

his mickleness, or his moderation and wisdom, had anything to do with this, the chronicler saith not. Now there was great talk about Leif's Vinland voyage, and Thorvald, his brother, thought the land had been too little explored. Then said Leif to Thorvald, "Thou shalt go with my ship, brother, if thou wilt to Vinland."

So in 1002, Thorvald and his men came to Vinland, to Leif's booths, and dwelt in peace there that winter. In the summer they sent the long boat along to the westward to explore. On the island they found a corn-shed of wood. More works of men they found not, and they went back to Leif's booths in the fall. "After that they coasted into the mouths of firths that were nearest to them and to a headland that stretched out, and they saw upon the sands within the headland three heights. They went thither, and saw there three skin boats and three men under each. Then they divided the people, and laid hands on them all except one, that got off with his boat. They killed these eight, and then went back to the headland, and saw in the firth some heights, and thought they were dwellings. Then came from the firth innumerable skin boats and made towards them." Thorvald said, "We will set up our battle shields, and guard ourselves as best we can, but fight but little." So they did, and the Skraelings shot at them for a while, but they fled, each as fast as he could." Thorvald was killed.

Karlsefni came next, "And this agreement made he with his seamen: that they should have even handed all that they should get in the way of goods. They bore out to sea and came to Leif's booths hale and whole. . . . After the first winter came the summer, . . . then they saw appear the Skraelings, and there came from out the wood a great number of men. At the roaring of Karlsefni's bulls the Skraelings were frightened and ran off with their bundles. These were furs and sable skins, and skin wares of all kinds.