

novelties. We killed severall other beasts, as Oriniacks, staggs, wild cows, Carriboucks, fallow does and bucks, Catts of mountains, child of the Devill; in a word, we lead a good life. The snow increases daily. There we make racketts, not to play att ball, but to exercise ourselves in a game harder and more necessary. They are broad, made like racketts, that they may goe in the snow and not sinke when they runne after the eland or other beast.

We are come to the small lake, the place of rendezvous, where we found some company that weare there before us. We cottage ourselves, staying for the rest, that came every day. We stayed 14 dayes in this place most miserable, like to a churchyard; ffor there did fall such a quantity of snow and frost, and wth such a thick mist, that all the snow stoocke to those trees that are there so ruffe, being deal trees,¹ prusse cedars, and thorns, that caused y^e darkness upon y^e earth that it is to be believed that the sun was eclips^d [under] them 2 months; ffor after the trees weare so laden wth snow that fel'd afterwards, was as if it had been sifted, so by y^e means very light and not able to beare us, albeit we made racketts of 6 foot long and a foot and a halfe broad; so often thinking to tourne ourselves we fel'd over and over againe in y^e snow, and if we weare alone we should have difficultie enough to rise againe. By the noyse we made, the beasts heard us a great way off; so the famine was among a great many that had not provided before hand, and live upon what they gett that day, never thinking for the next. It grows wors and wors dayly.

To augment our misery we receive news of the Octanaks, who weare about a hundred and fifty, wth their families. They had [had] a quarell wth y^e hurrans in the Isle where we had come from some years before in the lake of the stairing hairs, and [who] came purposely to make warres against them y^e next summer. But lett us see if they brought us anything to subsist wthall. But [they] are worst provided than we; having no huntsmen, they are reduced to famine. But, O cursed covetousnesse, what art

¹ Pines.— ED.