little Love,—Make haste, you b***h, and come to me; the clouds have dispelled, and the sun shines again upon my endeavours—I want you now to cuddle and laugh as much as before. I needed your condolence—Saturday is a long day; but, however, I must be patient, every thing is prepared for you—I am at the Swan; tell Jack, if he brings you by the coach, to take your places only to the stage, before you come to Birmingham, and enter the town in a chaise; it is less liable to observation, and increases respect. God bless my love, my darling, my life itself. Love to Tiddy.

Mrs. Alleyn, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London.

(Post mark, Exeter, 6th Jan. 1823.)

Dear little imprudent Girl,—Your incaution has been very near bringing our acquaintance to the most lamentable crisis. Of course he will show you the letter I have written him; appear to countenance it, and let him think we are never to meet again, and in so doing he has lost a friend. Leave all further arrangements to me.

My aunt desires her best wishes to you, notwithstanding her anger, she says, of your conduct before him, ' Love shields the object of its wishes, not exposes it." All shall be shortly as you wish.

Mrs. Simpson, care of Mrs. Matthews,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London.

March 17, 1823.

My dear Love,—I cannot write to you, and I have twenty letters to read. I only say I love you better than all the world ever will love you and request you to burn this on the instant. Thank you, for your attention to day.

L. B.

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(Post mark, April 3, 1823.)

My little darling Love,—I received your letter, and doubt not its truth. I am horribly tormented, Dublin, in which I had centered the most sanguine expectations, is completely failing. I really do not think I shall get £5 a night. You can guess the state of mind I am in, but that I love you best, most best, believe me.

Your own, your
EDMUND.

Mrs. Simpson, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London.

26th August, 1823.

My dear, dear little Love,—I have not time to say any more, than all your suspicions are without foundation, and that I love you, and only you, to dotage, to distraction. Direct to me now in Waterford; tell me if you want your money; if you do, I'll send it to Crooke, on Tuesday, with a bill for the tailor. If not,——

Little Breeches.

September 21, Newry.

My dear Love,—It is a true saying that much may hap between the cup and the lip. When I had promised myself the rapture of your embraces, in comes two damned quarrelling managers and sets it all on one side. The fact is, two managers hold the Belfast Theatre, one has the keys of the Theatre, the other has me in written possession; neither will resign their pretensions, and so "between two stools down falleth the dish." The termination of my Irish career will therefore be in Londonderry, the 4th of October, and most likely shall be in London by the 9th. So these * * * * * have * * £500, and the delight of having you two or three days sooner, but as it will be but two or three days, have patience, perhaps I may get some engagements near London; and then, my little love, hey for kisses and blisses. Chip desires his best regards.

This is a black Sunday, all are damned miserable: it is an infernal life.

Little Breeches. Direct Londonderry, I open there the 29.

Londonderry, October 3.

My dear foolish little pet,—You had nearly made me very angry—but I cannot help forgiving and loving you. I cannot send you the money, for there are no banks in this or any other town that I have been acting in; but write to Halton; do not go far out of town, or else you'll be away when I arrive—I cannot say yet the day I shall be in London. Be a good girl.

Little Breeches.

December 9, 1823.

What can I say? I love you better than all this world—all beyond. I see no remedy for our disease, but patience, and that must be exerted to the utmost. On my return from America all shall be as you wish, till then it is impossible. You must think for a man struggling to obtain competence for his family, which the circumstances of our connection must totally destroy. I feel for you most sincerely, on my soul, my heart is breaking, but any rash step would destroy our hopes for ever. I long to see you, but will not come to your house.

If you enter the front door T. R. D. L., I will meet you through the other.

Our meeting last night was cold and distant, not as formerly.

L. B.

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(Post mark, Portsmouth, 16th Jan. 1824.)

My dear Love,—I wrote angrily to you yesterday, forgive me. I was disappointed at not receiving a letter from you, and wrote in irritation. Indeed, love, I would not doubt you for worlds; for I live but thinking of you, and if I lose you I am sure my heart will break. I do not come to London till the following Monday. I am engaged at Southampton for the next week; direct your next letter accordingly. I do not know how to answer you about your Dorsetshire proposal; is it not hazardous? Whenever you leave London, their eyes will be upon you; think of it well, and let me know when you have determined. Let me find a letter from you on Monday at Southampton. Love to aunts and sisters.

Mrs. Elbe, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London. Post paid.

(Post mark, Portsmouth, 15th Jan. 1824.)

I desired you to write me every day—why did you not? Charlotte, Charlotte, I doubt you.

Mrs. Elbe, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London. (Post paid.)

January 14th.—(Post-mark, Portsmouth, Jan. 30, 1824.

My dearest, dearest Love—As all parts of your character I admire, as much as I love you for yourself, even so am I delighted with the ingenuous declaration of wounded feelings—and the proper pride, which, under false impressions, you summoned to your aid. My aversion to letter-writing is very great, and it is only under great excitement of feeling, that I ever take a pen in my hands, to any but yourself. I perhaps thought that being perfectly secure of you, that it was but a waste of time to be continually repeating at a distance those assurances, which I conceived my whole life demonstrating; and if in my short letters, I was not so warm as I felt, and you wished, it was perhaps to check your impetuosity, and dissuade you from an act which must have ended in our ruin—namely, of meeting me in Ireland. I fancied myself kissing off the accusations of neglect, and have made up for my apparent fault with double acts of affection. No one can describe the ice-bolt through my heart, at perceiving on the face of my idol, expressions of doubt and reservation. O my love, my dear love—if I have erred, pray be satisfied, for I had very nearly sunk under the punishment. You little unmerciful b—h, you laid it on with a severity I did not think your little mind capable of inflicting. I have now confessed and suffered for my fault, and it is over.

What you mean by parties, and last winter, I cannot conceive; but I can easily imagine they are the hissings in your ear of a set of serpents whom my hand has fed, my breast warmed, and name protected, and which your own understanding should have refuted. You know very well, dearest, that the whole of last winter I spent in your society, and whenever I was away it was from motives of study or ill health. You know this, you little vixen; and as for parties without you, I declare, upon my honour, I never knew. No, this is a little bit of my darlings pettishness, nemo sine nascitur; but as you desire to know all my thoughts I will open the flood gates of my soul, and the whole stream flow under your inspection, and as when a river breaks its barriers, and makes the adjoining land the receptacle of its contents, so must the inquirers find a great quantity of rubbish among the treasures it contains. What made you place yourself under pecuniary obligation to any one but me? and in one whom you had reason to believe had lost my confidence, and one too that you tell me yourself is my enemy, by endeavouring to derogate my

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character in the eyes of the only person whom I wish to view it unsullied; in short, to make a breach between two hearts which nature and habit have formed for close adhesion. I am accused of caprice, because I have slighted them. My dear love, I am a man of experience, and rely on the old adage, 'it is not a year or two proves a man;' and when I abandon a companion, depend on it I have found the omega less worthy than the alpha. In future, dearest, when you want money, instantly let me know; and though I cannot, perhaps, send you by return of post what you may wish, but give me a fortnight's notice, and you shall always have it; a kiss is all the interest I require. The cloud that passed over my feelings at the relation of your concerts, parties, colonels, &c. is dispelled; you are an ornament to any society you are in, and far be it from me to restrain you from it. I certainly wish I was by your side in all your enjoyments, but as yet that cannot be. Indulge in all things (but one) that can give you gratification; but remember, every rebut and cool look you give, that same ——— I shall think a token of your love for me. Heaven bless, preserve, and make happy, my dearest, sweetest girl; and as my heart is devoted to her love, so shall my mind to secure her the happiness I pray for. My love to aunts.

Mrs. Elbe, care of Miss Tidswell,
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden,
(Post-paid) London.

My dearest Charlotte—I am very ill, but not as I suspected, I shall be only able to see you till after Monday, except by stolen intervals. I have now on my hands more than I can execute. I will see you to-morrow by twelve o'clock. Bless my only darling, Anima.

Charles and his schoolmaster are behind the scenery, and Mrs. K. with a large party are in the front. P. B. I do not know what to say—do not come before a quarter-past seven.

L. B.

Dear Love,—It must be so—the sacrifice is as great on my part as on yours; but fame and duty all command it that I should not see you till Thursday next. Sir Pertinax once over—hey for kisses and blisses.

L. B.

Dover.

Something whispers to me that I have been unkind or harsh to my dear, dear Charlotte, and though it may perhaps be imaginary, the palpitations of my heart are so annoying, that I must ease them by the same imaginary atonement. That I may have been mad enough to wound those feelings (whose delights are my enjoyment) is probable—that I intended to do so is impossible. I am sure my little darling must feel that nothing in this world or the next is prized beyond her—that my advice is not intended for reproof—that though I may have suddenly repelled those tears, there was not one that did not drop into my heart. My dear, dear, dear, dear, dear little love.

If I have been wrong, forgive me, my dear, dear, dear, dear love.

If I was right be cautious, but be assured I love you, almost to madness.

Red House.

Dear darling Love! Little impudent b***h,—Come immediately and apologize for your impudence yesterday. I have written Jack for an escort, but, should that fail, come you and Anne alone: the boat is canopied, and defies all foul weather: hic sum.

I am not astonished at your non-appearance, for I have heard of General Bumbardine.

Little Breeches—to be delivered immediately.

My beloved Charlotte,—I rejoice to hear you are well. Saturday!—Saturday!—Saturday! Let me hear from you to-morrow, my love, my soul!

My dear, dear little Girl,—The carriage is waiting for me, and I am obliged to take up Charles and Mrs. ——— in Russell-square. Do not make false interpretations, but believe my heart to be undivided and yours for ever.

Little Breeches.

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If you are determined to distress me continually with unnecessary accusations, on my soul I shall take you at your word—every thing I have in the world is now at stake, and by G— I will not be bothered.

What the devil is the matter with you, you little b****, if you do not be quiet I will kick your ****. If I do not see you before I leave London, I will take care that you shall be with me shortly after, and will take care that Crooke shall have the needful.

My dearest little Love.—I am frightened out of my senses—what is this d——d paragraph, the Actor and the Citizen? I do very much fear there is some evil design in hand. I am sorry I took you to that tavern; it originates from that. My darling love, we must be more cautious—we must consider how many interests are involved in our destruction (for destruction is the word for discovery), wives, husbands, children, fortune.

I regret very much your not coming here: his being with you always lulls suspicions, that is, with a little prudence on your side. I shall be in Waterford, I fear, on your arrival.

Heaven bless you, my darling! I shall write again in a week, during which time believe that I love you—dearly, dearly love you.

Little Breeches.

There was a time when L. B. would have waited a whole hour without repining. I certainly have to apologize for not being at the place appointed exactly at the time.

I overslept myself, and thought you would have waited to have chid me. His brutalily affects me as much as you, for there is no grief of yours but sinks deep—deep in my heart. I shall be here again at seven o'clock; if you receive this before that time, write that you will meet me close to Exeter Change, the Lyceum side. Oh! Charlotte, I am like yourself, almost distracted, do not add to it by thinking I do not love you.

Mrs. Elbe.

11th.

You impudent lying little B****,—What do you mean by companions, by women, and by jealousies? You know as well as I do there is nothing in this world I care for but yourself, but as you say you are neglected, forsaken, &c. I must tell you my secret, I cannot live without you, so make a rational excuse, and come as soon as you can.

Old Chief is very anxious to see you; in short, it is entirely on his account that I desired you to come to me!!!

Waterford, 11th Sept.

Dear Holton,—Let my little friend have what money she may ask of you in my name. I act in London on the 3d of November; on the 4th I will settle all with you. Send to Clarges-street a suit of black, and a blue coat with purple velvet collar, to meet me on my arrival.

Yours, &c.
EDMUND KEAN.

Little Breeches.
I shall not send it you till I reach Belfast.

When the letters had been read, the Lord Chief Justice withdrew from the bench for a short time; during which the noise in the gallery was renewed, and a struggle for places occurred, in which we think some blows were given: at his return, however, the tumult ceased.

Mr. John Coles, the plaintiff's attorney, of the firm of Amory and Coles, was then called. He stated that he received the letters which had been read, and others from the plaintiff, shortly before the commencement of the action, tied round with red tape and sealed. They had been ever since in his possession.

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On cross-examination by Mr. SCARLETT, Mr. Coles said he sued out a writ at the suit of the plaintiff against Mr. Whatmore, on the same day that he sued out a writ against Mr. Kean, and for a similar cause of action. He had proceeded in that action as far as the declaration.

Alice Humber was then called, and, after several minutes' delay, from the pressure of the crowd, examined by the COMMON SERGEANT.—She said, I lived with Mr. Cox before he married his present wife, and till my own marriage. On that occasion I left him, but returned 11 years ago on my husband's death. I recollect his marriage, and lived with him some time afterwards before my own. During the first service, Mr. and Mrs. Cox seemed to live very happily. They appeared very much attached to each other. When I returned, they were living at Wandsworth, and appeared to live on the same terms as before. They came to live in London six or seven years ago, and lived in Wellington-street, leading from the Strand to Waterloo-bridge. I recollect Mr. Cox breaking a rib in 1823, by an accident, and he was detained in the country. During his absence, Mrs. Cox, being about to go from home, gave me a letter for my master, to be kept for him in case he should return, and given to him. If he came after Thursday, I was to tell him she was gone to Miss Warwick, and to deliver the letter. I was to order a chaise to come the Monday evening at seven o'clock. She went away in that chaise, which was ordered for Salt-hill, and returned on the Saturday following. She then gave me a letter for Mr. Kean. I carried it, and between ten and eleven that night Mr. Kean came with Mr. R. Phillips, who is called his secretary. Mr. Phillips went in about half an hour. Mr. Kean stayed. Mrs. Cox ordered me to make up a bed for Mr. Kean in the room next the drawing-room, where Mr. Robert Cox slept when at home, but who was then out. When Mrs. Cox retired, she ordered me, if my master came, to look out at the window before I opened the door, and call her immediately by knocking at the door of the room where Mr. Kean was to sleep. Mr. Kean slept there that night. The next morning one of Mr. Kean's dressers came with a note directed to my mistress. I went and knocked at the door of his room. My mistress came from the bed, and unlocked the door, and sent me to see who brought it. I came up and said it was Mr. Kean's servant. Mr. Kean was then lying in bed, and Mrs. Cox in her gown, but without her shoes, standing at the side. I afterwards saw Mr. Cox looking over papers in Mrs. Cox's drawer. He found them in a little cabinet in his own bed-room. This was after Mr. Cox left the house; I believe only one day after.

