

the cold that he felt, he at the same time tore almost all the skin from his tongue.

All of this would have almost made me believe in France that this country is unbearable. [71] I admit that some days are very cold and penetrating, but they are few, and the rest are more than tolerable. Here they roll on the snow as they do in France upon the grass of our meadows, so to speak; I do not mean to say that it is less cold than it is white, but the days are fine, and the Sun is warmer than in many parts of France. We are, they say, on the same parallel with la Rochelle. The least exercise we take generally dispels the rigor of the cold.

How often, when coming to a hill or a mountain which I must descend, I have rolled down to the bottom on the snow, experiencing no other discomfort than to change for a little while my black habit for a white one, and all this is done with much laughter. For if you do not stand firmly upon your raquettes, you will whiten [72] your head as well as your feet.

How many times have I done this also upon the icy heights of the river banks along which I was going. It was a Savage who taught me this trick, known to everybody here; he went ahead of me, and, seeing that his head was in danger of reaching the river before his feet, he let himself roll the whole length of the ice, and I after him. The best of it is that you have only to do it once, in order to understand the trick. I was afraid, at first; for the rising tide, lifting up those great blocks of ice, cracks them in many places, and the water, splashing up on the banks of the river, makes a thin layer of ice over the thicker one. When you try walking upon the thin ice, it breaks under you. The first time I tried it, I thought