

dwelling"), the unexpected discovery of three skin boats upon the beach affected him and his followers much as the imprint of a human foot did Robinson Crusoe. They found more than the boats, however; for each boat held three men, all but one of whom were caught and summarily despatched, for reasons that the Saga discreetly forbears to state.

But retribution followed fast. No sooner had the invaders returned to their ships than the natives attacked them in great force, and although the Norsemen came out best in the fighting, their leader, Thorvald, received a mortal wound. He charged his men to bury him upon the cape, "at which he had thought it best to dwell;" for, as he pathetically added, "it may happen it was a true word which fell from my mouth that I should dwell there for a time." His men did as they were bid. They set up two crosses over his grave, whose site is now known as Summit Point. They then hastened homeward.

After the lapse of two years, one Thorfinn Karlsefne, fired by what he heard of the wonderful discoveries made by the hardy sons of Eric the Red, fitted out an imposing expedition, his boats carrying one hundred and sixty men, beside women, cattle, etc., and set sail for Vinland. He reached his destination in safety, and, remaining there for some time, improved upon his predecessor's method of treating the natives. Instead of aimlessly killing them, he cheerfully cheated them, getting huge packs of furs in exchange for bits of red cloth. He has thus described his customers' chief personal characteristics: "These men were black and ill-favoured, and had straight hair on their heads. They had large eyes and broad cheeks." All of which shows that, although the Eskimo have changed their *habitat* since then, they have not altered much in their appearance.

After two years of prosperous trading, the relations between the Norsemen and the natives became strained, and they were vanquished by sheer force of numbers, and deemed it prudent to make off without standing upon the order of their going.

With the departure of the Norsemen, the curtain of obscurity falls upon the Eskimo and is not lifted again until we find them, not luxuriating amid the vine-entangled forests of Vinland, but scattered far and wide over the hideous desolation of the hard north, and engaged in a ceaseless struggle with hunger and cold. Just when they thus moved northward, and why, does not yet appear. If their innate and intense hatred of the Red Indian be of any service as a clue, it is, however, within the bounds of