Cross-examined by Mr. SCARLETT.—I live with Mr. Cox now. At the time of these affairs, I was a servant of all work. I know nothing of a gentleman found in the dressing-room. I recollect nothing of the kind. Eight years ago my master and mistress went with Mr. Kean to Tamworth.

Here the noise, which had been for some time increasing in the gallery, and which exactly resembled that of the over-crowded pit of the theatre, became so great, that it was impossible for the witness or the counsel to be heard.

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The Lord Chief Justice interposed, and desired that the Under Sheriff would remove some of the persons on the outer parts of the gallery, as more had been admitted than the place would accommodate. "This Court," said his Lordship, "has been built with a very liberal view to the accommodation of the public. I am anxious they should enjoy that accommodation; but while they do so, they must not interrupt the administration of justice. If the noise is repeated, I will order the whole gallery to be cleared: I should regret to do so; but at all events the administration of justice must not be impeded."

Silence being in some measure restored, the witness proceeded.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Kean was at Wandsworth, more than seven years ago. After this visit Mr. and Mrs. Cox lived in Little Britain, five or six years ago. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Cox frequently went to the play on the nights when Mr. Kean acted. Mr. and Mrs. Kean both frequently came to my master's house. Mrs. Kean ceased to come four or five years ago, and my mistress then ceased to visit Mrs. Kean. After this my master and mistress still went to the play, and Mr. Kean visited them as before. Three or four years ago they removed to Wellington-street. My master and mistress sometimes accompanied Mr. Kean when he went to play in the country. I recollect twice. I recollect their going to Croydon two or three years ago. I believe two. I went on that occasion to call Mr. Kean's servant, I think at three in the morning, by Mrs. Cox's desire. I was not in bed; I think my mistress was not. I think Mr. Kean's carriage was waiting at the door. At four in the morning, my master, mistress, Mr. Kean, and Miss Wickstead, set out in Mr. Kean's carriage to Croydon, Mr. Kean driving. Mr. Cox returned at seven alone; but started again for Croydon in the evening, and brought the ladies back on the following morning. On another occasion Mr. Kean came after my mistress was in bed. He was admitted; and I think once she got up, but I cannot say whether she joined Mr. Kean. He came at one or two o'clock at night, and remained till the morning. My master sat up with him. The visit to Croydon was in winter. I do not recollect any thing about supper that night, or that my mistress was in bed. When she desired me to call Mr. Kean's servant she was not in her night-cap. The journey to Salt-hill was in the spring of 1823. Mr. Kean had slept in the house two or three times when my master was at home, after the intercourse with Mrs. Kean had ceased. I suspected, when Mrs. Cox said "For God's sake don't let me be caught," what she was about. I had suspected before. I have seen Mr. Kean and my mistress in the parlour alone before; but nothing I then saw made me suspect any thing improper. Letters were sent; and this excited my suspicion. I did not suspect my mistress with any one else. My mistress was very cautious.

Here the witness was asked whether she had not expressed herself (in too strong language for our columns) as to her mistress's disposition; she replied she did not think she had; if so, it was very lately indeed.

In continuation, the witness being asked respecting Mr. Whatmore, said, Mr. Whatmore was my master's clerk. He had been so a year

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and a quarter. My master was unfortunate in business. The discovery of the papers was the day after my mistress left. My master was in the house when she left it. I think she went away in the morning with Miss Wickstead, my master's niece, who returned in about a fortnight. My master found the papers in the morning; I went to take hot water for him to dress, and saw him find them. When my master was not at home, Mrs. Cox often went out by herself; sometimes she stayed till ten o'clock. Sometimes Miss Wickstead was with her; sometimes she was alone. She walked. My master did not dine out very often. I have known her stay at home, but she more frequently went out, not directly; and when she went alone, she came to the door alone. I sometimes opened it. I do not recollect Mr. Kean making my mistress a present of a horse, I know of no Sir James visiting at the house,

Re-examined.—The cabinet was never locked. Mr. Whatmore was received in the house as Miss Wickstead's lover. Mr. Cox became a bankrupt in 1821.

This was the case for the plaintiff.

Here a consultation of about twenty minutes took place between the counsel for the defendant, after which,

Mr. Scarlett commenced his address to the jury in the following words. Gentlemen, I address you in this case with very considerable embarrassment. I am acquainted too well with the nature of these cases, and I trust am too well acquainted with what belongs to my own character ever to attempt to offer any apology for the offence which has been proved by the young woman just in the box to have attached to the defendant. Whether my learned friend is just in ascribing the frequency of these actions to the depraved manners of the age, I don't pretend to say. I am so well inclined at times, as to persuade myself that the morality of this age is as great as that of any age that has passed, and that it is not to be measured by the frequency of these actions or the circumstances which accompany them. I will agree with my learned friend, that when, considered in a moral point of view, you cannot draw any line of distinction in offences of this description, they must all be equal.

But I have an opinion, which I venture boldly to suggest to your consideration, that when a plaintiff appears in a Court of Justice to seek compensation for the damage he has sustained from this offence, the question then assumes a very different form—the degree of damage which he is entitled to recover, or whether he is entitled to recover any at all, are not of necessity mixed up with the question of morality, but depend altogether on different circumstances. Gentlemen, I feel that in this case I have an extremely delicate task to perform. My Learned Friend has stated to you the profession of Mr. Kean. He has represented him as an actor possessing a peculiar degree of talent, not only in his profession, but as a well-educated man. From the particular profession he has chosen, he has become a public servant, and he therefore feels it as a deep calamity that the plaintiff has brought this action, in which he well knew he placed Mr. Kean in such a situation as to make it perilous for him to offer, and state in the defence, that which would show he was entitled to a

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verdict. I wish Mr. Cox had had the opportunity, or had been advised to take the opportunity, to obtain a legal separation from his lady—I wish he could have selected, or had been advised to select, some other individual not so much the object of public attention. It is on account of Mr. Kean's peculiar situation that I feel an embarrassment how to conduct this case. Do you not feel that if I were, by any fact or statement, to give an opportunity to let it be said in the world, that Mr. Kean had violated not only the rules of morality, which I must concede in this case, but of decency, that a reproach of that nature, to a man in his situation, does not rest with your verdict, but may follow him through life to his ruin? yet you cannot fail to perceive that Mr. Cox, in getting up this action against Mr. Kean, has been obliged to use as much skill, care, and cunning, for the purpose of keeping back testimony and arranging a fit case for your consideration, as the wife did, apparently, to deceive him. For why is it that from the first period of the connection between Mr. Cox and this lady (who had arrived at mature age before she knew Mr. Kean), up to the moment of their final separation, Mr. Cox has not called one female friend, one person moving in the same situation of life, one companion of his wife, or one single acquaintance of her own sex, for the purpose of showing how much he deserved for the loss of such a woman. My Friend feels that in casting that upon me—that in obliging me to offer evidence before you to depreciate the character of this lady, he leaves to himself this topic, which, no doubt, he would successfully argue in reply—the defendant, having seduced the wife of the plaintiff, afterwards comes into Court to betray the confidence of the woman, and offer the materials which her intercourse has given him possession of to destroy her character. —Do you not feel that Mr. Kean is placed in a situation of imminent peril—an actor whose fortune depends on the smiles and approbation of the public, if he gives an opportunity to persons of declaring publicly that he has brought forward the conduct of a lady, to show what description of individual you were inquiring after? My Friend's caution is so extremely great, that he ventures to leave the case in such a situation as entitles me to say you have no right to infer any one, except one of these letters, taking it as a judicial question before you, were addressed to Mrs. Cox. There were two modes of proving that these letters were addressed to Mrs. Cox. Some person might have been called to prove some of the transactions mentioned in them, or to show that on such a day, corresponding with the date of the letter, Mrs. Cox received a letter. No such thing is done, but you are left to infer, that the letters addressed to Mrs. Allen, in some place in Bow-street, are addressed to Mrs. Cox; you are to infer that the letters signed "*Little Breeches*" are Mr. Kean's, when there is no circumstance except the handwriting which connects them with Mr. Kean or Mrs. Cox. You have no evidence that Mr. Cox found any one of these letters in his wife's cabinet.

What right has any man to ask a Jury to infer that the particular letter produced was the paper addressed to his wife? The one letter addressed to Mrs. Cox, which is admitted to be Mr. Kean's, is a letter of no sort of importance, with a quotation below, which I should think Mr. Kean would have had too much good sense to have

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given to the same lady twice over. All the rest of the letters addressed to Mrs. Cox are Mr. Kean's only from this single conjecture, that Mrs. Cox had possession of them. This woman is proved to have kept her letters in an open cabinet in her husband's bedroom, which she never locked. Why should you think he had not access to the cabinet a hundred times before? My learned friend has therefore placed himself in this situation, that he is in the predicament of exposing his client to the conjecture that these letters had been long known to him, if they are the letters of his wife; or if they are not the letters of his wife, that his client obtained them from some other quarter; and having obtained them, made use of them to serve his purpose. It is for the reasons I have stated that Mr. Kean cannot reconcile it to his honour to give up any letters he has received from Mrs. Cox. He does right. If he has been the cause of any injury to the plaintiff who complains, he does right not to lay it to the charge of his conscience and honour that he endeavoured to rescue himself from the consequences by betraying the character of the woman; and in this sentiment I so perfectly concur, and, as I reasonably hope every man of honour will concur, that I conclude by hoping you will not allow his feelings to prejudice him in your estimation. However, we will take it that the letters, with all the doubt which rests upon them, were addressed to this lady; and if they were addressed to her, then comes the question at what period Mr. Cox became acquainted with them. That does not appear. It is sometimes discreet to leave the whole to conjecture. One fact, however, is not left to conjecture. The worthy apothecary, who retired from business two years ago, observed, up to the last moment the same kind and affectionate attention of the husband to the wife that he had observed on his first acquaintance with them. When did Mr. Cox first discover this intercourse? All that is left entirely in the dark. If, however, Mr. Cox expects to obtain a divorce, he must state the precise fact when he first entertained his suspicions, and how he obtained his information; because the House of Lords will never permit a man to obtain a divorce unless it should appear that he took those measures which a husband wishing to preserve the character of his wife naturally would. My Friend is pleased to tell you that Mr. Cox was the patron of Mr. Kean. What evidence is there of that? Gentlemen, I deny it. Mr. Cox never was the patron of Mr. Kean. The parties first became acquainted long after Mr. Kean's fame was established, and when Mr. Kean was a general object of attraction to ladies and gentlemen of rank. It is thirteen years since this celebrated actor first started, by one effort of his genius, into public notice. The witness Alice Humber never saw him till seven years ago. It would, indeed, be very base and treacherous —and more than that, presumptuous and unnatural, that a man, helped to public notice by Alderman Cox, patronized and recommended by him to public fame, should afterwards turn round and betray his patron and seduce his wife; and, therefore, I conjure you not to take that on my Learned Friend's statement, and on no other evidence. I will tell you how the acquaintance began, but first let me beg a comment on the letters, supposing you can imagine Mr.

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Kean to have addressed them to Mrs. Cox. It is evident, that whoever was the author, he had been inspired with a strong attachment. He says in one letter, "I begin to find yours was passion and not love—there is a coldness in the style of the letters, there are circumstances detailed in them so different to what was formerly the case, that I begin to feel I am no longer an object of that solicitude which formed originally my sole happiness, but that yours was passion and not love." If Mrs. Cox be the person to whom the letter alludes, I would ask you whether you do not think some light had broke in upon the writer; and was it not fair towards the defendant to assume (supposing Mrs. Cox had exhibited art in deceiving her husband and blinding him to her conduct) that she had exerted the same cunning towards the defendant, and showed herself a more consummate actor than even Mr. Kean himself? To whom were her nightly visits paid? There is no pretence for saying they were paid to Mr. Kean. Surely such a woman was a wife to get rid of. Are we to believe those two letters, one of which is addressed to the wife and another to the husband? I deny you have any right to conclnde the letter addressed to the person of a different name was addressed to Mrs. Cox. Suppose it was. What is it but this, that in the presence of the husband, the want of caution in the wife had produced a personal quarrel between Mr. Cox and Mr. Kean? If a man was in that situation, and was taxed by the husband with an improper connection, he would be most contemptible if he were to say, "true I have dishonoured your wife!" Gentlemen, it must be my fate to state the history of this acquaintance, but let me at the same time remind you that I shall have to produce my witnesses from the bosom of the plaintiff's family, hostile to me, favourable to him; and if my friend chooses he shall cross-examine them instead of producing them to me. He does not call Miss Wickstead, a lady living in the bosom of the plantiff's family, his own niece; and my friend thinks it sufficient to say, that Whatmore, whose name has been mentioned, was paying his addresses to Miss Wickstead. I address myself to the case, not without a sanguine hope that I shall be entitled to your verdict. I say a sanguine hope, because it does not become a defendant's counsel to feel confidence, especially when he has to extract the facts from the plaintiff's own family. You have heard of the species of intercourse; you have heard that Mr. Kean went many times to Mr. Cox's house at a late hour of the night, and that Mr. Cox let him in. You have heard of every circumstance which took place in 1823; the visit to Croydon, a visit made by Mr. Kean, in his carriage to Mr. Cox's at three in the morning, the carriage remaining at the door, and then the party set out, on a cold winter's night, to drive to Croydon—Mr. Cox, returns next day, leaving his wife and niece under Mr. Kean's protection—he goes down again that night, and brings his wife and niece the following day. Here is a man who thinks fit to entrust his wife to the care of another man the whole course of a day and night, and, above all, a distinguished actor, than whom no man in the world is more apt from the public exhibitions he makes, and the genius with which he displays the passions, to produce an effect on the female mind. God forbid that distin-

