

rising steadily. The booming of the surf, the pounding, beating, and dashing of the great billows, striking the shore with terrific force, seemed as if the island must be shivered, shattered, and disintegrated by the impact. The ocean, the islanders' staunch friend, which had ever yielded them a bountiful support, now arose in its wrath, and like a hungry lion, sought to devour them. Slowly, hour by hour the sea advanced, and the white-capped waves, like lines of cavalry, followed each other in wild charges across the sea-meadows, then attacking the island, they scaled the banks and advanced inland, each line coming with a rush and scream, and then going to pieces on the solid ground; but the reserves follow behind each line, making some advance until they reach the high ground in the center of the island, where the lighthouse stands; and now the ocean sends its heaviest cohorts, and they dash upon this spot, as the phalanx of Moslem upon the high hill of Acre; or Pickett upon the heights of Gettysburg.

As the waves leap forward they enter the rooms of the houses, they drown the stock, and the terrorized people hurry into their boats, and fly to the light tower for safety. Then with one mighty effort, the sea bursts its bounds, and closes on the island, and its waters roll across; Hog Island is out of sight, the water being a foot deep at its highest point. Fortunately no lives were lost, there was no panic, and the clear-headed, steady-nerved islanders acted coolly and carefully, and when the storm had exhausted itself, and the waters receded, it was found that no great damage had been done, only much stock had been lost.