

stance did not the less excite my admiration," continues the narrator, "than that of the public in general. I also had some knowledge of more than one of those who perished. I was, therefore, quite anxious to get out to Longstone lighthouse, situated on one of the most distant of the Staples islands, where Grace lives, with her parents, and where the wreck occurred. He who goes out and sees the savage and iron nature of those ruthless rocks, the position in which the wreck lay, and the mode by which Darling and his daughter got at the sufferers, will not avoid wondering at the desperate nature of the attempt. The wreck lay on the rocks a little to the right hand of their lighthouse, as they faced it, and a long ridge of sharp and destructive rocks ran between, so that, to reach the place, they had at first to let the boat drift with the wind southward, to the left, for some distance, and then bring her up under the lee of these rocks. The sea was running mountains high, and rearing up into tremendous breakers all round these black crags, and nothing but the most sublime self-devotion could persuade two people to hope to be able to return on the other side of this range of low rocks, and make head against the furious winds, so as to bring their boat up to the place of the wreck. The vessel ran on the rocks in the night, and by the first dawn of morning, the Darlings decry'd nine people on the crags. Darling's son, Grace's brother, who is usually in the lighthouse, was then ashore at Sunderland, so that they were deprived of his help. He, indeed, went off with others in a boat, but found it impossible to reach the vessel, and they were compelled to put back. The vessel had been driven upon the rock in a high swell, and the moment the wave reced'd, its back was broken by the weight of its engine, and the hinder

part of the vessel was instantly plunged, with the bulk of the passengers, into the sea, leaving only those nine people on the fore-deck, which remained fast on the rock. The vessel was apparently attempting to steer through a gap in the rocks, and had it passed but its own breadth to the left, or right—I forget which—it would probably have escaped. The survivors had scrambled upon the rocks, to a spot where they were, for a time, out of reach of the waves, but the returning tide would have swept them off again, had they, drenched with wet and exhausted with cold, fatigue and fear, survived through the storm till then. Grace Darling did not stop to weigh the chances. The moment she caught sight of the sufferers, she determined to save them if possible. Her father, who appeared to be one of those grave, sensible and superior men, whom we often find in these situations of important trust, told me, that when she proposed to take the boat and attempt the rescue, it appeared to him, from the furious state of the sea, the most desperate and hopeless of adventures. No words of his had, however, any effect. She declared that if he declined to accompany her, she would go alone, and that, 'live or die,' she would make the attempt to save them. He then consented to the trial; the boat was brought out, and they succeeded; and in no instance did the English public more rationally give way to the enthusiasm of its sympathy and admiration, than in its applause of this heroic and unassuming girl; nor, ever, was that applause more entirely justified by the subsequent conduct of its object." The writer concludes with a description of her appearance: "A little, simple, modest young woman, of any twenty-five or twenty-six, neither tall nor handsome, but with a most gentle, quiet, amiable look, and a very sweet smile—as perfect