

Argus of a map as proposed to be published by "Amos Lay, author and publisher of the late maps of the northern part of the State of New York, Upper and Lower Canada."

The new map to comprise "a large part of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with a part of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont and Upper Canada. On a scale of seven miles to an inch."

This map will be printed on fine wove paper, handsomely coloured, and delivered to subscribers,

In the sheet at \$ 7 00
Made portable in a book 10 00
Mounted on rollers and varnished 11 00

After reciting the means be taken to ensure a fulness and correctness, Mr. Lay appends a guarantee of the quality of his work, signed by names that even to day would be accepted without cavil. They are:—

De Witt Clinton Governor.
James Kemp Chancellor.
John Taylor Lieutenant-Governor.
Andrew Ellicott Professor of Mathematics, West Point.
M. Van Buren Late Attorney-General.
S. Van Rensselaer Late Lieutenant-Governor.
Robert Troup Agent for the Pulteney Estate.
Daniel D. Tompkins Vice-President.
W. W. Van Ness Judges of the Supreme Court.
Jonas Platt
Nathan Ford First Judge of St. Lawrence County.
Gideon Granger Late Postmaster-General.
Abin. Van Vechten Late Attorney-General.
Joseph Ellicott Resident Agent of the Holland Land Company.

A further guarantee is given, signed A. Spencer, Chief Justice of the State of New York.

The author advertises "the above maps for sale at his Map Establishment, No. 649 South Market Street, Albany, September, 1820."

Also "subscriptions received by John Crooks, Esq., Niagara; Mr. William Chisholm, St. Catharines; Wm. M. Jarvis, Esq., Hamilton; Matthew Crooks, Esq., Ancaster, and R. C. Horne, Esq., York."

Another advertisement that would be regarded with surprise to day winds up the column:—

"For sale. At this Office, The Church Catechism. By the Gross, Dozen, or Single."

Dated "Niagara (U. C.), Wednesday, September 1, 1824," we have a different kind of a sheet, the *Canadian*, bearing the motto, "Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all civil, political, and religious rights."—*Junius*.

One naturally asks oneself, looking at the immense field the liberty of the press covers, whether it is possible "*Junius*" could have foreseen the full outcome of his dictum. It is customary for our vanity to say, No, to such queries, yet I think we may safely give to the seer of every age full credit for the wisdom he prophesies on.

The *Canadian*, of which the present sheet is only No. 3 of Vol. 1, was "printed and published by Livingston E. Beardsley, at £1 per annum, at the house adjoining R. M. Chrysler's store," evidently a very modest home for the young beginner.

But it counted local men of mark among its earliest subscribers, for I find in a free hand, and evidently with a quill pen the name of "Mr. Jacob Gander" written across the top of the page (he had also been a subscriber for the *Canadian Argus*); a gentleman well known along the Niagara frontier, and a record of whose death, followed by a short memoir, I find in the last of the four old newspapers kindly entrusted to me by one of Mr. Gander's grandsons, the *Christian Guardian* for Dec. 30, 1846. The announcement of death reads as follows: "Died. At his residence, in the Township of Willoughby, Niagara District, on Sunday morning, Nov. 8th, Mr. Jacob Gander, in the seventy-first year of his age."

The editor of the *Guardian* takes occasion to say at the close of the memoir, written by another hand: "We have a melancholy pleasure in adding our spontaneous testimony to the excellence and worth of the late Mr. G. We knew him long and loved him well. He was a fine specimen of a Christian gentleman," etc., etc.

To return to our *Canadian*, however. As before said, its character differed entirely from either of the sheets previously reviewed. There was no Jacobite conspiracy to excite even a colonial public, and the trial of Queen Caroline had ended in illuminations and public rejoicings at her acquittal, Her Majesty giving thanks for the same by going in solemn state to St. Paul's.

The first page of the usual five-col. size, contains first a story "For the *Canadian*"—is there *nothing* "new under the sun?"—entitled "The Sailor's Legend," and beginning: "I tell thee, Jack Bowman, it bodes us no good, she is a spirit of the sea."

The spirit has evidently appeared, and Jack Bowman is but little afraid of her though the boatswain begs him in whispers to be more considerate of the circumstances, and winds up his appeal with the very natural enquiry in proof of his ghostly assertions: "Prythee, how came she on board this ship five hundred leagues at sea?" To which the incorrigible Jack replies: "I do not dispute but that she may be a spirit, but split my timbers"—the more familiar "shiver" had not then been invented as a sailor's expletive, probably—"but split my timbers if I believe so fair a spirit forebodes misfortune."

