

embarked with some provisions and effects, intending to prosecute their journey by water, because they were afraid of losing themselves in the woods. The raft, however, being ill conducted, struck against the sunken branch of a tree, upset, and plunged the whole cargo into the river; but as this accident happened close to the bank, no person perished.

Madame Godin, deprived of all her effects by this sort of shipwreck, now found herself in a more melancholy situation than ever she had been before. The company now determined to travel on foot along the banks of the river; and they returned to the hut, took the provisions they had left in it, and departed. They had not gone far, when they found that the windings of the river lengthened their road very much; and to avoid this, they endeavoured to find a passage through the woods, but soon lost their way. Fatigued with so long a march, their feet bruised, their clothes and bodies torn with the briars and thorns, their provisions exhausted, and nothing to allay their hunger and thirst but some wild fruits, their strength failed, and they sat down on the ground, looking for nothing but death. Their expectations were realized, and in a few days they expired one after another, leaving Madame Godin the sole survivor.

The heroic lady lay for forty-eight hours in the midst of the dead bodies, stupified with grief, and in a state of insensibility. At last she recovered her senses, and found herself tormented with an