

odium of his brother officers. This obliged him to effect an exchange into the corps which I had just joined, where he bore his present rank. To this gentleman I owe the greater portion of the misery which has attended me through life. I must, however, now relate a circumstance which had also a great effect upon my past condition.

"One beautiful evening in the summer of the year 179—, about six months after I had entered upon my military duties, and about a month after the corps to which I belonged had arrived in Ireland, I unconsciously strolled to the beautiful lake of *Saleen*, in the town of *Castlebar*. A number of small boats plied on the lake, dotting in chaotic irregularity the surface of the placid sheet of water. Among them I particularly noticed a handsome painted skiff, in the stern of which an old gentleman and a very beautiful young lady were seated. Two stoutly built islanders sat in the centre of the little vessel, resting on their oars. Suddenly a splendid barge—in which was stationed an amateur band, playing a lively air—shot across the lake at a short distance from the skiff; all in the latter rose, as if by one common impulse, when the lady, who had ventured too near the side, lost her balance and fell into the water. To pull off my coat and boots was but the work of a moment, and plunging into the lake I made directly for the spot where the lady had disappeared. Already had I been anticipated by the two brave fellows who had been rowing the boat, but it was my fortune to catch hold of her drapery as she was rising for the last time, and with the assistance of one of the men—the other having regained the skiff, where the old man still stood in speechless agony—I bore her lifeless form to the shore. She was then conveyed to the nearest habitation—where I changed my wet habiliments—and every means which human ingenuity could accomplish, having been resorted to, I had the exquisite satisfaction, after an hour had elapsed, to behold signs of returning animation. An opiate was administered by a skilful physician who had been called in to the aid of the lovely patient, and she soon sank into a deep sleep. The gentleman, who had been entirely occupied in watching the progress of returning life in the lady, who was his daughter, now turned to me, and having apologized for not noticing me previously, was profuse in his acknowledgements for the assistance I had rendered *her*, whom he called "his only child."

"'You owe me no thanks, sir,' I replied, 'for but an act of common humanity. I should but

ill deserve the name of soldier, or of man, did I not do all in my power to save the life of my fellow creature.'

"My heart, however, told me that a far different motive lay at the bottom, and I found that my future destiny was wrapped up with that of the lovely being whom I had saved from a watery grave. I then requested to know the name of the person to whom I was so fortunate as to render such a piece of service, when the gentleman offered me his card, at the same time requesting "the honour of my company next day at his residence." I looked at his address, and read simply 'THE EARL OF BANCROFT, *Smith's Hotel*.'

"I was surprised at a person of his rank being so thinly attended, but I did not then presume to ask any questions; so, bowing respectfully and handing *my* card in return, I took my leave and returned to my quarters. I subsequently learned that he had only been a short time at the hotel, and that he had come with scarce any attendants, merely for the purpose of canvassing for a relative, who was a candidate for the representation in Parliament of the county of Mayo.

"As soon as etiquette permitted on the following day, I stood before the door of *Smith's Hotel*, and having sent up my name, was soon ushered into the presence of Lord Bancroft. In a few moments his daughter entered, who though she was still very weak, "could not," as she expressed it, "resist the pleasure of thanking her deliverer in person." I muttered a few words of every day import—our eyes met, and my fate was sealed. From that moment my heart was devoted to the lovely *Isabella*, who was *indeed* a beauty; judge for yourself," he added, handing me a portrait, "whether a young man in my situation could resist the power of such charms."

I gazed on the miniature—it bore a striking resemblance to *Constance*, and was indeed a heavenly countenance, and I modestly replied "that the heart must have been of adamant which could behold such beauty unmoved."

He sighed and continued—

"I endeavoured to make myself as agreeable as I possibly could to the beautiful *Isabella*, and I was delighted to observe that my attentions were not unfavourably received. Upon the arrival of her cousin to stand for the county, I had frequent opportunities of conversing with her alone, as the canvassing among the tenantry kept the old Earl almost constantly abroad. On one of these occasions I seized a favourable moment to declare myself in passionate terms