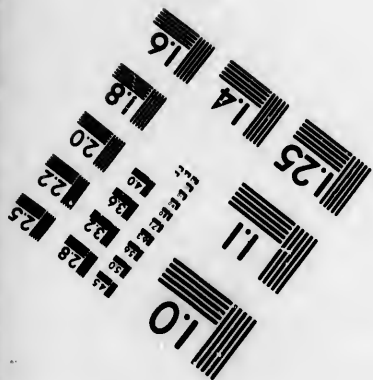
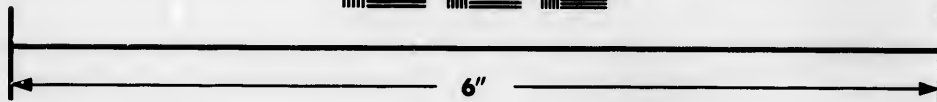
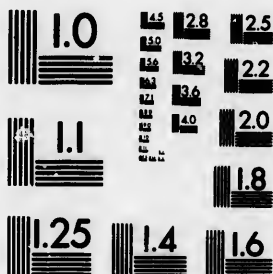


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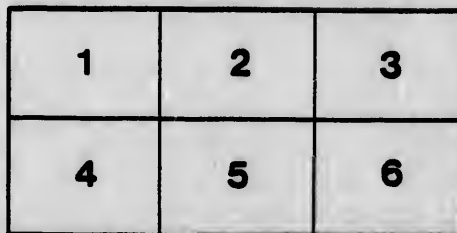
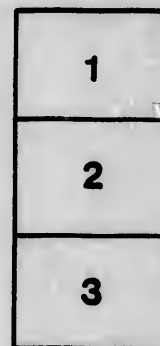
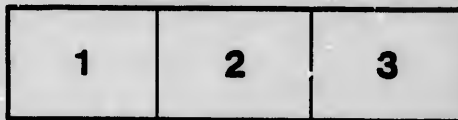
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THE MEN OF THE NORTH AND THEIR PLACE IN HISTORY.

BY R. G. HALIBURTON, F. S. A.,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES OF COPENHAGEN.

From the OTTAWA TIMES, March 20, 1869.

We are enabled to lay before our readers this morning a condensed report of the very interesting lecture delivered by Mr. HALIBURTON, on Thursday evening, before the Young Men's Christian Association of this city. The lecture was the concluding one of the winter course of the Association, and owing, doubtless, to this fact, and the high reputation of the talented lecturer, drew forth a large and highly intelligent audience. Mr. HALIBURTON well merited all the applause he received; his lecture was a literary treat, which all those present thoroughly enjoyed.

The lecturer commenced by pointing out the importance of a nation having a firm faith in its own future.

Our heritage is the Northern portion of this Continent. The new Dominion is peopled by the descendants of Northern races. Have the men of the North in the New World a hopeful career before them? What is the stock from which we have sprung? Who are the men of the North, and what is their place in history? The lecturer dealt with the question whether it is not due to the cold, bracing winds of the North, that the men of the North have ever been "the scourge of God" upon the sunny South. He then sketched the national characteristics of the four great dominant races that preceded the era when the sceptre of power was grasped by northern men. The Egyptian, patient and enduring, could build pyramids that could defy time, but could not build up a nation that could resist the power of northern invaders. "Destruction cometh, it cometh from the North. The daughter of Egypt shall be confounded, and she shall be delivered into the hands of the people of the North." The Assyrians, worthy descendants of Nimrod "the mighty hunter before the Lord," who still startle us by the stern spirit of the conqueror that breathes in the man-headed bulls, and in their warlike kings striding on with the step of the lion, were destined to fall before a northern power. "Out of the North a people shall come upon her, that shall make her land desolate and no man shall dwell therein." The Greeks conquered the world of letters by their literature and art; the Romans by

their political genius, and by their warlike qualities, made the eternal city the mistress of the world. Both paved the way for a new era, for a Christian civilization. But new soil was needed for the growth of a new religion. New blood was required for a new life. The rotten stem of expiring heathenism could never be a healthy stock on which to engraft a pure faith. And Providence sent the Northern barbarians, as the scourges of the South, to sweep away every vestige of the world of the past. The life and energy of youth were needed for the establishment of a new religion, just as they are necessary for the formation of a new Dominion. The lecturer here referred to the generous enthusiasm of the lamented McGee, and the singular influence that such a spirit wields in the formation of nationalities. As the fire-worshippers at the beginning of the year put out the old fires and re-kindled a blaze from the rays of the sun, it was needful that on the eve of a new era in the history of the world, the light of the past should be quenched forever, and that kindled by the hands of the North, a new and a purer light should blaze from the altars and the hearths of a new civilization. The lecturer showed that our modern literature, science, and jurisprudence have only been productive of satisfactory results when they were the embodiment of northern ideas, and that all attempts to revive the poetry, learning, or laws of ancient Greece and Rome have signally failed. The great mission of the men of the North, was to be the founders of a new civilization, and to be the champions of freedom in every land.

