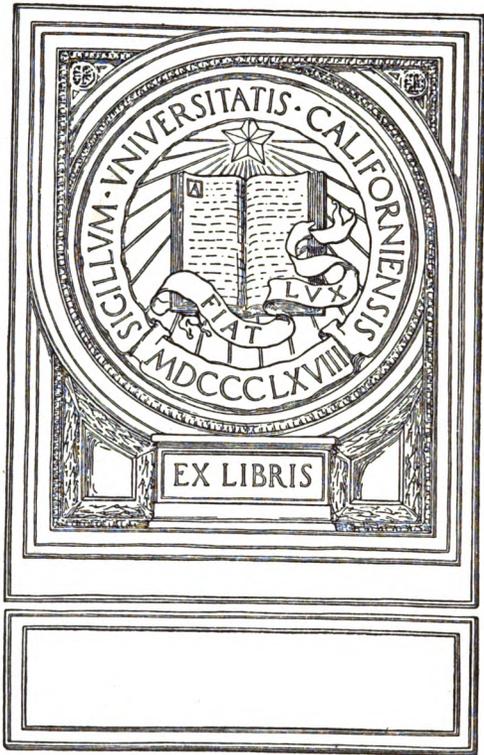

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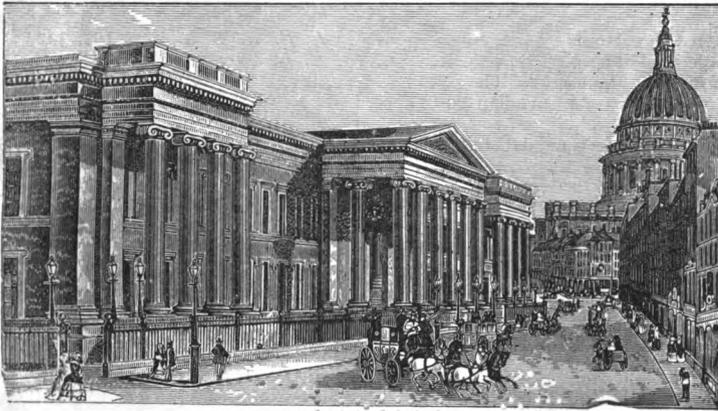


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ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

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D. W. O. HARKNESS. R. A. EGERTON. F. SALISBURY. A. MELI
 W. S. RUSHTON. P. P. V. TURNER. E. YELD.
 (S.O.)
 W. [A.] [D.] [E.] [O.] EVANSON

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND

JANUARY, 1899.

Forty Years' Progress in Electrical Science and Industry.

*BEING THE ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE INSTITUTION OF
CIVIL ENGINEERS ON THE 1st NOVEMBER, 1898, BY THE
PRESIDENT, MR. W. H. PREECE, C.B., F.R.S.,
ELECTRICIAN TO THE POST OFFICE.*

[We regret that owing to our limited space we have been compelled to omit a portion of this address.]

THE election to the position of President is the highest possible reward which the Institution can give to those who have endeavoured to serve it well and truly. I have often feared that my position as a specialist might have proved a bar to the attainment of my greatest ambition. It has come at last. I am very grateful, and I promise that I will continue to do my very best to merit your confidence and approbation. I am also proud, not alone for the sake of that branch of the profession to which I specially belong, but also because I am a member of the great Civil Service of this country. Twenty-eight of my forty-six years of professional work have been spent in the service of the Crown. I can speak with some authority and experience when I assert that this Service deserves a recognition for zeal, industry, and the conscientious determination to do its duty far greater than that usually accorded to it by Parliament, the public, and the press. The jealousy and contempt so freely displayed for Government work are not justified by results. It is the fashion to decry the public service. It is probably a survival of that old feeling of oppression and dissatisfaction which the ruled always felt towards their rulers. The position is now reversed—the public is the master and the official is the servant. The public servant is not to be coerced by oaths or driven by whips or deterred by scorns. His labours should be

sweetened by praise, and his successes acknowledged by a grateful recognition. Two of your Vice-Presidents belong, and some of your Council have belonged, to this Service. You, at any rate, are free from criticism, for you have testified to my zeal by giving me the greatest reward you can confer. My successors will be able to drive home the nail I desire to insert in the coffin of the traditional general and false belief in the inefficiency of a great and growing public service.

I entered the Institution as an Associate in 1859, and am now in my fortieth year of membership. It is interesting to see the growth of the Institution during that period. [Here Mr. Preece furnished some comparative tables showing the past and present members of the Institution and their distribution.]

