

ertaking, an immeasurably greater degree of talent, experience and tact; but none have ever encountered the task with an enthusiasm surpassing ours—with a mind that laughed at difficulty with a truer scorn, and we acknowledge that the difficulties to be surmounted are many—or with a spirit that could more indomitably persevere, if the end were worth the effort and the toil.

There are many who deem, that in a country yet in infancy, with little of storied or traditional lore, the sphere of our action must be circumscribed, and that our efforts, like those of our predecessors, will end in failure. We have no such fear. The richest ground yields not its fruits untilled—the muse, as well becoms a modest maiden, not “unsought is won”—nor did the rock yield its tribute to the perishing Israelites until struck by the prophet’s wand. We know that the character of our philosophy is endangered, when we acknowledge our predilection for the sunnier picture; but ours is a species of poetical philosophy, that gilds the future with its own rainbow hues, and under its inspiration, we do not shrink from the confession of a hope, that the time is not so distant but that some with beards as grey as ours may see it, when the fated lover shall have won the maiden, when the true prophet shall have struck the rock, and when the soil shall yield its golden fruits to the skilful husbandman, as readily as in the most genial clime, fostered, as the literary blossoms will doubtless be, with smiles the warmer as they approach towards maturity.

Nor be it supposed, that we look upon the literary garden as unadorned with native gems. That were judging most unwisely and unwell. For ourselves, we are of those who trace with as much delight, the magnificence of creation in the humble floweret that grows neglected by the way side, as if we scanned the petals of the richest passion-flower that ever bloomed in a garden dedicated by wealth to taste and luxury; and with minds so constituted, it were strange indeed, if we could not find much to admire in what has already been produced. Be the task ours, to gather up of these the most beautiful, and by giving them a “local habitation and a name,” in the pages of the GARLAND, as well preserve them from oblivion, as assist in fostering the spirit of literary enterprise, and, it may be, aid in urging the authors themselves, to produce something still more valuable than any that have hitherto appeared.

All this may, however, be considered as irrelevant to purpose, as throwing a very small modicum of light on our own course of action; but, upon that subject, we have, in sooth, little to add to what is contained in our prospectus. We dare not promise all that we hope—nay, that we believe, we shall be able to accomplish; and beg to refer to the present number as a specimen of the future. As we have before said, it will afford us much pleasure to lay before the public such original literary tales and sketches as it may be in our power to procure, but our principal dependence must be, for a time, at least, that we can borrow from minds so much richer than our own, that many will deem it a waste of space to devote the pages of the Magazine to our own outpourings.

Gentle Reader! We have no wish to wear your patience out, necessary as we much fear, it will be for our interest, that you should regard us with a complacency which can forgive much, in consideration of the honorable, although hitherto hopeless cause we have so readily espoused.

Trusting to the candour and courtesy of the community among whom we dwell, and confident that our efforts will not be altogether unappreciated, this our first number is “most respectfully submitted” to the public, by their most obedient and much obliged servant,