

Once more, as in old Britain and Brettony, Saxon and Norman language hold official recognition, and again a kindred people are united under a kingly successor to their Duke of Normandy. The plains of Abraham become the fit complement of the field of Hastings, serving as both have done to unite a wide-scattered kindred. How small availed the strategy of Philip and John of France to have acquired the soil of Normandy and Brettony, only to have the old Norman people sifted and drawn, or driven from out his dominions, again to combine beneath the ancient banner of their ancestral rulers, and the descendants of their illustrious kings.

Fitting it is that a new and unsullied continent, first discovered by our Norse ancestors, should be the free and happy home of that once more united people—the Northmen of the Western Hemisphere. So, bone to its bone, regathers the kingdom as of yore, an Empire now, world-wide under God's providence and their stout arm; and, though Briton and Breton may mark the distinction between the Saxon or the Norman tongue, yet once again they join—*One Flag, One King, One Country.*