

nearest cliff had to bend over its edge to see it. Meantime the storm beat on violently, and no boat could have approached the rock. Sea-weed and salt water was all the food (!) they could get from dinner hour on board the steamer on Friday, about five o'clock, till Monday afternoon. All this within almost a stone's throw of land!

"To return," says the narrator, "to Sunday. I have in a previous page stated that during the whole of the morning of that day, indeed up to the afternoon, all we saw was a crowd of peasants on the beach, each carrying his or her burden from the spoils of the wreck of the steamer *Killarney*; and on the cliff above us, numbers—altogether amounting to some hundreds. It was in vain we looked for some respectable person among them who would be likely to tender us the desired assistance, till . . . we hailed the presence of a respectable gentleman, by whose kind gestures we could understand (for it was impossible to hear his voice) that we yet should be saved. After waving his hat, and doing all in his power to cheer us, he retired, and ascended the lofty cliff, and in a reasonable time afterwards again returned, with several other gentlemen.

"Several descended with him to the edge of the precipice—a dangerous declivity—bringing with them ropes, slings, &c., and indeed every other requisite that the short period of their absence allowed them to procure, or whatever appeared to them necessary for the object they had in view. Having arrived at the brink of the precipice, somewhat in a direct line (though still above us) with the rock upon which we were—the distance I would compute to be from a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet—they commenced throwing stones to which were attached small lines, several in their turn; one having failed, another tried, and so on, till they were sufficiently convinced that all such efforts were altogether fruitless—the strongest of them not being able to pitch such stone more than half way towards us.

"Some one then suggested the propriety of trying slings, which they immediately prepared—in turn taking off their cloaks, coats, &c., having first tied round their waist a strong rope as a prudent precaution of security for their safety in making the bold attempt, viz., of slinging a stone, having attached to it a line, to us unfortunate expectants upon the rock. These efforts, too, like the former, were attended with want of success.

"Mr. John Galwey, with whom was Mr. Edward Hull and other gentlemen, apparently in a most perilous position confronting us, formed a footing with crowbars, &c. Mr. Galwey was then observed several times to try to pass a duck with a small line fastened to its leg, but without effect. We also discerned him coiling a wire or line into the barrel of a musquet, with the view of firing off the ball to which it was connected, hoping that when the ball should have passed the rock the line might fall upon it. This expedient too was ingenious, but unsuccessful.

"The next attempt for our rescue was thought of and entered upon by a brave young gentleman, Richard Knolles, Esq.—son of the worthy Captain Knolles of that neighbourhood—by which he nearly lost his life. He had with him a favourite dog, well trained to the water, and apparently to his command, with which fine animal he descended as nearly to the edge of the beach as the billows, breakers, and foaming spray would allow him, and rather farther, for, being young, brave, and anxious to be the means of saving us, he ventured somewhat too far for his safety, being met by a tremendous surf, which struck him, and dashed him above some twenty feet or more with such violence, that he was not only wetted to