

to pass that his name was lengthened, and he was called Freysgoði. He was a man of right unruly ways, but a well-mannered man notwithstanding. He asserted the authority of a priest over all the men of Jökuldalr. Hrafnkell was meek and blithe towards his own people, but stern and crossgrained towards those of Jökuldalr, who never got fair dealings with him. He busied himself much with single combats, and for no man did he pay a weregild, and one ever brought him to do boot for whatsoever he might have done.

The country side of Fljótsdalr is a right difficult one to traverse, stony and sloughy. Yet father and son would be constantly riding to see each other, for between them there was much fondness of love. Hallfreðr thought the common way was too difficult of passing, so he sought for a new road above the fells, which stand in the country-sides of Fljótsdalr, where he found a drier one, although a longer, which ever since has been called the "gate" of Hallfreðr. This road is traversed only by those who are well acquainted with the country-sides.

There was a man named Bjarni, who dwelt at a stead called Langarhús, in Hrafnkelsdalr. He was married, and had begotten sons with his wife, one of whom was called Sámr, the other Eyvindr, goodly men and promising; Eyvindr stayed at home with his father, but Sámr was married, and had his abode on the northern side of the valley at a place called Leikskálar, and was right well off for live-stock. Sámr was a turbulent fellow, and skilled in law withal; but Eyvindr became a traveller, and went to Norway, where he dwelt for the first winter; from there he went abroad into foreign lands, coming at last to a stay in Constantinople, where he was right honourably received by the Greek king, and where, for a while, he spent his time.

Of all his possessions there was one for which Hrafnkell had greater fondness than any other. This was a horse of a roan colour, which he called "Freymane." He gave unto his friend Frey the half of this horse, and so great a love had he for it, that he made a solemn vow that he would kill any one who should ride the horse without his leave.

A man was hight Thorbjörn, brother of Bjarni, who dwelt at a stead in Hrafnkelsdalr, called Hóll, situated across the valley right against Aðalból, on the eastern side. Thorbjörn was a man of scanty means, but of many useless mouths. The eldest of his sons was called Einarr; he was a tall man and well-mannered withal. It so happened one spring that Thorbjörn said to Einarr that he had better try to secure some place for himself; "for," said he, "I am in want of no more work than can be done by the hands that are here already, but thou wilt find it easy to secure a situation, able and skilful as thou art. It is not for any want of love that I thus call upon thee to go away, for thou art to me the most useful of all my children; but it is because of my small means and poverty; but my other children must grow up labourers, but as for thee, thou wilt find it easier to get a place than they." Einarr answered: "Too