

the circumstances will suspect us of wandering from the truth, that we anticipated no golden harvest, we as freely admit that we never feared, ultimately, a heavier loss than that of a small portion of the "midnight oil," which might have been more unprofitably wasted, than in the dissemination, as far as our limited ability and means permitted, of religion and morality—of patriotism, piety and peace.

It may have been that we were buoyed up with a hope of winning "golden opinions" for our voluntary exertions in so good a cause, and generously have the public awarded to us much beyond what we have justly merited. Nevertheless, we seek not to conceal the lesson taught us by our brief experience, that we should have reaped the disappointment, which, we fear, would have been justly ours, had we not been aided by many—our equals in zeal and in enthusiasm—but immeasurably our superiors in all the requisites for rendering enthusiasm and zeal effective. For ourselves, we have earned no credit beyond that of having prepared the soil—other and more skilful hands have trained the flowers whose beauty has adorned it—their generous aid has stripped our task of its toil, and left us little else than to wander among the blossoms they have so profusely scattered over our editorial pathway. The difficulties, too, which threatened to impede our way, have vanished into "airy nothing," as we approached, charmed away by the same magic influence, leaving no obstacle more tangible than those misty isles which fly from the ocean track of the gallant tar, when his bark, dashing aside the waves, reaches the spot where the vapour-wreath hath risen from the bosom of its mother-sea.

In the remarks with which our editorial labours commenced, it was stated, that "if at the expiration of twelve months, the GARLAND should not have gathered a stem sufficiently powerful to support itself," it would, of necessity, "droop and wither as has been the fate of many a more beautiful and classic wreath." With the present number the probationary year expires, and we feel pleasure in stating that for many months we have ceased to consider the GARLAND as a doubtful experiment. On every hand there has been extended to it so cordial a manifestation of feeling, its successive numbers have been received with such animating and universal kindness, that we should have indeed been laggards in spirit could we have doubted of its ultimate success, or faltered in the career which our choice had pointed out.

We will close these brief remarks with the expression of our sincerest thanks to the contributors, who have elevated the GARLAND to its present position—to the press, which has generously cheered it on its way—and to the people, who have given it a fair and liberal trial, and an impartial verdict. Their united favours have solved the problem, whether a literary plant may exist and flourish among the political shrubs, which, overshadowing the land, preserve in vigorous freshness our magnificent constitutional tree, by the healthful nourishment they yield to its undecaying roots, and liberty-loving branches, the people who support, who cherish and adorn it.

One word of the coming year—the arrangements which have been made are such as, we hope, will satisfy our readers, that no exertion is wanting to deserve their esteem and confidence. We love not to promise, lest we should raise anticipations, the result would disappoint; but, at least, we have no fear that the GARLAND will degenerate—the second volume will, in all things, equal the first—should we not grievously fall short of our expectations, it will excel it.