Roughly we can say that 71 per cent. are Home Members, 21 per cent. are Colonial Members, 8 per cent. are Foreign Members. It is not alone in numbers that growth is shown; it is more so in the business of the engineer. The field of the profession has extended in all directions by the advances of practical science and by a process of evolution and agglutination. The introduction of the steam-engine, the development of the railroad, the invention of the paddle and the screw, and the evolution of the ocean greyhound; the conversion of iron into steel, and the demand for ores; the opening of coal- and oil-fields and the production of gas; the sanitation of our dwellings and our towns, and the demand for pure air and pure water; the applications of electricity and the annihilation of distance; the rifling of ordnance, the improvement of explosives, and the armouring of great fighting, floating, moving machines; the enormous growth of manufactures and their distribution over the face of the earth; the pursuit of wealth, the roving propensities of our race, and the industrial competition of nations; have all contributed to break up our profession into special branches and into individual groups, with their separate organizations and with their independent homes. Thus we have the railway engineer, the mechanical engineer, the naval architect, the mining engineer, the sanitary engineer, the gas engineer, the hydraulic engineer, the electrical engineer, the chemical engineer, the marine engineer, species of one genus—the civil engineer, whose home is in this building, whose Institution, like a good mother, tries to keep them all under the protection of her wings, and who is prepared to make any sacrifice to advance the knowledge of engineering, and to maintain the solidarity and reputation of the

profession. The Engineering Conference held by the Institution in 1897 was undertaken in the furtherance of this aim, with results so successful as to call for its repetition in the approaching spring of 1899.

[Then followed some particulars as to the examinations established by the Institution, and a statement as to the position of Technical Education in this country.]

Our ancient Universities commenced their careers as mind-training establishments, with faculties of Theology, Law, and Medicine. These were called, and still are known, as the learned professions, but subsequently Arts was added, from which has sprung all modern science. Engineering as the principal outcome of this faculty has been the mother of scientific progress. A mere University training alone does not lead to invention and discovery. It is contact with the practical world, a knowledge of wants and defects, which excite discoveries and improvements. The modern method of research proceeds by making experiment subservient to hypothesis. Difficulties teach effects, effects suggest causes, a knowledge of causes leads to remedies, and finally to exact science. Practice, the home of difficulty, is thus the nursery of science. The engineer is far in advance of the pure scientist. Smeaton and Watt, Telford and Stephenson, Rankine and Kelvin, Whitworth and Froude, Regnault and Hirn, have established not only the profession of the scientific engineer, but they have laid the groundwork of science itself.

ENERGY.

The great generalization of modern days is the principle of the conservation of energy. Energy, like matter, can neither be created nor destroyed. Its form only can be changed. It is in its various transformations that it expends or absorbs work, and thus the engineer has to consider not only the various forms of matter, but the various forms of energy. He has to expend energy on matter in such a way as to supply the wants, improve the comforts, and add to the resources of mankind. He has not only to utilize the waste energies of Nature, but he has to economise those that are in use so as to be able to apply them in the cheapest and most effective way. Every branch of engineering is thus dominated by the application of the great principle of work, which means the expenditure of energy, for energy is simply the capacity or property which Nature possesses for doing work. The engineer must be an educated man, educated not necessarily so much in the languages, arts, and history of the

past, as in the changes and properties of ever-present matter, and the forms and behaviour of never-failing energy—changes and transformations directed by his will, controlled by his knowledge, and applied by his hands. Tredgold's great definition wants modification. It should read: "the profession of an engineer is to apply the great principle of work to the use and convenience of man," and his title should be rather that of *Energieer* than *Engineer*.

ELECTRICITY.

Day by day we are startled with some new development of electricity. We have learned the truth of the aphorism that that which is sure to occur is the unexpected. It is not of arms and of man that I propose now to sing, but of energy in its most romantic form.

A happy accident in early life placed me at the feet of our electrical Gamaliel, Michael Faraday. My boat was launched on the waters of knowledge that flowed from the rocks of Nature, opened by the strokes of the magic rod of that great master. The tide was taken at the flood, and, having rolled on for nearly fifty years, it has led me to this chair.

