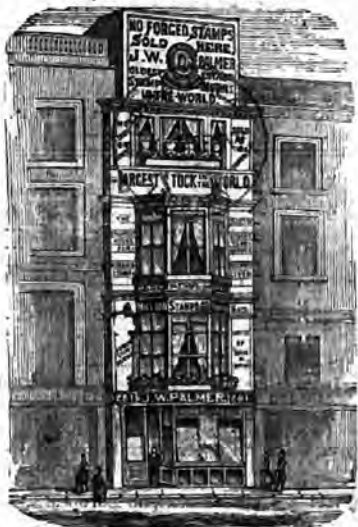


PRICE ONE PENNY. 1531/6

THE TALKING STAMP.

A CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

By J. W. PALMER.



251, STRAND, W.C.

1888

J. W. PALMER'S LIST
OF
USED & UNUSED FOREIGN & COLONIAL
STAMPS,
IN PARCELS (Thirty-Third Series).

EVERY STAMP WARRANTED GENUINE.

Postage abroad charged extra, according to rates.
 No parcels forwarded unless a remittance is sent
 with the order.

| <i>N.B.—Any of these Parcels can be Inspected before Purchase.</i> | | PRICE |
|--|---|-------|
| NO. | | s. d. |
| 1—50 | varieties, all different, of used Foreign Stamps | 0 3 |
| 2—40 | | 0 6 |
| 3—60 | | 0 6 |
| 4—20 | .. of British Colonial Stamps | 0 6 |
| 5—100 | .. of used Foreign Stamps ... | 1 0 |
| 6—150 | and unused Foreign do. | 1 6 |
| 7—200 | | 2 0 |
| 8—500 | | £1 10 |
| 9—500 | Stamps, Foreign, &c. (some rare) ... | 3 6 |
| <i>(Postage on the above for England, three half-pence extra.)</i> | | |
| 10—1000 | Foreign Stamps, &c. (if sent by post, 7½d) | 0 5 |
| 11—50 | varieties, all different (including three-cornered Cape of Good Hope) ... | 1 0 |
| 12—50 | varieties, all different, no Europeans.— A good parcel for foreign collectors, with many scarce and good stamps in it | 5 0 |
| 13—100 | varieties, all different, no Europeans.— Amongst them many rare stamps | 5 0 |
| 14—125 | varieties, all different, no Europeans.— A good parcel for advanced collectors | 5 0 |



The Talking Stamp.

A Christmas Annual.

BY

J. W. Palmer.

TO

PATRICK CHALMERS, Esq.,

SON OF JAMES CHALMERS, THE ORIGINATOR OF
THE ADHESIVE POSTAGE STAMP.

The Talking Stamp.

A POSTAGE STAMP—no matter how—
Said to itself—no matter what :
A postage stamp, you must allow,
If you believe me now or not,
Cannot address itself to you or me,
And so it spoke unto itself, you see.

I gazed upon the stamp's face all the while,
For stamps have faces, *that* you must admit ;
Although they cannot break into a smile,
They sometimes age and bear the marks of it.
But this stamp's face was open and serene
As that of—shall I say Her Majesty the Queen ?

The face, it was, of our beloved Queen,
 Nothers, however, in the present year of grace,
 The portrait of the Queen as she had been,
 Our sovereign lady with a maiden's face,
 Not the face impressed upon our hearts,
 And on the stamps of Canada and other parts.

And as I gazed, I fancy it turned red,
 As if it blushed; or was this its complexion?
 And then I knew, although I heard not what
 it said,

The matter of the stamp's reflection.
 It passed before me like a dream,
 Perhaps I was asleep, I might have been.

I sat beside my fire—'twas cold without—
 Thinking, thinking of life's changes—
 The transformations which Time brings about,
 As Christmas, unto Christmas ranges,
 Last year I looked upon the roaring Strand,
 This year I hear the roaring wind across the
 land,

6

Last year I saw the crowded street
Aglow with life and Christmas cheer,
And noisy with the pattering of feet,
But these no longer greet my eye and ear—
I hear the song of Christmas which the breeze
Blows across the common through the trees.

