



A GIRL'S ROOM.

By CLARA THWAITES.

"COME, see my room," the maiden said,
And drew my hand in hers, and led
Through corridor of oaken gloom,
To reach the little, low-ceiled room.

Her port of commerce with the skies,
The harbour of her merchandise,
From whence the ships of pure desire
Sailed forth upon a sea of fire.

I know the fruitage that they bear,
Those argosies of praise and prayer,
And on the maiden's brow is prest
The answer to their holy quest.

I know that from the heavenly shores,
The measured beat of golden oars
Is heard within this haven calm,
And answered with thanksgiving psalm.

And here the angels come and go
With heavenly traffic to and fro.
The powders of the merchants here
Are fragrant—frankincense and myrrh.

Her eastern lattice, opened wide,
Looked seaward on the glowing tide,
And here and there a flashing sail
Gleamed whitely, driven by the gale

"O gentle mariner," I said,
"By love's sweet influence early led
To voyage to a port unknown,
O'er seas with drift and wreckage strewn,

"Hast thou a chart, and hast thou lore,
To guide thee to that unknown shore?
O'er surging waves and seas that cross,
Dost thou not fear to suffer loss?"

For answer, with triumphant look,
She laid her hand upon the Book
Which open lay, and caught the breeze
And salutation of the seas.

No peradventures vexed her faith
Who was the Lord's in life or death.
Eternal verities possess
Her soul in deep and tranquil rest.

The living and victorious Word
Within this chamber's hush was heard;
A spot to gladdest visions given—
None other than the gate of heaven!

THE ADVENTURES OF MADAME GODIN.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."

IN the year 1735 three Frenchmen (two of whom were distinguished members of the French Academy) went to South America, to the province of Quito, to make some measurements to determine the figure of the earth. These three were Mons. Godin des Odonnais, a civil engineer, and MM. de la Condamine and Bouguer, and as M. de la Condamine

said, they toiled more than seven years for the furtherance of science and for the advantage of the world at large, separating in 1742, when Messrs. Condamine and Bouguer returned to France, leaving their fellow-worker at Quito.

Madame Godin, his wife, who is often spoken of as if she was French, was the child

of a Spanish general, who married a Peruvian lady of fortune, and was born in the region which is now called the Republic of the Equator, but which in the last century formed a part of the Vice-Royalty of Peru, and she was therefore a *Pérouvienne*. She appears to have married at a very early age, and to have had a large family, although

at the time her husband parted from her she could not have been much more than twenty-one years old.

Monsieur Godin is said to have been respectably connected, but to have been a bad manager in money-matters, and impoverished himself and his wife by speculations and by expenses incurred on his South American journey. A family was growing up, and he determined to cross the continent to seek in Guiana a fortune to replace that which he had lost in Peru, in 1749 departing from Quito, leaving his young wife in the care of her relations.

The journey of Monsieur Godin, though long, does not seem to have produced many adventures. He went from Quito to the nearest point of the River Amazons, by what is called the Napo route—that is to say, he descended the river of that name until it joined the trunk stream, and then floated down the entire length of the main river to its mouth, afterwards journeying northwards a few hundred miles to the settlement of Oyapok in Guiana, where he appears to have remained for many years. His journey was several thousand miles long, and it occupied him thirteen months.

It would seem, when Monsieur Godin parted from his wife, he had no intention of being separated for any length of time; for he says in a letter to M. de la Condamine, "You will remember that on the last occasion I had the honour to see you, in 1742, when you left Quito, I told you that I intended to take the same route as yourself (that of the River Amazons), on account of my wish to become acquainted with it, and because I wanted to find for my wife the most convenient way for a lady, to save her from a long journey by land in a mountainous country, where the only conveyance is by means of mules" (*où les mules sont l'unique voiture*). As he says that this was the case, it is somewhat remarkable that twenty years elapsed before monsieur was again united to madame. Part of this delay is certainly accounted for, as will be seen presently, but it can hardly be doubted that the husband might have recovered his wife a little earlier had he been so inclined. He lived on one side of the South American continent facing the Atlantic, and she on the opposite side, almost within sight of the Pacific, for nearly twenty years; and then she undertook the journey which was to bring them together again, a piece of travel which is unquestionably one of the most remarkable ever undertaken by a lady, and a journey which, from its romantic antecedents, is one of the most extraordinary on record. Before proceeding to relate her story, it will be useful to recall the early history of the Amazons; for the terrible experiences of its first discoverers—who were picked men of the hardest kind—will render her difficulties more intelligible, as well as increase our admiration at her heroic endurance.

