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GEORGE STEWART, Jr.]

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

[EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.]

VOL. 2. NO. 22.]

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH, 1867.

[PRICE 5 CTS.]

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE."

## GOLD and TINSEL.

BY ARTHUR ARCHER.

### CHAPTER III.

The popular excitement in the neighbourhood was not decreased when it was discovered that Dr. Bland's horse had absolutely been taken out of his pasture by the assassin who attempted to shoot Charles Rivers. People could not very well sleep securely in their beds, when they thought that there was in their vicinity some man of a sufficiently desperate character to commit such an atrocious deed as had been attempted. Men began to doubt, and surmise, and look with suspicion upon each other. No person knew that he, himself, was safe from a similar attack; and the whole community were eager to incur any trouble or expense for the purpose of discovering the miscreant. But all attempts at his discovery were fruitless. He was evidently a villain of no ordinary kind. He had left nothing behind him by which he could be traced. No one had seen the strange horseman on the road. Perhaps he had reached it by the same road as that by which he had left it. When pursued he had probably checked his horse merely for the purpose of showing his pursuer his speed, and the hopelessness of pursuit, when he gave him the spur. In short, there was no clue to his identity, and every body was mystified and was destined to remain so for some time.

Dr. Bland was in the meantime a constant visitor at the house of the Altons. He was Mrs. Alton's chief favourite. Indeed, his exemplary conduct and winning manner was calculated to make him a favourite everywhere. Alice, although her heart was Charles's, could not but admire him; and as he was her lover's friend, he was only second to Charles in her esteem. Excellence is so uncommon a thing in this world that it is well we are able to appreciate it when we do see it.

Charles Rivers and Alice were now more attached to each other than ever. Lovers' quar-

rels, when not of too serious a nature, never weakens the strength of affection, but rather the reverse. Charles had explained in a satisfactory manner the distressing rumors Alice had heard in reference to his career at college, and now everything sailed on as smoothly as could be desired. Still Alice felt that there was some unknown person who hated Charles sufficiently to make him attempt his life, and the thought produced in her mind no little uneasiness and pain. Dr. Bland, however, attempted to quiet her fears, and from being a comforter he became a friend.

It is not too much to suppose that Mrs. Alton would sooner have seen her daughter married to Dr. Bland than to Charles Rivers. It is but natural that she should desire to wed Alice to a man who was as pious as she was herself, and she seemed to take great pains to impress that idea on the mind of Alice. Those who know anything of the dispositions of young ladies in such matters can easily understand how little chance there was of Alice being moved by such an influence. There are no opinions so hard to shake as those which a lover has formed of one beloved.

We have said that Dr. Bland was a constant visitor at the house of the Altons. He was also apparently very partial to the society of Alice. Mrs. Alton indeed seemingly took great pains to throw Alice much in his society. No one could be a more pleasant companion than Dr. Bland. Besides being an excellent scholar, he had travelled much, and seen a great deal of the world. He was also a man of thorough scientific attainments, and possessed in a high degree, the happy faculty of being able to display his learning without appearing at all pedantic or ostentatious.

There is nothing more difficult to trace than the origin and progress of affection or even of friendship. You cannot set metres and bounds to the impulses of the heart, nor reduce them to the scope of the cold rules of reason. They scorn such shackles. They are boundless as the longings of the heart from which they spring, and untrammable as its loftiest aspirations.

Had Alice Alton been asked when she began to regard Dr. Bland as a friend she could not probably have answered the question, but the fact was nevertheless undeniable. Indeed the

Doctor sometimes seemed to cast tender glances at Alice than mere friendship would seem to warrant; but then it must be recollected that the eyes sometimes make love on their own responsibility without the consent or approval of the heart. At least Dr. Bland would doubtless have thus explained the phenomenon had he been questioned on the subject.

Mrs. Alton suddenly discovered that Alice had a taste for chemical experiments. And who was so proper a person to initiate her into the mysteries of the fashionable part of that popular science as the excellent Dr. Bland? Of course the Doctor was only too happy to gratify Mrs. Alton's whim, and Alice during a small portion of each day became his pupil.

Charles Rivers in the meantime was always in his office in Amherst during the day and had consequently no time to be a participator in their amusements. Dr. Bland regretted this, of course, but it could not be helped.

Things passed on in this manner smoothly enough for a few weeks and even Charles Rivers's miraculous escape was beginning to be forgotten. Ellen Foster was expecting Edward Bland's return from England, and those who were not happy just then were hopefully anticipating happiness.

It was whispered about that Edward Bland and Ellen were to be married shortly after his arrival, and certain preparations which were being made and the large amount of shopping which Ellen seemed to be doing at Amherst appeared to give colour to the report.