I learned from Faraday to regard electricity as the result of the play of the atoms and molecules of matter, that it was a mere form of motion, and that its influence through space was due to the existence and operations of a medium—since called the Ether. Maxwell crystallized Faraday's views into mathematical language, and deduced the magnificent generalization that light and electrical waves are of the same kind, moving through the Ether with the same velocity, and differing from each other only in degree. Hertz proved the existence of these waves and measured their lengths, and Marconi has now applied them to the practical purposes of telegraphy. I have carefully watched every new electrical fact wrung from Nature's storehouse without ever failing to find a simple mechanical explanation of their cause.

The term "Electricity" has even been defined by Act of Parliament (45 Vic. cap. 56, 1882) as that form of energy which we make and sell. It can be measured with the minutest engineering exactness, and its effects are explicable on the simple dynamical and mechanical principles that underlie our profession.

LIGHTNING.

The first practical application of the science of electricity was for the protection of life and property. Franklin, in 1752, showed how

to secure ourselves and our buildings from the disastrous effects of a lightning stroke. Very little has been done since to improve upon his plan. A Lightning-Rod Conference, upon which I served, met in 1878, and its report, published in 1881, remains an admirable and useful standard of reference. The principle advocated by Franklin was prevention rather than protection. If a building or a ship be fitted and maintained with good continuous copper conductors, making a firm electrical contact with the earth or the sea, and be surmounted well up in the air with one or a cluster of fine points, all the conditions that determine a charge of atmospheric electricity and a flash of lightning are dissipated silently away and no terrible discharge is possible. A mischievous and baseless delusion is prevalent that protectors actually attract lightning and may be sources of danger. Every exposed building should be fitted, but a well-protected dwelling-house is the exception, not the rule. Even when protectors are fixed apathy leads to their imperfect maintenance. Their failure to act is always traceable to the neglect of some simple rule. Carelessness is the direst disease we suffer from. Telegraph and telephone wires which spread all over our towns and country are very much exposed to the influence of atmospheric electrical effects. Every instrument is now protected. Every telegraph pole has a lightning conductor. Accidents are rare, and the system itself is a public safeguard. In some countries like California and South Africa thunder-storms are very frequent and very severe, but their effects have been tamed.

The engineer has answered Job's conundrum: "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?" in the affirmative. I sat, on the 12th June last, in a cable hut on the Welsh coast, near Nevin, with a telephone to my ear and heard flashes of lightning in Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales, on the same afternoon. The sound emitted by a telephone receiver when a discharge takes place in the neighbourhood of a telephone circuit is distinctive and characteristic. It is a signal as clear and as comprehensible as the words, "Are you there," or, "Here you are."

Franklin's work has been beneficent. He showed successfully how to bring the lightning down from heaven and how to dissipate its causes harmlessly away in the earth.

TELEGRAPHY.

In 1837, Cooke and Wheatstone showed how electricity could be practically used to facilitate intercommunication of ideas between

town and town and between country and country. The first line was constructed in July of that year upon the incline connecting Camden Town and Euston Grove Station, the resident engineer being Sir Charles Fox, father of the senior Vice-President. Five copper wires were embedded in wood of a truncated pyramidal section and buried in the ground. The instrument used possessed five needles or indicators to form the alphabet. A portion of this original line was recently recovered *in situ*. I call it the "fossil telegraph," and used this sample to complete five circuits between the General Post Office and the offices of the various Cable Companies on the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Day, for the transmission of Her Majesty's simple message, "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!" to all our princes, governors, captains, and rulers scattered over the whole globe. To north, south, east, and west, over every quarter and every continent, under every ocean and every sea, these words flew with the speed of thought. When Her Majesty returned to Buckingham Palace acknowledgments and replies had arrived from every colony, the first to come being from Ottawa, Canada, 16 minutes after the message was despatched.

The pioneer line of 1837, $1\frac{1}{3}$ mile long, has, during this period of sixty years, grown into a gigantic world-embracing system. Every man at his breakfast-table can read an account of every stirring event that has transpired on the previous day in every quarter of the world. Distance is annihilated and time overcome.

The extent of the present system of British telegraphs is shown by the following Table:—

	Miles of Wire.
General Post Office and its Licensees	435,000
Railway companies	105,000
India and Colonies... ..	387,966
Submarine cables	183,400
Total	<u>1,111,366</u>

The mechanical construction of the telegraphs of this country was designed by our late distinguished Member Edwin Clark and his brother, Latimer Clark, also a Member. Their affairs were originally directed by our Past-Presidents, Robert Stephenson, Bidder, and Locke. We in this country have always been in advance of other countries in telegraphic progress, and this was greatly due to the inventive genius of Cromwell Varley, a Member of the Institution. These are men under whom I served and learnt, and whose

engineering traditions I have done my best to maintain and to better. Progress has never been checked. The speed of signalling and the capacity of working have been increased sixfold, and wires can now be worked faster than messages can be handled by the clerical staff.