The name Amazon (or Amazons) was given to this great river in consequence of a reported race of women warriors who were supposed to inhabit the contiguous country. If one of them could now be obtained she would be worth her weight in gold, for exhibition. They can only be regarded as myths, yet it is curious that for several centuries all sorts of stories have been circulated about them. In one of the earliest books on the Amazones, by Count Pagan, which was translated and

published in English in 1661,* the following passages occur:—"That Asia may not vaunt herself of her reports of *Amazones*, whether true or fabulous, America yields nothing to her in this point. . . . The first notice that the *Spaniards* had of them came to them from the generous Prince *Aparia*, 1541, who told the first wonders of them to the adventurous *Francis of Arellana* (*Orellana*): and the consent of all the Nations of the great River of the *Amazones*, in favours of this report as true, hath from them given the name for ever to this admirable River. For all this, the guesses at this matter are not very certain; but the famous actions of the goodly Ladies of *America*, during the wars of all these conquests, do not a little confirm the appearances thereof. For these have often appeared in Arms at the head of Battalions. . . . The valour of that noble Lass which, in 1536, in the Province of *Bogota*, slew five *Spaniards* with arrows shot from

queror, was sent by him to Quito with a large party of *Spaniards* to discover in the East the Land of Cinnamon, rumours of which had reached their ears. Starting from Quito at Christmas, 1539, they took nearly the same Napo route which was followed two centuries later by Monsieur Godin. For the first part of their way there was no great difficulty; then they had to pass the snowy Andes, and encountered the violent storms which are common to that region; then they entered the zone of almost perpetual rain, where no stranger to the country could find his way except by cutting every step through tropical vegetation of the densest kind. They committed themselves, no doubt, on this account, to Indian guides, who led them astray and made their long journey yet longer by purposely misleading them. Many months elapsed before they reached the banks of the Napo, and then they found the land travel so difficult that they stopped to build

a ship, to bear a part of the company whilst the rest traveled along the banks. They proceeded in this manner for two months, and, says the Indian historian, "they at length met with certain *Indians*, who, by signs and by some words which were understood by their *Indian* servants, gave them intelligence that about ten days' journey from thence they would find a country, well-peopled, plentiful of provisions, and abounding with gold and other riches, of which they were in pursuit, and further signified to them by signs that this country was situate on the banks of another great river, which joined, and fell into that wherein they now were. The *Spaniards* being greatly comforted and encouraged with this news, *Gonzalo Pizarro* made *Francisco de Orellana* Captain of his Brigantine or Vessel, and thereon put fifty Souldiers aboard, giving them orders to pass down the stream to that place where the two Rivers met, and that there leaving the goods he had then aboard he should lade his vessel with Provisions, and return towards them with all the speed imaginable, to succour and relieve them in that great Distress of Famine, of which many *Spaniards* were already dead, and especially *Indians*, who of four thousand were reduced to half the number."

Borne rapidly downwards by the current, *Orellana* reached the junction of the Napo and Amazons in three days, and, instead of returning to succour his comrades, proceeded onwards and left them to their fate. He had the honour of making great discoveries in a most dishonourable way. Two months later *Gonzalo Pizarro* learned of his faithlessness, and after travelling onwards a little further, he determined to return to Quito with the remnants of his company. They had "to contend with deep and rapid rivers, with bogs and moorish grounds, which were impassable; and were to travel over mountains of incredible height, on which grew trees of an immense magnitude. . . . But besides the many difficulties with which *Gonzalo Pizarro* and his companions were to struggle, the most irresistible of all was hunger, that grievous and cruel enemy of man and beast, which hath been so fatal to both in that uninhabited country. We have said before that *Gonzalo Pizarro* resolved to return unto Peru, and therefore, leaving the river, he took his way northward, and passed through lands and mountains no less difficult than the former, being forced to open a way and path with



MADAME GODIN.

her own hands, before she fell dead at their feet, will for ever be renowned. . . . The depositions that were made thereof at sundry times agree all in this point: That in the vast fields of this *America*, there was one Region peopled with *warriorresse women*, which living and maintaining themselves without men, had no communication with them."

