

with all your might! were the orders as we rode through in splendid style, on the crest of a great wave; but when we supposed we were beyond their reach, a heavy cross breaker rolling in unobserved, struck the canoe broad-sides and dashed it violently against a sharp rock. Bill being nearest the prow, and almost naked, was the first to jump overboard, myself following, and both placing ourselves between the canoe and the rock, clinging to the former, saved it from destruction by the two succeeding breakers, which swept us so near land, that by great effort we were able to lighten the canoe by throwing things ashore and then haul her on the rocks. A split about three feet in length, above water line, was the only injury it sustained.

*Camping in a Cave, we are driven out double quick at midnight by a very high tide.*

We had sought refuge from a storm in a little rock-bound cove on the south shore of an inlet called by the Indians Athlow, where we built a fire and spread our blankets in a big cave washed out by the sea. As night approached the more prudent suggested that the storm might cause a high tide to rise over us while sleeping; though the opinion prevailed that only the full moon tides in conjunction with severe northwesterers ever reached so high, and why take the trouble to pitch a tent, when our ready made house of stone afforded us so much better protection from the rain and wind. And so while we lay unconscious the storm increased, the tide rose higher and higher, until at midnight the sound of the waves dashing against the mouth of the cave awakened me. Arousing my men, who were still sleeping soundly, with all possible despatch, nearly cracking our skulls against the sides of the cave in the darkness, by clambering over the rocks at the base of a high precipice between the breakers we succeeded in removing all our supplies and camp equipage to a place of safety.