

Those who penetrated into the cabin witnessed a fearful scene. Laprise's wife was still alive, but she was agonizing and almost naked.

She was laying senseless, her feet on deck among ropes and rigging. A faithful dog was near poor woman.

They removed her the best way they could that unfortunate being and brought her ashore near a good fire they had made near the rock where Laprise had then the consolation of seeing his wife again, but her death was already imminent. Half an hour after, she breathed her last in her husband's arms. How his sorrow was great, it is easy to conceive, in that awful calamity succeeding to so many others.

Afterwards the Anse-Pleureuse men went aboard again and brought all the articles left by the sailors and conveyed them ashore. That is the custom for those who give their help in cases of shipwrecked men, to pay and satisfy themselves for their trouble.

One of the plunderers, in hiding in a place a pack of clothing, heard as some one pouncing for help, he waited to certify from where the sounds came from, and as he advanced to the place from where the sounds came from, to his great astonishment poor