

THE

the snow, at a place quite

I should have flown to
important for us to over-
er, like myself, felt how
any longer to follow his

the place where I knew he
the snow to take the sea-
andy, we were stopped for
however, and after walking
struck on the trail of the
his snow-shoes, doubtless
ble to follow him thus far.
ink that his cabin was not
speed, and, as we got near
port of a gun; we did not
er it, for fear that, if it was
e were pursuing, he would
ly with new swiftness, as
near.

to walk on, and, soon after
other; this made us suspect
ht a fire there, to rest with
atisfying himself that he was
ure was false, as you will

ond report, we heard a third,
; no answer from us; we
r way, we found a large boat
n working the day before, and
r a large cabin. We entered

with the air which suited our situation; the tone of
suppliants was the only one that became us; we took it
at first, but the old man, who spoke French, would not
permit us to continue it.

"Are not all men equals?" said he, "at least ought
they not to be? Your misfortune is a title to respect,
and I regard it as a favor, that Heaven, by bringing
you here, gives me an opportunity to do good to men,
whom misery still pursues. I only require of you to
tell me what has befallen you, since you were cast on
this island; I should be glad to sympathize with you
over your past sufferings; my sensibility will be a new
consolation."

At the same time, he ordered them to cook our meat
with peas, and spare nothing, to show that humanity is
as much a virtue of the American Indian, as of more
civilized people. When this old man had given his
orders, he begged us to gratify his curiosity; I endeav-
ored to forget none of the circumstances which you
know attended our misfortune, and, after having finished
my story, I begged the old man to tell me why the two
Indians, whom we had seen in the depth of our misery,
had refused to help us.

"Indians," said he, "tremble at the mere name of
sickness, and all my arguments have not yet dispelled
the terror which still fills all whom you see in this
cabin. It is not that they are insensible to the misery of
their brethren; they would fain help them, but the fear
of breathing a tainted air checks the impulses of their
hearts, which are naturally compassionate. They fear
death, not like other men, but to such a degree, that I
know not what crimes they would not commit, to avoid it.