

lost. Of fifty persons who left Cork on the ill-fated *Killarney*, about twenty-five landed on the rock, and of these only fourteen reached land, one of them, as we have seen, to expire immediately.

The mode by which the few survivors were rescued was so novel that it deserves particular notice, and the following, quoted from a letter written by Mr. E. W. Hull to Baron Spolasco, will be found interesting.

"The first intelligence my brother and myself received of the wreck was from Mr. John Galwey, at about nine or ten o'clock on Sunday morning. We immediately proceeded towards the scene of the dreadful catastrophe, which is about five miles from Roberts' Cove, and arrived there at eleven o'clock. My brother's men, of course, accompanied us. On our reaching the place, I descended the frightful precipice, at the foot of which I discovered Mr. Galwey letting ducks fly with lines attached to them. I joined him in the experiment, though indeed I entertained not the least hope of its proving effective. We abandoned this plan, and having taken off my coat and hat, and placed a rope round my waist, to prevent my falling over the lower cliff upon which we stood, I commenced using all the means I could devise to convey a stone with a line attached to it to the rock. I first made an effort to throw a stone from my hand; next, I, with others, had recourse to slings; but all our experiments, as the sequel proved, were useless. I may here, without the least exaggeration, assert that the danger to which Mr. John Galwey, young Mr. Knolles, and myself, were exposed was beyond the power of conception. Below us appeared a hideous gulf, almost yawning to receive us from the cliff upon which we stood, while from above we saw large stones rolling down from a height of two hundred feet. To avoid being struck by these we had not the power of moving an inch from the place in which we respectively stood; so that in this, as in all other circumstances connected with our dangerous undertakings on the occasion, we were protected in our frightful situation by the peculiar interposition of Providence. We next had recourse to the plan of a person named Mills, of the Coastguard at Roberts' Cove. It was that of attaching wire to bullets, and firing them from guns. This plan likewise proved unsuccessful.

"At this time, when all our plans had become unavailing, those who had been acting with me below went to the top of the cliff. Being exceedingly exhausted I was unable to follow. I lay down on the brink of the precipice, nearly on a line with the top of the rock upon which the sufferers were, and feeling as a human being should at so heart-rending a spectacle, when all hope of saving a single individual was almost extinct. I exclaimed, 'Good God! are there no means left to save them?' At this moment I took a view of the east promontory and the west. The thought—the happy thought—flashed across my mind. I immediately perceived that Providence favoured us with a tolerable certainty of success. I ascended the precipice, and made my brother acquainted with my plan. We both suggested it to others, but it was disregarded, owing to the great distance between the promontories and the immense height of the cliffs. However, I saw a glorious prospect before me of rescuing my fellow-creatures from an awful death. Heaven inspired me with confidence, and, in conjunction with my brother, I could not be diverted from making a trial. My brother and the neighbouring gentlemen sent in all directions for lines and ropes. On getting them, we commenced putting my plan into execution. The first attempt failed through want of sufficiency of rope and the setting in of night. When the rope was