The river has not always borne the name by which it is now almost universally known. In early times it was also frequently called *Marañon* (*Maragnon*), or else the River of *Orellana*, in honour of its first explorer, *Orellana*, who discovered it in this manner. After the conquest of Peru had been achieved by *Francisco Pizarro*, and the roomful of gold which had been extracted from the vanquished *Indians* had been divided amongst the adventurers, *Gonzalo Pizarro*, a brother of the con-

* Still earlier, *Garciasso de la Vega*, in the "Royal Commentaries of Peru," said that the name Amazons was given because it was observed that "the women fought with as much courage as the men."

bills and hatchets, and to feed upon herbs and roots, and wild fruit; which were so scarce, that when any plenty thereof happened, they esteemed themselves fortunate in that day's journey. When they came to lakes and moorish grounds, they carried their sick and infirm people on their shoulders, in which work none took more pains than *Gonzalo Pizarro* and his captains. . . . They had killed their horses, and eaten them one after another, till they had made an end of all. At first they eat their greyhounds, spannels, and mastiff dogs, which were of great use and service to them in the conquest of the *Indies*; and of these they made their delicacies so long as they lasted. At length the *Spaniards* were ready to eat those which dyed, according to the custome of those barbarous *Indians* who inhabit those mountains. . .

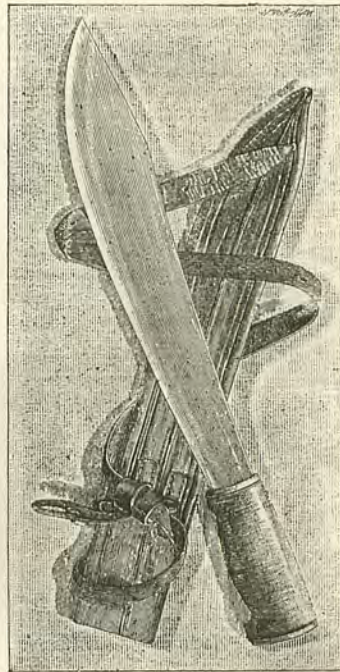
By reason of the continual rains and moisture of the earth, their woollen cloths and linen being always wet, became rotten, and dropped from their bodies, so that from the highest to the lowest every man was naked, and had no other covering than some few leaves. . . . So great and so unsupportable were the miseries which *Gonzalo Pizarro* and his companions endured for want of food, that the four thousand *Indians* which attended them in this discovery perished with famine. Likewise, of the three hundred and forty *Spaniards* which entred on this discovery, two hundred and ten dyed, besides the fifty which were carried away by *Orellana*. Their swords they carried without scabbards, all covered with rust, and they walked barefoot; and their visages were become so black, dry, and withered, that they scarce knew one the other; in which condition they came at length to the frontiers of *Quito*, where they kissed the ground and returned thanks to God, who had delivered them out of so many and so imminent dangers."

If this was the fate of a band of picked men, taken from the sturdiest host of adventurers which ever went on an expedition, inured to every hardship, and led by one of the most famous men of the time, bold and strong, and accounted "the best lance in *Peru*," it is not surprising that *Madame Godin* met with some misadventures, for she took a route which even at the present day is considered more difficult than that by the *River Napo*. But in reading of this and of that route, it must not be supposed that they are, or ever have been, well-travelled paths or distinct roads. A great part of the way between the *Andes* and the points where the river becomes navigable leads through tropical vegetation of the densest character. The Europeans who pass by these routes are never numerous, and in some years may be counted on the fingers; and the tracks would speedily be overgrown and obliterated if it were not for the *Indians*, to whom they have been known for centuries—in all probability long before the Spanish conquest. So small is the traffic, and so rapid the growth of parasitic and other plants, that everything soon becomes covered with a twined and interlaced network of vegetation which can neither be penetrated nor trodden down, and every step must be cleared by hacking right and left with the large knives (called *machetas*) which are carried by the *Indians*; and any person, unprovided with these, attempting to force a way through the dense undergrowth, speedily finds his or her garments ripped into shreds by the hooks and claws with which vegetation in the tropics is so abundantly provided.

Madame Godin did not herself publish a narrative of her adventures. She communicated the details to her husband, who wished to send them to *Mons. de la Condamine*; and the following much-condensed account is taken from that relation. "I had intended," he said, "never to speak of this matter, but your old comradeship, of which I am proud,

and the friendliness you have shown me, make it impossible to refuse you.

