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(From *Bric-a-Brac*.)

NOW AND THEN.

"THE PUPPET SHOW AND THE POST-COVERS."

The following amusing skit was published at the time of the issue of the *Mulready* envelope, which was in those days a subject of satire generally. The moment is appropriate, we think, for the reproduction of the article, which we re-issue from the columns of a contemporary newspaper:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—and you, my very pretty little dears,—Here you will see the whole allegorical and pictorial history of her most gracious Majesty's post-covers—and all for the low charge of one penny. For the accommodation of the short-sighted, the figures are magnified beyond the *natural* size, and the history of the same humanly adapted to the very lowest comprehensions. The post-covers, ladies and gentlemen—only one penny, and don't breathe on the glasses!"

"Very faithful, quite extraordinary," mutters an old gentleman in a faded apple-green coat, yellow waistcoat, and drab breeches and gaiters—"a beautiful work," he exclaims, as with eye intent at the lens of the showman's box, and quite unconscious that he is rubbing elbows between a baker and chimney sweep, he gazes on the magnificent Government work of art, and listens, with

gaping ears, to the revealings of the master of the show, who, with extraordinary sagacity, thus interprets the hieroglyphics of the Treasury:—

"Look directly to the centre, and you perceive the figure of Britannia with her shield upon her knee. She has just put up a covey of postmen with the wings of wild geese; naked in the *pictur*, but here, you will perceive, clothed for families. One of the postmen, you will observe, is making for the ear of a camel on the left, having, doubtless, a letter of importance to deliver to that sagacious animal.

"At the foot of Britannia is the British lion, looking as mild as if suckled upon asse's milk, and having not so much as a growl in the whole inside of him. His front paws is benevolently put out of sight, and his terrible tail hangs as limp as a thread-paper!

"The group on the immediate right is considered by Mr. Hume to be very beautiful. Observe that gentleman, without buttons to his coat, shaking hands with a wild Indian. That is the portrait of Mr. Pease, the Quaker, as he appeared after his first motion in the House of Commons.

"The Red Indian as holds Mr. Pease is the famous Chief, cut-and-come-again, of the Splitskull tribe. He and the other wild men are making a bargain with the whites for rum and powder, for which the savages are to give only their