

# THE MONTREAL LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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## INTRODUCTION.

There is scarcely any position so awkward as that in which a person finds himself placed, when he has inconsiderately rushed into the presence of a vast public. He loses his private rights, and makes himself a thing of common property, which every one may use as he pleases. "His words, his wit, his worth," are made the property of universal scrutiny; his motives and actions criticised, he is

On a brief, commended or reviled, 18— of the wayward caprice, or unseemly of the great multitude, whose he becomes.

If he proceed to toil on in the path he has chosen, he must expect to meet many obstacles, trials, and difficulties, which it will require all his energy and activity to overcome and subdue, while, if he stop short, he is sure to be set down as a vile pretender, unable to make good the claims he asserted, or a shallow fool, without the moral nerve or muscle to combat with the enemy that assails him.

Such are the peculiar circumstances, by which I am pressed in, when I surrender myself, my time, and my labors, into the hands of a just, tho' generous public; but, nevertheless, I have not attempted the dangerous experiment, without well weighing the consequences that are likely to attend it.

The idea of establishing a monthly Literary Periodical, in Montreal, was suggested to me, some weeks ago, by a friend who takes a lively interest in every thing that  
|| to promote the diffusion of knowledge  
ar. || tue. At first, the project seemed so difficult, that I entertained no hope of its

accomplishment; but the more I thought over the matter, the more forcibly did the want of it present itself to my mind.

In this populous and wealthy city, surrounded by nature's choicest blessings, it must be confessed and deplored that literature is not advancing as rapidly as it might.

Why is this? Is it because the men of Canada are behind the rest of the world in powers of intellect? Certainly not. There are, in Canada, men, and women, too, of taste and genius, who hold exalted positions in the world of arts and letters, whose names are mentioned with pride by their fellows. But, as a community, the Canadians are too neglectful of their privileges in this respect. They are a commercial people, an industrious people, and a wealthy; and of all this they have reason to be proud; but are they not capable of drawing copious supplies from the rich stores of learning and wisdom too? They are in possession of those comforts and luxuries, that satisfy the cravings of their mere animal nature, but do they not likewise require intellectual food, that food that will not cloy the appetite, but which, the more plentifully it is partaken of, only makes the thirst more ardent, the desire more eager for those banquets of the soul, which afford pleasures purer far than the fruition of the rarest and most expensive delicacy gives to the fastidious and sated epicure?

They can decorate and adorn their bodies with all the costliness that fickle and imperious fashion demands; and will they neglect the improvement of their immortal minds, whose beauties are not like mere personal charms, nipped by the blast of time,