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guished actors, who exhibit the human passions with a genius with which nature has gifted but few, should not be the objects of admiration and esteem; but they are men full of danger to female society, and a cautious and prudent husband would take especial care not to place his wife under the care of such a person, more especially if attracted to exhibitions of that nature, and of a romantic turn, which, though it might make her more agreeable to her husband, would make her a more easy victim. But a man in the profession of an actor is the last man likely to make the first overtures. The overtures he makes are in character on the stage, but in private society he dares not. The position in which he is placed would make him feel that to make overtures would not only expel him from the house of the husband, but destroy his character. The more distinguished the actor, the more his character is made the object of public conversation, and therefore I say, Mr. Kean would never have dared to make an overture, unless he had been too well assured that he would be well received. Under such circumstances, to entrust his wife to an actor, if not the strongest evidence of collusion, appears a weakness and folly which I did not think could be found in any alderman in London. I might make allusions to the supposed character of aldermen in former times. I remember to have heard a joke of Charles the 2d, who being told of a proposition to fortify the city of London with *horns*, said, "I suppose the aldermen are going to lay their *heads* together." Gentlemen, I will now endeavour to lay before you as much of the evidence as I can with propriety disclose. The first time Mr. Kean ever saw (to his knowledge) this lady, was while representing the character of *Othello*, at Taunton, eight years ago, long after he had attained his celebrity and fame; and the first thing that attracted his attention was a lady in the stage-box fainting at his representation of *Othello*. There was a bustle upon this, and a difficulty to find a place to take the lady to. At last she was conveyed to Mr. Kean's dressing-room, and that lady being Alderman Cox's wife, is for the first time introduced to Mr. Kean. The husband, who is with her, thanks Mr. Kean for his attention, and begs to see him when he comes to London. After he arrives in London, Alderman Cox solicits for a continuation of the acquaintance, and after his arrival the intercourse is renewed. All of a sudden, those powerful emotions which nature, combined with art, produced in Mrs. Cox, lead her to the theatre every night Mr. Kean plays. I will show her going with her husband night after night. What think you of going to Mr. Kean's dressing-room, and being present while Mr. Kean was dressing, and half dressed, remaining till he goes upon the stage, and that repeated every time he acted. I dare say that Mr. Kean, elevated as is his fame as an actor, is not insensible to the applause of a beautiful woman. She could not live without him. After the performance she retired to his dressing-room to take tea, and then very often took him home to supper, and this before that degree of intimacy which afterwards took place. The learned Common Sergeant asked if the witness had any reason to know the alderman was apprised of the fact. Though he was blind, Mrs. Cox's manner was observed

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by others. In the presence of the alderman and his wife, Mrs. Kean desired the intercourse might cease, because she thought it might lead to an improper conclusion. What do you think of Mr. Cox allowing his wife to accept of the present of a horse? This was not the only thing; the acquaintance went on till the passions of the wife could no longer controul themselves, and the applause, which before followed the actor, appeared directed towards the man. Gentlemen, no person is more backward than myself in offering an apology for a breach of duty; but I do say, on behalf of humanity (for we are men, and born to sin), that the moment having arrived when this woman showed him that her object was his person, there is not one man in five hundred thousand would have resisted. Permit me here to observe, that these letters always evince, on the part of Mr. Kean, towards his own wife and family, a religious observance, as far as the fatal passion would allow, of his own duty, for he says, "I will do all I can consistent with my duty." You will find nothing like an intention to abandon his wife and family. It is not difficult for a woman to deceive a man in whom she has inspired a strong and fervent passion, and make him believe that he is the sole object of her happiness, that she is ready to quit her home, husband—children she had none; that is an advantage the plaintiff possesses—fame, honour, and reputation to bury herself in solitude with him. All that a man who is inspired with a strong passion of that sort can do towards the woman who is the object of his passion, is to say, he will protect and receive her. Remember, that every man is destined, at some period of his life, to be carried away by a strong and fatal passion. The passions of the blood are strongest and mostly predominant, and, in general, get the better of morality. Gentlemen, if after Mr. Cox is cautioned of the danger, you find him still carrying his wife to the theatre, I ask you then, supposing you find a verdict for the plaintiff, what damages could you give? Gentlemen, matters have come out since this case which gave the defendant reason to believe the plaintiff had an intention of parting with his wife long before he was acquainted with Mr. Kean. After Mr. Cox had come home one night, and retired to his wife's bed-room, the barking of a lap-dog induced him to enter into a closet. Along with this lap-dog was detected the cause of his barking—a gentleman—that gentleman was handed out of the room; a quarrel took place between Alderman Cox and his wife; all letters which had passed between her and the gentleman were given up, and peace was again restored. The members of Mr. Cox's family have often expressed their surprise he did not separate from his wife on this occasion, and they advised it. But far from it. Not only was the alderman culpably indifferent to his wife's honour, but he became instrumental himself in a great degree to her dishonour. On one occasion Mrs. Cox quitted

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London abruptly, and took an excursion into the country, without letting her husband know any thing of the circumstance. She took with her a female companion, and went down to Birmingham to see Mr. Kean, who was performing there at the time. During her absence, Gentlemen, it was imagined she had gone to Brighton; and when it was discovered that she was not to be found at that gay resort of London fashion, a suspicion arose that she had tracked Mr. Kean in his course, and the alderman despatched his own son, the offspring of a former marriage, to ascertain the fact. Young Mr. Cox, on arriving at Birmingham, learnt that the frail fugitive who was the object of his search was residing with Mr. Kean at his lodgings. Here then, Gentlemen, you will find this lady pursuing Mr. Kean upwards of a hundred miles from town, in the month of July, 1822, and returning again to her husband, who receives her with as much conjugal affection as if nothing had happened. Can it for a moment be said that the alderman, on making the discovery, turned his wife away and refused to admit her inside his doors? No such thing. His son returned to London, but the representation he gave of Mrs. Cox's conduct had not the effect of making Mr. Cox, "good easy man," to take any step towards vindicating his honour; he treated his wife with all his accustomed kindness, and never upbraided her in the slightest respect. But how did the son behave on the occasion? Did he say any thing? Yes, Gentlemen; he did express his sentiments with just indignation, and showed the proper feelings of a son. He said he was only astonished that his father did not separate from her long before. You have heard, Gentlemen, from my learned friend, of a visit to Salisbury: upon that occasion, Mr. Kean was going to perform at Exeter, and the alderman and his wife accompanied him in his carriage as far as Salisbury, which was directly in the way. In the course of the journey, the alderman, for the sake of better accommodation, left the carriage to his wife and Mr. Kean, together with the ladies' female companion, and took a post-chaise himself. I shall prove to you, Gentlemen, that Mr. Kean gave fifty or sixty pounds to Mrs. Cox to defray the expenses of the trip to Salisbury, and ten pounds to her husband to pay his way back to London. You have heard, Gentlemen, of a letter that was written subsequently to this excursion. That letter was the result of a quarrel which took place at Salisbury, and which it was supposed would terminate in a duel, for a great deal was said about pistols—*(much laughter.)* But, Gentlemen, with all these facts before the eyes of the alderman, was he afterwards more cautious in observing the conduct of his wife? Quite the contrary; he still suffered her to receive the visits of Mr. Kean upon the same easy and unrestrained intimacy, and his conduct throughout must destroy any grounds he might otherwise have for a verdict. I shall, however, state one main fact, which

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must put him completely out of court. What think you, Gentlemen, if I shall prove the alderman and his wife have been seen together, walking arm-in-arm, upon the most friendly terms, after this action was brought? It appears, Gentlemen, that the alderman has brought two actions for the same object, but he desires to try this in the first instance; but his having been scen walking arm-in-arm with his wife after the commencement of the proceedings, must show you at once that he has no pretensions whatever to make any appeal to a jury of his country. The action was brought on the 10th of April; and in the same month, certain letters of a curious nature were discovered. You will find, Gentlemen, that the wife left the house in consequence. But with whom did she go? Why, with the alderman's niece. The letters were found in a box which was not locked; and, judging from all the circumstances, it would seem that Mr. Cox and his wife were rowing in the same boat together; but I expect, however, to see them wrecked before they arrive at the end of their voyage. What must be your opinion of the conduct of the alderman, if I prove to you that the defendant's money, received by the wife, went for the benefit of the husband? If the alderman was aware of the fact, what damages could he be entitled to at your hands? Would he deserve one shilling? or rather, ought not his claim to be scouted by every man of human spirit and feeling? Gentlemen, if the wife of any of you, seeing you in a difficulty about rent, should immediately produce the money to pay it, what would you think of the means by which she must have got it, supposing she had no private property of her own? Why, Gentlemen, the fact speaks for itself; the inference is plain—the conclusion was obvious. Either the alderman must have been in collusion with his wife to obtain money from Mr. Kean, or she must have been in collusion with him to get a divorce, at that very moment she was living in open adultery with a new paramour. It appears that the housemaid, Alice Humbred, when talking on the subject, said that two married men were not enough for her mistress. If, gentlemen, she was a character of that description, the alderman, could not be to happy in getting rid of her: and, on the other hand, if his only object was to get money from Mr. Kean, no language could speak too strongly in reprobation of his conduct. Throughout the whole affair Mr. Kean had acted with the greatest delicacy with the view to avoid any exposure that might give pain to Mr. Alderman Cox, and if any of the witnesses from the house were called, I have, gentlemen, been instructed to submit to a verdict rather than to put them to the test of a cross-examination. But I feel it my duty to vindicate the character of my client, when I hear mention made of violated hospitality and abused friendship. It is very natural to suppose, gentlemen, that a most distinguished Actor and one of the greatest masters

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of the passions now living, should become the object of admiration with a woman of strong passions and consummate art. Her practice was to make the individual believe, whom she favoured at the time, that he alone was beloved—that he alone possessed all she could delight in—that he alone was the object of her idolatry.—You, however, Gentlemen, will have no difficulty in perceiving that she knew no distinction between love and the very grossness of passion, while deceit and artifice marked the whole progress of her intrigues. When, Gentlemen, you find the plaintiff allowing his wife to live in habits of daily as well as nightly intercourse with one of the most celebrated men of the age in a certain department—when you find him go with his wife, and offer her up as it were at the shrine of dishonour, by taking her to Mr. Kean in his dressing room, can you for an instant consider him entitled to the slightest reparation in the way of damages? You have heard, Gentlemen, from my learned friend the Common Sergeant, of the rank Mr. Cox has held in society—for my own part I cannot see any thing remarkable in it. He was distinguished for something in the Middlesex Election, but assuredly there was nothing in his station in life which could render it an object with Mr. Kean to conciliate his protection or patronage. Making every allowance for the Bœotion dulness of aldermen, who in general were more distinguished for the vigorous exercise of the knife and fork than for any peculiar clearness of intellect, still I cannot believe that aldermen could be so dull as to see the object his wife had in going to the dressing room of an eminent actor, and least of all can I reconcile it to the feelings of a husband, that he should go after her into the same room for the purpose of giving to that actor the applause which the public was willing to bestow. Yet Alderman Cox, Gentlemen, has done this; and after having done so, he comes now to sue Mr. Kean for damages. But even supposing I should fail in proving collusion between the husband and wife, still is it possible you can give such a verdict as may perhaps be the ruin of Mr. Kean? I cannot bring myself to imagine it. But my learned friend, well knowing that the character of Mrs. Cox would not bear him out in a large sum, very judiciously set down the amount at £2000. Yet I say the question is not between two thousand pounds, or two-pence, for if you should resolve on finding for the plaintiff, it should be in the lowest coin of the realm. I take it to be a clearly established point, that where the husband becomes the handmaid to his own dishonour, he cannot come into court and ask for a verdict. Mrs. Cox made Mr. Kean believe that she loved him, to the exclusion of every other being alive, while she held the same language to every other paramour, and, fourteen or fifteen years ago the footsteps of another man were traced to her bed. I could, Gentlemen of the Jury, detail a number of little facts all tending to show the connivance of the Alderman to his own

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dishouour, but I am persuaded you have heard enough to convince you that he has not the slightest grounds for this appeal to a Court of Justice. After the affair at Salisbury—long after it occurred—the Alderman was accustomed to go out in the morning, leaving Mr. Kean in bed in his house. The very night before Mr. Kean went to America, Mr. Cox invited him to sleep there, though Mr. Kean had a house in town, where his wife and family were, at the time. My learned friend has said, that Mr. Kean wrote the letter to Mr. Cox in order to lull his suspicions; but, even admitting that to be the case, how is the conduct of the alderman to be justified, in asking him to sleep in his house on the very eve of departure for another hemisphere, when he well knew that Mr. Kean had his nearest connections at that moment in London! But, Gentlemen, I shall not trespass on your time by any further observations. I shall now proceed to call the witnesses to establish the facts I have stated. The learned counsel, after a few more observations, sat down; but in consequence of a suggestion from Mr. Brougham, rose immediately, and said, that in the detail of the many facts which he had just made to them, he had forgot one that was not unimportant. Mr. Kean went to America, as they had all heard, a few years ago. What would they think when they heard that the Alderman, so shortly after the solemn warning which he had received from Mrs. Kean, had invited Mr. Kean, though he knew him to be a married man, to come to his house, to sleep there, and to make it the last place of his repose before he left England? It was Mr. Cox, not Mrs. Cox, that made this proposal; and that, too, after his suspicions had been somewhat rudely awakened by the defendant's wife. "In my humble opinion," said Mr. Scarlett, "It would have been safer and wiser for the plaintiff, after the warning he had solemnly received, to have said to the defendant, 'I wish you every success and happiness, but come not under my roof; seek not my house, but let my wife and me in future admire you as the rest of the world does, at a respectful distance.' His conduct was exactly the reverse of this, and you will show your opinion of it by your verdict of the present day."