The form of submarine cable and the nature of the materials used in its construction have varied but very little since the first cable was laid in 1851. The recent invasion of our channels and seas by the *Limnoria terebrans*, a mischievous little crustacean which bores through the gutta percha insulating covering, and exposes the copper conductor to the sea-water, leading to its certain destruction, has led to the use of a serving of brass tape as a defence. It has proved most effective.

No one has done more than Lord Kelvin (Honorary Member) to improve the working of submarine cables. His recording apparatus is almost universally employed on long cables. By the Duplex method of transmission the capacity of cables has been practically doubled, and this has been still further improved by applying to cables the system of automatic working, which is such a distinguishing feature of our Post-Office system. The number of electrical impulses which can be sent through any cable per minute is dependent upon its form, and is subject to simple and exact laws, but it varies with the quality and purity of the materials used. There is no difficulty in maintaining the purity of copper. Indeed copper is frequently supplied purer than the standard of purity adopted in this country—known as Matthiessen's standard. The purity of gutta percha is, however, questionable. The supply of this dielectric has dwindled; it has failed to meet the demand; its cultivation has been neglected. The result is a dearth of the commodity, a great increase in price, and its adulteration by spurious gums. India-rubber, its sole competitor for cables, is being absorbed for waterproof garments and pneumatic tyres, but for underground purposes paper is being used to an enormous extent. Paper has the merit, when kept dry, not only of being an admirable insulator, but of being very durable. There is paper in existence in our libraries over 1,000 years old. The difficulty is to keep it dry. This is one of the problems the engineer delights to consider. He has been most successful in obtaining a solution. The lead-covered paper cables, which are being laid in the streets of all our great cities, are admirable. I am laying one of seventy-six wires for the Post-Office telegraphs between London and Birmingham, and the Cable Companies are contem-

plating leading their long cables from Cornwall up to London, so as to be free from the weather troubles of this wet and stormy island.

It is impossible to forecast the future of telegraphy. New instruments and new processes are constantly being patented, but few of them secure adoption, for they rarely meet a pressing need or improve our existing practice. The writing telegraph originating with our late Member of Council, E. A. Cowper, which reproduced actual handwriting, much improved by Elisha Gray, and called the "Telautograph," is steadily working its way into practical form, and electrical type-writing machines of simple and economical form are gradually replacing the A B C visual indicator. The introduction of the telephone is revolutionising the mode of transacting business. There seems to be a distinct want of some instrument to record the fleeting words and figures of bargains and orders transmitted by telephone. Hence, a supplement to that marvellous machine is needed. The telautograph and electrical type-writer will fill this want. Visions of dispensing with wires altogether have been fostered by the popularity of Marconi's "wireless telegraphy"; but wireless telegraphy is as old as telegraphy itself, and a practical system of my own is now in actual use by the Post Office and the War Department. Sensational experiments for booming a new financial enterprise are not processes that commend themselves to the Institution. We want practical work and engineering progress.

TELEPHONY.

I was sent, in 1877, together with Sir Henry Fischer, to investigate the telegraph system of the American Continent, and especially to inquire into the accuracy of the incredible report that a young Scotchman named Bell had succeeded in transmitting the human voice along wires to great distances by electricity. I returned from the States with the first pair of practical instruments that reached this country. They differed but little from the instrument that is used to-day to receive the sounds. The receiver, the part of the telephone that converts the energy of electric currents into sounds that reproduce speech, sprang nearly perfect in all its beauty and startling effect, from the hands of Graham Bell. But the transmitting portion, that part which transforms the energy of the human voice into electric currents, has constantly been improved since Edison and Hughes showed us how to use the varying resistance of carbon in a loose condition, subject to change of pressure and of motion under the influence of sonorous vibrations. The third

portion, the circuit, is that to the improvement of which I have devoted my special attention. Speech is now practically possible between any two post-offices in the United Kingdom. We can also speak between many important towns in England and in France. It is theoretically possible to talk with every capital in Europe, and we are now considering the submersion of special telephone cables to Belgium, Holland, and Germany. The progress of the use of the telephone in Great Britain has been checked by financial complications. It fell into the hands of the company promoter. It has remained the shuttlecock of the Stock Exchange. It is the function of the Postmaster-General to work for the public every system of intercommunication of thought which affects the interests of the whole nation. Telephony is an Imperial business, like the Post and the Telegraph. It ought to be in the hands of the State. The public and the press have frequently kicked violently against the present régime. Committees of Parliament have sat and deliberated upon the question. The report of the last committee is now under consideration.

“ Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.”

Two causes exist to impede this desirable absorption, the fear of being “done” by watered and inflated capital, and the assumed bad bargain made in absorbing the telegraphs in 1869. The former is a mere bugbear. The public does not want to purchase stock. It wants to acquire a plant and business, which can be easily and fairly valued. The latter is a gross fallacy. The business of the Telegraph Companies—practically an unlimited monopoly—was purchased on absolutely fair terms, viz., 20 years’ purchase of the net profits. The sum paid was £4,989,048. The number of messages then sent in one year was about 5,000,000, and the gross income about £500,000. The income has now grown to £3,071,723, the number of messages has reached 83,029,999, and the capital account which was closed in 1891, viz., £10,131,129, including the cost of the Post Office extensions, remained the same. If a syndicate desired now to re-purchase the business and acquire the plant, they would have to find a capital of over £30,000,000. In what respect, then, was the transfer of the telegraphs to the State a failure? Our magnificent system has been built virtually out of revenue, our tariff is very cheap, scarcely a village of any consequence is without its telegraph, our press is virtually subsidized by having its news supplied at much less than cost price; we can rely upon safe and accurate delivery, and upon speedy despatch of messages.

We lead the world. There has been no failure, and there was no bad bargain.

The present condition of the Telephone business in this country is shown by the following return :—

TELEPHONES IN USE.

National Telephone Company (30th June, 1898)	133,498
Railway Companies	15,911
General Post Office	9,588
Total	<u>158,997</u>

RAILWAYS.

The regulation of the traffic on a railway, and the general business of the line, could not possibly be conducted without the telegraph. The safety of the passenger and the freedom from collision are due to the introduction of the block system, which is worked entirely by electric signals, and which has been made compulsory by Parliament on all British railways. It was my good fortune to have taken a very active part in the introduction of the block system, especially in the assimilation of the working of the indoor (electric) and the outdoor (mechanical) systems of signalling and in their interlocking. More recently, the control of the traffic and the secure working of single lines by the Tablet and electrical train-staff have been carried to a very high state of perfection. Distant signals can now be fixed anywhere out of sight of the signalman who works them, for the position of the semaphore by day, or the character of the light by night, are repeated back by electricity upon miniature signals, fixed in the signal box. The state of the signals can even be indicated on the engine to the driver in foggy weather or by night, and the state of distant points shown to the signalman in all seasons.

The regulations of the Board of Trade, regarded often as unnecessary interference by railway men, together with the careful engineering inspection before the opening of a line, and a judicial inquiry in case of accident, have tended more than anything else to add to the security of railway travelling.

In 1897, 24 persons, including 6 railway servants when travelling, were killed from accidents beyond their own control. This was above the average. It has been said that a first-class compartment on one of our great railways is the safest place in the world. It is safer than bed, for, in 1896, 1,809 persons were suffocated in bed.

It is safer than a dining-room, for, in the same year, 148 people were choked by food. 925 were killed by falling down stairs. Bicycles are far more destructive to life. Accidents in the streets of London are so frequent, and therefore so uneventful that they are not even recorded in the press. Accidents on railways are so rare and eventful that columns of large type are devoted to a description of their minutest details.

The safety of railway travelling as effected by modern improvements in working is shown by the following facts:—

1874	...	1 person in	5,556,284	journeys was killed.
1884	...	"	22,419,092	" "
1894	...	"	56,963,307	" "
1896	...	"	196,067,887	" "

The train accidents in—

1878	were	108
1888	"	61
1897	"	48

More than 50 per cent. of the causes of these accidents were due to the negligence, want of care, or mistake, of those conducting the traffic, which emphasizes my previous statement that carelessness is the direst disease we suffer from.

The employment of electricity in the working of railways has not only been highly beneficent in the security of human life, but it has vastly increased the capacity of a road to carry trains. The underground traffic of the metropolis is conducted with marvellous regularity and security, though the trains are burrowing about in darkness and following each other with such short intervals of time that the limit of the line for the number of trains has been reached. Electric traction is going to extend this limit by increasing the acceleration at starting and improving the speed of running. It will also reduce the cost of working per train-mile, so that the advent of electricity as a moving agency is certain to prove highly economical. What it will do as a remover of bad smells and foul air and for personal comfort cannot be estimated. Time alone will enable us to assess the intrinsic value of public satisfaction acquired by the change.

