

Europe, Asia and Africa; how long ages before the days of Columbus, they discovered the New World, and how centuries before Jacques Cartier was born, they coasted along the shores of the New Dominion at least as far south as Cape Sable, and thus by right of discovery made it their own. And it laments that the Northmen have ceased to be a people, and have been merged and lost in the Danes, the Swedes, and the British race, that the name of Norland is forgotten, and that Normandy has become a mere province of France. But when it is whispered that in the New World, men of the North, sprung from the old stock, whose fleets are whitening every ocean, and who claim to be the third maritime power in the world, have assumed once more that old familiar name; when it is known that the ships of the Northmen are once more to be seen in every sea, and in every port, history will rejoice at seeing the past revived, and the world will give them a friendly greeting as they once more take their place in the family of nations.

I must now conclude, but before doing so, I must not be guilty of a want of that courtesy to the fair sex which has ever been the peculiar characteristic of the North. We have heard much to-night of the men of the North, but we have forgotten those who were not less important in moulding the character of our race—the women of the North. Time will now fail me to remedy the omission, yet justice and courtesy alike require us to pay them the tribute of a moment's remembrance. Nothing surprised the Romans more in the character of Northern nations, than the respect paid by them to women. The Roman historian while extolling the domestic virtues of our ancestors, was indirectly holding up to contempt the degraded state of society among his countrymen. Nothing, he tells us, was more to be admired in the manners of the North than the inviolability of marriage. "No one among them" he says, "makes a jest of vice, for it is not with them as with us an age of corrupting and corruption." The presents to the bride were not a rich trousseau, but cattle, a shield, a helmet, and a sword, as emblems to remind her that she must be willing to share not only the toils of peace, but also the dangers of war, and that she should be prepared alike to live and die with her husband. *Sic vivendum, sic pereundum*. Nor was this only a matter of form. To the coward death was a penalty which he had to meet at the hands of the women, if he dared not fall facing the foe. The Romans were amazed when they routed the Cymbri, at seeing the Celtic mothers in their fury slaying husbands, brothers, and foes alike, and perishing with their children by their own hands. The respect which Northern women thus merited and received, developed in time into the romantic feeling of chivalry, and it still lingers in that deference which is paid in modern society to women, and which so strongly contrasts with the low estimate in which they were held in the days of ancient Greece and Rome.

"I am sick of hearing our poets forever harping upon the sunny South as 'the land of love

and song." The land of love! It may be the parent of wild passion, "the fiery, the fickle South,"

"Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,

"Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime,"

but domestic love and affection find only a congenial home in the North. Why should we call the South "the land of song"? The tuneful warblers of the grove are all natives of the North, and annually return to their home to make it the land of love and song, and to rear up a hardy and a healthy brood. The bright winged birds of the South have no song, and even the annual emigrants from the North lose the gift of melody when they leave their own shores. Though the forests of the South are strangely silent, we must not forget the little snow-white *campanula*, so called from its note resembling the ring of a bell, which perched far up aloft on the top of the highest teak tree, looks as if some good spirit of the North, in the form of a snow flake, had wandered away with the emigrants. It may ring its chime. But it rings in vain. The anthem of the woods is silent. The exiles are mute, for, like captive Judah, "how can they sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" They are true sons of the North. We may wander off to the plains of India, to the mines of Australia or Nevada, or to the plantations of the Mississippi. We may forget, and even turn our arms against the land of our birth, but the tuneful emigrant will never forget her. As sure as the streams begin to flow and the flowers to bloom, he will, if he is living, be here to greet them; and should he be crippled by accident, or maimed by some bird of prey, and unable to accompany his companions in their homeward journey, he will pine for the land of his birth, like the crippled pauper who from the deserted pier eagerly watches the crowded home bound packet ship till it passes out of sight on its way to his native land, and the tears steal into his eyes as he turns away with the vain wish in his breast that heaven would but give him wealth enough to carry him across the ocean, or that he had the wings of a dove, "for then he would fly to his home and be at rest." Not depend upon it, even if our little friend is unable to cross the ocean, and is a prisoner in the South, his heart will still be with us, and he will flutter along the sea shore, and gaze wistfully over the ocean, as his companions become a speck in the northern sky, and vanish in the distance.

But if all goes right he will be here next spring, and we shall hear him slinging his song in praise of the land of the North, of "the land of love and song." It may be the robin carolling from the top of the tallest spruce tree, or the linnet, as half tipsy with delight it sways to and fro on some bending spray, pouring forth its gubbing notes of joy.

As, however, our little friend is some thousands of miles away from us, I may venture to give you the burthen of his song. I am only his interpreter, and all translations, as you know, lack the freedom and the sweetness of the original.