

## C H A P. III

*Of further Difficulties and Deliverances.*

SECT. I.  
Of a near escape from  
Death by Frost.

ONE Winter as we were moving from Place to Place, our Hunters kill'd some Moose ; and one lying some Miles from our Wigwams, a Young Indian & my self were ordered to fetch part of it. We set out in the Morning when the Weather was promising, but it proved a very Cold, Cloudy Day. It was late in the Evening we arrived at the Place where the Moose lay : so that we had no time to provide Materials for Fire or Shelter. At the same time a Storm came on very thick of Snow, and continued till the next Morning. We made a small Fire with what little Rubbish we could find around us, which with the heat of our Bodies melted the Snow upon us as fast as it fell, and fill'd our Cloaths with Water. Nevertheless, early in the Morning, we took our Loads of Moose-Flesh, and set out, in order to return to our Wigwams : We had not travelled far before my Moose-Skin Coat (which was the only Garment that I had on my Back, and the Hair was in most Places worn off) was froze stiff round my Knees like a Hoop, as likewise my Snow-shoes & Shoe-clouts to my Feet ! Thus I march'd the whole Day without Fire or Food ! at first I was in great Pain, then my Flesh numb'd, and I felt at times extream Sick, and tho't I could not travel one foot further ; but wonderfully reviv'd again. After long travelling I felt very drowsy, & had thoughts of setting down ; which had I done, without doubt I had fall'n on my final Sleep ; as my dear Companion, *Evans*, had done before ; for my Indian Companion, being better Cloath'd, had left me long before : but again my Spirits reviv'd as much as if I had receiv'd the richest Cordial ! Some Hours after Sun-set I recovered the Wigwam, and crawl'd in with my Snow-shoes on. The Indians cry'd out, *The Captive is froze to Death !* They took off my Pack, and where that lay against my Back was the only Place that was not frozen. The Indians cut off my Shoes, and stript the Clouts from my Feet, which were as void of feeling as any frozen Flesh could be : but I had not sat long by the Fire, before the Blood began to circulate,