The stamp—a genuine good stamp it must
have been,
A specimen of a right and rare old sort,
As fine a stamp as you have ever seen,
As good as gold—or any gold has bought—
The stamp, as I before remarked, turned red
As these stray thoughts were passing through
its head.

And as it spoke, or seemed to speak, it wrung
its hands—
Or would have wrung them, if it had any
hands to wring—

And calling to it stamps from foreign lands,
 These came flocking round him in a ring—
 From North and South, from East and West
 they came,
 Stamps of every colour, class, and name.

Then said the stamp, "The first thing to be done
 Is voting some one to the chair, my fellow-
 stamps and friends."

"The first thing is to find a chair," cried some
 unruly one ;

And straightway from the ground a chair
 ascends.

So the spirit of the meeting grew much calmer,
 And a voice—a penny English voice—then
 called for "PALMER !"

No sooner was the name pronounced than I
 Upon the scene, as if by magic, did appear.
 I made my bow to the presiding stamp, and then
 I tried to speak. There came a cry, "Hear,
 hear,"

Reverberating through space, enthusiastic,
 grand,
 Echoing far and wide, from Norwood to the
 Strand.

“This,” said the talking stamp, presenting me,
 “Is our protector and good friend—who
 knows not PALMER’S?

This is the champion to redress our wrongs,
 The defender of the rights of honoured
 Chalmers.

Chalmers! a name respected in our camp,
 Chalmers! inventor of the Adhesive Postage
 Stamp.

“Who is it that petitioned Parliament,
 And got the seventh clause inserted in the Act?”
 And back the answer came, “’Twas PALMER.
 ’Twas he accomplished this great fact—
 A fact which stands a part of English laws,
 Though we hear too little of the famous clause.”

We should be happy, so the stamp pursued,
 If the powers of the seventh clause were used,
 For we should be without complaint
 If the protection laws were not abused,
 And the course of stamp collecting would be
 straighter
 If all men followed PALMER, the Exterminator.

All that he could do, that PALMER did,
 Time and money, too, he spent.
 Twelve thousand pounds or more the cost,
 To plead the cause in Parliament,
 And if we had the law unto the letter,
 The world—and we—should all fare much the
 better.

Still, in looking back upon the year,
 Which hurries to its end in joy and peace,
 We fain would hope the time is coming when
 The sale of forged stamps and reprints must
 cease,

And stamp collectors having nought to fear,
Will hail it as the Happiest New Year.

The year has left its legacy of woe,
But with our troubles solace comes alway,
There is no night, however black,
That is not followed by the light of day ;
And so the world new happiness may gain
From what it suffers in its hours of pain.

The dying year has left us many memories,
Sad and sunny both, and bitter-sweet—
The German Emperor William's death,
And that of suffering Frederick following fleet,
With Frederick the Great, thou, O Kaiser, makest
King among the kings, Frederick the Greatest !

The sound of muffled bells falls on our ears,
But silver bells, wedding bells, ring out their
chimes,

And sorrow from abroad and joy at home
 Commingle in the faint echoes of time ;
 The Royal Silver Wedding brightened all the
 land,
 And joy then spread from icy pole to burning
 strand.

*Ring out a joyous peal,
 Silver bells ring forth,
 Five-and-twenty years have gone
 Since she, the Sea-king's daughter from the
 north
 Came to bind us in affection fast.*

*Ring out the old,
 Ring in the happy years to be,
 Ring out from spire to spire,
 Reverberate from town to town,
 And may we celebrate the Wedding Jubilee
 When the silver changes for the golden crown.*

At night the city glowed with light,
 And crowds along the Strand in jubilation
 press,
 And PALMER'S flaming letters to the world
 proclaim

GOD BLESS OUR PRINCE AND OUR PRINCESS ;
 But brighter still will be the light we'll show
 When forgery receives its fatal blow.

Then, and not till then, security,
 Will be the portion of the stamp collector,
 Then will suspicion be allayed,
 And he will need no forgery-detector,
 But ere that day shall dawn — soon may it be !
 PALMER will give advice, both willingly and free.

To young and old, to all philatelists,
 The new collector and the worldly wise,
 To everyone who comes this way,
 To him that sells, to him that buys,
 PALMER is ready with the helping hand
 To all who call upon him in the Strand.

