

by the inhabitants of the land." This Ari Marson, it is elsewhere stated, in 983, was driven by tempests to a region lying far west of Ireland, and called Huitramannaland, or Irland it Mikla (Ireland the Great).

A most romantic account is given, in another chronicle, of the adventures and fate of Biorn Asbrandson, an Icelandic hero, noted for his exploits in Pomerania and Denmark. Returning to his native island, he fell in love with Thurid, wife of an insular magnate, and in the frays provoked by the jealousy of the latter, slew several of his assailants. Like Eirek the Red, he was compelled to betake himself to the ocean, and accordingly, about the year 998, set sail, says the narrative, "with a north-east wind, which wind prevailed for a great part of that summer. Of the fate of that ship nothing was for a long time heard." More than thirty years afterwards, one Gudleif Gudlaugson, a noted sea-rover, returning from Dublin to Iceland, "fell in," says another chronicle, "with north-east and east winds, and was driven far into the ocean towards the south-west and west, so that no land was seen, the summer being now far spent. Many prayers were offered by Gudleif and his men that they might escape their perils; and at length they saw land. It was of great extent, and they knew not what land it was."

Landing, they were seized by the natives, and were carried before a great assembly, that their fate might be decided. From this dangerous situation they were rescued by an aged man, to whom all present paid respect, and who, to their surprise, addressed them in the Icelandic tongue. He made many inquiries concerning the people of Iceland, and especially concerning Thurid. He sent a golden ring to her, and a sword to her son Kiartan, but refused to tell his name, and hastened the departure of his guests from the dangerous coast. In the autumn, they succeeded in reaching Ireland, and thence, in the following spring, sailed to their native country, where they delivered the ring to the aged Thurid and the sword to Kiartan, of whom Biorn had been commonly reputed the father. There can be little doubt that the giver was the long-lost Icelandic champion, and that the coast on which he and Gudleif were thrown, judging from the description, was somewhere on the Atlantic coast of America, probably below New England.

It only remains to be added that on the Assoonet or Taunton River, near Dighton, (Mass.) in the immediate vicinity of Mount Hope Bay, is a sculptured inscription, of great antiquity, commonly