"The captain," says the boatswain, "has skulked in the cabin" ever since the spirit's appearance, who does not however seem to have constituted herself a fixture, for the boatswain being about to indulge "the sailors" in a reminiscence of a similar appearance is suddenly "brought up all standing"—is not that the phrase?—by the sudden presence of the spirit on the stern. To the further discomfiture of the sailors she proceeds "in a voice of enchanting sweetness" to sing a dirge of thirteen stanzas narrating how

From the depths of the ocean
Arose the sea maid,
Her ringlets in motion
The coral displayed,

and how at the winding of her horn, a "pearl shell," the Sea Maidens get up a storm in which "the mariner goes to his queen To the queen of the deep." But, O Lorelei!—the captain comes on deck as one who obeys his fate, the Sea-maiden beckons him to her side, he remonstrating in "an unknown tongue" which appeared to have some effect for the Sea-maiden, again vanishes and the captain retires in a pitiable plight to his cabin, where, however, he summons his crew to tell them he shall have to obey the inevitable and leave them; moving even the hardy jack-tars to tears when he refuses their company in his disappearance. Next morning the helmsman informs the sailors that "the captain had paced the deck for hours without speaking, when suddenly the Maid of the Sea sprang up the side of the vessel, and clasping the unfortunate man in her arms leaped overboard; a word"—what word informant sayeth not—"and the waves closed over them." There's a nautical melodrama for you, gentle reader.

The *Canadian* was a decidedly literary paper—nowadays we call such material as it mainly employs "padding," but we use much poorer stuff. Here is a description taken from Mr. Poinsett's "Notes on Mexico" of the adventurer Iturbide: Our cousins over the line had not then annexed any part of this ancient kingdom. Some "observations" on *sneering* in the course of which Archbishop Tillotson is quoted against the "silliness of the practice" are followed by an affecting anecdote followed by three or four more anecdotes, two of them decidedly comic. Then come three and a-half columns of a selection from "Recollections of the Peninsula," a volume the author of which is not named. The selection covers "a description of the town and environs of Cintra," and is so agreeably written that one would gladly read more.

What may be more truly called "the news of the day" than any other of the contents of the paper is taken from the *New York Mercantile Advertiser* of August 17th, "The Landing of General La Fayette," whose services to the new constitution entitled him fairly to be considered one of the heroes of the Revolutionary War.

The reception was evidently worthy of the occasion, but it would occupy too large a space to give it here even in *resumé*. A bit of history of another kind is, however, brought to mind. The *Robert Fulton* steamship had the honour of carrying the distinguished visitor into port. La Fayette had, however, crossed the ocean in the ship *Cadmus*, whether of the British or American fleet, I do not know, but quite as likely to be of the first since mean jealousy or resentment have never been characteristics of Britain. The report says: "The General, we are happy to state, is in fine health and appears much younger than was expected."

The address, read by the Mayor, is somewhat adulatory; it says:—

"In the name of the municipal authority of this city, I bid you a sincere welcome to the shores of a country of whose freedom and happiness you will ever be considered one of the most honoured and beloved founders.

"Your contemporaries in arms, of whom but a few remain, have not forgot, nor will their posterity forget, the young and gallant Frenchman who consecrated his youth, his talents, his fortune and his exertions to their cause—who exposed his life, who shed his blood that they might become free and happy. . . .

"The people of the United States look up to you as one of their most honoured parents, the country cherishes you as one of the most beloved of her sons," etc., etc. Rather a riddle-me-ree here.

To which in the course of his reply La Fayette uses the following expressions: "It is the pride of my heart to have been one of the earliest adopted sons of America. I am proud to add that upwards of forty years ago I have been particularly honoured with the freedom of this city."

In a passage from the Pope's encyclic letter we are informed of that cleric's attitude towards the Bible Society, then but newly organized, comparatively at least.

From "an interesting article in the Chamber of Deputies on the expenses of the Spanish campaign, we take names, historic and suggestive. M. de le Bourdonnaye, M. de Villele, who, the report says, "is now to be considered the prime or supreme Minister of France." M. Sicard, M. Regnault, M. Joinville are "the three intendants" arraigned by M. de Villele. Damas appears as the Minister of War.

At last comes what is more like home news. The editor gives a long list of places from which subscribers can receive their papers according to certain topographical arrangements. "At the request of a number of our friends" the day of publication of the *Canadian* is changed from Wednesday to Monday, and the points of distribution are "on the river road to Fort Erie": at Adam Brown's, Queenston; at Lee's Inn, Stamford; at Forsyth's Inn at

the Falls; at Chrysler's Inn, Chippewa Village; at Waite's, first house, upper side, and at the mouth of Black Creek. (This Waite was a near neighbour of Mr. Ussher, who was shot by the '37 rebels; he was a man of good standing, and married into the family of the Mr. Jacob Gander before spoken of.) Other places of deposit on the "river road" are given.

