

A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES.

We have now completed another long and laborious year,—the eighth of our existence. When our bantling first saw the light, it was so puny and small—it was not sickly though,—that we trembled for its fate. Besides, we were morbidly sensitive in this point—we mean the bantling's living through the many diseases common to infancy—in consequence of the fearful mortality we had then so recently witnessed among nurslings so much resembling our own. They burst into existence under much more favorable circumstances—one of them was actually born with a silver spoon in its mouth,—but the end of their brief history was—like that of the long life of Methuselah—they died; while our poor hirplin' brat—born positively with a wooden leg and crutch—he was not sickly though—except from the physic we dosed him with for fear he should be so, and follow the fate of his predecessors—stood out the cutting of his teeth—the chicken-pox and measles, like a man—we took good care to have him vaccinated, lest the small-pox should spoil his beauty.

But to drop this metaphorical nonsense, we did really and truly commence our arduous undertaking in fear and trembling; and it was an arduous undertaking; we feared it *might* fail like its predecessors, one of which had a powerful and influential portion of the community—aye, and the most intellectual portion too,—pledged for its support. Another—but no matter now about them or their ephemeral existence, and untimely end; it is of ourselves alone we would now speak.

How different—how widely different—“far as the poles asunder,”—was the humble attitude we then assumed when compared with the proud and lofty eminence from which we can now look down and back upon it.

The current of our self-gratulation, like that of love, may perhaps be said never to run smooth. That is to say, it may also have some little ingredient of bitterness and disappointment mingled with it—to ruffle its otherwise even flow or dam its course, or even turn it into channels where sad and sorrowful obstructions may impede its progress.

We have unfortunately been condemned to feel that such has in some measure been our lot.

The Literary Garland, or The Canadian Magazine—the latter designation will shortly, per-

haps, become our only title—we like it best,—has not received that extensive patronage from the very highest classes in this little world of ours to which it is entitled; and this we think we can demonstrate to be neither a flagrant nor vain assumption of a right that is not justly due to us.

Is it not a truism in every body's mouth, that this colony is in its infancy as regards its political, fiscal, commercial and agricultural resources, and is it less so in its literary character and existence? Surely not. Emigration is the foundation stone on which we build all our hopes of future greatness. But who ever comes among us, with a mind stored with literary treasures, in the hope and expectation of making his fortune with his pen? Hence the difficulty of obtaining original contributions of a higher and more literary character for our pages than some of those that hitherto have filled them.

We set out, it must be remembered, upon the determination—and it is of great importance here to bear this in mind, that we have uniformly and perseveringly adhered to it,—of filling a very large proportion of our Miscellany with original matter. And if that matter has not been of a character to suit their tastes, whose fault is it—where does the blame lie? Surely not at our door!

If the Canadian Magazine has not yet risen so high as to come up to that standard of literary eminence they have, in our opinion, so inconsiderately erected—let them mend it—let them write for it—let them send us contributions better suited to their taste. Or else let them allow us to pursue unmolested, “the even tenor of our way.”

If they read our pages they have an undoubted right to praise or blame—all that we ask of them is that they should not denounce what they have not read.

In our early labours when we were struggling into existence, the slightest breath of an adverse wind would have at once extinguished our lamp of life. Then would we have given worlds for their smiles and patronage, “and so would we yet.” But be it known unto all men by these presents, that we have lived and breathed and grown up from helpless infancy to vigorous boyhood, and from thence we *can* grow on to stout and stalwart manhood, without their help.