"You will remember that the last time I had the honour to see you, in 1742, when you left *Quito*, I told you that I purposed to take the same route as yourself, and I left the Province of *Quito* in March, 1749, arriving at *Cayenne* in April, 1750. I wrote immediately to *M. Rouillé*, at that time Minister of Marine, and begged him to get me passports from the Portuguese, authorising me to re-ascend the *Amazons* to fetch my family.* From the answer I received I learned that the authorities at *Cayenne* were instructed to give me letters of introduction to the officials at *Para*. I then wrote to you, and you had the goodness to apply for my passports. You sent me also a letter from the Portuguese Minister in France to the Governor of *Para*, and advised me that my passports had been despatched to that place. I then asked for information from the Governor, who said that he knew nothing about the matter. I con-



A "MACHETA."

tinued to write to *Monsieur Rouillé* (who, however, was no longer Minister), and subsequently applied four, five, or six per annum for passports—always fruitlessly. Several of my letters were lost or intercepted during the war. At length I applied to the *Comte d'Hérouville*, requesting him to ask the *Duc de Choiseul* to interpose in my favour, and in the tenth month after writing to him a decked galleon arrived at *Cayenne*, sent from *Para* by order of the King of Portugal, commanded by a captain of the garrison, who was instructed to take me to *Para*, and thence to remount the river as far as the first Spanish settlement, and to await my return there, and convey me and my family to *Cayenne*—truly royal generosity.

"We left *Cayenne* in the last days of November, 1765, to get my property at *Oyapok*. I became dangerously ill, and the commander was good enough to wait six weeks for me;

* This needs some explanation. At this period the mouths of the *Amazons* belonged to the Portuguese, who laid claim to the whole of the river. No person could enter the country without their sanction.

but seeing at length that I was not in a condition to travel, I begged him to start, and to take someone else in my place with letters for my family. I thought *Tristan d'Oreasaval* (whom I had known a long time) a fit person to carry out my wishes, and committed to him orders from the Head of the *Jesuits* to the Provincial at *Quito*, and to the Superior of the Mission at *Mainas*, to provide canoes and necessaries for my wife's journey. My instructions to *Tristan* were simply to carry these letters to the Superior at *Laguna*, head-quarters of the Spanish Missions of *Mainas*, who I begged to forward my letters to *Riobamba*, in order that my wife might be informed of the ship which was sent by the King of Portugal to convey her to *Cayenne*. *Tristan* had only to wait at *Laguna* for the answer from *Riobamba*.

"He departed from *Oyapok* on board the Portuguese ship on January 24, 1766, and arrived at *Loréto*, the first Spanish post, in July or August of the same year. The commander having landed him there, returned to *Tavatinga* (lower down the river), carrying out his orders to wait there for the arrival of *Madame Godin*; and *Tristan*, instead of going on to *Laguna* (higher up the river), having met at *Loréto* a Jesuit called *Father Yesquen*, who was returning to *Quito*, handed him the packet of letters, sending the letters (which had been addressed to a place only a few days' journey off) a distance of five hundred leagues farther on across the *Andes*, while he remained in the Portuguese settlements engaged in trading.

"Notwithstanding this bad business, a rumour reached the province of *Quito*, and came to the ears of *Madame Godin*, both that letters had been sent by a Jesuit father, and that a vessel had arrived to convey her to *Cayenne*; and her brother, an Augustine priest, along with *Father Terol*, a Dominican, entreated the Provincial at *Quito* to recover the letters. The Jesuit said that he had handed them over to a second, who excused himself by saying that he had passed them on to a third; but, despite all their inquiries, the packet never came to hand. You may imagine the worry of my wife, not knowing what she ought to do. Some said one thing, and some another. To determine to take such a long journey, to sell her furniture and wind up all her affairs without having any positive information, was too hazardous; and at length, in order to know what to think, she decided to send to the Missions a negro upon whom she could rely. The negro went, and returned with certain information that the ship was there, and that *Tristan* was at *Loréto*. *Madame Godin* then determined to make the journey, sold all that she could of her property, and left the rest with a brother-in-law. All these operations consumed time, and she could not start from *Riobamba* until October 1, 1769.

