

THE
L I T E R A R Y G A R L A N D .

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TO OUR READERS.

Though little need I hope
To grace my tale in speaking for myself.

OTHELLO.

It is, we believe, customary, on the appearance of a new publication, for the Editor to introduce himself to the public, in a manifesto, setting forth the principles which shall guide, and the motives which shall actuate him, in his quest after literary laurels. This cannot be deemed less than is necessary, when it is designed to enter upon the discussion of topics on which opinions may be at conscientious variance—justice demanding that opponents already in the field should be warned that a new combatant has entered the lists, ready to lift the gage of battle in all honourable warfare, while prudence and courtesy alike imperatively claim from the debutant an exposition of his views, that those whose ideas coincide with his, may be prepared to receive him with the cordiality so necessary to render him an efficient ally, in that which, we would fain believe, each considers to be the cause of truth, justice and patriotism.

It will, of course, be deemed less requisite that we, whose pursuits are designed to interfere with no man's opinions—to encroach upon no man's preserves—but rather to still the angry passions as they rise, and shed upon the troubled waters the oil of peace, should follow the established usage—seeing that we anticipate nothing but the “golden opinions, which our motives merit, believing as we do, that, whatever opinions, political or polemical, may be individually held, there are none with “souls so dead,” that they will offer other than a cordial welcome to a fellow labourer in the good cause of their country's weal; and we have no hesitation in contending, that with the true prosperity of every country, its literature is indissolubly associated. Be this, however, as it may, we too commence our labours, by bespeaking the indulgent consideration of our readers, while we lay before them a brief sketch of our designs, our anticipations and our hopes.

Dispiriting as is the influence of the failure of all who have preceded us, we enter upon the arena with no fear for the result. Asking nothing, claiming nothing, and expecting nothing, until it shall have been fairly earned, we throw ourselves unreluctantly upon the good faith of an honorable community, to whom we offer a secure pledge, that for one year at least our efforts shall not be relaxed. If, at the expiration of that time, the GARLAND shall not have gathered a stem sufficiently powerful to support itself, it must fall and wither, as has been the fate of many a more beautiful and classic wreath. But it shall not be without a struggle. Our predecessors may have brought to their un-