

The Postman's Knock.

don't live here now." Oh no; he is above all these peculiar methods of enlarging his collection indulged in by his postal ancestors, and we are extremely happy to say has a moderate amount of belief in that good but seemingly obsolete maxim, "Honesty is the best policy."

To sum up, we put forward the Model American Timbrophilist as the Model Timbrophilist of the world. He takes all the stamp papers — he is thoroughly posted on every phase of the subject, and what he is ignorant of is not worth knowing. It is true he pays little heed to the many complications of perforation and denticulation: it may be that he is a little contemptuous on the utility of whole envelopes, but still in this consists his glory. The introduction of luxury was the ruin of Rome and Greece, and according to our humble ideas the collecting of varieties of perforation, whole envelopes, and the other vagaries of the so-called French School, will be the downfall of Philately in Europe.

HONDURAS.

When a person is tried before our Courts for any offence, if his sagacious counsel can by any method of legal engineering raise a doubt in the minds of the jury, how touchingly he will implore them to give the prisoner the "benefit of the doubt." This method of procedure is very good in a Palace of Justice, but it works very badly in the stamp business. Yet it seems to be the way mostly in vogue among our contemporaries. Does any benevolent individual notice the great need there is for postals to be used solely for local purposes among the savages of Terra-del-Fuego? and does he without in anywise consulting the natives of that salubrious clime beneficently provide them with a set of essays in twelve

or fifteen colors, or perhaps extend his gratuitous kindness to the extent of a whole series of six different values? does he, we say, do these things, what is the consequence? Has anybody any idea of waiting till something can be found out from Terra-del-Fuego? does anybody ever suggest such a precaution? We trow not. No, indeed; if the benevolent gentleman has only wit enough to put the inscription in the correct language, and to value them in the money used in the country, why his amateur Postmaster Generalship will be a success, and he will probably succeed in disposing of a large quantity of his productions to that most enlightened fraternity—the Stamp Collecting World. Of course if he brilliantly inscribes his specimens with Greek, or Norwegian, or some other language not spoken in the Territory whose mail facilities he has taken charge of, on the principle of the gent who tried a French inscription for Guatemala, he will not "do for Galway" at all; but let him use ordinary common sense and he will be "thar," as our American friends say. The above thoughts were forced upon us by a few reflections we happened to be indulging in touching the stamps of Honduras. It is now some years since these specimens first made their appearance. Not a tittle of proof has ever been elicited concerning their claims upon us as genuine postals; yet they seem to be recognized in all the "highest circles," if we may use such a hackneyed phrase in connection with Timbrophily. Why does not somebody write to Honduras and find out? Are there no inhabitants there to write to, or are they in such a benighted state that there is not one solitary person there who could read such a letter if written? Perhaps there is no mail connection with it, or perhaps Mr.