"Rumours of the Portuguese ship had spread as far as *Guayaquil* and along the shores of the Pacific, and a certain Mr. R—, a so-called French doctor, who was wanting to return to Europe, and thinking of doing so by way of *Panama*, hearing that a lady at *Riobamba* was intending to descend the *Amazons*, changed his plans, and came up from *Guayaquil* to beg that *Madame Godin* would take him into her party, promising her that he would look after her health, etc., etc. She demurred to this at first, but he got hold of her two brothers, who prevailed upon her at last to admit him, by representing how useful a doctor might be upon such a long journey. They also joined the party, and brought with them a boy nine or ten years old, who was going to be educated in France, while her father had started some time before in order to facilitate the route for his daughter, across the *Andes*, as far as the place where they were to embark on the river,

"She set out from Riobamba on Oct. 1 1769, and (traversing the Andes without misadventure) arrived at the village of Canélos, where they were to embark on the little river Bobonaza, which falls into the Pastassa, and subsequently into the Amazons. Her father, who had preceded her about a month, had found the village inhabited, and had continued onwards to arrange for her reception, knowing that she was to be accompanied by her brothers, by a doctor, the negro, and three servants. But in this interval small-pox had broken out amongst the Indians, who, seeing that those died who were first attacked, fled from the village, and took refuge in the forests. My wife had started with thirty-one Indians, to carry her and her baggage, for you know that the track is impracticable even for mules. Her Indians, who, according to the bad custom of the country had been paid in advance, had scarcely arrived at Canélos before they turned tail and deserted her. You know how often they did the same with us, without the least cause, when we were carrying on our work in the Andes.

"The party, however, attempted to proceed. There were only two Indians in the village who had escaped the small-pox, and they had no canoe; but they promised to make one, and to convey her to the Mission of Andoas, about twelve days lower down the Bobonaza, perhaps 140 to 150 leagues distance. They, too, were paid in advance*, and when the canoe was finished all started from Canélos, and rowed downwards for two days, coming ashore at night. On awaking the next morning it was found that the two Indians had vanished, and the travellers continued onwards without a guide, the third day passing without any accident. On the morrow they came across a convalescent Indian, who agreed to go with them to steer their boat, but shortly afterwards, whilst endeavouring to recover a hat which had fallen in the water, he tumbled overboard, and, being weak, was drowned. The unsteered canoe, full of people who did not know how to manage it, soon became swamped, and they were compelled to come to land, at a distance of about four or five days from Andoas. The French doctor offered to go there, and left in the canoe with another Frenchman and the faithful negro, who went to assist them. 'I blamed my wife,' said M. Godin, 'for not also sending one of her brothers to get assistance at Andoas, but she said that neither of them would venture in the canoe after the accident which had happened.' The doctor promised, at leaving, that within fifteen days a canoe and Indians should come back to them.

"Instead of fifteen days they waited twenty-five, and having lost all hope of succour, made a raft and embarked upon it with some provisions and baggage; but it was badly managed, and soon struck upon a submerged tree and tumbled the whole of its occupants and their belongings into the river. No one was drowned, and Madame Godin was saved by her brothers after she had sunk twice. Finding themselves even worse off than before, they determined to follow the banks of the river on foot, and before doing so returned to their last encampment to get the provisions which they had left behind. It was evident that the windings of the river much increased the length of their journey, and to avoid them they struck into the forest and shortly afterwards lost themselves.† Torn by briars and spines, and dying of hunger, they were compelled to

subsist on seeds and wild fruits, and at length fell to the ground exhausted, unable to rise again. In three or four days all, except Madame Godin, died one after the other. This unfortunate party of seven persons perished some time between December 25 to 30, 1769."

Our heroine, it is said, remained two days by the side of the corpses, bewildered and stunned, worn out, yet tormented by horrible thirst; shoeless and half-naked, barely covered by two shawls and a bramble-torn chemise. She cut the shoes off her brother's feet and tied them on her own, and essayed to travel alone. From well-ascertained subsequent dates, and from her own account, it appears that nine days elapsed since she witnessed her brothers and her servants draw their last breath before she again reached the banks of the River Bobonaza. Madame Godin declares that she was alone in the forest during ten days—two in lying by the side of her dead brothers, expecting that every moment would be her last, and the other eight in dragging herself here and there. On the second day of her solitary journey she found some water, and on the following days some wild fruits and green eggs that she did not recognise, which seemed to have belonged to a species of partridge, but she was so feeble that she could hardly avail herself of them.

"If you were to read in a novel," said M. Godin, "that a delicate woman, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, was precipitated into a river and extricated half-drowned, became buried in a pathless forest, and wandered there, lost, for several weeks, suffering hunger, thirst, and fatigue to the point of exhaustion; saw two brothers far stronger than herself expire under their privations, as well as a nephew, a valet, and three young female servants; that she alone survived, remained two days with the corpses, in a place infested by jaguars and dangerous snakes, yet without seeing a single one; and then wandered in rags through the recesses of the forest for eight days until she again arrived on the banks, you would accuse the author of gross exaggeration; yet it is the simple truth, which is attested by various letters from the missionaries."

