

knowledge with which the intellectual world is filled. There is, too, another circumstance that has militated, in no slight degree, against the advancement of literature in the Colonies. The works of the best authors of the old and new worlds, can be commanded at prices so low as to defy competition with the productions of the Provincial press; and with resources so ample before them, with the whole field of British and American literature, from which to select, it is only natural that few would stoop to cull the unassuming plants our uncultivated wilds produce. It is and has been the same in all countries. The American States, in which there is, at the present hour, scarcely a house which is not visited by some periodical, were at one time as backward in their literature as we are now, having a larger population than the Canadian Provinces, before one magazine could find support among them. That the day will come when these Provinces will no longer lag at a very great distance behind them, we look upon the *Garland*, (humbly indeed, we confess,) as a daily proof. Commenced in a season of comparative distress, and under auspices, generally far from promising, a magazine, equal in magnitude to the largest of the American monthlies, or at least to those issued at a similar rate of subscription, in appearance and contents scarcely inferior to them, was offered to the public, under almost a certain knowledge of the imprudence of anticipating that a greater number of hundreds would be purchased than there are thousands annually circulated of its American rivals—we say an equal rate of subscription, but it was less—for theirs is uniformly an “*advance*,” claim. We have hitherto asked no such indulgence, and with the outlay of a year in view, this is no trivial circumstance—nevertheless, we “cast our bread upon the waters, and it has returned to us after many days.” Nor can we regret these terms, liberal as they have been called—the very few, who, under such circumstances, will take an advantage so trifling, are nothing to the general character of an honourable community—and such, in all our intercourse with them, we have ever found the people of these Colonies to be.

There is, then, again we say it, no ground to fear, that as the country generally increases in its available means, literature and art, which are the truest evidences of enlightenment and prosperity, will proportionately flourish. It wants only a few of sufficient means, to venture a little in support of the efforts occasionally made, to rouse the dormant energies of the country, and the end so much desired, though we may reach it tardily, cannot fail ultimately to be won.

We must, however, conclude these hasty observations, which have been called forth by the necessity of saying something by way of introduction to the second volume of the *Garland*, which is, with this number, commenced. The favour shown us during the past year, we trust will be continued to us, and to that end, we will use every endeavour to merit the approval we so anxiously hope will crown our labours. Whatever the present number is, we feel confident its successors will be, with such improvements as our continually increasing experience may enable us to make.

Again expressing our grateful acknowledgements for the many kindnesses conferred upon us, and the liberal spirit in which our weaknesses have been viewed, we cheerfully give place to pens more fitted than our own to win the “wreathed smile,” upon the public brow.