Not alone to him that comes to buy,

But to him also that only seeks advice,

PALMER one and all will strive to satisfy,

His stamps are quoted at the lowest price.

But his opinion he will give to large and small,

As for the price of that—nothing at all!

If his advice is cheap, so are his stamps.

Advice for nothing, and stamps the next
thing to it,

If others can vie with him, let them try ;

If they can do it, why, then let them do it,

The world is large, not large enough for raiders,

But plenty large enough for honest traders.

If all the world but honest were—

But then it's not, so we are bound to make

The best we can of it,

And evil with the good together we must take.

It would be easy as the sailing of a skiff,

If all the world were honest—if ?

The day will come, no doubt of that,
 The day will come, as come it must,
 When forgeries, and reprints, and the rest
 Will all be swept away like so much dust.
 Then, and not till then, we shall get
 Reforms for which we wait impatient yet.

Of all reforms for which we wait,
 First and foremost of them all
 Is one which PALMER called for long ago,
 Important, though it be so very small,
 For little thing it is, no doubt of it,
 No more nor less than farthing stamp, to wit.

It was agreed among the stamps assembled,
 That a farthing stamp a welcome would
 receive,

And by all classes such a stamp is wanted,
 A heavy postal burden to relieve.

Why should "ha'penny" be our cheapest
 stamp of any?

In France they're sold (like walnuts here) at
 ten a penny.

In England, this happy land of ours,

With all its boasted civilisation,

The Postal Service lags behind

That of many a foreign nation.

From England, too, our postage is much dearer,

Though cheaper rates would bring our colonies
much nearer.

The Ocean Penny Post has been condemned,

For too impractical has proved the schemer,

Who would carry letters at a price—

A price which would not pay the mail
steamer.

Give up the Ocean Penny Post? It's hard,

But give, give us, pray, a Penny Postal Card.

The Penny Postal Card will be the means

Of knitting England fast with realms as free.

'Twill bind our colonies throughout the world

Unto the Mother Country o'er the sea.

To the Postmaster 'twill bring enduring fame,

And blessings of the poor will shower upon his
name.

The mother with her child in distant lands

Then will be able to communicate; [now,
Then there will be no counting of the pence, as

When many a mite goes to make up the rate,
And messages will pass frequently, I ween,
As if no ocean ever rolled between.

And for the busy merchant, too,

What great advantages the card will bring?
No formal letter, at a heavy cost,

When a mere card will "do the thing."
And correspondents will find no less scope
On a postal card than in an envelope.

For this the colonies may look to us,

As we, in other matters, look to them;
For them, it is to guard themselves,

As well as us, from those dishonest men—
Rogues who make a business *inter alia*
Of reproducing rare stamps of Australia.

Not only reproducing stamps, indeed,
 But turning old stamps into new,
 Post-marks obliterating; or, when it suits,
 The opposite of this the forgers do. [mould,
 That is, they forge these post-marks and age—
 And thus they represent new stamps as old.

The cunning of the forger has no end,
 And his devices almost reach a magic skill,
 For he will even change the colours,
 And turn a blue stamp red at will,
 Make green yellow, and yellow green,
 And work such wonders as are seldom seen.

The talking stamp then set about explaining,
 When suddenly the meeting broke up.

The rustle of a dress fell on mine ear :

It was my wife's. I turned, and—woke up,
 The way it's done, that I did not hear,
 I must tell you all about these tricks—
 another year.

STAMPS, STAMPS.—In consequence of my selling genuine foreign Stamps—no forgeries or reprints—I am really in want of good collections, and can pay the best prices, but before I can offer for any collections I must see the Stamps. Any one therefore desiring to sell their collection, should bring or send it to 281, Strand, W.C., either by post or rail, at the same time quoting the lowest price they are prepared to take. I undertake on receipt of a collection to say, by return of post, whether I will give the price asked, or if not, how much, and to remit the amount directly it is agreed on.

STAMPS, STAMPS.—BUY, SELL, and EXCHANGE with PALMER, who agitated Parliament to pass Act to stop forged stamps. Cheapest house. Best prices given for collections. Opinions on Stamps gratis. Bric-à-Brac, 1d. Stamps sent on approval—Palmer, 281, Strand, London.

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