James Newman examined by Mr. Brougham.—I attend as dresser to Mr. Kean every night at the theatre. Mr. Kean has a room to himself. I have seen Mr. Alderman Cox and his wife there repeatedly. The room is furnished with chairs, sofa, and with every thing which forms the usual furniture of a dressing-room. I have seen the Alderman and his wife there whilst Mr. Kean was dressing. I have seen them there for the last four or five years before Mr. Kean went to America. I have seen them present several times when Mr. Kean had nothing on but a thin pair of silk drawers, which fitted as tight as his skin, and a flannel waistcoat. Mr. Kean has not the door locked inside whilst he is dressing. Sometimes he strips himself entirely naked to

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dress. I have seen Mrs. Cox come to the dressing-room, without the Alderman. Sometimes she came alone, sometimes with Miss Wickstead: I never saw a servant with them. I only saw the servant when she brought letters. I do not recollect the door ever being locked. Mr. Kean dressed before the scene began. I have seen him, when Mr. Cox and his wife were present, take off his clothes to put on his theatricals: he has taken off his breeches, and been "only in the silk leggings I have spoken of." I have seen him also with his arms entirely bare before them. These leggings are flesh coloured, and are intended to represent flesh. I have known Mr. Kean refuse Mrs. Cox admission to his dressing room. I have myself repeatedly refused, by Mr. Kean's direction, to admit Mrs. Cox. I have seen Mr. and Mrs. Cox in Mr. Kean's box, also by the stage-door. They generally, but not always, went into Mr. Kean's box. Mrs. Cox came either with or without her husband every night that Mr. Kean played. I have seen Mrs. Cox in the dressing-room after the play was over. The alderman was often with her. I have seen Mrs. Kean in her husband's box: upon those occasions the alderman and his wife were placed in another box. I recollect being called up one winter's night to go to Croydon. I did not go there till the next morning. I got there between eleven and twelve o'clock. Mr. Kean was then up. Mrs. Cox was there. Mr. Cox was not. I was prevented from going down to Croydon with them, but I saw Mr. Alderman Cox, his wife, his niece, and Mr. Kean set off in Mr. Kean's carriage. As Mr. Cox was stepping into the carriage, Mr. Kean said to me, and I believe Mr. Cox heard him, that I was to come down to him at Croydon the next morning with some money. I went down accordingly the next day. I had the money at Mr. Kean's house in Clarges-street. Mr. Kean played that night at the theatre. Mrs. Cox and Miss Wickstead sat upon the stage. I did not see the alderman at Croydon in the evening.

Cross-examined by Mr. CHITTY.—I belong to the theatre. I was appointed Mr. Kean's dresser in 1814. Mr. Cox had then a box of his own at the theatre; he was one of the committee. It consisted of five persons. It is the duty of the committee to have perpetual intercourse with the actors. I can't say that Mr. Alderman Cox had a box in 1821. There was, however, a box appointed for the committee. I have seen many gentlemen, but not many ladies, go into Mr. Kean's dressing-room. The door could be fastened. When Mr. Kean stripped, a curtain was drawn, and he went behind it. I have been several times at Wellington-place with letters. I do not recollect ever carrying a letter there on a Saturday morning. I do not recollect being carried at any time into a bed-room in Mr. Cox's house on a Sunday morning. I spoke to Mr. Kean as he was standing at a bed-room door.

Re-examined.—It is six or seven years since Mr. Alderman

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Cox had a box in the theatre. When he used to frequent Mr. Kean's box, I think the privilege which had been given to the committee was taken away. The committee of management do not interfere with the dressing of the actors; that is the business of the stage manager. I recollect taking a letter with money to Miss Wickstead. It was either in 1822 or 1823. It was in notes; I do not know the amount of them. I was to have given it to Mrs. Cox, but I could not get to her in her private box. I therefore gave it back to Mr. Kean, and he told me to take it to Miss Wickstead. I did so.

John Stuart, examined by Mr. PLATT.—In 1822, I was a private box-keeper at Drury-lane Theatre. I remained so till March, 1824. In 1822 I attended to the box No. 4: it was allotted to the friends of Mr. Kean. I have seen Mr. Alderman Cox there several times, and Mrs. Cox almost every night that Mr. Kean performed. I remember the Alderman coming one night alone. I asked him if any other persons were coming. He said "there were: Mrs. Cox was coming, who was then with Mr. Kean, or in his dressing-room." She came into it from under the stage. She might have come that way from his dressing-room. I think this took place in 1823, on a night when Mr. Young and Mr. Kean acted together. This witness was not cross-examined.

Miss Anne Wickstead, examined by Mr. SCARLETT.—I am a niece of Mr. Cox. I live with him. I have lived with him since I was four years old. I recollect making a journey with my uncle and Mrs. Cox to Taunton, about three years ago. I do not recollect being there eight years ago. I recollect Mrs. Cox fainting at the play at Taunton. Mr. Kean was then playing Othello. It was about ten years ago; I think Mrs. Cox was in the stage-box. Her fainting occasioned great confusion. The play was interrupted. I do not recollect the particular scene in which she fainted. She was carried over the stage into Mr. Kean's dressing-room, and remained there till she was carried home. My uncle called on Mr. Kean the next day, to thank him for his civility. Mr. Kean did not return the call. My uncle, who did not know Mr. Kean before, asked him to visit him in London. My uncle then lived at Wandsworth. We returned there shortly afterwards. Mrs. Cox went to the play at that time very seldom. As soon as Mr. Kean returned to town he called on my uncle. My uncle did not call on him first. An acquaintance soon afterwards grew up between our family and Mr. Kean's. It continued about three years. I don't know the reason why it was discontinued. I was not present when Mrs. Kean said, in the presence of Mr. Cox and Mrs. Cox, that she would not visit my aunt any more. My uncle to my knowledge, never visited at Mrs. Kean's, nor Mrs. Kean at my uncle's, after that time. I do not remember the exact time when my uncle went to live in Little Britain. Mr. Kean visited there frequently. It was just before Mr. Kean went to America that my aunt went

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so often to the theatre. My uncle went with us. My aunt and I were frequently in Mr. Kean's dressing-room. My uncle was never there but once. She went into his dressing-room more frequently after we went to live in Wellington-street. I do not recollect a letter with money for my aunt being ever put into my hands by Mr. Kean's dresser. I recollect a horse which was lame being sent to Mrs. Cox by Mr. Kean to take care of. It died. I don't know that it was given to my aunt. I know of no money being received by my aunt from Mr. Kean for her own purposes. I know that she went to see him. I have accompanied her on these journies. The first time was to Hampton-court, before Mr. Kean went to America. We did not stay all night. My uncle was not with us. I recollect going with her to Birmingham, about two years ago. Mr. Kean was there. My uncle was in London. Mrs. Cox said she was going to see her mother. Mr. Alderman Cox, on my return home, never asked me where I had been. I know that my cousin, Mr. R. Cox, had been down to Birmingham to seek us, I did not see him there. My uncle never asked me nor my aunt any questions about that journey. I recollect going to Salisbury with my uncle about two years ago. We went to Windsor first. We stayed three days at Windsor. Mrs. Cox, Miss Tidswell, and I, went by the coach: and my uncle came the next day. He would have gone with us, but the coach was full. We proceeded from Windsor to Salisbury, Miss Tidswell and I went in a post-chaise; Mrs. Cox, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Kean, in Mr. Kean's coach. The Rev Mr. Drury, of Eton, went with us. At Cranford-bridge I got into the coach with Mr. Kean and my aunt. We stayed a week at the inn at Salisbury. Mr. Kean paid the expenses. We parted at Salisbury. Mr. Kean lent my uncle ten pounds to come to town; it has been since paid. I recollect some joking at Salisbury about pistols being produced between Mr. Kean and my uncle. Mr. Kean's attentions to my aunt were very marked; but not in Mr. Cox's presence. I recollect Mr. Kean running up the terrace at Windsor, with my aunt in his arms. My uncle saw it as well as I did. While we were at Windsor, we walked out a good deal. I don't recollect who lifted my aunt across the muddy places. My uncle has brought Mr. Kean two or three times to the house to sup. Mr. Kean was very tipsy I recollect that my aunt was in bed on those occasions, but I don't recollect her getting up. I was in bed myself, but I knew Mr. Kean to be tipsey, from the noise I heard him make. Mr. Kean was only brought to sup at my uncle's after the play was over. It was not at two or three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Kean did not often come to the house very tipsy; he only came so three or four times, to my knowledge. He was sometimes let in, but not always, when he came too late. He passed the night, under those circumstances, on the sofa. In the morning, he went to bed in the room next the drawing-

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room ; he lay in bed all day. My uncle went out at ten o'clock on business, and returned at five. I remember going to Croydon in January, 1823. I do not remember whether we had only been returned a short time from the visit at Salisbury at that time It was about half-past ten at night when Mr. Kean came to our house before they went to Croydon. I was in bed at the time ; I was called up at three o'clock to go with them. We got there before day light. They had some brandy and water, and then went to bed. The next day my uncle went to town. In the evening, my aunt and I went to the theatre to see Mr. Kean play. I remember Mr. Kean's going to America in 1821. I do not remember that he slept at my uncle's the night before he went to America. Mr Palmer was the medical man who attended my uncle in Dorsetshire. I recollect Sir R. Kemyss ; he was introduced by Mrs. Cox's cousin to Mr. Cox, whilst we were living in Dorsetshire ; he was at our house a great deal whilst we were at Wandsworth ; he used to sleep there. The intimacy was broken off by Mr. Cox, in consequence of the attentions of Sir R. Kemyss paid to my aunt. My uncle did not dismiss Sir R. Kemyss from the house ; I never heard my uncle say that he had forbidden him the house. He invited Mr. Cox to his house, but Mr. Cox refused to go. I never recollect that gentleman being found in my uncle's house when he returned home unexpectedly. I recollect that a lap-dog, about 12 years ago, was the cause of Sir Robert's being discovered in my aunt's closet. I heard the story from a servant Eliz. Wadman, but not from my uncle. Mrs. Cox also told me of it, and that it was the cause of Sir R. Kemyss's dismissal. I recollect my uncle returning one night unexpectedly at Sir R. Kemyss's house, Bartley-Hall, Suffolk. My aunt was then there. My uncle left the house immediately. I know of a quarrel between my uncle and aunt on that subject. He never named the subject to me. I knew that my aunt and Sir R. Kemyss corresponded I am 30 years old. It was 12 years ago when this took place. Mrs. Cox told me, that she had sworn on her oath that she did not know of Sir Robert Kemyss being in the closet. My uncle had been two days absent from town. We had agreed to stay some time with Sir R. Kemyss, when the discovery of the lap-dog took place ; but we went away the next morning. I was aware of the intimacy between Mr. Kean and my aunt. I do not know where Mrs. Cox is living now, but I believe in Norfolk-street. In April, when she left my uncle's house, she took me with her to Dover for a fortnight. I think it was in the second week of April, Mr. Cox sent us to Dover. I came back to my uncle's—my aunt went to Norfolk-street. I have never seen my aunt since. My uncle took the lodging for my aunt in Norfolk-street. I know Colonel Pearson and have done so for a good many years. He used to visit at my uncle's: he does not now, because

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he is abroad. Mr. Kean frequently dined at my uncle's; he then sat by my aunt's side. I never heard my uncle express to Mr. Kean any disapprobation of his coming to his house so late in the night, nor to my aunt, any disapprobation of her going to Mr. Kean's dressing-room. He did not know of her going there; he only went with her there once. I have had more than one visit to Croydon with Mr. Kean, my uncle, and aunt. We then went in the day-time. I always walk with Mr. Cox. I have nobody else to walk with. We generally walk to the Regent's-park. I never walked with him into Norfolk-street. I have heard Mr. Cox say that he would make an allowance upon her if she would give up Mr. Watmore's acquaintance. He said that five months ago. I never heard my uncle say that he had told her so.

Cross-examined by Mr. COMMON SERGEANT.—My uncle said that he would never see her again, when he said he would give her the allowance she asked for, if she would give up Mr. Watmore. Mr. Watmore was received in Mr. Cox's house as a person paying his addresses to me. He had been received as such for three or four months before I went to Dover. I never saw a more affectionate husband than my uncle. My uncle's affection for Mrs. Cox certainly continued to the last. Though I was aware of this intimacy between Mr. Kean and her, I never gave him a hint of it. I kept it consealed, because Mr. Cox was very fond of her, and I thought that he would not believe any thing I said against her. I had no idea that he knew it from any other quarter. Mr. Cox was alway a great frequenter of the theatre.

Re-examined by Mr. SCARLETT.—I am sure my uncle was infatuated about this woman. I do not believe that she could have made my uncle believe that a man was not in her bed, if he had caught him there. My uncle always slept at home; he was so fond of home, that he always dined there.

James Parker (a negro).—I have been for 11 years in Mr. Cox's service. I recollect being with him at Sir R. Kemyss's place in Suffolk. Nothing happened whilst I was there. Mr. and Mrs. Cox were there a second time. I never heard Mr. Cox talk about a lap-dog barking in the middle of the night, nor any person in his presence.

Cross-examined.—All the time I was in the family Mr. Cox and his wife lived very happy together. I recollect when this discovery was made, my master left the house immediately. I did so too. (A laugh). He was much distressed by it; he would hardly believe it.

Re-examined.—I mentioned to my master, that I did not like Mr. Watmore's ways; my master would not believe it. Mrs. Cox sent me with a letter to Mr. Watmore. My master asked me if ever I carried any letter to Mr. Watmore. I said that I did so, and that I was expecting one then. When I got the

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letter, I gave it to my master, whom I met coming along the streets with a Spanish gantleman.

Re-examined.—My master remained away a week, till Mrs. Cox left the house. I never heard any thing about Mr. Kean, before the discovery of the letter to Mr. Watmore.

Daniel Henly.—I have been a door-keeper at Drury-lane ever since the theatre was built. I know Mr. and Mrs. Cox. I saw them in the beginning of June last, in St. Martin's-lane. She plucked him by the arm as I was passing them, and looked towards me. I gave them the wall. It was about 11 or 12 o'clock in the day. I am quite sure that it was Mr. and Mrs. Cox I saw.