In a few days Edward Bland arrived, and of course the rejoicings among the friends were extreme. There was something so attractive and winning in his manner, and he was so handsome withal, that it was not surprising that every body was on the *que vive* to see him, and welcome him back. Dr. Bland was especially delighted, for he was deeply attached to his brother Edward. It was only when you saw the two together, that you could fully realize the contrast there was between the brothers. No one would have taken them for brothers, much less for twins. There was a much greater resemblance between Charles Rivers, and Edward Bland, than there was between the latter and the Doctor. Edward it is true, had black eyes, and Rivers, blue, but their complexions, and general style of feature were much alike. Edward Bland had, however, the same sweet voice as his brother, and the same winning manner, only in a greater degree; but he was not at all pious. He enjoyed a good joke much better than a long sermon, and I believe would have preferred the company of players to that of parsons. His meeting with Charles Rivers was characteristic of them both, and those who believe that no real friendship can exist without religious communication might have had their opinions changed by seeing it. After shaking hands, "well," said Rivers, "it seems like old times to see you back again. How did you enjoy yourself in

Europe? Upon my word I quite envy you. I wish I could have spared time to have gone too."

"I wish you had been with me, Charlie, it was sometimes, awfully lonely. It is all very well, to look at fine sights, but to enjoy them one wants a companion."

"For life?"

"Not exactly, though I believe that you have already chosen Alice as yours, happy man! I envy you."

"Well now, that's cool! when every one knows that in a few weeks a wedding is coming off at which a man by the name of Edward Bland is the bridegroom"

"And the bride?"

"Ellen Foster."

"Really I'm glad to hear it: I hope it is all true."

"Poor fellow! do you doubt it, I pity your ignorance"

"If ignorance is bliss, 'tis——"

"Gammon, Ned! Who is to be groomsmen?"

"You of course."

"Murder will out"; So you have confessed at last."

"Ah! no more of that, Hal, as thou lovest me; at least no more at present."

"Which literally interpreted, means for me to hold my tongue. But by the way, have you seen Ellen yet?"

"No."

"Then away as fast as possible."

"There is no necessity for haste. I mean to serenade her to-night, I'll give her a surprise, I fancy; she does not even know that I am here."

"Not a bad idea."

"I've just written a song on purpose, full of sentiment and all that sort of thing. You'll call it immense, (as the theatre men say), when you hear it."

"I suppose that will not be until the lady has heard it. It would not be fair for me to forestall her in that pleasure."

Precisely; but I must be off and get my things unpacked, especially my old guitar, which I intend to put in use to-night.—*Aurevoir.*"

"Adieu."

So the friends separated.

Darkness had settled over hill and vale before Edward Bland went forth on his romantic errand. The stars were beginning to twinkle in the heavens above him, but the pale, round, moon was absent from the sky. The soft wind sighed through the trees with a melodious note, and the earth which had basked all day in the sun's bright rays, shed dewy tears at his departure.

Edward Bland, in addition to his other accomplishments, possessed a fine voice, and could sing and play very effectively, and with excellent taste. He could also compose verses so well that his friends did not hesitate to dignify him with the title of "poet." But in this he had a

with the person of his friend Charles Rivers who also indulged in that species of composition. It was nothing new for Edward Bland to write a song, supply it with music, and all, and then play and sing it himself.

Guitar in hand, Edward arrived at the residence of Mr. Foster, and was soon beneath the window of Ellen's room. There he waited hid in the shrubbery near the house until he saw a light in her window and observed Ellen approaching it to lower the blind. He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful as she appeared at that moment with the light of her lamp reflected on her face, and her raven tresses unloosed and flowing down over her shoulders. Edward Bland gazed rapturously at her until the descending blind hid her from his view. Her small and delicate hand disappeared last of all from beneath it, and then she was lost to his gaze. Then with a heart full of strange emotions, he touched the chords of his guitar and accompanying its tones with his voice, with great pathos and feeling sang the following song:—

I have come from afar  
Over mountain and sea,  
To touch my guitar,  
Dearest maiden, to thee.

From the Orient clime  
Of the opening day,  
With the swiftness of time,  
I have hasted away.

The stars of the night  
Have a tenderer glow,  
As their rays gather bright  
On thy forehead of snow;

And the balmy night air  
Whispers lovingly now  
As it parts the dark hair  
From thy beautiful brow.

Oh! that I were a star  
That I ever might shine  
From the heavens afar  
On that forehead of thine—

Or the wind of the grove  
That I over might kiss  
The cheek of my love—  
'Twould be better than bliss.

Then rest thee till morn;  
May thy dreams be as sweet  
As the thoughts that are born  
In the angels' retreat.

As like unto heaven  
In their worthier birth  
As e'er can be given  
To the visions of earth.

He ceased and then began the strain again,

standing all the while and gazing towards the window; but before he had reached the end of the second stanza he felt a pair of soft arms thrown round his neck and a sweet voice as the lips which uttered it came close to his cheek exclaiming "Edward! my Edward!"

We need scarcely explain that the arms, the voice, and the lips all belonged to Ellen Foster.

"O Edward!" she exclaimed all her womanly tenderness gathering in her tone as she spoke "are you well—safe? How I have watched and awaited for you! But I never expected to see you make your appearance in this manner. The year you have been absent seems almost like an age!"

