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TO OUR READERS.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea.

*Byron.*

INAPPROPRIATE as our motto may have seemed, it was, at the moment of adoption, the best that occurred to our memory, as imaging the buoyant hopes with which we threw ourselves upon the stormy billows of public feeling—stormy then, for war—miniature and mimic though it was—had spread over the land her gory mantle, and shadowed too forcibly, the “thousand ills” which follow in the carnage-covered track of opposing hosts—stormy then, for thousands, who had never before heard the din of arms, had girded their loins for battle; and Peace, with her dove-like eyes in tears, had taken to herself wings, that she might fly away and be at rest. With enough of the unfettered nature of the Corsair’s soul, to palliate, if not to justify, the departure from rule implied by such a motto, it was necessary we should be imbued, to urge us, at a time like this, when men

“Slept with heads upon the swords

Their fevered hands might grasp in waking!”

When the day was laden with tales of blood, and the night was one long dream of glory, to cast before an excited people, a peace offering, humble and unpretending in its character as ours; the more especially when the death-knells of many similar efforts, undertaken under more smiling auspices, and in times less “troublous,” were hourly dinned into our ears—warning us to shun a path which all our predecessors had failed to thread—nay, in which the thorn so thoroughly overcame the flower, that no one had ever escaped unscathed from its dangerous labyrinths.

If we ventured to indulge the anticipation, that through our humble exertions might be laid a corner-stone to Canadian literature, we feel confident that the hope—chimerical and wild—nay, egotistical—as it appeared—will be forgiven in consideration of its motive, which was not bounded by any longing after worldly gain. No!—unhesitatingly we avow it—we commenced our task with no expectation of its yielding pecuniary advantage, it being rather designed to lead the public mind from its brooding upon the dangerously exciting topics with which it was daily fed—topics, the free discussion of which, we willingly confess, is necessary to the well-being of society, but which, if suffered too entirely to control the intellect, become perilous to the general weal, and in the end, as in our own case, may lead to ruin, anarchy and blood. Fancy not, gentlest reader, that we claim for ourselves that we perilled aught from motives of uncalculating patriotism. We dreamed not of danger—or of none which we could not overcome—for while we assert, and no one acquainted with