Cross-examined.—I live in Hungerford-market. It was in broad daylight that I met them. They ware going to Charing-cross. She is not so tall as I am, except by her bonnet and so. She is a middle-sized woman. I can't tell whether she was brown or fair She had a vail on. It was not a thick one. There were several persons in the street. I saw them just as I came up from Chandos-street. I never let them in at the theatre, except it was occasionally. I knew Mrs. Cox by seeing her so often about the theatre.

Re-examined.—I have seen her there in the morning, at rehearsal. I know Mr. Cox's niece. If ever I saw Mrs. Cox, that was the lady to the best of my recollection.

The following witness was called in reply by Mr. Common Sergeant:

James Parker, recalled.—Mrs. Cox is a good-sized woman. She is about my size, (about 5 feet 4 inches.)

Mr. COMMON SERJEANT.—I hope she is not a good-coloured woman, according to the same criterion. (Loud laughter, occasioned by the witness being a black.)

Mr. SCARLETT made a few observations upon the evidence given by this witness. So far was the evidence of Parker from contradicting the evidence of Henly, that it absolutely corroborated it. The one had sworn that she was a middle-sized, and the other that she was a good-sized woman. This rendered the identity of the party more than conjectural, and there were many other circumstances within his knowledge which rendered it something more than merely probable.

Mr. Scarlett now quitted his seat, and proceeded out of Court, on which

The COMMON SERJEANT rose, and commenced his reply, by observing, that the one solitary and extraordinary fact, which had been only proved on the single testimony of the box-keeper of Drury-lane Theatre, had been contradicted on oath by every other witness in the cause. He trusted the Jury would observe that it was of some importance that some of the hanger's on of the Theatre should prove something of this nature, since it was an important fact, not

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only to the cause itself, but to the Theatre, which felt that this was not so much the cause of the Defendant alone, as it was of itself, and the parties attached to it. They knew that by obtaining a verdict for the Defendant, they would enable him again to appear on its boards, and which would so attract crowds to its doors, which had not been frequent since the Defendant had ceased to act there. Hence the anxiety with which this box-keeper Henley had sworn to a circumstance which he would hereafter show them to be practically impossible. Indeed, if any individual in the jury-box had imputed to his client any thing like the conduct which that fellow Henley had attributed to him, he should have treated it as a foul and malignant calumny. There had been no condonation of the adultery on the part of the Plaintiff: all the facts of the case disproved it. As soon as he discovered the existence of his wife's guilt, he absented himself from his own house, and did not return to it till she had left it, and retired into lodgings which his kindness had provided for her, in Norfolk-street; and now they were told that a gentleman—who had said that he would make a settlement on his wife if she would give up her disgraceful attachment to another paramour, but with this reservation, that he would on no account ever see her more—who had brought his action against two individuals—who had consulted his attorney respecting them, and therefore knew that any condonation would be destructive to his chance of success in those actions, which at that very moment were set down for trial, had been parading arm-in-arm with his wife up and down St. Martin's-lane, in the month of June, and in broad day-light, under the gaze of every theatrical retainer, who happened to have an eye in his head. Could any man believe an assertion so palpably absurd, so outrageously extravagant? But it was likewise said that his unfortunate client had connived at the intercourse between his wife and the Defendant. Could any man read the letters which had been submitted to the Court, and believe that statement for an instant? The Plaintiff was a man of a frank, confiding, and unsuspecting nature: his wife knew that circumstance, and so did the Defendant; and they both took advantage of it to commit the scandalous outrage upon his happiness and character. He would not go through the evidence to prove to them that Mrs. Cox was the triple Hécate, addressed under the names of Allen, Elbe, and Simpson, in the letters written by the Defendant; for no rational man could doubt a moment regarding it. He would proceed to comment upon the magnanimity of the Defendant in submitting not to disclose the contents of Mrs. Cox's

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letters. This heroic lover, this sentimental admirer, this advocate for every thing generous and honourable, will not produce her letters, but instructs his counsel to leave it to be inferred by the jury that they were too bad to show, that they were worse, even, than some of his own—that he would not place them before the Court, lest he should sink his victim still deeper in the gulf of infamy, down which he has unfortunately plunged her. And yet, with all this glittering yet nauseous affectation of magnanimity, he looks for his defence in the bosom of the Plaintiff's family, and pays a price for it which no man of honour would for a moment consent to give. What consideration, except that of saving a few paltry pounds, could have influenced his mind, when he subpœnaed the son, whom he dared not call, to give evidence against the father, —when he placed in the witness-box a dependent niece, to bear testimony against her uncle, to whom she looked up for favour, protection,—nay, even subsistence? That young lady had spoken of the happiness which her uncle enjoyed as a husband till the Defendant poisoned it, and added, what he trusted the jury would not forget, that her uncle was so attached to his wife that he would not have believed any story which she might have told to her disadvantage. It was, however, said, that this was all owing to the artifice of Mrs. Cox. True, it might be so; but had there been no artifice on the part of Mr. Kean? Was there none in his letters to the husband and the wife which he wrote from Exeter? "For my own part," said Mr. Denman, "I could forgive him more easily for flat perjury in denial of his intercourse with Mrs. Cox, than I could for such a denial as his letter to the Plaintiff contains. I will not describe it in any language of my own. I will stigmatize it in his own words—"I must be the worst of villains if I could take a man by the hand, whilst meditating towards him an act of injustice." His denial, too, does not stop there; he withdraws his friendship, he lulls his friend's suspicions to sleep, in order that he may continue his degrading and polluting intimacy with his wife. 'I bid adieu to you and your family,' says this heroic Defendant, 'but only for the purpose of returning to your wife's bed and covering you with fresh dishonour.'" The learned counsel then called the attention of the jury to this generous lover, who refused to produce his mistress's letters, but brought forward all other kind of insinuations, not only against her character, but, said the learned Gentleman, against all connected with her, the Jury would not fail to recollect, that many circumstances had been threatened to be proved, that had

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not been snbstantiated. The defence had been so opened, as if Mr. Cox had so conducted himself, as to forfeit all right to the verdict of the Jury, and an alleged connivance was grounded on a pardon which followed the proceedings at Sir Robert Kemyss's. As to the insinuations of her intimacy with Sir R. Kemyss, and her husband's conniving at it, they were utterly groundless. All that was extracted from the witnesses was, that when he suspected the attentions of Sir R. Kemyss to be improper, he instantly withdrew his wife from their operation. He left the Jury to infer from that circumstance, that if the plaintiff had suspected the intimacy of his wife with the defendant, he would have followed that course in the present instance also. As to the evidence of the box-keepers and the dressers, no reliance could be placed upon it, as it specified neither dates, times, nor places; and he asked the Jury what were they to think of that man who vaunted so much about his sensibility and honour, and who was so sentimental a lover, and so ardent an admirer, that he, forsooth, would not put forth Mrs. Cox's letters in reply? What were the Jury to infer, but that the letters which the man of honour abstained from putting forth, were worse than his own? It was nothing more than a deliberate insinuation against those letters, and that was Mr. Kean's honourable forbearance! He had the letters, but he could not put them in; no, he had so much remaining of his former attachment that he could not affect the lady by exhibiting her letters! That was what the Jury were to understand, and such was a vile insinuation against the lady's letters; and it was an insinuation of which, he (Mr. D.) declared, no man of real honour would have been guilty. If Mr. Kean could indeed have suppressed the twin letters, the one to Mr. Cox and the other to Mrs. Cox, then indeed he might have done something for his honour. That suppression would have been worth any price to Mr. Kean; but the manner in which Mrs. Cox's letters were kept back said nothing in favour of Mr. Kean. Mr. Cox threw down the gauntlet, came before the public, and courted the strictest investigation. As to the evidence of the young lady, who had been called by Mr. Kean, sentimental as he was about Mrs. Cox's letters, all could feel for the painfulness of her situation; but she proved that Mr. Cox had no knowledge of his wife's conduct, though she was acquainted with it. Why she did not divulge it, she gave a satisfactory reason. She felt persuaded, so infatuated was Mr. Cox, that he would not believe any thing to the discredit of his wife. As to the alleged artifices of Mrs. Cox, the author of the letters had proved himself to be the more artful. As to what had been

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said by Mr. Scarlett, about the conduct of a paramour under certain circumstances, he admitted its force. Where the future comfort of a female, to whom there had been attachment, was in issue, a confession of guilt could not be expected. He (Mr. D.) would have forgiven the Defendant the perjury of denying the truth of the charge involving the lady's honour; but how great was the guilt of the letter to Mr. Cox, knowing at the same time that it was to lull the Plaintiff's suspicions, and at the same time telling the lady, in another letter, that he would still make arrangements for their intercourse. As to Mr. and Mrs. Cox visiting Kean in his dressing-room, he could not but admit that such was not very regular, or usual conduct; nor did the frequent going to the play accord with the conduct of very regular families; but he believed that many persons, who went to the play with the opportunities of Mr. and Mrs. Cox, might have been tempted to conduct themselves in a similar manner, without necessarily exposing the wife to a charge of infidelity. That visiting was not to be considered as giving Mr. Kean a general license with every man's wife. If that were to be the case, then, indeed, the players might make their *exits* and *entrances* with considerable satisfaction. With respect to what had been said about Mr. Kean being selected to proceed against instead of Mr. Watmore, he maintained that it was just. Mr. Kean had conducted himself criminally with Mrs. Cox for many years, whereas Mr. Watmore had only known the family for about a year and a half. To have proceeded against Mr. Watmore, would have been decidedly unjust; for Mr. Watmore only entered the breach made by Mr. Kean, The Defendant was the original aggressor. If Mr. Watmore had been proceeded against, instead of Mr. Kean, how might they have been answered! Mr. Watmore had found Mrs. Cox vitiated—she was vitiated by Mr. Kean; was not he, therefore, the person of whom Mr. Cox had to complain? It was amongst the calamities of such cases, that the victim was first vitiated, and eventually cast upon the world; but Mr. Kean, who was much older than Mr. Watmore, found Mr. and Mrs. Cox happy, and he was the destroyer of that happiness. Mr. Cox was driven to the necessity of seeking redress in that Court; and what privilege had Mr. Kean that he was to be exempted at the expense of Mr. Watmore? If for instance, a poor player had been detected in following a clergyman who had committed a similar wrong, what sort of justice would it be to say, "Pursue the player, don't pursue me; I have a living, and it will affect my success in the church—to the poor player it will be of no consequence!" Would it be just to

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spare the clergyman? Performers, because they might be warmly patronized, were not to consider that it gave them any peculiar license. Mr. Garrick and Mr. Kemble were admitted into the highest society: but they had not considered they were hence licensed to injure and destroy the happiness of other men. They did not make an improper, a base use of the patronage shown them; they were not suspected of treacherous proceedings. The case of Mr. Kean, whose talents he admired as much as could any man, (was of an aggravated nature). He (Mr. D.) contemplated with grief the result that might befal Mr. Kean; but was that any reason why justice should not be sought by Mr. Cox? Mr. Kean's family, as well as himself, might be injured by the result, but ought not Mr. Kean to have thought of his family? As to other parts of Mr. Scarlett's speech, when the proof appeared they fell one by one. He would say nothing about the wit of the address; it belonged rather to ages gone by, and so Mr. Scarlett seemed to think, for he made a sort of apology for introducing it, particularly for raking up the ashes of King Charles's departed joke about the horn works of the Aldermen. With respect to remarks on professions or stations, they perhaps were what lawyers ought to be careful about indulging in. Mr. Scarlett had spoken of Mr. Cox as having "eaten" his way to city honours. Now he and those by whom he was surrounded had "eaten" their way to the Bar, by taking a certain number of dinners and a specified quantity of wine. Such remarks at this time of day were out of place; now the different classes of society depended on their merits. He (Mr. D.) was charged with not having called more witnesses. Had he not called the servant who lived with them for years and who could best give them an account of Mrs. Cox? To have put Miss Wickstead in the box, after having called the servant who best could answer inquiries, would have been a cruelty on the part of the plaintiff. They had heard a good deal about Mr. Kean having supplied money, but there was no proof of it. The ready witness, Fletcher, talked about having conveyed some notes, but there was no proof of Mr. Cox having received the benefit of it, knowingly. When Mrs. Cox was about to fly, Mr. Kean then talked of supplying her with money; but Mr. Kean then thought of Mr. Kean only; for he talked of her resorting to retirement, &c. But the subject of money had been so introduced that unreflecting people might suppose that Mr. Cox had received Mr. Kean's money. There was no proof of Mr. Kean having paid the bill even at Croydon. Then again as to Mrs. Kean's

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distinct warning to Mr. Cox, it was not proved; and though they were told of Mr. R. Cox, the son's language, he was not called to prove it. After adducing Miss Wickstead, they could not have abstained from calling Mr. R. Cox on account of any delicacy. Nor was there any proof of Mr. Kean paying the bill at Salisbury; and as to the ten pounds, that loan might have happened to any person on a journey. Was it not repaid? In no part of the money transactions was there any proof of collusion on the part of Mr. Cox. If such had been found to be the case, Mr. Cox would have deceived him egregiously; if it had been proved, he should at once have consigned Mr. Cox to the indignation of the Jury. But the allegation of such collusion was wholly unsupported by proof. The case was now with the Jury. Mr. Cox had not asked large damages at their hands; but he trusted that the Jury would not forget the efforts made to blacken Mr. Cox's character. Gross negligence on the part of Mr. Cox, he had admitted, and it would be taken into the account in the damages. Mr. Cox had been much occupied with business; and after the discovery made respecting Mr. Watmore, the plaintiff had not felt himself to be in a situation to ask for large damages. He thought Mr. Cox had not estimated the damages higher than what they ought to give; and he trusted that by any paltry diminution of the damages, they would not give countenance to the groundless representations of the defence. The alleged walking of Mr. and Mrs. Cox, in St. Martin's lane, in June last—he put the fact quite out of consideration.—He had no doubt that other ladies had visited the Defendant in his dressing-room: but did that give him a licence to assail every one who chose to witness his performance and faint during its continuance? It would be a fine thing for players, if it were so, and would enable them to make their exits and entrances on still more luxurious terms than they did at present. But then it was asked, why had Mr. Kean been attacked first, and not Mr. Watmore? Because Mr. Kean had been the person who first vitiated her affections, and because Mr. Watmore had only followed in at the breach which Mr. Kean had himself made. Was a player to be spared because he was before the public, and was a young offender to be punished because he was not? He (Mr. Denman) contemplated with regret the consequences which this action might bring upon the Defendant; but he ought to have reflected on those consequences before he committed this atrocious outrage on the peace of families. The defence which he had that day set up had aggravated

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his misconduct, especially as it fell away from him upon every question that his counsel asked. What had become of the foul insinuation that the Plaintiff had received from Mr. Kean, through the hands of his wife, money to discharge his rent? Not only was it not proved, but it was absolutely disproved by his own evidence. With these remarks he left the case to their consideration. He did not ask for large damages; but he called upon them to give such an amount of them as would vindicate a character which had been unjustly traduced—as would repel with disgust the calumnies by which it had been wantonly assailed, and as would place the injured Plaintiff in as high a situation as any husband who had ever laboured under the unfortunate necessity of bringing a complaint of this nature into a court of justice.

