

# CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

WITH this number is concluded another volume of the GARDEN—the second of the series, and the sixth from its commencement. We trust it has been such as to gratify those who are interested in the progress of Canadian Literature. We can assure them that as far as our ability and our means permitted, we have done our best to make it worthy of the favour of those whose pleasure it is to sustain it with their support and countenance.

Constitutionally modest, as we undoubtedly are, we are, of course, sadly shocked at the necessity of adopting the chapman-like custom of crying up our own wares. But, at this present writing, we have by a strong effort conquered this constitutional misfortune. With the thunder of Britain reverberating in our editorial sanctum, giving evidence to our ears of the new dignity which has been conferred upon our well-beloved Island City—and with the knowledge that we stand alone, among the representatives of Canadian agriculture, commerce, law, physic and divinity, as the embodiment of Canadian Periodical Literature—we cannot help imagining it to be our duty to make the apathetic world aware of our claims to consideration, admiration and—support. It is a melancholy fact, that we have never been appreciated as we deserve. Had the contrary been the case, we might long ere now have secured the only reward which an admirable writer, in the number now issued, thinks worth aiming at—an “European reputation.” As it is, we think we have already been the means of ushering into light, many tales which well deserve even that reward! But, unfortunately, their Colonial imprint is not calculated to give them currency among our Metropolitan brethren, who, generally, with pertinacious blindness, persist in believing this “Noble Province” to be little else than a savage wilderness, with here and there a “patch” of half cultivated land, hewn out of the interminable forests. We certainly should like to astonish them with a few hundred numbers of the GARDEN, if the Post Office Regulations would permit the free exercise of our philanthropy. We flatter ourselves that our Canadian Magazine needs only to be known in Europe, to gather laurels as fresh and blooming as those which so luxuriously enwreath the brow of Magna. Indeed, the papers of our correspondent himself—his modesty to the contrary notwithstanding—would tell well, if introduced to public favour with a flourish of trumpets from a Metropolitan publisher, in

order to secure the candid consideration of the arbiters of public taste.

But as—with the restrictions which now exist, imposed by the *jealousy* (?) of the home publishers—there is little hope of our forcing the Edinburgh and Quarterly, Blackwood and the New Monthly, to “pale their inefficual fires,” we must, if possible, repress our ambitious longings, and be content, if we can make our voice heard from one extreme to the other, of the comparatively small space between the Bay of Chaleur and Manitoulin. And if, occasionally, we can “illuminate a little corner” of New Brunswick and Nova-Scotia, Prince Edward and Newfoundland, with our “beaming presence,” we ought to be proud indeed.

Since the commencement of the series we have had many additions to our valuable and clever contributors. We need not give a list of them, for their *noms de guerre* have become household words among the Canadian people: and, with the exception of E. M. M.—an authoress whose tales found favour in the sight of all who read them—not one star has fallen from the literary heaven. But we still hope she may again resume her place—a hope indulged in by many others as warmly as by ourselves. By them, we do not hesitate to assert—the Canadian Magazine has been sustained in a manner which would be honorable to a country of more than mediocre pretensions to literary ability and taste. It is not, however, as rich in good things, as, with more liberal support, it might easily be made. We say this fearlessly, because we know that there are many who cannot afford to devote their talents and their time to it, without remuneration, and who are enable of producing papers which would adorn its pages. These, in time, we hope to enlist under our banner. With the patronage now bestowed upon it, we cannot afford to be more liberal than we are. We give it a fair share of our time and labour—and we do it cheerfully. But this is as much as we can afford—“for fame.”

We set out by chronicling our modesty. For once, we have overcome it, to speak the truth. We venture to suggest to the lovers of Canadian Literature, and those who are inclined to elevate its character, that they should at once send in their names as subscribers to the GARDEN. There is no question that they will be well rewarded for the paltry outlay in the pleasure it will afford them; and they can at the same time lay to their souls the flattering imputation that they are furthering an excellent and patriotic object.