

OLD NEW WORLD TALES.

THE NORTHMEN IN AMERICA.

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II.

WHILE Thorhall, the hunter, as we related in the last number of THE MONTHLY, had gone off northward on an expedition which cost him his life or his liberty, Karlsefne, with Snorri Thorbrandson, Bjarni Grimolfson, and the rest of the company, went away, with the other ships, exploring southwards, or south-westwards, along the coast. They sailed along upon that course 'until they came to a river which ran out from the land, through a lake, out into the sea'—obviously the place which had been previously visited by both Lief and Thorvald. They found the river so shallow that it could only be entered at high water, Karlsefne, with all his people, sailed up into it; and they called the place Hóp. This name is derived from the Icelandic word 'hópa,' to recede, to fall back, and must be taken to mean a marine recess, an estuary, a 'joggin,' to use a local word believed to be peculiar to the Bay of Fundy. It is very curious that the Indians, who dwelt thereabouts, at the time the earliest post-Columbian European settlements were made, applied the name *Mont-harp* to a fine elevation rising from the shore of this bay; and that the expanded inlet is, to this day, called Mount Hope Bay. It was here that, as already mentioned, the European settlers of the early part of the seventeenth century, heard from the oldest Indians the tradition of some strange men, in time far past, having floated a house up the Pocasset river,

and having fought with the Indians of that period. It seems quite credible—even quite probable—that the name Hop, or Hope, as applied to the place in question, has been in continuous use by the inhabitants of that vicinity, ever since it was first bestowed by the Northmen in 1008.

They found there, where the land was low, what they called 'self-sown fields of wheat,' but vines upon the higher ground. Either this so-called wheat must have been maize planted by the savages, or it was the offspring of some grain sown by Leif, or Thorvald, in a former year. Karlsefne and his companions had taken their cattle with them to this place. They found that all the streams in the vicinity, as well as the tidal waters, abounded in fish; and there were numbers of various kinds of wild beasts in the woods. They had remained there for half-a month without anything notable having occurred, when, early one morning, they saw a host of canoes approaching. Not knowing what this might denote, the Northmen held out a white shield towards the approaching force, as a sign of peace. Whether the significance of the sign was understood, or not, the Skróelings—for such they were—landed, and remained with the Northmen for some time, curiously examining and gazing at them and at everything about them. Then they re-entered their canoes and pulled 'away to the northward, round the ness.'

Karlsefne and his people had set up their dwellings above the lake; some