

own, her mind was clouded by dismal reflections, and her heart torn with bitter anguish. She found herself deceived, insulted, friendless, and forlorn. In this unhappy state, she flew to Mr. Inchbald; to him she revealed her sorrows, and recounted every circumstance that had happened, not omitting the basin of water:—'But why did you so, my dear?' he cried.—'Because I could not speak—if I had not flattered, I would have said such things!—but I could not speak, and therefore I was obliged to do something, or perhaps he would not have known I had been angry;—but I believe he now thinks I am.'—Here a flood of tears relieved her, and she repeatedly exclaimed 'what shall I do? what will become of me?'—Mr. Inchbald, affected by her sorrow, endeavoured to soothe her by mentioning other projects of introduction; but she solemnly declined all further thoughts of the stage, and requested he would propose something less humiliating than attendance on managers—'My dear,' said Mr. Inchbald, 'I know of nothing—no situation where you can be secure, except in marriage.'—'Yes, Sir, but who would marry me?'—'I would,' replied he, with warmth, 'but perhaps you would not have me.'—'Yes, Sir, and would for ever think myself obliged to you.'—'And will you,' he asked, 'love me?'—Here she hesitated; but he, trusting a sentiment of that kind would easily be inspired by tenderness and affection, and becoming, at this time weary of a dissipated life, urged that question no farther, nor suffered any subsequent reflection to frustrate the design he had that instant conceived, and in a few days they were married.

Thus, in an unexpected moment, and in an unexpected manner, our heroine became both a wife and an actress. Mr. Inchbald introduced her on the stage in Scotland; where they remained four years, and the two succeeding years they passed at York. Respecting Mrs. Inchbald's theatrical career, there is little to relate. Her defects as an actress, were generally forgiven in respect of her personal attraction; and by a most amiable private character she acquired the esteem of some of the first people in those places where she chanced to have a temporary residence.

That she well merited this esteem is particularly evident from a circumstance we are now about to notice. From the day of his marriage, Mr. Inchbald constantly evinced the most perfect, and even romantic attachment, love and fidelity; yet was he never able to realise the hope he had fondly indulged of sometime converting into an affection, equally ardent with his own, that indifference which, whilst sin-

gle, our heroine repeatedly confessed she entertained for him, and always when urged, possessed too little deception not to acknowledge. But a heart like hers could not remain insensible to the influence of that power, which, sooner or later it is said, every mortal must obey; and she must have possessed a very high, and therefore a very proper sense of duty, obligation, and gratitude, to resist the attacks of a passion, which for some time had wounded her peace. Feelingly alive to every duty of a wife, unshaken in the principles of virtue and obedience, she opposed all the arts of seduction, though exerted by one peculiarly formed to inspire the passion which till that period had been a stranger to her bosom; one, who to high birth and an elegant person, added those accomplishments which rarely fail to make strong impressions on the female mind. Reason seldom triumphs over the struggles of the youthful passion without a sacrifice of health; and this our heroine experienced in a very extensive degree. The situation of her heart she found equally alarming. This was the crisis of her fate: And in this important moment she acted like a heroine indeed! She seized the desperate, though, perhaps, the only laudable expedient left her: Sincerity suggested the idea, and confidence in her husband's most tender love gave her power to execute it. She confessed to him the violation which her mind had suffered; begged his pity and forgiveness; and proposed to go with him to whatever place he should prefer, in order to escape a further injury of her principles, for which, she candidly confessed, she could be no longer answerable. Her health by this time was so much impaired, that the Physicians in Scotland had advised a tour to the south of France, as the only means of recovery. This advice was now adopted. The re-establishment of her health may, in some measure, be attributed to her distance from him, by whom her peace had been invaded, but more especially to the tenderness of a man, who, struck with the generosity of her sentiments, and lamenting the languishing and declining state to which she was reduced, repaid that generosity, and became, instead of a jealous husband, the faithful confidant, the careful adviser, the affectionate comforter; who not only pitied her weakness, but alledged every thing in her favour that could possibly extenuate it, and reconcile her to herself. He even urged the disparity of their years; he assured her of his perfect forgiveness; and consoled her with the hope that absence would effectually eradicate those fatal impressions which had proved so injurious to her health and her peace. Nor was the hope vain: