The Evolution of Bird-Song

Mr. C. A. Witchell, writing upon the voices of British Mr. C. A. Witchell, writing upon the voices of birtish wild birds possess the power to emit a cry of distress—and this cry seems to be the first uterance of the Young't, contends that is, an exclamation caused by bodily pain, or by fear, most species. It is presumed that a cry of distress—and this cry seems to be the first uterance of the young of earliest vocal uterance within the ability of the bird or its oldentally by contortion of the body during combat, or other work of the control of the body during combat, or other heads of the individuals by whom it was uttered. If an outcry and ability to exclaim would become permanent, and the progenitors of the individuals by whom it was uttered. If an outcry and ability to exclaim would become permanent, and the progenitors of the individuals by whom it was uttered. If an outcry and ability to exclaim would become permanent, and the progenitors of the individuals by the control of the progenitors of the control of the co

note. This note was repeated by males in varied tone and pitch, and several influences ten led to make it a reproduction of surrounding persistent sounds. The call-notes were repeated by the males to the females; and in this manner arbitrary phrases were constructed. Further efforts on the part of the males induced greater variety, which took the form of imitation of other sounds.

The Bell of Justice.

Comes o'er the sea from Italy A story quaintly sweet: Nor minstrel's tale of lovers frail Nor jousts where brawlers meet. No lute-swept air to beauty faire, That bard or harper sings, Doth sweeter chime; to scented thyme No richer fragrance clings.

To guide the State, a kindly fate To guide the State, a kindly late
A noble prince had crowned
Italy's king, while liegemen sing
His praise the champaign round.
In all things just, in sooth, needs must
That vassals homage pay.
Where Love doth reign, no galling chain
Constrains his gentle sway.

Through Italy the King's decree
By heralds blazoned wide:
"Twixt man and man," the mandate ran,
"Let Justice always bide,
Nor fear that I, when any cry. For succour at my hand, Shall close mine ear, nor deign to hear The humblest in my land."

"Here in yon tower, my kingly power Decrees a bell shall swing;
The meanest one may hither run And loud for Justice ring.

When grasping might shall claim as right
What Justice ne'er allows,
Nor fear that he shall spurned be, Nor we his cause espouse!

Such role benign, like mellow wine,
All heart's warmed through the land,
And, man to man, each warring clan
As banded brothers stand. As banded protners stand.
The Justice-bell ne'er pealed its knell;
The frayed rope useless hung:
A creeping vine doth, braiding, twine
The rotting strands among.

When, lo! one morn, a sound was borne When, lo! one morn, a sound was born
Across the busy mart,
And, as the knell of passing bell,
It pierced the city's heart.
The long-hushed clang like clarion rang
Amid the echoing walls;
The elbowing crowd demand full loud
Who thus for Justice calls!

The King and Court, with hurried port, The King and Court, with nurried port,
Assemble in the square.
"Who thus doth ring? The plaintiff bring!
Deny his claim who dare!"
No answering sound, while far around
The bell's loud clangour tolls:
And awe-struck, dumb, the rabble come
As breaking tide-wave rolls.

"I' faith, perdy, a mystery!
Ho! varlets search the place
And hither bring whoe'er doth ring
And crave our royal grace?"
The minions sped, with hasty tread,
And, hurrying through the crowd,
Urged on his course a worn, lean horse,
'Mid laughter long and loud.

The poor, starved beast, that fain would feast Upon the tender vine
That tempting hung, the bell had rung!
And Justice owned the sign.
"Now by my crown!" with haughty frown,
The King cried lustily,
"The brute doth pray for help to-day,
Nor pleads in vain to me!"

"Let no one stir: bring forth the cur "Let no one stir: bring forth the cur
That left yon beast to die!—
Now, sirrah! see with my decree
You hasten to comply!
Thy faithful friend thou'lt kindly tend,
Serve him as he served thee;
Shalt house and feed thy toil-worn steed
Till death shall set him free!" Till death shaft set him free!'

