

to be torn, like other seas, by violent tempests, and again contracting their waters, are precipitated over a shallow and rocky bed, until the gradually widening banks once more permit them to pursue a more tranquil course.

On the shore, and in the numerous beautiful—some alluvial, and some rocky— islands which diversify without interrupting the onward course of the waters, all is forest—gigantic, primeval forest. In the autumn of the year, the diversified appearance of the woods brightens the beauty of the scenery, to an extent not to be conceived by those who are not familiar with it. The dark Canadian pine, the magnificent cedar, the sturdy oak, the graceful birch, mingle their numerous hues with the crimson leaf* of the maple, and produce an effect which but few painters would dare to grapple with, but which would have filled even John Mallard Turner with wonder and delight.

Such are the circumstances in the midst of which these songs are sung. They are extremely numerous, some prevailing in one locality, some in another. Some are of a sprightly tone, and some few, but very few, are of a character not adapted to British taste—that is, as far as our sense of propriety is concerned. Most of them, however, tell of love and regrets, with all the melancholy sweetness of the *Vieux Gaulois*."

"Should the present specimen meet with the acceptance of the public, we may, from time to time, extract others from our stores;" but a diligent search has failed to find any further publication of the pleasing *chansons*.

For the benefit of all future critics of our Canadian songs, they may be referred to "SONGS OF OLD CANADA," translated by William McLennan, which can only be read with pleasure and delight; and especially to the note on this very song. "This charming love story, with its attractive air, rightly leads our Canadian songs. It apparently enjoyed as great a popularity in France as here, for Dr. Larue cites no less than five variations of the words. Its origin is unknown, but it is sung in Normandy, Brittany, and Franche-Comté.

*The maple leaves become crimson with the first frost, and the hills, which are covered with them, present a singularly beautiful appearance.