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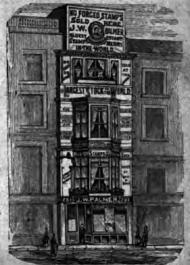
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The Happy Land;

OR,

THROUGH TIME AND SPACE.

THE PIRE BERTHOAY PRESENT

TO EXHITE HETERS OF BY

J. W. PALMER.

Our Dayon Tand;

TO

MARGARET ANNIE MIEDRED;

HER FIRST RIBTHDAY PRESENT,

WISHING HER MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF

THE DAY

The Happy Land;

Intel OB, ild and Alona low L.

THROUGH TIME AND SPACE.

Friends, whose names in vain I call,

Tun world goes round the same to-day, much and But many things have slipped away,

And many friends that we held dear Have passed beyond our mortal sight

Since I sat here on Christmas night

This time last year. this highest a good forward forward for which has being in a good forward for the control of the control

She who first taught me hew to love
All good on earth and God above,
And filled the mother's part,

When the peace of death from Heaven came, Left us to cherish still her name,

And wear her in our heart of heart.

in Dappy Land

A melancholy, long black band

Comes back from out the Shadow-land

Friends, whose names in vain I call.

Hopes have been unkindly blighted,

But there are wrongs which Time has righted.

The shadow is not over all, and make sull

And many friends that we held done Have passed beyond our mortal sight

Time, which brings surcease of sorrow,

2.2097 leaf mild sin's

Will bring a bright and happy morrow

After the darkest night.

But when will dawn that blessed day When Right shall triumph—who shall say?

Who shall see that sight? Gill shill but

I look below me: at my feet the hand and the first I see the busy, bustling street.

World of passion and of pelf.

The strong are pushing on alway,

The weak are falling by the way,

And every man is for himself.

The risk and poor to estimate out re-The v go their reperate to sy-

Oh, Rich man! in your hour of pride

See the beggar at your side—

He is your fellow-man.

He has fallen in the fight;

His cross is heavy, yours is light-

Save him if you can! a sad farifd and wealth I

This mass of human miles.

Give him of your worldly store;

You have all you want—and more;

Your table for the feast is spread,

The steeled are seeming on the control webs.

He has follow to time delift:

His crows in Langue, 120 - a light-

With fish and fiesh it is well stored: while you are seated at the board

He cries aloud for bread.

Beneath the gas-lamps in the street
The rich and poor together meet;
They go their separate way—
Lazarus sore and famished,
And Dives to the warm homestead,
To spend his Christmas Day.

I draw the blind, but still I see
This mass of human misery,
And hear their cries.
Visions of this awful city,
To move the heart of man to pity,
I see before my eyes.

I close my eyes—I see it still;
My mind will not shut out the ill
Which my soul decries;
And my heart, unburdened, flies—
To those realms beyond the skies
It hies.

Soaring aloft, my spirit thrills,

A new, strange joy my bosom fills,

Whirling on through space,

Far away from our present time,

Far away from our world of crime,

Where man alone is base.

Haro Miniot — di falso pengle's Will;
 And a raction follow did and worth a Bill;

Up, up, up; far, far, far
Above the throbbing of the star,
Where never mortal ranged—

And covery man local bir golighbors, has, But he dhirk has as to the Rught to the Far, far away my spirit's flown,
Into a new world, like our own,

Where only man was changed.

To those realms becaute the still a

It hies.

Here Ministers did the people's Will,

And a faction fight did not settle a Bill;

There was no such thing as sedition.

And no grand old gentleman stumped the land,

For although politicians were old and grand,

They were not the slaves of ambition.

Far away from our world of crime,

Where men alone is base.

And every man loved his neighbour, too,
But he didn't love as the English do—
His neighbour's wife, for sure.
And there wasn't among them a Court of Divorce,
For such a thing wasn't syanted, of course,
Where men and women were pure.

Politicians were bushed in wise legislation,—all.

And gave themselves up heart and soul to the
mation, gainst the on the monit and

Nor troubled with love affairs,

As some English gentlemen, learning to fence,
Who find the pleasure the more intense

With a wench at the top of the stairs.

As disgrace the busy Strani.

People in these particular parts

Did not conceal a thought in their hearts,

And give it the lie with their tongue.

For a man always said the thing in his mind,

And none were deceived, and none were malign'd,

And no one was murdered and nobody hung.

Whose designs were copies of postage stanges.

Thieves and blackguards there were none.

And tradesmen. were honest, and no one was an in the done "— "Tulling and all the done "— "Tulling and "— "Tullin

There were no cads or snobs.

Nor head he all a love addres, As some the field work mean terraise to be

Mon—and bayonets—were true as steel,

And the steel was stronger than orange-peel,

For there were no such things as "jobs."

There were no vestries, so there were no fights,
No heavy dinners, no such sights
As disgrace the busy Strand.
For the streets were wide and also well kept,
The roads were properly watered and swept—
It was a happy land.

For a tenn always and the thing in his otton.

