

faggott, and boyle it, and when it boyles one houre or two y<sup>c</sup> rind or skinne comes off w<sup>th</sup> ease, w<sup>ch</sup> we take and drie it in the smoake and then reduce it into powder betwixt two graine-stoans, and putting the kettle w<sup>th</sup> the same watter upon the fire, we make it a kind of broath, w<sup>ch</sup> nourished us, but becam thirstier and drier than the woode we eate.

The 2 first weeke we did eate our doggs. As we went backe upon our steps for to gett any thing to fill our bellies, we weare glad to gett the boans and carcasses of the beasts that we killed. And happy was he that could gett what the other did throw away after it had ben boyled 3 or foure times to get the substance out of it. We contrived an other plott to reduce to powder those boanes, y<sup>c</sup> rest [remains] of crows and doggs. So putt all that together halfe foot w<sup>th</sup> in grounde, and so makes a fire upon it. We covered all that very well w<sup>th</sup> earth, soe feeling the heat, and boyled them againe and gave more froth than before; in the next place, the skins that weare reserved to make us shoose, cloath, and stokins, yea, most of the skins of our cottages, the castors' skins, where the children beshit them above a hundred times. We burned the haire on the coals; the rest goes downe throats, eating heartily these things most abhorred. We went so eagerly to it that our gumms did bleede like one newly wounded. The wood was our food the rest of [that] sorrowfull time. Finaly we became the very Image of death. We mistook ourselves very often, taking the living for the dead and y<sup>c</sup> dead for the living. We wanted strength to draw the living out of the cabans, or if we did when we could, it was to putt them four paces in the snow. Att y<sup>c</sup> end the wrath of God begins to appease itselfe, and pityes his poore creatures. If I should expresse all that befell us in that strange accidents, a great volume would not containe it. Here are above 500 dead, men, women, and children. It's time to come out of such miseryes. Our bodyes are not able to hold out any further.

After the storme calme comes. But stormes favoured us, being that calme kills us. Here comes a wind and raine that putts a new life in us. The snow falls, the forest cleers itselfe, att w<sup>ch</sup> sight those that had strings left in their bowes