

rarely forsakes me.' When they heard this, none would eat any more; and so they threw all the remainder of the flesh from the rocks, commending themselves to God."

This Thorhall, in the spring of the following year (1008), set forth with a few companions to sail around Kialar-ness and make discoveries; but was driven to sea by westerly gales, and finally, it is said, reached the shores of Ireland. Thorfinn, with the remainder, in all an hundred and fifty-one, pursued his course westward, and came to Leifsbudir. The region in that vicinity was called by the Northmen, Hop. The Indian name was Haup, and the "lake" itself, to this day, is called Mount Hope Bay—perhaps a mere coincidence, but certainly a curious one. Here they had sight of numerous savages, who approached in their canoes, and, after landing and staring at the strangers with astonishment, embarked and retired beyond a promontory in the south-west. The summer and winter were passed at Leifsbudir, the latter season proving so temperate that the cattle remained in the open fields without shelter. The climate, it is probable, in that remote period, was somewhat milder in those regions, than it is at present.

In the spring of 1009, great numbers of the natives resorted to the colony for traffic—strips of red cloth being eagerly sought, and *milk porridge* affording them excessive delight. But the sudden appearance and bellowing of a bull frightened them all to their canoes. A few weeks afterwards they returned in great force, raising a shrill cry (probably the war whoop)\* and giving signals of defiance. Thorfinn and his men raised the red shield (the northern emblem of war) and a fierce battle commenced. In the midst of the conflict, Freydis, the daughter of Eirek, seeing her countrymen give way, rushed out of her dwelling, and reproached them. The *Skrælings* pursued her, and being near her time, she could not run fast. "She saw," says the chronicle, "a man lying dead. This was Thorbrand the son of Snorri, in whose head a flat stone was sticking. His sword lay naked by his side. This she seized, and prepared to defend herself. The *Skrælings* came up with her. She struck her breast with the naked sword, which so astonished the *Skrælings*, that they fled back to their canoes, and rowed off as fast as possible." Many of the savages were killed, and it is worthy of remark that the English, on their first arrival in this part of the country, found among the Indians a very distinct tradition of this conflict, of the

\* "*Skrælingi valde acute ululerunt*," says the Latin translation of the Norse MS.