"My dear Ellen, my own Ellen—for you will soon be mine now beyond recall—I have flown on the wings of hope; and love, to meet you. I have reproached myself a hundred times that we were not united before I left that I might have taken you with me on my travels; but how well you look my love. I feel so happy?"

"Happy! Then we are both happy, but I"—

She did not finish the sentence for at that instant the sharp report of a gun, followed quickly by the lesser one of a pistol and then another and another, rang clearly through the evening air.

Ellen shrieked and almost fainted.

"Good God! what is that?" exclaimed Edward Bland, "can it be murder?"

"Yes, it is murder," said Ellen wildly; "that is the same sound as the gun made which was fired at Charles Rivers four weeks ago—the same sound, but perhaps with a deadlier aim."

Edward Bland wanted to hear no more, but hastily bidding Ellen good night, and pressing her to his bosom, he rushed over to the road in the direction from which the sound had come.

He had not gone far before he heard voices, and people shouting in the direction of one of the neighbouring houses; and as he neared the spot he saw that a crowd had already collected. A man was being carried into the house on a stretcher of rough boards. In the deepest suspense, Edward Bland rushed to his side to get a glimpse of his face, and in the instant Ellen's suggestion and his own worst fears were realized. It was Charles Rivers who lay there bleeding and all pale and deathlike.

Edward Bland was horrified and shocked. He instantly sent off for his brother, the doctor, and in the meantime applied himself to examine the nature of Rivers's wound. He found that a bullet had passed through his left arm, and that his excessive weakness arose from loss of blood. He had not been touched in any other part. He immediately applied a tourniquet and staunch-ed the flow of blood.

The messenger who had been sent for Dr. Bland, returned, to say that he had gone away two hours before to see a patient a long distance off.

Edward was too sagacious a man to trust to his own skill when professional assistance was

to be obtained, so he immediately sent off to Amherst for a doctor by a special messenger, and told the driver on pain of dismissal not to spare the horses. In an hour the doctor had been brought and everything was done for Charles which his skill could suggest.

He pronounced it a flesh wound,—not dangerous—no main artery severed—though one of the large veins of the arm had been cut. He extolled Edward's skill in finding the wound so promptly and said but for that he would soon have bled to death.

In the mean time the alarm of Charles Rivers being dangerously wounded had been carried to Alice and Ellen and they were soon down with all the household to render assistance. Alice was nearly frantic when she heard the tidings, and Ellen's alarm was scarcely less.

Charles Rivers, although restored to consciousness, was still weak from the effect of his wound and the shock he had received by falling from his horse when he was shot. He was not permitted by the doctor to speak lest the excitement should produce a bad effect upon his wound; and however disagreeable the enforced silence was to all parties, it had to be kept. As the house to which he had been taken did not afford the same comforts, which it was thought were necessary to him in his weak state, it was resolved to move him that night and a waggon was accordingly prepared for that purpose. A mattress was placed in it, and on that Charles Rivers was laid, his head supported by pillows and tenderly kept in its place by the affectionate hand of his friend Edward Bland. The young man who had gone forth from his home a few hours before in the full vigor of manhood was now as weak and helpless as the infant that is nursed at the breast. Such is man!

The house of Mr. Foster was considered the most suitable place for Charles to be taken to, and to it he was accordingly removed. Alice, indeed, pleaded hard that he might be taken to their residence; and Mr. Alton was anxious to have him there, also, but Mr. Foster would not listen to it. He insisted on having Charles to himself, clinching the argument by observing that the house was only half as far from where he was as Mr. Alton's, and therefore it would be twice as easy to remove him.

"As for you, you little pet," he said to Alice, "you can come over and nurse him if you like; and I have no doubt but you and Ellen will have taught him embroidery before he gets better."

Mr. Foster, like all old lawyers, was so positive, and in general, so correct in his opinions, that no one liked to contradict him. To his house Charles was accordingly removed.

We may here remark that our reasons for having given Mr. Foster and Mr. Alton so little prominence in our tale is simply this, that they have but little connection with the main incidents of the story; and we have thought it better for its interest to the reader to discard as

much as possible all superfluous characters and confine ourselves strictly to those who take a more active part in our plot. We hope this explanation will satisfy everybody, and account or what may have appeared strange to some.

Next morning Charles Rivers was sufficiently restored to his strength, to be able to relate the circumstances connected with his wound, as far as he knew them. He had been to Amherst for the purpose of receiving a small parcel which had been brought for him from New York, and which contained a small Colt's revolver, and a box of cartridges. He had opened it, and loaded the seven barrels for the novelty of the thing, and was proceeding quietly homeward. The night was dark, and the remembrance of his former adventure on the same road, made him regard every object with suspicion. He had nearly reached the gateway leading to Mrs. Forest's residence, when he heard a movement in the bushes, at the side of the road towards his right hand, and somewhat behind him. Instinctively he grasped his pistol, and turned himself in the saddle towards the place whence the sound had proceeded. As he did so, he felt himself struck in the arm, and immediately a strange mist came gathering over his eyes and a sense of dizziness oppressed his brain. He fired his pistol, three barrels in succession, from the direction in which the shot had come, but his hand was unsteady, and it was doubtless without effect. In another moment weakness overcame him—he fell from his horse—was stunned—and lost all consciousness.