On the road to the head of the Lake, by way of Queenston and St. David, subscribers might get their paper at Brown's, St. David's; at Shipman's, St. Catharines; at Vanderlip's, Ten Mile Creek; at Johnson's, Fifteen Mile Creek; at Anderson's, Forty Mile Creek; at Woolverton's and at Carpenter's, the Forty-Mile; at Gilbert's, Stoney Creek; at Dr. Case's, ditto; at Hamilton Hotel; at St. John's Inn, Ancaster, etc., etc.

The only bit of real Canadian news the paper contains is headed "The Union." "Letters have been received by a respectable mercantile house in Montreal from London mentioning that a Bill for uniting the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada was recently brought before the House of Commons and ordered to be printed. The letters further state that His Majesty's Ministers intend to act on this Bill in the early part of next session." This news is gathered from the *Montreal Courier*.

A piece of piracy of a Hamburg ship bound for Havana, and an encounter "off Salt Key Bank" between "the Spanish armed brig *Marinero* and the Colombian armed schooner *Gen. Padilla*" are reported.

Next the *Canadian* gives a column of its own history and intentions, which are very good.

Under the head "Foreign Intelligence," we have some interesting details. Hessian troops are to be employed for the preservation of tranquility in Portugal. The Chinese lady of Yhon Fung Queen died in London, July 9, aged 20. The Queen of the Sandwich Islands died the same day.

The body of Lord Byron had been brought to England, and his funeral celebrated (*sic*) on the 12th.

The Dwina at Archangel was still covered with solid ice, May 17, and the thermometer was five degrees below freezing point.

We are reminded that the days of 1824 were before the days of the "peelers" or the "bobbies." At the Lying-in-State of Lord Byron we are told: "The bustle was so great that it was found expedient to call in the aid of Handley and Beale, the two principal officers of Queen Square establishment, and even their presence scarcely tended to abate the violence of the applicants, so eager were they to gain admittance.

"This morning a wooden frame was erected round the coffin and urn to keep the spectators off."

In the provisions of the will we find a codicil, dated Venice, Nov. 15th, 1818, bequeathing to his executors, in trust, £5,000, for Allegra Byron, an infant about twenty-one months old, "by me brought up and now residing at Venice," to be paid her at twenty-one years of age or at her marriage, "provided she does not marry a native of Great Britain."

More news. "The Emperor of Russia was, on the 6th of July, elected an honorary Fellow of the London Horticultural Society, at his own express solicitation."

Agriculture and horticulture had made giant strides in Science in the course of the previous fifty years.

"Lord Napier is elected a Scots Peer to succeed the Marquis of Lothain. (Lothian?)

"The Duke de la Chatre died of apoplexy on the 5th July."

But the Emperor of Russia cannot have been as progressive as we hoped, for we learn: "The Emperor of Russia has issued a ukase to the effect that no Russian functionary shall publish, without special permission, any work, in any language which treats of the domestic affairs of the Empire."

The only semblance of a "leader" the editor of the *Canadian* permits himself is to commend a "theatrical company in this place," of which he says "they are much more respectable in appearance and performance than we anticipated." A further grain of comfort is granted the poor Theatians, for the editor "thinks them highly worthy of the liberal patronage they have received, but defers particular criticism till Monday evening, when we understand 'Othello' is to be performed." Where were the editor's complimentary tickets?

A column and a-half of ads. close the third page, but we miss familiar names. The fourth page is occupied first by that excellent old poem, "What is time?" that, though we growled and grumbled, and succeeded but ill when we were bidden to learn it by heart to repeat to our parents, nevertheless left behind it some thoughts which have in due measure governed our lives. This is one of the "good" ends of making children learn by heart, that as the mind develops, the memory recalls, and life is built up. Who does not remember the poem of our Select Readers, "I asked an aged man, a man of cares, Wrinkled and curved; With white and hoary hairs." "Time is the warp of life," he said, "Oh tell The young, the fair, to weave it well!"

Here we will leave our old newspapers, taking little account of "A True Story," from the journal of an American traveller, exciting as it is, for the last lines of our poem still ring in our ears—

I asked the Mighty Angel who shall stand,
One foot on sea and one on solid land,
By Heaven's Great King I swear the mystery o'er,
"Time was," he cried, "but Time shall be no more."