

# CARRIE CLANCY:

## THE

# HEROINE OF THE ATLANTIC.

---

TOWARD morning of the night of March 31st last, it was that the noble steamship Atlantic, while approaching Halifax, struck on Mar's Rock, and foundered.

Among the cottages that stood here and there on the mainland was the humble home of the heroine of this terrible disaster; and within that fisherman's dwelling there chanced to be awake his daughter Carrie, a fine, handsome girl, the pride and delight of her father. As she lay in bed, she suddenly beheld a flash like that of lightning, though slower, and not so vivid. It seemed like the sudden striking of a match, followed by darkness. A second and third flash succeeded the first.

"That's a distress signal!" she exclaimed to herself, as she sprang up, and went to the window to gaze out.

She could not see anything there, and so she stepped to another window that commanded a full view of the ocean. From her new position she saw another signal of Bengal fire, red and lasting a full minute. By its light she beheld a terrible scene, the rushing about the deck of the passengers, while the grim outlines of the huge ship were dimly defined.

"Father! father!" she cried out; "there's a ship on the rocks! Father, come, wake up! wake up!"

The old fisherman being thus roused from his slumber, leaped to the window, and saw the signal for himself.

"Yes, Carrie, that's a ship ashore, sure enough! But it's mighty queer how she came there. There 'aint no blow worth talking about."

"Well, she's there! and they're making signals fast. She must be breaking up already. O! my, but that's awful! I can see women and children on the deck."

At this moment the light of the signals suddenly went out, and they thought the ship had sunk. But presently a rocket shot up from the deck into the dark, murky sky.

"Come, father, we must save some of those people. Let us get the men and boats out."

"You stay here, Carrie, and I'll dress myself and go down to the houses."

"And I will help you, father. Come along, there's no time to lose!"

Carrie, who is an impulsive girl, spoke quickly, as she saw her father waiting to dress, and put on his regular sea-clothes; and without halting, she