He saw nothing of the man who shot him. He could not even tell whether he was mounted on horseback or not. The whole thing was a mystery to him. He only knew that he had been wounded, and that by some unknown individual.

Those who had heard the report of the gun and went to his aid, thought they heard the heavy but rapid gallop of a horse far up the road. But those who were aware of how easily the ear is deceived, attached but little importance to this opinion. However the matter was, the assassin had at least escaped.

The excitement produced in the minds of the people of the neighbourhood by this last episode was most intense. Every one was astounded at the tidings, and every one was enraged and indignant. Charles Rivers the favourite of every body, had, by some means or other, become the victim of a foul conspiracy, and these repeated attempts to kill him, worked up popular excitement to a high pressure.

It was quite evident that the only thing that saved Charles Rivers from instant death was the sudden turn which he made when he heard the movement in the bushes behind him. By this the bullet, which would otherwise have passed through heart, only pierced his arm. The aim of the man who fired at him had evidently been extremely true, for a line drawn horizontally from the place where Rivers was wounded

would exactly pass through the centre of his heart, and only the lateral deviation caused by his turning, saved him.

Dr. Bland hastened to see Charles Rivers the morning after he had been shot. He had, he said, been up all night by the bedside of a dying patient, and his thin and haggard looks seemed to bear witness to the truth of the assertion. Of course he was overjoyed at the escape of Charles, and horrified at the murderous attack which had been made upon him.

Dr. Bland became more assiduous in his attentions to Alice during Charles's illness. Her mother, also, once again attempted to reason out of her engagement with him, but the attempt was useless. There was a time when it might have been done with success, but that time was past. Alice had been made aware that much of what she had heard was untrue, and the chief portion of that which had a foundation in truth, greatly exaggerated. Besides this, Charles, though far from being a saint, had long forsaken a course of dissipation. She had, moreover, forgiven him; and he had already suffered enough by the partial estrangement of her affection.

It was therefore rather surprising that under the circumstances Dr. Bland so far forgot his usual sagacity as actually to propose to Alice. But he did so, and soon received his answer,—an emphatic refusal, and such a refusal too, as was a crushing blow to his pride of heart. She told him that as the professed friend of Charles Rivers he might have been discreet enough to spare her the pain of giving him such an answer as she was compelled to give, and that his knowledge of the tie which existed between Charles and her might have deterred him from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal.

Dr. Bland felt the justice of her words, and attempted to explain the matter; but, strange to say, his words produced no impression of truth upon the mind of Alice; and it was with some difficulty that he obtained from her the promise to keep the matter a secret from Charles Rivers. She thought it her duty to tell him under the circumstances, but at the doctor's earnest request she waived that duty.

The summer had passed swiftly away and Charles had become convalescent. By the advice of his physician he went to the Parrsboro' coast for a change of air, to enjoy the sea bathing in the clear waters of the Basin of Minas. Dr. Bland suggested that he should accompany him, which he did, and much against his brother's wish, Edward Bland went also. A couple of weeks spent on the sea coast passed pleasantly enough, and Charles was in a fair way of being restored to his usual vigor.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

It has been discovered at the General Post Office in England, that many persons in the United States are in the habit of sending over to that country sums of money, scarfs, pictures and

other articles wrapped in newspapers. In consequence of the existence of this practice American papers are now examined at St. Martins-le-Grand. It is impossible to examine every paper; but selections are made at London, and frequent seizures are the result.

## THE POISONED POSTAGE STAMP.

A SENSATION ROMANCE.

Extracted from *Fun*.

### CHAPTER I.—POETRY.

AUGUSTUS DE VERE BILLINGSBY was, as his name would divulge, the assistant in a chemist's shop. But he had a soul above *fiat mistura*—a mind that spurned *mane mend*:—an intellect that soared higher than *pillule ser*. He wrote for all the principal magazines and papers. You will observe that I am careful in saying he wrote for them. I am compelled to admit that his efforts never went beyond that, for his articles were never printed!

Only one of AUGUSTUS'S works ever reached posterity. It was the following poem written after a visit per London, Chatham, and Dover, to the Crystal Palace, and suggested by painful, commingled with pleasant, reminiscences:—

"Little Miss Muffet

Sat at a buffet,

'Neath SPIERS-and-PONDIAN sway.

There came a young rider,\*

Who asked for some cider,

And then was unable to pay."

These verses—which BILLINGSBY used fondly to speak of as "a poem which was the fruit of much SPIERS-and-POND-ering"—was sent to various journals, but without success. But it was fated that the public should not lose it. He left a copy inadvertently on the counter, and his employer, Mr. SQUILLS, used it to cover a pot of *unguentum* for Mr. POTTERBY'S bad leg. Mr. POTTERBY opened the parcel and read the lines before he destroyed the paper. And that was a large public for BILLINGSBY!

