

gave me to understand, that unless I fled, or could conceal myself, I should certainly be killed.

My guide was absent; and, without his direction, I was at a loss where to go. In all the surrounding lodges, there was the same howling and violence, as in that from which I had escaped. I was without my snow-shoes, and had only so much clothing as I had fortunately left upon me, when I lay down to sleep. It was now one o'clock in the morning, in the month of January, and in a climate of extreme rigour.

I was unable to address a single word, in her own language, to the old woman who had thus befriended me; but, on repeating the name of Bodoine, I soon found that she comprehended my meaning; and, having first pointed to a large tree, behind which, she made signs, that until she could find my guide, I should hide myself, she left me, on this important errand. Meanwhile, I made my way to the tree, and seated myself in the snow. From my retreat, I beheld several Indians, running from one lodge to another, as if to quell the disturbance which prevailed.

The coldness of the atmosphere congealed the blood about my wound, and prevented further bleeding; and the anxious state of my mind rendered me almost insensible to bodily suffering. At