

was remarkable; as with wild gaze they followed me in my course, with ears erect, and white bushy tail. I passed over a fine variegated country. It was, as I was winding my way on foot, leading my horse through a thick under-wood, I thought I heard a distant bell; and again I lost its sound, and thought it mere imagination. But its tones increasing in clearness, induced me to believe it no fiction. At length, however, I heard no more of it; thinking it had stopped somewhere, I hurried on.

I travelled on several miles, when feeling greatly fatigued and not being able to hear any thing more of the bell, I began to think it delusive fancy working in my troubled brain. I quenched my thirst in a limpid stream that bubbled over a mossy and rocky bed, and seated myself on a mossy stone. The evening was calm and sunny, and its stillness unbroken but by the trills of little birds that played among the topmost branches of the trees, and sung to rest the glorious sun. As the last rays of his sinking splendor hung in gold the tressed foliage, and smiled in gladness o'er the scene, I suddenly thought I heard the voice of music on my ear. I listened again, and the silent grove re-echoed the mellow harmony of some female voice, whose melancholy accents roused me from my stupor and lighted up my soul. The tones of this melodious voice accorded so well with the sunny stillness and scented freshness of eve, that it appeared enchanting to one in my situation. I led my horse for some distance through the woods, when I suddenly burst upon a cottage and large clearing. The startled barking of a dog brought forth a decently-clad elderly woman. It was a beautiful daughter at her milk-pail whose heart thrilling song first caught my ear. I was heartily welcomed by the family, and requested to stop all night, which I thankfully accepted; as the sun had rolled into rest, and left but a smile upon the western sky. This cottage was shaded with maple trees, and up its sides climbed wood-bines. In rear of it was a well-stocked garden ornamented with flowers and shrubs; the work, as I learned, of the old woman's daughter; through the middle of it ran a stream.—Around the cottage were plenty of all kinds of Canadian fruit. It was altogether a beautiful spot; but appeared doubly so to me, from my journeying in the wilderness. The father was absent, but a son and daughter remained to cheer their aged mother. I learned that they had lived there for some time and were from Scotland. To them I related my wandering in the woods, and indeed passed with them a very sociable evening. The next day I was put on a road that soon led to my destination. Such are the scenes a person lost in the woods of Canada enjoys and suffers, an account of which may not be uninteresting.

C. M. D.

THE GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1832.

The Canadian Literary Magazine.—We perceive by the last *York Courier*, a paper notorious for noticing new publications, that "a young gentleman of fine talents, and high literary attainments, who is eminently qualified to conduct the proposed publication in a style which we [the *Courier*] are convinced will procure for it universal support, particularly among the *Literati* of the country," intends to publish a monthly periodical, to embrace the following subjects:—Literature—Science—History and Biography—Emigration—Education—Agriculture—Roads, Rail Roads and Internal Navigation—The United Services—The sufferings and adventures of the U. E. Loyalists—Reports of *Literary Meetings*—Biographical sketches of *Literary Characters*, compiled from letters written to the *Editor*—News of the *Literary world*—List of *New Publications*, &c. &c. The prospectus is very profuse; insinuating that the Magazine will eclipse the London Quarterly Review.—By a procatretic notice, we learned that the Magazine was to be published semi-monthly; to contain 16 pages the size of ours, for the small pittance of \$6 per annum. But the "young gentleman" has "by the advice of several intelligent and influential friends," varied "his plan from semi-monthly to a monthly; and his price from six to EIGHT dollars. The editor very wisely screens himself behind the pompous appellation of "a young gentleman," for two obvious reasons, which we have not space to explain. Whenever we discover a prospectus of any literary work "about being" published in this province, more for the benefit of the public than making money, we pledge ourselves to be its warmest advocate. More anon.

The Monthly Traveller for November, has been received. By a prospectus in our advertising columns, our readers will see that it is not only a cheap, but a useful work.

The Shrine.—We have been much entertained during the interval of our publication, with this interesting miscellany. The Shrine is conducted by a number of Undergraduates in An herst College, Amherst, Mass. We have published a prospectus for the 2d Volume.

To Correspondents.—With a few exceptions, we have nearly cleared our Poetic file. A greater variety of poetry in any one number, we have never given. We return our thanks to all, and particularly to *Ida* and *Eliza*.

"William," is desired to become a regular Correspondent. F. E. is recognized.—Should he deem the Garland worthy a few "idle hours," he is welcome.

"The Highwayman" is a good tale and shall appear as soon as possible.

"W. W." shall be favorably dealt by.

"O. P." with a few trials, may write poetry—an eye to measure in future.

"Lines on Evening," and "To ———," came too late for insertion in No. 8. We feel truly grateful to Miss B., and request a continuance.

Leander, a tale, can never be admitted into the columns of the Garland; as our motto is "to mend the heart."

A Tale of Fiction, is no fiction. The circumstances as well as the individuals, are familiar. The writer can have his MS. again.

The communication from Kingston, is under consideration, and will probably remain there.

D. Smart, Esq. has had the Garland sent to him 3 months. We wish our agent at Port Hope, to "present his bill."

To our Village Patrons.—The Carrier of the Garland will present its readers with the usual compliments of the season, on New-Year's morning. Disappointments excepted.