

and they turned into a wood to rest a little. The rain still poured down, they were wet to the skin, and they soon set off again. Their way now became very dangerous. There were 300 soldiers marching before them to Tamatave, many of whom knew them and had been in search of them, and they were much afraid lest they should fall into their hands. About 6 o'clock, they saw several men coming towards them. They turned into the wood, but the men followed them. They ran and hid themselves amongst the grass, and the men passed by without discovering them, and then they went on their way. At last they came down to a river full of crocodiles, and they could not tell how to get across. The soldiers had just passed before them, and the ferrymen that had taken them over supposing this party also to belong to them, took them over without asking them a single question.

As they proceeded the dangers increased. They were now on the main road to Tamatave, and as it lay directly through a forest, they could not easily turn out of it if they wanted. They more than once met people that they knew, and once they heard some that passed mentioning their names, and saying they wondered where they were going. On the sixth night of their journey they tried to pass through a village where some of them were known. The people were all out in the street, and would not let them pass, but made them stop all night, though nobody discovered them. The Decana, or chief officer of the place, was at the time searching for them. They slept in the next house to him, and some of the soldiers came into the room, and yet they were not known. The next day they set off very early, and in the evening arrived at a deserted village, where they slept in an empty house, which they called "The Porter's Lodge." If you have read the "Pilgrim's Progress," you will know what they meant.

They now reached the sea coast, and sent word to