The most interesting of these northern races were the Normans or Northmen, whose sea-king Rollo conquered France, and left Normandy as a heritage to his family. He claimed descent from the gods of the North, as well as from Fornjotr, the old Frost Giant, the Father of the Wind and of the Ocean.

His successor, William the Conqueror, subdued Britain, and it is as his heir that Her Gracious Majesty, the royal descendant of the old Frost Giant, now rules over a Northern race, and sways the sceptre of the sea.

Here in the New World, we, who are sprung from these men of the North, are about to form a New Dominion in this Northern land,

a worthy home for the old Frost Giant, and a proud domain for his royal descendant. We have here strangely united together, all the original elements of the British race. We have the Celt, with his traditions of "good king Arthur," from whom, through her ancient British ancestors, her Gracious Majesty may claim descent; we have the Saxon or Teutonic element, and in Quebec we have a race that have come from Normandy and Brittany, the one the land of the Northmen or Normans, and the other inhabited by a Celtic race, cherishing the ancient British traditions of King Arthur and his twelve companions.

The Norman French of Quebec may well feel proud when they remember that they can claim what no other portion of the Empire can assert, that they are governed by a monarch of their own race, who holds her sceptre as the heir of Rollo, the Norman sea-king who first led their ancestors forth from the forests of the North to the plains of Normandy.

We have called the Dominion by the name of Canada. There is much in a name for a man or a nationality. I like Indian names for towns and for provinces, and there is something melodious and pleasing in the name of Canada, which favourably contrasts with the wretched dog-latin name of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, can anything be more unhappy? For a province I freely admit that Indian names are preferable, but should we ever become a nation, we need a name that will have some historical tradition, or at least some meaning and significance. What does Canada mean? Is it Indian? The Huron and the Mohawk stare at you when you ask them to explain it, and even the Mecmac declines the honour of its acquaintance, and tells you he never heard tell of such an Indian. We have been driven to Portuguese or Spanish, I forget which, and to the doubtful tradition that the early discoverers looking for gold were told there was Canada, "no gold here," or "nothing here." Canada then either does not signify anything, or it means *the land of nothing*. What a glorious national cognomen to select! What a destiny—to be a nation of nobodies living in the land of nothing!

I am reminded of a story of a humorous friend of mine, a son of the late Judge Archibald, who has inherited his father's humour and wit. Whenever he comes to Halifax, he is beset by an old servant who is always on the lookout for a half-crown. On one occasion he came up as usual, "Oh! Master Peter, I am so glad to see you, you're always the same, always the same." "Yes," replied Master Peter, who happens to be on the shady side of fifty, but is still Master Peter, "yes" he answered slapping his empty pocket, "I'm always the same, John, *you'll find no change about me.*" What our witty friend asserted of himself in jest, history will suppose that we have seriously claimed for ourselves as our national characteristic, that ours is "the land that knows no change." Why should we puzzle history by giving our-

selves a name of which it can make nothing? *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* We are no nameless race of savages, who have no past which we can recall with pride, and no future which we can work out for ourselves and our children. We are the sons and the heirs of those who have built up a new civilization, and though we have emigrated to the Western world, we have not left our native land behind, for we are still in the North, in the home of the old frost giant, and the cold north wind that rocked the cradle of our race, still blows through our forests, and breathes the spirit of liberty into our hearts, and lends strength and vigour to our limbs. As long as the north wind blows, and the snow and the sleet drive over our forests and fields, we may be a poor, but we must be a hardy, a healthy, a virtuous, a daring, and if we are worthy of our ancestors, a dominant race.

Let us then, should we ever become a nation, never forget the land that we live in, and the race from which we have sprung. Let us revive the grand old name of Norland, "the Land of the North;" *We are the northmen of the New World.* We must claim the name and render ourselves worthy of it.

Wherever we may go, we shall find it "familiar as a household word" and the flag of the northmen once more flying upon the ocean, will be a living memorial of a glorious past, and the herald of a noble future.

