

Karlsefni had the doors of the booths guarded. Then the Skraelings took down their bags, and opened them and offered them for sale, and wanted weapons for them. But Karlsefni forbade them to sell weapons. He took this plan: he bade the women bring out their dairy stuff, and no sooner had they seen that, than they would have that and nothing more. Now this was the way the Skraelings traded: they bore off their wares in their stomachs; but Karlsefni and his companions had their bags and their skin wares, and so they parted. Karlsefni then had posts driven strongly about his booths, and made all complete."

"Next winter the Skraelings came again, and were more than before, and they had the same wares. Then Karlsefni said to the women, 'Now bring forth the same food that was most liked before, and no other.' And when they saw it, they cast their bundles in over the fence. But one of them being killed by one of Karlsefni's men, they all fled in haste, and left their garments and wares behind. 'Now,' said Karlsefni, 'I think they will come for the third time in anger, and with many men.' It was done as Karlsefni had said, there was a battle and many of the Skraelings fell."

The whole story of the dealings of the white man with the red man is here in a nutshell. Thorvald goes ashore with his company. "Here it is fair," he cries, "and here would I like to raise my dwelling," but seeing upon the sands three boats, and three men under each, "this iron-armed and stalwart crew,"—thirty broad-breasted Norsemen, lay hands upon the helpless nine and kill them. One escapes to tell the tale. A fight ensues, and Thorvald pays the penalty of his misdeeds. The savage has felt the power of the white man's weapons. He covets them. He comes the next year to Karlsefni with sable skins and wants weapons in exchange. Karlsefni wisely refuses. The women bring out the dairy stuff, and the simple savages trade. "They bear