



The Stamp Argus.

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EDWARD A. CRAIG, }
Editor.

"RESURGO."

{ ROBERT J. MELVIN,
Proprietor.

Introductory.

WHEN boys are born they do not immediately go out into the wood-house to chop fire-wood—neither are girls on their *debut* in this vale of tears commanded to "go right down stairs and get the supper ready," for some allowance is made for their weakly condition. Now in a literary point of view we are just born, and therefore we fully expect to be handled pretty tenderly, until we get our eyes fully opened to the glare that suddenly bursts upon them—till we get our feet well under us—our fists brought up to the first attitude taught by the Professors of the "manly art of self-defence," and our muscular man all ready, so that we can cry out to all whom it may concern, "Here we are," thrown upon the taste of the reading public, content to live or die on their just decision, content to stand on our merits, and on our merits alone; content, if our presence is unnecessary, to retire to the enshrouding shades of oblivion, content, if we deserve it, to be known as the model stamp paper of America; content, when we receive just correction for our faults, to bow before the smiting rod, but still ready, if made a target for unjust aggression, to stand on our right, put our back against the walls of Justice, and say with Fitz James—

Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as quick as I,

and there fight it out to the "bitter end," rejoicing if we triumph, and, if defeated, still knowing that "might is not always right." With this brief preface, picture to yourselves the erudite Editor removing the covering from his venerable cranium and making his opening bow, not like that of Mr. Rumsey, with his "Good evening white folks, how am you? and how am your parents?"—neither as Dan Rice with his back summersaults and his sweeping objurgation, but with all the dignity and deportment of Mr. Turveydrop—the smiles of Mr. Carker, the gravity of Louis Napoleon, and the good heart, high motives and honorable intentions of that ancient gentleman "Cosmo Comyn

Bradwardine of that ilk." Having made our bow, we go on to say, that it is our intention to do our best by the Timbropallic world, hoping alway that the Timbropallic world will do its best by us, and favor us with its heartfelt support, both by subscription and advertizing. Support is necessary to existence, and that support we claim. From whom do we claim it? It is not to be supposed that we are going to go to outsiders—barbarians as far as Postage Stamps are concerned—who don't see any distinction between the label on the end of a reel of thread and an issue of the Re-union Island, nor who do not care to have the flood of knowledge burst in the walls of their dark skepticism. It is not from such persons we ask countenance, but from the Stamp Collecting Fraternity, for whose benefit such papers as we are breathe the breath of life. From them we claim our vital spark, and from them we hope to receive it, freely and voluntarily, and without any grumbling or growling. Then, Stamp Collectors, to the rescue! Send us your subscriptions, or your advertizements. Send them in at once; no matter how small; every little helps: "many mickles make a muckle," &c. We will cheerfully answer through our columns all enquiries that lay within our province. We are at all times ready to give publicity to any important information concerning Stamps; in fact, we solicit correspondence, and would rather have it than not. To sum up—we intend to be as obliging as we can to our subscribers and correspondents, and to make our paper useful in its sphere, and to be depended on for veracity.

New Issues.

We hear continual rumours concerning the new issue of Prince Edward's Island. Our subscribers may depend on the earliest information we can give them.

There is said to be a new issue of Wirtemberg. Not having seen the stamp we can give no description of it.