

Towards the End of *March*, the Fish begin to spawn, and crowd into the Rivers in such Shoals, as is incredible to any one that has not seen it. The first that comes in is the *Smelt*, which is three times as big here as in *Europe*. The Banks of the Rivers are likewise covered with Bustards, who come there to build their Nests; the Eggs alone of these Birds are almost sufficient to subsist the Inhabitants during the Season, and that without hurting the Increase of the Species.

After these, the *Sturgeon* and the *Salmon* bring in warm Weather; and now all the Hollows of the Rocks, and other Recesses, are stuffed with Birds Nests of every Kind.

Besides this Plenty of Eatables, which succeeding each other, make all together an agreeable Variety, the Cod-Fish may be looked on as the constant standing Dish of the Country; and if these People would till and sow their Land, feed their Cattle, and raise Poultry; Fishing, Fowling and Hunting might be used only for Exercise and Diversion.

The Inhabitants in general live to a great Age, and it is particularly remarked of one of the Sagamo's, whose Name was *Mambertou*, that he was above 100 Years old when he died. I confess there is nothing so extraordinary in this as to deserve a particular Remark.

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