

snow, and became so heavy that, when we tried to draw them out, it seemed as if somebody were tugging at our legs to dismember us. I have seen some who slid so far under the logs buried in the snow, that they could not pull out either their legs or their snowshoes without help. Now imagine [246] a person loaded like a mule, and judge how easy is the life of the Savage.

In the discomforts of a journey in France, villages are found where one can refresh and fortify one's self; but the inns that we encountered and where we drank, were only brooks; we even had to break the ice in order to get some water. It is true that we did not make long stages, which would indeed have been absolutely impossible for us.

When we reached the place where we were to encamp, the women went to cut the poles for the cabin, and the men to clear away the snow, as I have stated more fully in the preceding Chapter. Now a person had to work at this building, or shiver with cold for three long hours upon the snow, waiting until it was finished. Sometimes I put my hand to the work to warm myself, but usually I was so frozen that fire alone could thaw me. The Savages were surprised at this, for they often sweat under the work. Assuring them now and then that I was very [247] cold, they would say to me, "Give us thy hands that we may see if thou tellest the truth;" and, finding them quite frozen, touched with compassion, they gave me their warm mittens and took my cold ones. This went so far, that my host, after having tried it several times, said to me, "*Nicanis*, do not winter any more with the Savages, for they will kill thee." I think he meant that I would fall ill, and, as I could