The learned gentleman sat down amid an evident sensation of mind in the Court. After a few moments in regulating his papers,

The Lord Chief Justice commenced his charge to the Jury, by observing, that the case, notwithstanding the length of time it had already occupied, would lie, as regarded the Jury, in a very narrow compass. The first question to be considered was, whether the letters produced in court had really been written by the Defendant to Mrs. Cox; if they had been so written then came on the second question—as to which there could perhaps be very little doubt—had the adultery, or had it not, been committed prior to the month of April, 1824? For the Defendant several justifications were set up. First, it was said that the Plaintiff had connived at his own dishonour; and if that was the case, he could not be entitled to a verdict. Secondly, it was contended that Mrs. Cox herself had committed adultery with other persons prior to her intimacy with Mr. Kean: that fact, if there were the means of proving of it, was one which would go materially to mitigate the damages. Thirdly, it was urged, that the Plaintiff had not exercised a reasonable caution in the control of his wife, but had exposed her needlessly rather to temptation: and this plea, which would also be material as regarded the question of damages, was perhaps the only one also which would be very important for the consideration of the Jury. For the assertion that the Plaintiff had connived at his wife's conduct, and the evidence in the case, was strongly opposed to it. The letters after the affair at Salisbury made such a supposition almost impossible. The Defendant's language to the Plaintiff was in strong justification of his

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own innocence: in what he said to the Plaintiff's wife he complained of her imprudence, which had nearly put an end to the connexion. Upon the want of caution imputed to the Plaintiff, a great deal more, certainly, might fairly be maintained. It appeared that the access permitted Mr. Kean to Mr. Cox's house had been of a nature unusually large and familiar. He visited at all hours and seasons, coming sometimes when the family were in bed. Frequently he came to Mr. Cox's house in a state of intoxication; at other times, Mr. and Mrs. Cox were found in his dressing-room at the theatre; and, on one occasion, it appeared that both the lady and her husband had been present in that room while he dressed or undressed himself:—certainly during a time when no respectable woman ought on any account to have been present. The journey taken to Birmingham to visit Mr. Kean, was a material feature in the cause; and he wished (the learned Judge said) that it could have been fixed accurately at what time that journey had taken place. While Mrs. Cox was at Birmingham with Miss Wickstead, it appeared that Mr. Cox's son by a former marriage had gone down there to seek what was become of his mother-in-law. Now this was said to have happened two or three years ago, and it could not well be ascertained whether it was before or after that journey to Salisbury; but let it have happened before or after, still it was an extremely important fact. If it occurred prior to the journey to Salisbury, then it was extraordinary that (with such knowledge) the Plaintiff had taken his wife that journey: if it had occurred subsequently to the journey to Salisbury, then it was more extraordinary (after what had happened at Salisbury) that the Plaintiff should have continued the intimacy which had led to it. It was most inexplicable how, after his suspicions had been awakened by these occurrences, the Plaintiff could have gone on as he had done, permitting the Defendant to come to his house at night, at all hours, and in all conditions—sober or intoxicated—let into the house after the family were in bed—sleeping upon sofas until morning, and then remaining during the whole day in the absence of the plaintiff himself. All these were circumstances important in any case, and still more important as they applied to the present, inasmuch as it was quite certain that they had taken place subsequent to the Birmingham affair, and to the journey to Salisbury, at which latter place it stood past doubt that the suspicions of Mr. Cox had been aroused as to the intercourse which was going on. The third ground upon which it was contended that the Plaintiff had little claim to damages, was, that from the notoriety of his wife's ill cha-

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racter, he had sustained little disadvantage in losing her. The evidence upon that point was very slight. It was stated that a Sir Robert Kemyss, had been discovered at a suspicious hour, and by a very singular accident, concealed in the closet of Mrs. Cox's bed-chamber; but this fact rested upon some account given by a female servant in the family to the witness Ann Wickstead, confirmed only by Ann Wickstead's personal recollection, that at the time referred to, some difference did seem to exist between the Plaintiff and his wife. The alleged intimacy with Watmore, the Lord Chief Justice was inclined to lay very little stress upon, as it had not occurred until after the adultery with the Defendant. There was a Colonel Pearson also mentioned, of whom Mr. Cox had been jealous; but nothing decisive had been proved as to that person. With respect to the evidence of Daniel Henley, the box-keeper, that he had seen the Plaintiff and his wife together in June last, it would be for the Jury to consider whether the witness might not have been mistaken as to the time, or as to the parties; certainly it was in proof that Mr. Cox, speaking of his wife, had said that if she would quit the man with whom she was living, (Watmore) he would make her an allowance; but that he would never see her again. His Lordship having at great length stated the evidence and arguments of Counsel, observed, that the Jury would have to recollect one circumstance, that if they believed the Plaintiff to have been cognisant of his wife's infamy, he would not be entitled to a verdict;—if they thought that no such connivance was made out, then a verdict must pass against the Defendant; and the amount of damages, under all the facts of the case, it would be their peculiar province to decide upon.

His Lordship concluded his address, at half-past seven o'clock in the evening, and the Jury turned round in the box, and after deliberating for ten minutes, the Foreman returned a verdict for the Plaintiff—

DAMAGES, EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS!!!

On the return of the verdict, a great sensation of feeling arose in the gallery, and evidently with great difficulty some disapprobation was suppressed.

The trial commenced at half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and terminated at a quarter to seven o'clock in the evening.

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MEMOIR AND ANECDOTES OF KEAN, &c.

The following is a Memoir of Mr. Kean, with some authentic and original Anecdotes, which no doubt will be read with interest.

Mr. Kean was born in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, on the 4th of November, 1787, and his father was a tailor, who being a strong advocate for the *boards*, felt no hesitation in encouraging his son in the profession of which he is now one of the leading members. His father was brother to Moses Kean, the ventriloquist and imitator, who in his day held a high situation in the public opinion; and his mother was related to Saville Carey, a man much celebrated as a wit; and there being other individuals connected with the theatrical profession, among whom we enumerate Miss Tidswell, the present mother of the stage, related to the family, our hero imbibed that mania for the scenic art, which usually seizes the youthful mind after viewing representations of the kind, and mingling with theatrical characters. At an early period of his life he performed at Drury-lane Theatre, where he was found to be a very useful member whenever a pantomime, or any other piece was brought out wherein a monkey, a cupid, or an imp, were necessary to be performed, and which he generally pourtrayed with considerable skill. It is said that his limbs became crooked in consequence of his juvenile exertions, and he was obliged to leave the profession for a considerable time, until they became better adapted for the stage, and a change being effected by bracing irons, he once more made his appearance at Drury-Lane Theatre, at an age when reason is scarcely supposed to have taken its seat, and he performed children's parts with John Kemble and George Cooke, whose style of acting was very like that of Mr. Kean's, and there is little doubt excited an impression on his youthful mind.

At five years old, Kean appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, when the following accident is said to have taken place:— In the tragedy of *Macbeth*, John Kemble, who was manager at the time, thought proper to introduce a band of Lilliputian goblins, and young Kean formed one the Corps; unfortunately his dexterity and ardour did not keep pace, and by an unlucky step he tripped up himself and one of his brother demons, which excited much merriment amongst the auditory. Kemble, who could but little enjoy a laugh occasioned by one of his own introduction, took the infantine performer severely to task upon the subject, who wittily excused him

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self by begging the manager to consider, that he (Kean) had never performed in tragedy before.

After this he was placed at school, but restraint did not at all agree with his disposition, and in a short time he resolved to goto sea, and went as cabin-boy, in a ship bound for Madeira He very soon after became tired of his new profession, and began to contemplate the means of escape, and having laboured under a severe cold which he had caught, he affected deafness, and in this new performance he pourtrayed such rational ability, that he was sent back to his friends. On his return to the Metropolis, he ascertained that his mother was performing at Portsmouth, to which place he proceeded, but failed in finding her. His money being nearly expended he hired a room, and by entertaining an audience, his individual exertions realised him a sufficient sum of money to carry him back to London, where he became an unceasing student of the Drama, and played the parts of Hamlet, Cato, Lord Hastings, &c. &c. in various parts of the country, until he was noticed by Dr. Drury, and he was afterwards sent to Eton school, where he remained three years, and at the age of sixteen, he procured an engagement at the Birmingham Theatre, being perfect at the same time in many of Shakspeare's principal characters.

Kean, it is said, when about eight years of age, was in the habit of attending his uncle, Moses Kean, who, in his day, was considered to be an excellent mimic, at various taverns, where he used to entertain the company by his imitations of Fox and Sheridan, together with the principal actors of the day. In their perigrinations the old man, who had a wooden leg, would sometimes indulge a little more than was necessary, when some of the unruly ruffians that he had been amusing, would take advantage of this and ill use him, by throwing him on the floor; little Kean, was frequently observed to have witnessed their unmanly conduct with indignation, and in the irritation of the moment, he would rush on those who attacked his uncle and protect him as far as laid in his power, and the courage and feeling he displayed, excited an admiration that frequently caused his uncle to be released from insults.

While in Cherry's company, at Swansea, a tall fellow, who sometimes played Hamlet, and did it in such a manner as to relieve the general depression caused by a tame unintellectual representation of the character, by raising a laugh in the most impressive scenes, hearing that Kean was in some repute for his performance of many of those characters,

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which he appropriated to himself before Kean's engagement, felt the jealously, which sometimes will arise amongst men of genius, and insisted upon the right of appearing exclusively in a certain number of parts. To this Kean did not verbally object, but he felt such indignation at the disgrace thrown upon his favorite author, by this theatrical Tantalus, who, in the midst of the beauties of the Bard, was denied the capability of tasting any, that he could not resist the opportunity of adding to the effect of the play of Hamlet, by taking upon himself the part of Polonius. All had gone on in the usual manner, until the play scene, in which, the King rises, disturbed in his conscience, and calls for lights, was at an end. The spectators were then to be struck with a new situation in Polonius, who waited till Hamlet rose from the ground, and having called out " lights! lights!" threw a somerset on the stage, disappeared, and returned soon after with a candle in each hand. The effect of this practical comment upon the representation of the Dane, was indescribable, but the house was either too dull, or too good natured, to take it as it was intended. The man whose dignity was thus " played upon" had, as will be seen, his full revenge some time after, by a trick which he put in practice under circumstances as favourable to rediculc. Kean proceeded with Mr. Cherry, after this to Waterford, where the salaries of the performers were never sufficient to give those the comforts of servants, who were often emperors and kings. Kean himself has acknowledged that he never was so hungry in his life, as one night playing Macbeth, especially in that scene where he leaves the supper table, and sees the ghost of Banquo. He looked the character better upon this occasion, he thinks, than upon any other, for the state of his stomach gave a wildness to his eye, which all the power of imagination never could have done.

There was a very lovely girl in the house, opposite to that in which Kean lodged, while at Waterford; after some difficulty, (for the people of this place were full of the prejudice, that players should be merely allowed to live, without the privilege of mixing with society) he obtained an introduction, and recommended himself to the young lady's parents, by the modesty of his deportment, and to the young lady herself, by the elegant attentions of a man of honour, who approaches a woman of sentiment and virtue with the delicacy that springs from a combination of our best feelings. Some months passed away in happiness, but the ambition of the young lady's parents interfered between the smiles of the lovers, and they were destined to part. An arbour

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at the end of the garden of the father's house, was the favorite spot to which they used to retire; sometimes, they would converse and enjoy the beauties of nature, as they smiled around; sometimes, they would read, but never with such enthusiasm of delight, as when the subject was love. One day having met with the little affecting novel of "Paul and Virginia," they flew to the arbour—they read it with a sensation they had never before felt; and when they came to the sickness of Virginia, (whose sickness was her love) Kean uttered the lauguage of Paul, with all the energy of despair. When they reached the *catastrophe*, which was not without many interruptions, they regarded each other with a look of unutterable tenderness,—"Poor Virginia!" cried Kean.—"Poor Paul!" exclaimed his beloved, and they embraced each other with a grasp, as if the winds and waters were raging round them, and the fury of the elements contending for their eternal separation. The next day they parted.

One of the company to which Kean belonged, having a large family and being arrested for a debt, and thrown into prison, his wife and children were left without the necessaries of life; Kean took the case into his hands, and knowing that the produce of a benefit in the Theatre, would afford very little for their relief, resolved to try the pulpit. He knew that Methodism had thousands of proselytes in Waterford, and thought that if he could break in upon them, with any new extravagance, he should procure that, from their enthusiasm, which he despaired of obtaining from their charity. He put his plan into execution, and succeeded, but never could he be prevailed upon, to mention the particular circumstances that caused his success; for, said he, the most inexcusable way of raising money, was, by hypocritical means, especially, when that hypocrisy seemed to comprehend, immediately, the consideration of another world; and he often declared, that no circumstance could have prevailed upon him, to adopt such a scheme, but the severe distress of a fellow creature. He little thought that such an act would secure his own happiness, but, in less than a month, he was married to the mistress of his affections, her parents, not being able to contend against the powerful claims of such worth, or the anguish of their daughter.