On the eighth or ninth day, according to the reckoning of Madame Godin, she found herself again on the banks of the river, and at daybreak heard a noise a short distance away. Her first feeling was to hide herself, but a moment's reflection told her that she could not be worse off, and consequently had nothing to fear. She saw two Indians about to push a canoe into the water. When they came towards her she entreated them to convey her to Andoas, and they proved to be two of the natives who had fled from Canélos on account of the small-pox, and were themselves about to descend the river. They lavished the greatest care upon her and conducted her to the village, where she would have stopped several days for the repose of which she had so much need but for the missionary to whose tender mercies she found herself handed over—indeed, she would not have stopped a night there if she could have avoided it. Devoid of almost everything, and not knowing how otherwise to reward them, Madame Godin took two gold chains which were still around her neck, weighing about two ounces a-piece, and gave one to each of the Indians who had saved her life; but the priest seized them, even in her presence, and gave the Indians in exchange only three or four ells of common cotton cloth. She was so angry at this injustice that she made immediate arrangements for departure, and set out the next morning for Laguna.*

While Madame Godin was wandering in the forest, her faithful negro reascended the

* Andoas is about half-way between Canélos and Laguna.

river with some Indians from Andoas. The French doctor did little to hasten the despatch of succour to his benefactors, and had scarcely arrived at Andoas before he set out again with his comrade and his baggage, and went on to Omaguas, much lower down the Amazons than Laguna. When the negro arrived at the place where he had left his mistress and her brothers, he followed their track into the forest, and discovered the bodies. But they were already unrecognisable, and believing that all had perished, he returned, gathered up their property, and returned to Andoas before his mistress arrived there, and went on to Omaguas, to hand everything over to the doctor, who took possession of the effects, and sent the negro back to Quito.

During this time Madame Godin, with the canoe and Indians from Andoas, arrived at Laguna, a place which is not situated on the Amazon, but some miles up the Guallaga, one of its affluents; and the negro Joachim, not being aware that she was there, passed upwards and missed his mistress again. At this place madame remained six weeks, receiving every attention from the authorities, who despatched an express down the river to advise her father of her safety. The French doctor then thought it advisable to pay her a visit, and brought a portion of her property, remarking that all the rest had rotted; but madame indignantly reminded him that golden bracelets, emerald earrings, and objects of that nature do not rot, and ordered him to take himself off, as it was not possible to forget that he was the cause of her misfortunes and losses; and with almost equal warmth she repelled the suggestion made by the authorities at Laguna that she should return to Riobamba, who warned her that, although she had accomplished a long journey, she had a far greater voyage before her, which might be full of risks. She declared that to do so would be flying in the face of the Providence which had watched over and preserved her, and that the one motive which had prompted her to start, and the sole wish she had, was to rejoin her husband.

It is needless to say more than that she did so a few months later. After travelling several hundred miles farther by canoe, she met the captain of the Portuguese ship, and sailed down the entire length of the Amazons to Para. News reached her husband at Oyapok that she was coming; and, said he, "At this intelligence I went out in a galliot which belonged to me, and cruised up and down to meet the ship which I expected. On the fourth day it came, and, after a separation of twenty years, I rejoined a dear wife, whom I scarcely expected to see again."

The name of Madame Godin is no more heard of in history. It is said that her hair turned white on this journey, and it is to be hoped that she enjoyed in later years such an amount of conjugal happiness as rewarded her for her extraordinary devotion and wonderful courage.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

II.—OUR CHRISTMAS WEEK.

EARLY in November I commence my preparations for Christmas. To begin with, I have a good deal of needlework to do for the poor, for as we only calculate to spend a small sum of money out of our income in charity, we have to give much time, as we like by the end of the year to make our gifts equal to a tithe, or tenth part of our income.

As a matter of fact, we always manage to do this, but it compels me to work for a couple

*It is still universally the custom in this region to pay Indians in advance who are to come as porters, or to perform services. They will not come except they are paid in advance, and frequently upon the least pretext (and sometimes without any whatever) they desert the traveller, leaving him to shift for himself as he can.

† As they might very easily, if unprovided with a compass, of which there is no mention in the narrative.