With cheeks aflame, and tears of shame, With cheeks aflame, and tears of sname,
The caitiff meekly swore
To keep the trust, and owned it just.
Then with a lusty roar
The crowds divide on either side,
For horse and man make way;
Loud plaudits ring: "Long live the King
Who justly rules this day!"

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

Early Colonization in Canada.

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It may be said that the healthy social life and industrial progress of the Canadian people were due, in the main, to qualities which the founders of families brought with them from their homes in Northern France, developed and fructified by the discipline of the climate and the example and ministrations of a devoted clergy. Interesting it is to follow step by step the career of Champlain and the colony under him, and to share in the enthusiasm of Chomédy de Maisonneuve and his pious company, as with holy rites they laid the foundations of Ville Marie. Rapid, indeed, under those brave explorers of the 17th century, was the march of conquest. Once the foundations of the colony were fairly laid, they shrank from no difficulty, no danger. Missionary zeal, ambition, commercial enterprise, enlightened curiosity and love of adventure, all combined to make their successes rarely paralleled in boldness, range and usefulness. In less than a generation from the establishment of the first pioneer (Louis Hébert, 1617), that is, in the year 1645, we find, on the authority of M. Sulte, that the progress of colonization is represented by 122 habitants or settlers, all of whom but three are married, while one of the three is a widower. We know their names and places of birth. Thirty-four of them came from Normandy, twenty seven from Perche, four from Beauce, three from Picardy, five from Paris, three from Maine. Of the whole number eighty were from north of the Loire. As to the wives, it is probable that the eighty north-country men were balanced by eighty north-country women, the families that supplied the former also supplying the latter. Eight years later, that is in 1653, M. Sulte reckons the settled population at 675 souls, of whom 400 were at Quebec, 175 at Three Rivers and 100 at Montreal. Among the founders of Canadian families may be mentioned Louis Hébert, Guillaume Couillard, Abraham Martin (Mgr. Taché and Dr. Taché are descended from all three of these-brave pioneers), Jean Coté, Pierr

diers, military officers and members of the civil service.

After 1658 the provinces south of the Loire began to contribute a considerable proportion to the population, while the immigration from Perche and Normandy declined. But, as M. Sulte points out, the first arrivals exercised a deep and lasting influence on the character and usages of the people.* A patriotic sentiment had gradually taken root, as a new generation grew up. The born Canadians looked upon Canada with the same affection that their fathers had felt for France. Some old usages were preserved, but they, as well as the songs that were brought from across the Atlantic and even the spoken tongue were somewhat modified in the course of years. The French Canadian was being developed.

J. R.

*In his Histoire de la Littérature Canadienne, M. Lareau (whose death at a comparatively early age was a grave loss to Canadian letters) lays stress upon the fact that the traditions, songs, tales, proverbs and superstitions of the French Canadians are all Norman or Breton.

The Song "Scots Wha Hae."

Recently, at a meeting of the Town Council of Edinburgh, the Lord Provost said that at present there was for sale the original manuscript of "Scots Wha Hae," and it was in danger of going away out of the country, but the Council could purchase it for £70, and he thought it would be a great pity that it should be lost to Edinburgh. It would be a great shame that the great war song of Scotland should pass to other lands, and he moved, therefore, that the Council should authorize the purchase of the song. Councillor Auldjo Jamieson said he thought it was just that it should be known that that monument of history had been purchased by a Scotchman (Mr. Kennedy, banker, New York), who desired that, before removing it to America and placing it in a museum there, the metropolis of Scotland should have the opportunity of purchasing it at the money he paid for it himself. The Lord Provost said he thought they were extremely indebted to that gentleman. It was then agreed to purchase the song.

A Relic of Browning.

Browning was at dinner at the house of a friend when he saw a phonograph for the first time. He was greatly interested in it, and started to repeat to it "The Ride from Ghent to Aix." When half through he stopped suddenly and exclaimed, "Good gracious! I've forgotten the rest!" The phonograph dutifully repeated all he had said, including the exclamation at the end, and the film upon which the poet's language was impressed is now preserved as a the poet's language was impressed is now preserved as a precious relic.