He remained in Cherry's company two years, and then left it, for the purpose of joining a company at Weymouth, where he played for a considerable time, to very good houses. From Weymouth, he went to Exeter, where the Theatre was under the management of the same person.

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He was the greatest favourite ever Exeter had, and of course was well pleased with his reception there, which was most marked in ever character he performed; but there was something in the conduct of the manager, that disgusted him, and he left Exeter to join a company at Guernsey. He had at this time two children, and his finances were by no means splendid; and to add to this, he had an enemy at Guernsey, who was no other than the Hamlet of Swansea, upon whom he had played the trick. It happened that this man had at length found his level, and upon the first night of Kean's performance, which was in Richard the Third, he played the character that accompanies the hearse of Henry the Sixth; the manager, who was very fond of introducing little additions in the performance, by way of giving spirit to the representation, was inspired upon this occasion, with the lucky thought of aiding the design of the poet, by sending a clergyman with a large wig and rusty canonicals, to accompany the corpse, with orders to oppose the rudeness of Richard, by repeating some dozen lines, which the manager himself set down for that purpose. The procession moved along, and Richard presented himself before the mourners. At this moment the priest was seized with a violent fit of sneezing, and the *quondum Hamlet* took the opportunity of making a comment upon this awkward paroxysm, to be revenged for the wrongs he had sustained at Kean's hand. The words, in which he should have addressed Richard, were " Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass;" in the place of which, he substituted the following " Stand back, my lord and let the *Parson Cough.*" The extraordinary figure of the person who played the priest, his prodigious size, contrasted with that of Kean, together with the appropriate transmutation of the sentence, had the effect of creating such confusion, as put a stop to the performance for some time; but a more disagreeable event took place shortly after. It happened that Kean's manner of acting did not please the Guernsey audience. The critics were very harsh against him, and they exercised their feeling towards him, in the following observations:—

" Last night a young man, whose name the bills said was Kean, made his first appearance in Hamlet; and truly hie performance of that character made us wish we had been indulged with the country system of excluding it, and playing all the other characters. This person had, we understand, a high character in several parts of England, and his vanity has frequently prompted him to endeavour to procure an engag ement at one of the heatres in the metro-

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polis; the difficulties he has met, have, however, proved insurmountable, and the theatres Drury Lane and Covent Garden have spared themselves the disgrace to which they would be subject, by countenancing such impudence and incompetency. Even his performance of the inferior characters of the drama would be objectionable, if there was nothing to render him ridiculous, but one of the vilest figures that has been seen either on or off the stage; and if his mind was half so well qualified for the conception of Richard the Third, which he is shortly to appear in, as his person is suited to the deformities with which the tyrant is said to have been distinguished from his brothers, his success would be most unequivocal. As to his Hamlet, it was one of the most terrible misrepresentations to which Shakspeare has ever been subject: without grace or dignity he comes forward—he shews an unconsciousness that any body is before him, and is often so forgetful of the respect due to an audience, that he turns his back upon them in some of those scenes where contemplation is to be indulged, as if for the purpose of shewing his abstractedness from all ordinary objects. His voice is harsh and monotonous, but answers well enough, as it is deep, the idea he entertains of impressing terror, by a tone which seems to proceed from a charnel-house."

The Guernsey papers amused their readers with remarks of this description, till whatever little favour the body of the people were inclined to bestow upon the efforts of a stranger, was extinguished, and a general disgust took place. The conduct of some of the fellow performers of Kean was not ill calculated to keep alive the opinions that were now spread through the literary circles of the island, and with such impressions upon their minds, a very great number of persons attended the theatre upon the night to which we have above alluded. Kean, of course, was aware of the prejudice that prevailed against him; but the knowledge of it did not damp the spirit of his performance, though the influence of it threw many interruptions upon the representation of the character. His first scene was laughed at and hissed; and, after an unusual exertion of ability in the second, which had but the effect of increasing the opposition, his patience was exhausted. He was more irritated at the savage inhospitality of the reception given to him, than at the violence offered to his pride; and finding it impossible but to give vent to his feelings, he thought the best way of doing so would be applying some sentence in the play to his enemies: accordingly, having a tolerable

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opening at them in the scene we have just described, he looked towards the pit, from which he had the most marked disapprobation, and addressed to that part of the house the words immediately following those which had been so oddly parodized, with much emphasis — "Unmannered dogs! stand ye when I command!"

The most opprobrious epithets were heaped upon Kean, and a general cry of "Turn him off!" resounded from all parts of the theatre. Some, however, expressed their willingness to accept an apology, and the clamour ceased under such an expectation; but it was disappointed; for the offender, as soon as there was silence in the house, flatly told his enemies, "That the only proof of understanding they had ever given, was their proper application of the few words he had just uttered." The manager thought fit to interpose his authority here, and the part of Richard was filled by one of that class who are driven by idleness, or foolish ambition, to embrace a calling far beyond their comprehension, but affording opportunities of fixing the mind in a state of profligacy, from which all the moral maxims of our poets can never separate it. This man pleased!

It happened that some of the officers stationed in Guernsey, when the drama was suffering all this persecution, and whether they perceived any evidence of superiority in the professional conduct of Kean, or were gratified at the spirited manner in which he delivered his indignation, they exerted themselves to obtain for him some of the favour from which he alone was exempted. The attempt was ineffectual; for the play-going people could no longer endure a man whose presence was a sort of reflection upon their taste, as well as upon their dignity, both having suffered from him in an equal degree.

Kean left the town: and at this period his wife, by whom he had two children, was with him; and their circumstances not being in the most affluent condition, he requested a loan of a few pounds from the manager, which he refused him. He was now reduced to such an extremity, from which his theatrical acquaintance thought it impossible that he could ever raise himself. Many of them looked with complacency upon his fallen fortunes; and those who were, in their own minds, put upon an unjust comparison with him (for sometimes he received marks of applause, of as warm a description as those bestowed on any of the company,) were not alarmed at the open prospect of starvation which he had before him.

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There were at Guernsey at this time some persons who had seen Kean perform at Weymorth, and who, notwithstanding his unpopularity, and the punishment he was suffering, were not so far infected with the public feeling, as to agree in the opinion of his unworthiness: they were, besides, aware that some inconvenience might result from his want of money and credit; and finding that he had no hopes from those upon whose gratitude he had a claim, they applied to strangers to his merit, as well as his generosity. The go-governor of the island, through their means, was informed of the hardships to which Kean was exposed, and immediately sent for him. Kean acknowledged to Governor Doyle, at this meeting, that he had some pressing exigencies, which interfered with the comforts of his family. The governor immediately offered his services with great warmth, and prevailed upon Kean to allow him to become responsible for his debts in Guernsey. This arrangement had, of course, the effect of stopping the mouths of his creditors; but as it was considered by them an effusion of charity, they lost all confidence in the solvency of Kean; and his landlord, his baker, and his butcher, hinted to him the propriety of shifting his quarters into the neighbourhood of his benefactor. The advice was followed, not becuase Kean viewed the suggestion as proceeding from any thing but a desire to escape his custom, but because his thoughts began to take a military turn, and to array themselves in the accoutrements of martial conquest. He had, in the midst of his professional labours, given some attention to tactics, under the impression that the transition from the business of a player to a soldier was not very unnatural or unusual; and as the interest of the governor appeared to him to be powerful enough to do away the equality of conditions, by keeping him from the ranks, he felt an ambition to change the artificial exertions of kings and mighty captains for the real valour of an ensign in the 45th regiment. The governor assured him that he might rely on being appointed to a commission, if he had made up his determination to try the army, but at the same time represented to him the difficulty of maintaining his family upon the pay of a subaltern. Kean replied, " that he was aware of the weight of such an obligation, but his wife had often been obliged to 'eat of the cameleon's dish;' and the inconveniences likely to occur in the new character, could not possibly amount to a total denial of comforts, for what family could starve upon four-and-nine-pence per day? As to his children, one of them was certainly an infant, but the other was

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two years old, and had already made a considerable advance in the business of the stage, and could support his brother till that brother was able to act for himself." The governor, upon hearing of the ability of the child, expressed a wish to see him; and finding that the opinion of the parent was not grounded upon blind tenderness and affection, advised that some steps should be taken to put the talents of the boy to a public test. Having perceived by the instructions which Kean had given to his son, that the former possessed a mind as greatly superior to his situation in life, as it was to the difficulties he had encountered, he begged that he would bring to his recollection a scene of one of his favourite plays.

The scene chosen by Kean, for exhibiting a proof of what he could do, was that in Othello, where Iago speaks of the handkerchief. Having represented the two characters, and displayed an extraordinary variety of powers, he made such an impression upon the governor, that that gentleman no longer conceived it a conscientious act, to take him from a profession for which his genius was so brilliantly adapted, and withdrew the military patronage he had promised; and pledging himself to promote his interests in his professional way, accordingly gave him the strongest recommendation to some respectable families. But though Kean's character was in some degree relieved from the obloquy thrown upon it by the interference of the governor, he could not procure a benefit at the Theatre sufficiently lucrative to pay his passage to England, and discharge his debt to his friend. In this emergency, he put the name of his infant son in the bills announcing him for a part in a pantomime, written by himself. He hired a room in a public-house where he (Kean) delivered recitations, &c. prior to the performance of his son, there was a full attendance. In the course of the night, however some of the upper seats gave way, and the majority of the company were precipitated to the ground. Such was the activity of Kean, that in a few minutes he prepared another room, for the accommodation of his friends, in which the performances were displayed to considerable advantage.

The following circumstances, are said to have led to his introduction to a London audience. He was engaged by Mr. Elliston, to perform at the Olympic Theatre, in Wych Street, at that time, under the management of Mr. E. who with other men, capable of forming an opinion, as to the merits of an actor, after viewing Kean's rehearsal, felt satisfied of his possessing talent, and determined that he should make

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his appearance at the Theatre Drury Lane. It is said, that he was treated with considerable contempt, by some persons connected with the house, who laughed at the idea of his presuming to undertake the leading business of Tragedy. He, however, listened to their insults with philosophic patience, and went through the part allotted to him, to the astonishment of the parties, who, had hitherto treated him so contemptuously. Congratulations, apologies, and presents were the consequence; but Kean, we are assured, never forgot, although he may have forgiven, the invidious smiles of those upstarts, who, in the absence of external decoration and consummate affrontery, (which they mistake for talent,) would suffer genius to die in obscurity.

At the death of his uncle, under whose protection he was for some time, he entered a strolling company and occasionally performed at the various Country Fairs, in Richardson's, Saunders, and other booths, where Harlequin, Clown, or any other character in which he could make himself useful were all the same to Kean; and thus he worked his way, by the most intent study, until he passed through most of the provincial theatres, in some of which he was received as a mere underling, and frequently personated the most menial characters, such as waiters, &c.; and, like many others of the profession, who are now enjoying the fruits of their industry and talent, was obliged to endure the severest privations. In the course of time, however, his superior talents were discovered and he obtained a situation at Drury-Lane Theatre, where he performed the character of Shylock, in the month of January, 1814, in which he pourtrayed considerable genius; and on the 26th of the same month, he played the part of King Richard the III., which established him as one of the first actors of the day.

The papers teemed with eulogies on his performances and the weekly journals entertained so high an opinion of the merits of the performer that on the following Sunday they distributed his portrait with their various publications all over the Metropolis. Nought but Kean was to be heard of, and the Theatres were nightly crowded to excess, while Kean was only in the weekly receipt of £8, which however in consequence of his powerful talent was increased to £30. He afterwards played Sir Giles Overreach, Coriolanus, Hamlet, Othello, and Iago, with great skill, and he subsequently attempted comedy, in which he however did not make any great hit. When first he made his appearance at Drury-lane, he was announced from the Exeter Theatre.

Mr. Kean, during his professional career in the Metropo-

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lis, has been ever attentive to his duty, although many reports have been circulated, relative to his private irregularities. The only disappointment that he ever caused, was on the 27th of February, 1816, on the evening of which he was announced for the Duke of Milan. The house was crowded to excess, and the audience waited until 7 o'Clock with the utmost impatience, to see Mr. Kean's performance, and the Manager, was under the necessity of making an apology to the audience for the absence of their Tragedian, after whom it was said, that every search had been made to no purpose, and proposed substituting "Douglas" for the first piece; nothing would satisfy the audience but "Kean," who was called for vociforously from all parts of the Theatre. They waited for a considerable period but he never arrived, and "Ways and Means" was ultimately performed, and various reports were circulated, as to the cause of the absence of Kean. Some threw him out of his chaise, while others broke his ribs, and the more moral part of the world, insinuated that Bacchus had been too prolific with him in his libations. It is said, however, that Mr. K. attended a friend, an old actor in the neighbourhood of Kent, who being in want of a benefit, consented to play for him; other reports are abroad relating to the matter. Monday following, Mr. Kean played the part of Shylock, an apology was called for, and at length, Mr. Kean came forward and excused himself by saying, that, it was the first time in his life, he had been the unwilling cause of any disappointment to the public. That, it was the first instance out of 269 performances, at the Theatre. It was to their favour he owed the reputation he enjoyed, and on their candour, he threw himself, when prejudice would deprive him, of what they had bestowed. The Address was received with applause, and the performance proceeded peaceably.