BILLINGSBY had written a story for the (but no! Prudence forbids our mentioning the name of the periodical in question.—ED.), and one of the rules of the (periodical the name of which prudence bids us to mention.—ED.) was that no MSS. could be returned if they were not accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope (and a very good rule too.—ED.)

"Ha! Ha!" cried AUGUSTUS, as he inclosed a directed envelope (adhesive) and a stamp (ditto) to the editor, with his manuscript.

He had smeared the flap of the envelope, and the back of the stamp, which he had not affixed to the envelope, for an object which will be seen hereafter, with that most prompt and deadly poison (name suppressed for obvious reasons:—ED.).

"Ha! ha! He had better not reject my MS.!" said BILLINGSBY.

## CHAPTER II.—PILLS.

BILLINGSBY was engaged in the manufacture of antibilious pills. Possibly the aroma of those beneficent creations of the pharmacopœia affected his brain with benevolence.

He started!

He sneezed!

"Ha!" he exclaimed, rubbing a pill wildly into the roots of his hair in the excitement of the moment. "he may—he may—he may use the envelope to send me a cheque for my article. I have heard of such things. And if he should die—they may refuse to cash it! Let me fly to preserve him. MR. POPKIN'S pills can wait."

## CHAPTER III.—PENANCE.

BILLINGSBY clamoured at the portals of the (name suppressed for obvious reasons.—ED.) office. A mild person put his head out of the window and said, "What the doose are you a-kicking up that row for?"

"I must see the editor. It is a matter of life and death."

"What name, sir?"

"My name is Norval for all practical purposes, for he would not know me by name."

The mild being disappeared and returned to usher the trembling BILLINGSBY into THE PRESENCE. (The printer is requested to put that in caps for obvious reasons.—ED). In the editor's right hand is a manuscript, which the unhappy BILLINGSBY recognized as his. In his left was an envelope. Before him lay a stamp. BILLINGSBY was the prey of conflicting emotions. His MS. was about to be rejected:—should he let "venom do its work?"

While he hesitated, the editor—with the sweet placid smile editors are wont to use—slit the MS. into its cover, drew the flap of the envelope over a Patent Damper, did the same for the stamp, and affixed it, and then looking up, said—

"May I ask the reason of your visit?"

The unhappy BILLINGSBY saw a large blue-bottle, attracted by the moisture, taste the fatal spring, and then fall on his back, with his six quivering legs upwards, on the blotting pad. Poor bluebottle!

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later all that remained of AUGUSTUS DE VÈRE BILLINGSBY was a powder triturated to impalpability in the bottom of MR. SQUILL'S mortar.

The unhappy wretch had thus committed suicide. Peace be to his smashes!

\* "See the poet:—'a riding in a railway-car.'"—A. DE. V. B.

A correspondent in Concord, N. H. sends us the following which he says was picked up in that city lately on the back of an envelope.

This letter to Colbrook town must go

In Coos County N. H., you know

And when it gets there I presume to say

Mr. George B. Eastman will take it away

## THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S

## Monthly Gazette.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH, 1867.

## THE FRENCH STAMPS.

The Stamps of France, Greece, and Nova Scotia, have been pronounced by connoisseurs to be the most handsome in the world. As regards finish, design and engraving they are certainly unsurpassed, and their delicate tints are the admiration of everybody. For nearly eighteen years have the people of France employed Stamps, and during that period lived under three forms of Government.

First there was the Republic, then the Presidency, and lastly the Empire.

In the year 1849 when France was a Republic, her first Stamps appeared, and consisted of six varieties. They were rectangular in shape and contained a profile of the Goddess of Liberty to the left, in a circle, within an elongated frame, at the top was inscribed REPUB. FRANCE, at bottom POSTES. Value in figures, coloured impression on white paper and unperforated. 10c. cinnamon, 15c. green, 20c. black; 25c., blue; 40c., vermilion, orange; 1 fr., lake, carmine, and orange.

1852—THE PRESIDENCY. These Stamps had a portrait of the present Emperor Napoleon III, in a circle, head to the left, rectangular, non-perforated and inscribed like those preceding. 10c. cinnamon: 25c. blue.

1853-60—THE EMPIRE.—Identical with the above, except the inscription at top is EMPIRE FRANCO, below POSTES. 1c. olive-green; 5c. light-green: 10c. bistre, cinnamon; 20c. blue, light, dark, 25c., blue, 40c., orange vermilion; 80c., lake rose; 1 fr., carmine.

1859.—A Stamp for unpaid letters was issued in this year and was as follows, in an oblong frame is a numeral denoting value in the centre, over centimes a percevoir; CHIFFRE at top TAXE below, POSTES on each side, 10c., black, printed on white paper and unperforated.

1863.—Two unpaid and two Postage Stamps, the former similar to the one just described, 10c., and 15c., the latter of an entirely different design and value from any hitherto issued. Profile of the Emperor in a circle, towards the left, within an oblong erect frame, EMPIRE FRANCAIS above, c. Postes c below, in dark letters, large figures of value in lower corners, perforated, 2c., chocolate, light and dark, 4c., lavender.