I once stood amid a crowd of tourists in a ruined abbey on the Tweed. The very dead seemed to be dying a second death, for the monuments on which their names still lingered, and which told of them as the former owners of the surrounding country, and of the burial aisle, were crumbling away, or being hidden by the luxuriant ivy, and the garulous old guide told us quaint legends of those whose tombs we saw, and lamented over the "good lairds of Westoun," whose lands had passed into other families, and whose name had become extinct. "No," we replied, knowing that one of our party bore the name and was descended from the race whose last resting place we were exploring, "no, they are not all dead and gone—for here is one of the old stock who has come from America to show you that though they may have died out in the Old World, there are still some of them left across the ocean who will preserve and perpetuate the name of the "good lairds of Westoun." The effect was magical. The old guide instantly deserted us to inform the villagers that one of "the old residents" was still in existence, and had returned to the old homestead, and in a few minutes we were amused by watching a rustic crowd that had collected around our friend, gazing upon him with open-mouthed delight. As they insisted on his remaining there a few days, we left him behind us, not among strangers, but among those who beheld in him all the local traditions and memories of "the good lairds of Westoun," embodied and revived. And thus will it be with ourselves. History, the guide to the past, tells the nation of the daring deeds of the Northmen. How they made every land the witness of their chivalry and valour, leaving their trophies in

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 defence 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 linnæus, 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.

THE NORTH—"THE LAND OF LOVE AND SONG."
 "Oh tell her swallow, for thou knowest each,
 That bright and fierce, and fickle, is the
 South,
 But dark, and true and tender is the North."
 —*The Princess.*

Leaves were flying,
 Falling and sighing,
 Fading and dying,
 Under the maple trees ;
 Under the trees I heard,
 Was it the leaves that stirred ?
 Voice of a fay or bird,
 Saying to me,
 Singing this pitiful song to me,
 Away ! away !

Away,
 We must not stay ;
 Away
 Across the sea !
 And every note
 My heart it smote,

Till I wept at the wall of the little birdie,
 For I knew 'twas the spirit of song I heard
 That sang to me thus with the voice of a bird.

Farewell to the North, the stern cold North,
 The home of the brave and the strong,
 To the true, the trusting, tender North,
 Dear land of love and song !
 Hark ! winter drear
 It comes a near,
 We dare not linger long.

There's a path in the air, man may not know,
 That guide us o'er the main ;
 And a voice in the winds, man may not hear,
 Will call us home again,
 When the winter dies,
 And the west wind sighs
 To hear the linnet's strain.

In the South, the fierce the fickle South :
 No voice of song is heard ;
 Though the oriole, like a sunbeam flits
 With many a radiant bird
 Through the mangrove's shade,
 No leafy glade
 By tuneful notes is stirred.

Hark ! Through the sleeping forest rings
 The campanola's chime.
 It calls in vain for the matin hymn
 That wakes the Northern clime ;
 How can we sing
 Home songs of spring,
 Or the notes of summer time ?

We silent seek the lonely homes
 Of a long-forgotten race :
 Through voiceless streets our wings are heard,
 And many a stream we trace
 From its unknown source,
 In its downward course,
 Till it dimples the ocean's face.

At length the weary wanderers
 A whispering murmur hear,
 Like the pent up moan of a mother's heart,
 Or the sigh of a sister dear.
 'Tis a voice from home ;
 Glad spring has come !
 'Tis the sigh of the North we hear.

Homeward over the salt sea waves,
 We rest mid sunny isles,
 Where the earth and the sky are ever bright,
 And the ocean ever smiles ;
 But the North whispers "come
 To your home, sweet home !"
 And we fly from the sunny isles.

We rest on the spars of the stately barque,
 And songs of the North we sing,
 Till the mariners weep in their dreams with
 joy,
 As they hear the voice of spring,
 And the linnet's strain
 Steals o'er the main,
 And the song which they hear us sing ;

We have come to the North, the stern cold
 North,
 The home of the brave and strong,
 To the true, the trusting, tender North,
 Dear land of love and song.

Under the oak trees lying,
 Budding leaves I see.
 Winter is dead.
 Tassels of red
 Burst from the maple tree ;
 And the robins and linnets are echoing back
 The song of the little birdie,
 ' We have come,
 We have come
 To the land of our home
 From far across the sea ;
 We have come,
 We have come,
 And the woods whisper 'come,'
 And my heart it says 'come' to the little
 birdie,
 For I knew 'twas the spirit of song I heard,
 That sang to me thus with the voice of a bird.