It is proverbial, that Mr. Kean is a most generous and liberal-minded man; and there is no greater proof of this, than that since fortune has smiled upon him, he treats his old friends who knew him in poverty, with the same feeling, and frequently has relieved them from their embarrassments by munificent donations. One evening, while walking through the streets, and meeting with a mendicant who was nearly in a state of nudity, having scarcely any cash with him, he took off his great coat, and presented it to the apparently half-starved and chilly vagrant. His courage was exemplified by the following fact:—One evening he was returning home in his carriage with one of the actors of Drury Lane, on the coachman driving near Holborn, he

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was grossly insulted by some fellows, and his master conceiving that he was not sufficiently able to protect himself, he interfered by looking out of the window, and requesting them to desist, which they refused to do, and insulted him also. The consequence was, that he chastised the ruffians for their rudeness; but the whole of the parties were taken to St. Giles's watchhouse. The affair, however, was settled. The following is a striking proof of his resentment:—Two or three years ago he was engaged to play at the Portsmouth Theatre for a few nights. In his "abject days" he had frequently performed at Portsmouth Fair in one of the booths, and was well known in the neighbourhood. On his arrival at the theatre, he was introduced by the manager to the company. After rehearsing the part which he had to perform, he generously invited the manager and actors to a Tavern. Kean entering the house, the proprietor met him, and bowing and scraping, conducted Mr. K. to an apartment where refreshments were provided. During the period, Kean recognized *an old friend* with a *new face*. When mine *host* thought the company were about to commence operations upon the good things, Kean gave him one of his sarcastic looks, and asked, "Do you forget me?" "Oh, no!" replied the altered host, "oh, no, you are Mr. Kean." "Aye!" responded Kean—"Edmund Kean! recollect yourself now, don't you know me?" "Oh, yes!" said the astonished landlord, "very well." Kean concluded the matter, by reminding him that he recollected him when he kept a public-house near the fair, when he (Kean) was performing there; and he remembered on one occasion he called for half a pint of porter, when he wanted it much. He remembered when the beer was drawn, he kept it in one hand, and held out the other for the money; and this suspicion he received because he was an actor at the fair. He never forgot the insult offered; and as he (the landlord) had once refused him his beer, he might now keep his wine: and on this he quitted the house with the manager and company, to the no small chagrin of *Boniface*.

Mr. Kean is very accessible, almost to a fault; and occasionally he enters taverns where very mixed company assemble. One evening he met with a very ludicrous event at the O. P. Tavern, in Russell Court, Covent Garden:—A party of gentlemen assembled there in a private room, where they were taking their brandy-and-water. Mr. Kean at a late hour, evidently after taking his refreshment, entered the place, and was recognized by Mr. John R—, the mimic, Mr. Q. a celebrated dancer and musician, Mr. W. editor of

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a country journal, who was acquainted with Mr. K. some time ago in the country, and other gentlemen of various professions. On Mr. Kean entering the apartment, he neglected that etiquet towards the editor and another gentleman, which long acquaintance (they thought) entitled them to, and they were too proud to speak first. At length Q. was called on for a tune on the violin; he took it out of his bag, and was about to commence, when the tragedian vociferated, " Let's have something sentimental—there's nothing sentimental about the *fiddle*." The sound of the *fiddle* seemed to strike hard on the ear of Q., who, however, played, but not with his usual ability. " All's well," was then sung by Mr. Kean and Mr. R. with great taste. After which, Mr. Kean quitted the room rather abruptly.

" Ah," said the Editor, with a grave face, " there is a considerable change in Kean, since fortune has been so favourable towards him; I remember a time when he would instantly run over and shake hands with me on entering a room, but, now, its quite different." " Yes," said another, foppishly, " he can act very well with *mediocre* society, but when he used to sit along with me, in the company of Lord Byron, Marquis of Anglesea, and Hobhouse, he was quite silent, not a word to say, 'pon honour; and as to say the fid—violin is'nt sentimental—why, every body of taste will differ with him." A third and fourth made their remarks, which were so very severe, that they must have been exceedingly unpleasant to Mr. Kean; who, at length, opened the door, popped in his head, and said, " Gentlemen, I am a man of few words, but if there's one among those who have traduced me, let him come forth and I'll boldly face him!" Upon which he retired, leaving the gentlemen to their meditations.

Mr. Kean is a very entertaining companion, and sings with considerable taste and expression; his voice is a tenor, but not of a powerful description; his *falsetto* is pleasing, and he usually accompanies himself on the piano-forte, with more taste than skill; he is a tolerable mimic, and his memory is particularly retentive. His fencing is universally admired, and he dances with ease and elegance.

Kean and the late Mr. Oxberry, were at one period, constant companions, and the following whimsical circumstance is related of them:—They agreed to take a morning ride to shake down the libations of the preceding night; they were on horseback, and at Deptford, found that a company of Comedians had issued their bill of fare. Kean thought they would fare better if they dined with them; and, in conse-

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quence, Kean and Oxberry and the *Corps Dramatique*, dined together; during dinner, it was agreed by the Metropolitans, to journey as far as Gravesend; the horses were ordered, and Kean's horse had turned round his head towards London, conceiving, perhaps, that his master had been long enough in the country; Kean mounted without observing what had occurred, and the two friends galloped off in opposite directions, each priding himself on the superior speed of his horse. Kean declares that he never discovered the mistake, until he arrived at his livery stables, and Oxberry found himself, next morning, at a small public-house, five miles from Gravesend.

Shortly after Mr. Kean's appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, he was engaged by a manager in the neighbourhood of Kent, to perform at his Theatre. On driving through the town of Seven Oaks, he stopped at one of the Taverns, to take refreshment. It was soon spread over the town, that Mr. Kean was there.

A company of Actors, happened at that period to be performing at a barn, and had not been very successful. Mr. Harrison, who was the manager of the concern, (now dead) was well known in the theatrical circles, and on hearing that the great actor was in the town, determined to pay him a visit, for the purpose of requesting his powerful aid, to relieve his less successful brethren of the *Sock* and *Buskin*. Harrison, accordingly proceeded to the tavern, where he was introduced (or rather where he introduced himself) to Kean, after explaining to him the nature of his visit, and the peculiar difficulties which the poor strollers were obliged to endure, he suggested, that, one night's performance of Mr. Kean would release them, and make them "themselves again." Kean, whose generous disposition is proverbial, consented to play, and gave the needy manager leave to have bills printed, announcing him for the character of *Shylock*, which he performed and nearly the whole of the inhabitants attended, but of course, the majority were obliged to content themselves with the sound of the actor's voice outside the Theatre, "Never was a barn more crowded." After the performance, Kean invited the whole of the performers to a supper at the principal tavern, where they played their parts with excellent spirit. The song and glee went round merrily; He joined in "All's Well," and after treating them like Britons, retired to rest. The bill was paid on the following morning, and on his leaving the town, he deposited a handsome sum to be divided amongst the company, whose countenances betrayed strong symptoms of regret at his departure.

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Mr. Bridger, a person who was originally a performer at Drury Lane Theatre, having left the profession, took a tavern in Southampton Buildings, Holborn, and on opening the house, he used his influence to cause the attendance of his brother performers, at a convivial party, which was confined to the respectable inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and those theatrical gentlemen, who might honor him with their presence. Mr. Kean was amongst the number invited; and, in the course of the evening he attended, in company with Alderman Cox, Messrs. Barnard, Gibbon, Bryant, Oxberry, and other comedians. Alderman Cox took his seat near Kean, and Barnard, who were called on for a duet and they sung "*Tell me where is fancy bred.*" If the late affair was anticipated at the time, there is no doubt but it would have caused much merriment.

One evening Kean happened to be at a tavern, in the neighbourhood of the Strand, and when leaving the house, a man whose appearance indicated want, accosted the landlord for a bed, and made an appeal to his charitable feelings; *Boniface*, paid a deaf ear to his supplications, although his address was of a superior description; Mr. Kean, who appeared to sympathise for the poor fellow, on hearing the refusal of the landlord, said "let him in, let him have a bed." After it was understood, that Mr. K. would defray the necessary expenses, the distressed applicant was conducted to a bed, where every attention was paid to his comforts, and in the following morning, Mr. K. having ascertained that he was a reduced individual supplied him with a handsome donation, with which he quitted the house expressing grateful acknowledgments towards his benefactor.

Mrs. Cox is the daughter of a respectable gentleman, an inhabitant of Dorchester, possessed of a handsome property. The Alderman, whose country dwelling was adjacent to that of her parents, sometime after his first wife's dissolution, became acquainted with Miss Newman, and their intimacy led her then to an affection, which ultimately ended in their union. The lady was then twenty-one years of age, and the Alderman about thirty-three, and at that period he had a son by his first wife. They were generally noticed to live on the most affectionate terms; he allowing his wife every indulgence that could render her satisfaction, and the theatre, for which she had a great taste, was her constant resort both in town and country. The affection that existed seemed to be mutual, until the Alderman's arrival in the Metropolis, where he established himself in business. She is

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a lady of some personal attraction, and received an education enabling her to move with credit and esteem in the first rank of society. In conversation she pourtrays a lively and expanded imagination, and on theatrical subjects she is extremely well informed, in fact, possessing a knowledge which few can boast of.

MR. KEAN'S APPEARANCE AT THE THEATRE.

According to the announcement of the bills, he made his appearance in the character of King Richard the Third, on Monday evening, January 24, 1825, and on the following Friday, in Othello. On each evening the doors of the Theatre were besieged at an early hour, and the opposition to Mr. K. was so strong, that not a single word was heard by the Audience.

On Friday evening, there was a general call for Mr. Elliston, the manager, who made his appearance. On obtaining silence, he addressed the Audience to the following effect :—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I thank you for the honour of your silence, and I trust you will extend your indulgence to the hearing of a few words—(*applause*)—and if one word should improperly drop from my mouth, I hope the agitation of my feelings will be accepted as an excuse—(*Cries of "It will!" mingled with applause and calls for silence.*) I stand before you as the servant of the public.—("*Bravo! Elliston!*") I come to be a peace-maker.—(*Applause and disapprobation*)—and I flatter myself that what I have to say will not place either Mr. Kean or myself in a worse situation.—"*That is impossible!*" *followed by a renewal of the uproar for some minutes.*) —I have throughout this contest stood aloof, aware that your sense of justice would conduct you to a right decision. I have now an opportunity to explain, and have no doubt that we shall end in a right understanding.—(*A further pause, caused by the renewal of the uproar.*)—Ladies and Gentlemen, the engagement which Mr. Kean is now endeavouring to fulfil was made last July.—(*Partial interruption.*)—Mr. Elliston (with vehemence)—this is a moment of too much interest for me to hazard a quibbte, or to go nigh a falsehood, and I pledge my life to the truth of every word I utter.—(*Bravo.*) —I repeat, the document is in the hands of my treasurer; it is witnessed, and it *was* made in July, 1824.—(*Applause, intermingled with loud cries of "Humbug; come to the point, Mister Manager.*")—At that time there was no belief that the question which has lately agitated the public mind would be brought to a public discussion. Mr. Kean's engagement was for a specific time, and for a specific sum, viz.: twenty nights at fifty pounds a night—with certain gratuitous points on his side, for which upon this and other occasions, I am as much his debter as he is mine.—(*Applause*)—The engagement was to begin on the 16th of January, and to end on the 16th of March. My anxiety to meet your patronage, and Mr. Kean's engagement both before and after this period, have caused me, in order that you might have the full benefit of what your patronage shews to be highly considered by you, to procure a new play favourable to his peculiar powers.—(*Applause, and disapprobation.*) Now mark, Ladies and Gentlemen, I wrote to Mr. Kean, in the progress of his provincial tour, to know if he would be ready to enter upon his engagement with me. We acted upon this occasion as we have always done, as the best friends, mutually desirous of assisting each other.—He said he should be ready to come, but he foresaw a storm likely to arise out of a trial then approaching. Upon this I applied to his solicitor, and to all his friends with great earnestness, and the answer which I received from them all I state upon my honour as an honourable gentleman, which I hope I have always shewn myself—(*loud laughing and shouts of "bravo, Elliston,"*) the answer was, that the discussion was not likely to come on upon the Saturday preceding the Monday which commenced Mr. Kean's engagement.—(*Interruption of a mixed character "Why was it not put off?"*)—Mr. Elliston—Because he was advertised, (*Hear,*) and was I, when Mr. Kean was advertized to appear, to have scratched his name out from the bills? Had I

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withdrawn his name, I should have made myself a party against him, which I will never do.—(*Bravo, Elliston.*)—I could not do it as a manager.—(*Renewed interruption.*)—Now spare my anxiety.—(*Laughter and applause.*) I have one point more. I will not use a harsh term by supposing that this Theatre has enemies; but I will solemnly declare that neither my own influence, nor any power I may possess in any way, has been used to create an influence in Mr. Kean's favour.—(*Applause, and "It is the Times Newspaper has done it all."*)—I have literally suspended the free list, the public press only excepted. Every kind of order has been denied admission, and no man is here upon my influence.—(*Applause.*)—Mr. Kean, Ladies and Gentlemen, is in the house, and if you will do him the honour to hear him—he will attend."

Often as we have been obliged to break the above report of this speech it was interrupted much more frequently in the delivery. After a considerable time had elapsed, in which the patience of the house broke forth more than once in murmurs; Mr. Kean appeared, led on the stage by Mr. Elliston. He had exchanged his tragic habiliments for a plain suit of black, and appeared in his own proper colours.—The uproar was now at its highest pitch; and with very considerable difficulty Mr. Kean obtained a hearing. Having advanced to the front of the stage, he spoke as follows:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—If you expect from me a vindication of my own private conduct, I am certainly unable to satisfy you.—(*Applause and disapprobation.*)—I stand before you as the representative of Shakspeare's heroes.—(*Much contention between the parties favouring and disapproving Mr. Kean.*)—My private conduct has been investigated before a legal tribunal, where decency forbad my publishing letters and giving evidence that would have inculpated others, though such a course would, in a great degree, have exculpated me.—(*Applause and hisses.*)—If, Ladies and Gentleman, I have witheld circumstances from motives of delicacy (*laughter*), it was from regard to the feeling of others, not of myself.—(*Clamours of applause mingled with hisses.*)—It appears at this moment that I am a professional victim—(*a Laughter.*)—If this is the work of a hostile press, I shall endeavour with firmness to withstand it; but if it proceeds from your verdict and decision, I will at once bow to it, and shall retire with deep regret, and with a grateful sense of all the favours which your patronage has hitherto conferred on me."

After the delivery of this speech, which was received by Mr. Kean's partizans with shouts of applause, Mr. Kean seemed greatly agitated, even to tears. He staggered to the back of the stage, and seemed in the act of falling, when Mr. Elliston came forward and led him off.

THE END.

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