And tens core descived, and some were tendently

There were no deep, designing scamps,
Whose designs were copies of postage stamps,
And the same with intent to deceive.
For forged stamps were utterly unknown
In this country—so very much like our own—
There were none to sell or receive.

There were no carls or snobe.

The Postmaster stuck like a man to his post;

And never a letter or packet was lost,

And whatever the postal disaster.

He always was ready to remedy it—

In short, this gentleman wasn't a bit

Like England's late Postmaster.

The electromagnia colour and device.

Were choice, the incline, superfor-

In truth it were a bappy thing to mane Our laws by theirs, and make our land to sam

In that happy land of theirs, in fact,
They had no Post Office Protection Act,
For there was no need of it.
Forged stamps, dies, and all such tools
Were forbidden—by way of protecting the fools;
It was law, and men took heed of it.

In this happy land they wouldn't admit
A collection without examining it,
And none whose dealings were unfair

Could find their way to this peaceful region,
Where the stamp-collector's name is Legion.
And dealers as pure as their native air.

To always we ready to remedy if—
te shoot, this contlemant with a bit.
This chapland's late For mester.

Their local stamps in colour and design Were choice, distinctive, superfine,

Unlike a certain country's that we wot of;
And the many frauds continually
Practised in that kingdom by the sea,

In these dominions they know not of.

Wore forbidden -by way of protecting the feele; It was lay, and men took heed of it.

In truth, it were a happy thing to frame Our laws by theirs, and make our land the same

As yonder Happy Land,
Justing the Transfer of the And live our lives as they do there.
Where honesty thrives everywhere.
Third they entill a benefit and for And men go hand in hand.

A man may spend his days in vaing from the And work without a thought of gain, at onch av I

To aid his fellows' cause, neveoH al Yet envious voices cry him down,

And when success his efforts crown.

He meets but faint applause. To carry out the commen good;

For none along

Yet strengthened by my conscience still and the My work goes on; and ever will, man enderwed'T

Unto the very end. ovani I el.

And when the daisies grow above me,

Then they, perhaps, will learn to love me,

And know I was their friend.

I go my way, reviling not

What Heaven semis.

For I have laboured through the years, and I Oppressed by troubles, cares, and fears, in a dir But strong in right; thought you got but.

Could find their way to this peaceful region, Where the stamp-collector's name is Legion. And dealers as pure as their native air.

He always was ready to re nedy if-Ir short this conflemen wasn't a bit Like England's late Permaster.

Their local stamps in colour and design Were choice, distinctive, superfine,

Unlike a certain country's that we wot of; And the many frauds continually on bad red T Practised in that kingdom by the sea,

In these dominions they know not of.

Wore forbidden-by way of protecting the feels; It was law, and men took heed of it.

In truth, it were a happy thing to frame Our laws by theirs, and make our land the same As yonder Happy Land,

And live our lives as they do there, nothally A. Where honesty thrives everywhere, In this happy lax

And men go hand in hand.

A man may spend his days in value; bontin but And work without a thought of gain, a comb ov T.

To aid his fellows' cause, and Hall

Yet envious voices cry him down,

And when success his efforts crown,

He meets but faint applause.

To carry out the comment good;

For neare alone

Unto the very end. ovan l el.

And when the daisies grow above me,

Then they, perhaps, will learn to love me,

And know I was their friend.

I go my way, roviling not

What Heaven sends.

For I have laboured through the years, a grad I Oppressed by troubles, cares, and fears, a grad T But strong in right; busing year gol bear.

And, armed in honesty, I knowledge which make A
I've done my duty here below to the window how.
In Heaven's sight.

Yet paylons voices on him a wu,

Let men combine, as true men should,

To carry out the common good;

For none alone

Can single-handed hope to sweep and treat 1977. The wrongs away. If Yet now I reap our show it.

Unto the very end. ... awos evad I sA And when the daisies grow above me.

Then they, perhap, will learn to love me,

Contented with my worldly lot, I would have I go my way, reviling not

What Heaven sends.

I have my fill of food and wine, model or all I will

There is enough for me and mine, yellow and the

And for my friends; Matr at anothe tail

gab abrah a n l ao al haif!

I envy not the rich man's store,
Sufficient for my wants—and mere,
Whate'er betide me;
For princes may be bought and sold,
And merchants, were they made of gold,
Are poor beside me.

I have my children and my wife
To sweeten toil and cheer my life,
And these can bring
More pleasure than a courtier's smiles,
A flatterer's tongue, a panderer's wiles
Can give a king.

And so I sit, and not alone, Here in my armchair of a throne, With those I love about me. My heart is pained for other's woes, the same to In spite of which the world still goes

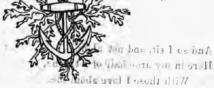
As it will go one day without me.

Lor princes may be bought and old, And morehants, were they made of g bl.

Let all sore feeling pass away, deals for q of A. And let us for a single day Join again in mirth;

Let us go gaily hand in hand, and the constitution of the pure and Happy Land

Moro pleasure than a courlier's smile.
A fintteror's tongue, a panderer's with



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