Numerous essays have from time to time, been introduced to our notice, one consisted of an oblong erect frame, containing a portrait of His Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III, to the left, in an oval disk, inscribed in white letters, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, at top Re-

*Pub Franc*; below *Postes* and value, spandrels plain, 25c., brown, yellow grey.

The next essay is a sort of double Stamp, a rectangular frame, divided into two halves, by the perforating machine. The top half, has in the centre, within a small circular disk, beaded, a profile of the Emperor to the left; a curved white label on each side, contains *Coller Cette*, at right and *Partie Superre* at left, *Empire Franc* at top, 20 cent repeated twice on each side.

The lower half has on a white transverse disk, this inscription, *Laissez flotter cette Partie Inter-irre*, below is *Timb. Poste*, 20 cent twice repeated on each side. We understand, this Stamp was manufactured for the purpose of introducing a new method of cancellation. Instead of ruining the beauty of the postal label by the ruthless hand of the obliterating machine; it was intended that all its handsome features should be preserved, and for that purpose, only a portion, the upper part, should be used. One half was to be affixed to the letter, the other was to be retained by the Post Office authorities, when the missive passed through the post.

"Nextly", as the American citizen of African extraction, remarked, came a Stamp, with a profile of Liberty, towards the left, on a solid, circular disk, with beaded inner edge, within a rectangular frame, inscribed, at top *Essai 1858*, at bottom *00 Postes 00*. Essays of envelopes, have also been submitted to the French Government; one of them is an elongated oval, at top of which is a crown; directly underneath, is an eagle within a shield. In the centre of the Stamp the head of Napoleon III, crowned with laurels, appears. At the bottom, there is a plate, *O O c.* At this place the value is intended to be inserted *Empire Francais* at left side, *Timbre Poste* at right, green.

Another, very nearly like the above; but the frame is wider, and there is no shield at top, white and blue.

### Newly Issued Stamps.

SPAIN.—This country as usual, begins the year, with a complete set of new Stamps: six in number and slightly differing in designs from the series of 1855. The head of the Queen (crowned) is towards the left, in an oval border, at top is *CORREOS DE ESPANA*, at bottom the value, in words, is indicated, 2c., brown, 4c., blue, 12c., orange, 19c., light rose, 10c., de ese green, and 20c., de ese lilac, colored impression on white paper, *mucilage on the back* and perforated. A singular Postal law exists in Spain. As soon as a new issue appears, the Stamps previously in use become valueless and will not be exchanged at the Post offices, thereby causing a loss to the person having them on hand.

QUEENSLAND.—A new Stamp, 5s., light rose, printed on plain, unwatermarked paper, perforated, and same design as formerly is out.

BELGIUM.—Essays are out for this kingdom,

bearing the head of Leopold I. late King of the Belgians.

PORTUGAL.—There has been added to the new series, a 25 reis, lake-pink, same design as its *confreres*.

NEVIS.—4d., is now vermilion.

BRITISH GUIANA.—The color of the 8 cents is now lilac.

HANOVER.—Alas! the fortunes of war. This country intended to issue a magnificent set of new envelopes, the designs were prepared, profile of King (an excellent likeness, it is said) to the left in a scalloped border, HANOVER at top, value in words below, repeated at sides, printed on white paper in rose, lilac and bistre. Well, we should have had them, but for Count Bismarck and his terrible death dealing weapon the famous Needle Gun, which prevented our Hanoverian friends, from executing their original design.

There are essay in Philatelic circles of Stamps of the following countries: Bolivia, San Salvador and the British Empire. No doubt soon there will be some for the Dominion of Canada.

INDIA.—Some slight changes in colour and type are noticed.

CUBA.—We hear of a new Provisionial Stamp being out, for Cuba and the other Spanish Possessions.

GRENADA.—6d., is printed in orange-red now.

### FORGED STAMPS

FROM

"THE VADE MECUM"

BY J. M. STOURTON, ESQ.

### SPAIN.

1850. Head of Queen Isabella II, to the left. 6 cuartos, black. Rect. Date indicated.

Forgery No. 1.

#### GENUINE.

The top of the queens crown, under the value, is just between the '6' and the 'C.'

Background is composed of very fine crossed lines, very near each other.

Ornaments on both sides of 1850 are very intricate.

#### FORGED.

The top of the crown under the value, is just below the 'C' in 'Cuartos.'

Background is composed much thicker lines, wider apart.

Ornaments on both sides of 1850 are wretchedly done.



## Postal Chat - Chat.

**MONEY ORDERS.** The following is a comparative statement of Money Orders drawn and paid at the Post office, St. John, in February, 1866 and 1867:—

	DRAWN	PAID
1866—	\$1526.60.	\$1339425.
1867—	1943.38.	18396.09.

