

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THE GARLAND has now completed its eleventh year, and, as has been usual with us on similar occasions, we have to say something of our own concerns; but we do it on this occasion more reluctantly than usual, because we are about to say what will be regarded by many as an indication that, in Canada, literature and art are not so prosperous as they should be—and this knowledge we should very willingly have spared them. But there is no help for it—the confession must be made, that the Garland cannot afford the expensive ornament of plates, and as they afford no encouragement to Canadian art—are very difficult to obtain—and are not always of the very highest order—we think it advisable to discontinue them. We do so with great reluctance, knowing that there are many among the friends of the Garland who attach importance to them, and indeed they are some addition to its attractions. But new arrangements, which we hope to make in the literary department, will, we believe, far more than counterbalance this apparently retrograde movement, and should our well founded expectation be realized, we expect for our Magazine a higher place in public esteem than it has ever yet occupied.

This is now the eleventh time we have had to chronicle the close of our year, and we have always looked back with pleasure, and forward with hope; we do so now. The pages of the Garland give good evidence of the literary talent of the country, and of the zeal of its authors—many of whom have continued their labors since the first number was issued, and their names are now familiar as household words in all parts of British America. They will yet continue their pleasant labors, and we trust these labors will continue to be appreciated as they heretofore have been.

The present has been a year of depression—commercially, it began with something almost approaching prostration; but Providence has blest us with an abundant harvest, and other causes have combined to restore the prosperity with which the people of this Province had become so familiar that even a temporary reverse was borne without so much of patience as a people

more schooled to misfortune might have learned to do. The gloom is disappearing, and we enter upon the next year with higher hopes than we began that which is now verging into the past.

Politically, too, we have had an unwonted storm, resulting in calamities of a serious character. The peace, which was so unhappily broken, is however, now returning, and men, grown wiser, and with cooler brain, are prepared to believe that we may live together without incurring the danger of civil war.

Altogether, we close the year with hope that the next year will witness the return of commercial prosperity and political peace, and that our people will have again returned to the calm feeling which alone can sustain the progress of literature, and the amenities of society.

We commenced our career at a time when armed war raged in the land—war to which even our late trouble was a comparatively trivial evil. Even in that fierce time our yet young enterprise went calmly on, and in the long peace which succeeded, it pursued its way over an unclouded sea. Trusting in the generous patronage of a public, who, for so long a time have seemed to give the favor of their patronage to our humble endeavour to please, we continue our way fearlessly; and in the belief that the Garland will be found in future far more worthy of their kindness, we close the volume without regret, and promise to begin the next with the vigor and energy of a renewed and earnest youth.

WE regret the necessity of apologizing for the non-completion of the "The Chieftain's Daughter," the concluding portion of the MS. of which has not reached us. As the only remedy in our power, the numbers containing what remain will be sent to any present Subscriber, who may discontinue, without charge, should such be their desire. It has been our study to conclude every story within the year in which it was commenced, and we have been hitherto successful—the fault, if there be one, is in our not having acquainted the fair author with the rule we had laid down.