

ination. I have no doubt but that these sea-kings, after establishing colonies in Greenland and Iceland, visited this country and made some settlements here, but I believe the few people they brought with them either perished in their wars with the Skroelligers, or Esquimaux, or that the remnant left the country which they could not then have found very inviting. The real cause, I should imagine, of the abandonment of these lands was the invasion of more genial climes and polished nations by the Northmen. When they obtained possession of one of the finest provinces of France, now called after them Normandy, when they settled in Northumberland, and along the fertile banks of the Shannon, the estuaries of the Liffey and the Suir, in Limerick, Waterford, Cork, Dublin, Wicklow, and many other Danish towns in Ireland, and when they showed such a capacity for the remains of civilization lingering in the Roman Empire as to adopt the languages, the arts, and the sciences of the provinces they had conquered, we may naturally imagine that the tide of adventurous emigration would be directed from the frightful shores of Greenland and Iceland, or the rugged and uninviting localities of Newfoundland, or Northern Continental America, to the shores of the Seine in smiling France, or the rich pastures of Ireland and England. The Western land would soon be forgotten, there would be no inducement to cross the stormy ocean in ships not as large as our Western boats, when they could coast along the shores of Europe, and find their countrymen settled in the maritime districts of a civilized country. It is said that a Greenland Bishop, Eric, visited Winland in 1121, to endeavour to reconvert his countrymen to Christianity which they had forgotten in those then remote and desolate regions—yet all appears buried in obscurity. We know quite enough to excite our curiosity, not to satisfy it, and it is impossible that the real history of the Northmen in America will ever be cleared up. They left no monuments after them: like all people who have abundance of wood, they would not build stone houses, and the only records we have of their existence here, are the songs of the Scalds, or the histories of Adam Bremen or others who lived ages subsequent to their settlement here, and embodied the traditions, half fact and half fable, which they found floating in the songs and legends of the people, in the histories they compiled.

We now leave the doubtful region of romance and fable mingled with some facts, for the sure ground of history. The wonderful discoveries of Columbus had excited in a degree we find it difficult to comprehend; the enthusiasm of Europe—a new world appeared, not as a discovery, but a new creation. Every maritime and commercial Nation was aroused, and all wished to participate

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