## A ROW ABOUT A POSTAGE STAMP.

The following incident which a French exchange brings us as having taken place in Paris, is so good, and contains such a capital moral for the edification of people prone to find fault with the Postmasters, that we translate it with pleasure:—

The widow Richard is an old lady addicted to making "bulls," and is of a piece with the good woman who poured out the coffee to feast upon the grounds. It was a blunder something of this character she has just committed, for which she has come to answer at the police office.

The cause of the hubbub had occurred in one of the city Post Offices of Paris, where the clerk whose duty it was to attend to unpaid letters, was suddenly accosted by a woman who rushed in, in great trepidation. This woman was the widow Richard.

"Sir," she exclaimed, in a voice trembling with anger, "how does it happen, I should like to know, that when one has prepaid the postage on a letter, the person to whom it is sent is made to pay for it again?"

"How it happens, madam?" cried the clerk, "why it don't happen at all,"

"Well, I say it does happen, and what's more, that it happened to day—there!"

"And I tell you again that it is impossible that it should be so."

"But it is a person of my acquaintance to whom I wrote yesterday, and whose letter I prepaid, who says she had to pay for it too. She was furious about it, and I don't wonder she was; for I wrote to her concerning my own affairs, and she had to pay the postage. It's downright robbery, I say!"

The widow thereupon the widow kicked up such a rumpus that it was found to be necessary to call in a policeman, and take her before a magistrate. Instead of pacifying Madam Richard, this proceeding nearly threw her into the last degree of exasperation. Although the officer requested her to assume a proper line of conduct, the widow persisted in her fury,—and tamped and screamed most uproariously.

"To be told, too, that I don't know what I done with it!" she cried.

"Done with what?" inquired the magistrate.

"The receipt," answered the widow: "the receipt which proves that I prepaid the letter." So saying, she fumbled in all her pockets.

"There, she exclaimed suddenly. "I've got it! Here it is!"

And she exhibited triumphantly to the magis-

trate—what can you imagine it was? a Postage Stamp! The poor lady had taken it as a receipt for the money she had paid to the clerk, and had treasured it sacredly, instead of passing it on the letter.

The blunder was duly explained to her amid the laughter of the spectators. She promptly acknowledged her fault, and regretting she had given away to her anger, begged the Court to deal leniently with her. She pleaded her ignorance as the cause of the storming and abuse of which she stood convicted.

The Court took the culprit's general good conduct into consideration, as well as her contrition, and fined her 16 francs only.

[WRITTEN FOR THE STAMP GAZETTE.]

JACQUES CARTIER.

By WAIF.

Without, to-night, 'tis drear and cold;  
The earth is shrouded deep in snow—

Within, amid the glowing coals,  
I trace the lines of long ago.

Ah, yes; the wild winds rave and wail,  
As the past flits before my gaze,

Like misty, Ossianic ghosts,  
Or echoes come from by-gone days.

I see a navigator bold  
With youthful vigor in his veins;  
To brave an unknown coast he leaves  
The vine-clad slopes and dewy plains  
Of his own native land. He sails  
With two small crafts of sixty tons  
Until he anchors 'mong the isles  
Whence the majestic Lawrence ruins.

We call this country "new"! and yet  
Three centuries are nearly o'er  
Since Cartier's glances swept the scenes  
The savage only knew before.

We call this country "new"—and yet  
That navigator's fame has laid  
So long within the folds of Time,  
His name has barely escaped its shade.

Did he go home when age had tamed  
The young blood throbbing through his frame?  
And on St. Malois light a pyre

With hope and trust beneath its flame?  
When did he sink at last to rest?—

Alas, the fierce winds hurrying by  
Are beating 'gainst the window panes,  
Yet keep the secret as they fly.

Amid the city's lofty walls,  
In the lone hamlet's grass-grown street,  
You see a face they say is his,  
Where'er Canadian Postals meet.

He opened wide their river's gate,  
And thence he rode upon its way.

'Tis well that Canada should keep  
His name from fading—like his grave.

PRIZE ENIGMA.

I am composed of 69 letters.  
 My 1, 55, 64, 64, 60, 5, 17, 19, 38, 10, 43, 64, 22, 8, 64, 45, 64, 37, 34, 40, 62, inscription on a Postage Stamp.  
 " 35, 58, 23, 11, 27, 25, 54, 48, 56, 57, 41, 12, 16, 10, 13, 15, 68, 69, 67, 57, 9, inscription on a Postage Stamp.  
 " 29, 57, 17, 35, 14, 21, 47, 63, 64, is found alike on every Stamp, postal or local.  
 " 7, 64, 29, 40, 53, 20, 22, 9, 57, 56, what many Stamp dealers have.  
 " 50, 19, 46, 18, 52, 64, 29, 40, 66, 39, 4, 44, 1, 37, 20, 9, are something else they have.  
 " 20, 22, 30, 33, 49, 56, 65, 41, 28, 39, 64, 19, 4, 9, can be seen on the Canadian 5 cent Stamp.  
 " 11, 6, 2, 58, 24, 20, 31, can be seen on several Stamps.  
 " 42, 64, 61, 29, 20, 36, 62, 45, 26, 11, 32, 51, 21, 2, 62, 34, on a European Stamp.  
 " 60, 59, 3, 54, 10, issued Stamps in 1866.  
 My whole are two inscriptions on Postage Stamps.

