

pulling off his clothes with the other, in readiness to be freed from the ennumbrance of them, that he might be enabled to make a last, a desperate effort to swim ashore.

This was indeed a struggle for life and death, but bordering so nearly on the latter; some dressing again, and again undressing; again hesitating, frantic and desperate, till not another moment was left for deliberation. Crash! crash! crash! came in awful



ENTRANCE TO CORK HARBOUR.

quick succession, mingled with the piteous, the soul-harrowing cries, "For pity's sake, help! help! help!"

More than half an hour previously to the vessel's striking on that Saturday, between three and four in the afternoon, although instantly expecting to go down, ten or twelve persons were seen on the neighbouring mountainous promontory, and it afforded them some glimmering of satisfaction—some faint ray of hope that they would not perish in sight of land. They were observed as early as three o'clock on Saturday, but no efforts were made to rescue them till long after. A part of them gained the rock on which the vessel struck previously to the night's setting in, where they remained all Sunday and part of Monday, wet, cold, and nearly starved.

"I desired my child," says Spolasco, "as he loved me, to cling close, while I went to render assistance to others, who were loudly imploring for aid. The darling child, who was evidently sick and exhausted, obeyed; and I, alas! trusted to his puny strength to hold on.