

upon the pursuing Skróelings, and, like a genuine she-Berserker, she drew out her breasts from under her clothes, dashed them against the naked sword, and fiercely met the advancing foe. The Skróelings became seized with a panic, turned instantly, ran off to their canoes, and rapidly rowed away. A goodly number of the Skróelings fell in this affair, but only two of Karlsefne's people.

An incident is mentioned, which must have occurred about this time, and which would indicate that these Skróelings knew nothing of the use of metals. They found a dead man, and an axe lay by him. One of them took up the axe and cut wood with it; and then one after another did the same, seeming to think that it was an excellent thing and bit well. Afterwards one of them took it up and made a cut at a stone, so that the axe broke. Then regarding it as useless, they threw it away.

Karlsefne and his people now began to feel discouraged at their prospects. The land, it was admitted, had many excellent qualities. Still, they feared that they should always find themselves exposed there to the hostilities of the aboriginal inhabitants. They determined, therefore, to take their departure for their own old country. But first they made an exploratory trip, northward and westward, along the shore of Narraganset Bay. At one place, they found five Skróelings, clothed in skins, and lying asleep near the water side; and with them there were vessels containing what was supposed to be animal marrow mixed with blood. Karlsefne's people conjectured that these five men had been banished by their fellow-countrymen. They killed them—of course. They make note of a certain ness—perhaps Chipinoxet Point—where they found evidences of the place having been the resort of great numbers of wild animals. They then returned, probably south of the island, to Straumfjord; and there, as usual, they found abun-

dance of everything which they required.

Karlsefne himself then took one of his vessels and made an excursion northwards and eastwards, in search of Thorhall, the Hunter, who, it will be remembered, had, in the preceding year, obstinately sailed away in that direction. In the meantime, he left the remainder of his company either at Straumfjord or Hóp. Karlsefne sailed north, past Kjalarness (Cape Cod), and thence westward, with the land upon his larboard hand, and found woods everywhere, as far as they could see, with scarcely any open places. They found a river which fell out of the land from the east to the west, and they entered its mouth and lay by its southern bank. This was, no doubt, some inconsiderable stream, falling into Boston Bay; for it is stated that 'they looked upon the mountain range that was seen at Hóp, and that which they now found, as all one.' There can be no reasonable doubt that the 'mountain range' referred to, is that of the Blue Hills, which stretch through Norfolk County, from near Milton to the direction of Taunton River.

Of course Karlsefne returned without having seen, or heard, anything of the stiff-necked old Thorhall. Then he and his company spent their *third winter* in Vinland. 'There was born the first autumn, Snorri, Karlsefne's son, and he was three years old when they went away.' Troubles and dissatisfaction were already growing up in the little colony. To explain the causes of this, we cannot do better than to quote the Saga's own curt, but most intelligible, account of the real state of affairs—as thus: 'They now became much divided by party feeling, and the women were the cause of it; for those who were unmarried would injure those that were married, and hence arose great disturbance.'

At length (A. D. 1010), Karlsefne and his companions set sail from Vinland for their old home, with a fair