

Half in *dishabille*, with her blanket girded about her, that noble-hearted fisherman's daughter looked like one of the fabled *genii* of old, as she stood pointing to the words she had written.

In a short time after this the boats arrived on the scene, and the work of rescuing the poor victims commenced in earnest. Boat after boat, impelled by sturdy rowers, approach the rock, and at every favorable opportunity, one by one gathered up its harvest of half-numbered persons, and bore them back to the shore, where they were speedily taken by the fishermen's wives and daughters to the various cottages, and tenderly cared for by these rough but kind-hearted people of the shore.

The more determined and least nervous of the crew and officers, headed by Master Brady, took a rope and made it fast between the ship and the rock. From the rock a second rope was sent to the beach, and along this uncertain way was many a passenger passed to safety.

Even among those who most loudly condemn Captain Williams for allowing the vessel to get wrecked, there was not one that did not praise his personal bravery and unselfish care for the passengers during the trying moments of the rescue. Repeatedly he was urged to get into one of the boats and go off from the wreck; but he steadily refused to do so, though he was so benumbed with cold and wearied with fatigue as to be ready to drop into the sea. It must not be forgotten either that Captain Williams was at this very time so lame from injuries received on a previous voyage, during a storm, that he was obliged to use a cane to help himself about. He would not leave the ship until the last living passenger and sailor was taken off safely to the shore, when he permitted the rescuing parties to take himself away.

Among the various persons who started for the beach along the rope were a man and his wife and baby. The lady held the baby in one arm to her bosom, and clutched the rope with the other hand. Behind her swam the man, holding on to the rope with his right hand, and supporting her with his left. Just as they neared the shore, a huge roller drove a settee or lounge with fearful violence against the man, who sunk at once, no doubt stunned with the blow. The woman was now alone, but she struggled on, in the wild hope of saving her baby. Carrie was a good swimmer, and plunging into the sea, she made toward the lady, calling out to her:

"Keep a good heart, and hold tight to the rope, and I'll save you!"

When within almost reaching distance of her, a heavy wave swept the lady and baby away forever, and Carrie had quite a struggle herself to again reach the shore. On doing so, she went back to the cottage, and getting dry clothes, returned to the beach. Before proceeding with our narrative, we give the following official testimony regarding the wreck, that the reader may the more fully comprehend the magnificent bravery and physical endurance of our beautiful heroine.