

which were certainly original, and which speaks for the excellent taste of that gentleman to the present day, for the stamps of New Brunswick are unsurpassed, in point of elegance and neatness, by any stamps in Christendom. Mr. Connell's idea was the sensible one of putting a different design on each stamp, and to that end, a steam engine on the 1c., a head of her Majesty of England, on the 10c., a steamboat (indicating European postage) on the 12c., a portrait of the possible future monarch of England on the 17c., and his own portrait on the 5cent.

The stamps arrived, and were issued to the public, but, alas! unfortunate Mr. Connell had, in the eyes of her majesty's lieges of New Brunswick, committed a fearful crime; that he, a mortal created man, a descendant of Adam and Eve, should dare to engrave his honest countenance on a similar piece of paper to that on which the majesty of that broad domain, on which the sun never sets, was depicted; it was monstrous, it was outrageous, it was frightful, it was treasonable. A mass meeting, *presided over by a political opponent* of Mr. Connell, was instantly called to express their horror at the dreadful deed, and it was resolved to request Mr. Connell to resign; but, long ere the fumes of the whiskey destroyed on the eventful night of that mass meeting had subsided, Mr. Connell had dashed the reins of the P. O. Department back in the face of the Governor, and retired at once and forever from the political arena.

The stamp was, therefore, used for one day, and a number having passed through the P. O., it therefore could not be an essay."

Comment on the above will be altogether unnecessary to any of our readers who are at all acquainted with the real facts of the case; it is quite enough merely to place it before them, and they will at once perceive the vein of misrepresentation and untruth which prevades—and we might safely say—comprises the whole.

Few would deem it possible that so much error, and unfounded, or (speaking more plainly) false assertions, could be crowded into so small a space. From the first line to the last there can hardly be found a single sentence boasting one particle of truth.

For the benefit of those who may not be very well posted in the true circumstances of the affair, a few remarks may not be amiss.

Well, in the first place, the writer of the strange medley of humbug and bosh, states that in 1861 Mr. Chas. Connell "a gentleman renowned alike for his integrity, genius and benevolence," was Post Master General of New Brunswick, and, as a remarkable proof of his said "genius," he actually discovered that the stamps of the province were "susceptible of improvement." Now it will be remembered that, it was about this time that the decimal currency was introduced into New Brunswick, and the old system of reckoning by £. s. d., done away with. A large quantity of specie was ordered from England, consisting of one, five, ten, and twenty cent pieces, for the purpose of making change. Our "unsightly labels" were three in number, viz., a threepenny, sixpenny, and a one shilling stamp. One would think that it would not require a very large stock of "genius" to discover that a set of stamps, representing cents instead of pence, would now be needed. Even the remarkably stupid writer in the *Record* would have done the same under similar circumstances. The gifted writer then goes on to show how Mr. C.'s ingenuity was set forth in "putting a different design on each

stamp," for example, a locomotive on one, a portrait of Queen Victoria on another, &c., &c. But as a mark of his own appreciation of the great services rendered to his country, he conceived the wondrously brilliant idea of having engraved on the five cent stamp a delineation of his "own honest countenance."

Our talented friend then proceeds to inform his readers how it was that these stamps were not allowed to be used, and imparts to us a little piece of information which has, at least, the merit of being entirely original. His account of the "mass meeting," which he says was held for the purpose of expressing the popular indignation of the public with the Post Master General in his high-handed act, has not one word of truth in it; there was no such event ever took place, and therefore his silly prating about *political opponents*, and the *request to resign*, is altogether unfounded. As for the "fumes of whiskey," they exist only in the muddled brain of the author of the story.

The facts of the matter are simply these: when this celebrated stamp was issued, the attention of the government was at once called to it, and they very properly ordered Mr. Connell to stop the issuing of them. The worthy Post Master General then declared that if the command was enforced he would resign; it was, and he did. And there is the truth of the matter.

The wisdom of the N. B. government in their course is too apparent to need any comment. Were such an unusual precedent as that of Mr. C.'s once suffered to be established, it is hard to say where it might end. In a short time his term of office would have expired, and then, most likely, some other individual would have taken his place, and it is hardly to be supposed that his successor would possess such a high opinion of his career of usefulness as to allow "his honest countenance" any longer to grace the stamp, if he could help it. It is not at all unlikely that Mr. Connell's successor would try to have it removed, and his own substituted in its place.

We are next informed that Mr. C. got so terribly disgusted with the people, and the government, and everybody else, that he "retired at once and forever from the political arena." Again the writer has blundered most surprisingly. In 1861, the very year that he resigned his office, he again offered himself as a candidate at the general election; *he was defeated*, however, and returned to private life, although not "once and forever," for when the election again took place, he again came forward, was returned, and now represents Carleton County in the House of Assembly. So much for the reliability of this account.

The writer of this elegant and accurate production, speaks of New Brunswick as the *obscure* province. We assure him that it is not nearly so obscure as are his ideas; were it so the stuff which he has written would never