

into the woods for safety, cherishing a faint hope that their enemies might perhaps pass up the country in another direction. It was not long, however, before they saw their own village on fire, and were themselves pursued by the merciless man-stealers. Little Benomê, with her mother, brother, and elder sister, together with others, were captured by the ruffians, tied together two and two, and marched off towards the coast like a flock of sheep for the market, whilst nothing was heard on every hand but mourning, lamentation, and woe.

The sufferings endured by the poor captives while travelling through the desert, as related by little Benomê, were distressing in the extreme. On coming to a large river which crossed their path, the sister of Benomê was one of the last to ford the stream, being occupied with a little child which she carried in her arms. Annoyed with her delay, the cruel monster in charge of the slaves came and snatched the infant from the arms of its mother, and threw it into the jungle, where it was left to perish; and with oaths and curses urged the poor captives onward in their march. After travelling for several weeks in succession, they came in sight of the "great salt water," which they beheld with dismay, know-