

“A Constant Reader” complains of unfulfilled promises respecting communications on hand. He will find some of them answered in this number, others were made too hastily on appearance rather than realities, and others remain unnoticed on account of subsequent communications from the authors of the articles. As we have thus made a clear conscience by confessing, we hope to keep from future faults by being more careful, and punctual, and explicit, in our intercourse with all contributors.

We are grateful to “Constant Reader” for his good wishes, and are satisfied that—as he says—our little miscellany has its enemies. There is nothing humble enough or good enough to escape the malicious. The cedar of Lebanon is sneered at by some, the daisy of the plain by others; and we had a worthy friend, who in his disregard of delicacy and fine essences, declared that *assa-fœtida* was his favourite perfume, and acted up to his assertions. So that it is no wonder if the little H. M. Magazine should not please all. We know that it has, or had, one or two enemies at least. And every literary attempt made in Nova Scotia for some years to come, will find enemies in those who can do nothing but quibble and growl, and who find a comfort for their own imbecility, in depreciating the productions of others, and in affecting a jargon of literary acumen which sometimes passes for true taste. We are aware of defects in our infant publication—but weakness in an infant should not occasion enmity—and we hope to be enabled as experience and circumstances advance, to make our humble periodical more worthy of Halifax, and more in accordance with our own views of excellence.

We gratefully thank our friends, they are happily on the increase; we ask *fair open play* from enemies; and trust that many who are yet neutral, will take the more amiable side, and foster a work to maturity which is devoted to the entertainment and improvement of the community of Nova Scotia.

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