SWEETLETOES.

(Answer in our next).

To the subscriber who shall transmit to us the first correct answer to the above enigma, we shall mail one of our 50 cent packets of *unused Stamps*, all warranted genuine, and in perfect condition.

CRYPTOGRAPH.

Xipgp, gpijtdui, uihg, godbhdnm, pg, gdbsd-u, xshuhmf, uidgznd, gijij, sd, bhhtd, zmvinsgde, udm, bdmvg, mdx, csvmgxhbl, quznog, gpsihg, ozhmg.

An unused 10 cent New Brunswick Stamp will be given to the subscriber who correctly answers the cryptograph above.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Fccchrrrrnnpseeetioooolla on a Postage Stamp.
2. Tttttttfhcccdgpfceeeeeeennnooaaaaarmssssi on a Stamp.

(Answers next issue).

Answers to Transpositions in our last No. -1 *Poste Italiane cinque centesimi*.

2. *Poste Estensi*.

W. F. G. & J. B. T, of Wilbraham, Mass, answered No. 1 Transposition. No. 2 not answered.

We will give for first accurate answer to No. 1 61 centime Belgium (*unused*). No. 2 a 1 set United States *unused*.

THE GREAT CANADIAN FOREIGN STAMP DEPOT.

No. 17, Place D'Armes.

ESTABLISHED FOUR YEARS.

PRICES IN UNITED STATES CURRENCY

**UNUSED** Newfoundland 2c green 10c, 5c brown; 15c set of 6, \$1.50. Egypt 5 paras green 10c, 10p brown; 15c set of 3, 50c Russia, (for Levant postage), 10p rose, 15c Turkey Poste Locale, 5p blue, 15c set of 3 50, Shanghai, L. P. O. 1 and 2 candreens 20c Spain, latest issue 2c pink 10c 4c blue 12, set of 6; \$1.20; Sandwich Isles new, 1c blue, on white 10c 2c do., 15c 5c do. 20c. Bermuda 1d rose, 10c Belgium 10c. grey, 8c. Cape of Good Hope, 1d (rect), 10.

25 rare obsolete stamps, all different, for \$1.00

Including Belgium, oldest issue; India, 1 anna, red, (old); Modena, 15c; Switzerland, (cross); old dated Spanish; French Republic, 25c.

Tasmania 6d; Victoria, old, 3d; Confederate, Tuscany, both issues. Norway old, 4sk lion, Italy issue 1856, old, Sweden, Hanover, Great Britain, 1d, black, Denmark old, 4rbs, Old Lubec and other rare stamps.

60 used and unused stamps, all different, for \$2.00.

Including Western Australia; Spanish Official; Confederate 5 and 10c; Mecklenburg Schwerin 1/2; Parma 15c; Ceylon 1d; set of new Russian; Van Diemen's Land 1d; 2d; Bergedorf 1/2 and 10sch; New Zealand 6d; South Australia 6; Saxony Envelopes; Germany, South 1kr; Envel, Hamburg 1/2; Hong Kong 2c; Jamaica 1d; Lubec 1/2; Italy 2c; Luxemburg, new, 1c, 2c; Natal 1d; Naples, old, 1gr; New South Wales; Prussian Envelopes; Saxony, old issues; States of the Church; Sweden; Wirtemberg; Brunswick 1/2; Cuba, new, 3rl; Algeria 1c 5c, etc.

40 varieties of used and unused stamps, all different for \$1.00.

Including Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, Schleswig, Tuscany, (lion and shield), Sweden, (old and present issues), Victoria, new issues, Greece, [3 varieties], Mecklenburg, [old], Denmark, Prussia, New Zealand, old dated Spanish, South Australia, Lubec, old Prussian Envelopes, Saxony, head to left, States of the Church, Baden, [figure], &c., &c.

20 VARIETIES OF RARE STAMPS ALL DIFFERENT FOR 50 CTS

Including Bavaria unpaid letters stamps, Chili, Confederate 2c, Austrian, Italy, Algeria, Norway, new, 2s, Oldenburg, Portugal, Mecklenburg, Russia, Luxemburg, old Baden, &c., &c.

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40 well and assorted copies	25 cents.
75 " " " "	50 "
100 " " " "	75 "
500 " " " "	\$3.00.
1000 " " " "	\$5.00.

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All stamps warranted genuine, and in good condition

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Packet No. 3 contains 40 Foreign Stamp including Holland, Hanover, Sandwich Islands, Italy, Edinburgh and Leith, Hong-Kong, Sweden, Denmark, Baden, &c.....Price 25c

Packet No. 4 contains 25 Obsolete Stamps, including Saxony, Sweden, Holland, Lubec, Luxemburg, U. S. Essays, &c.....Price 30c

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