The extent to which electrical appliances are used on the railways of this country is shown by the following Tables:—

Table I. gives the number and description of the various classes

of electrical apparatus in use on railways in the United Kingdom in the year 1898:—

Description.	Total.
Single needle instruments... ..	20,800
Morse sounders	435
„ recorders	12
Telephones... ..	15,911
Duplex apparatus (complete)	33
Bell instruments (for message work, complete, } with keys, relay and galvanometers, &c.) ... }	615
Phonopores (complete)	207
Block instruments	35,689
Train staff instruments	1,350
Tyer's tablet instruments	1,499
Interlocking „	5,640
Repeater „	25,569
Treadles	2,668
Fouling bars	856
„ bar indicators	361
Replacers	180
Slot selectors	108
Single-stroke and relay bells	25,095
Galvanometers	736
Large trembler bells (platform, &c.)	2,674
Small „ „	8,080
Night and day switches	6,585
Fire-alarm commutators	149
Train describers	479
Light indicators	2,846
Signal repeater disks	924
Test-boxes	114
Water-tank apparatus	13
Telephone switch-boards	17
Bell-indicators	87
Point detectors and indicators (various)	19
Signal lever-lock	345
Extra contact-makers and switches	210
Magneto electric bells	4
Relays	361
Special appliances (various)	2,771
Total	<u>163,742</u>

Table II. gives the length of double and single line in the United Kingdom open for passenger traffic on the 31st December, 1895, the latest period for which returns have been published, and the length of lines worked upon the various systems :—

—	Line Open for Passenger Traffic.		Worked on Absolute-Block System.				Worked on other Telegraph Systems.		Single Lines worked under—		
	Double.	Single.	Double Line.	Single Line.			Double Line.	Single Line.	Single Engine System.	Train-Porte System.	Train-Staff System.
				Combined with Train-Staff System.	Without Train-Staff System.	By Electrically-controlled Train-Staff or Tablet.					
England and Wales ... }	Miles 9,325	Miles 4,472	Miles 9,310	Miles 2,200	Miles 20	Miles 1,847	Miles 15	Miles 29	Miles 228	Miles 1	Miles 147
Scotland ... }	Miles 1,314	Miles 1,768	Miles 1,312	Miles 210	Miles 32	Miles 1,066	Miles 1	Miles ...	Miles 427	Miles 1	Miles 31
Ireland ... }	Miles 613	Miles 2,534	Miles 613	Miles 494	Miles 1	Miles 1,824	Miles ...	Miles ...	Miles 118	Miles ...	Miles 98
United Kingdom ... }	Miles 11,252	Miles 8,774	Miles 11,235	Miles 2,904	Miles 53	Miles 4,737	Miles 16	Miles 29	Miles 773	Miles 2	Miles 276

DOMESTIC APPLIANCES.

The introduction of electricity into our houses has added materially to the comfort and luxury of home. If we were living in the days of ancient Greece, the presiding domestic deity would have been *Electra*. The old bellhanger has been rung out by the new goddess. *Electra* has entered our hall-door and attracts the attention of our domestics, not by a gamut of ill-toned and irregularly excited bells, but by neat indicators and one uniform sound. The timid visitor fears no more that he has expressed rage or impatience by his inexperience of the mechanical pull required at the front door. The domestic telephone is coming in as an adjunct to the bell. Its use saves two journeys. The bell attracts attention, the telephone transmits the order. Hot water is obtained in half the time and with half the labour. Fire and burglar alarms are fixed to our doors and windows; clocks are propelled, regulated and controlled. Even lifts are hoisted for the infirm and aged. Ventilation, and in warmer countries coolness, are assisted by fans. Heating appliances are becoming very general where powerful currents are available. Radiators assist the coal fire by maintaining the temperature of a

room uniform throughout its length and breadth. Ovens are heated, water is boiled, flat-irons become and are maintained at a useful temperature, breakfast dishes and tea-cakes are kept hot, even curling-tongs have imparted to them the requisite temperature to perform their peculiar function.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

But it is in supplying us with light, without defiling the air we breathe in our dwellings with noxious vapour, that electricity has proved to be a true benefactor to the human race. The Legislature has facilitated the acquisition by municipalities of those local industries that affect the welfare of the whole community, such as road-making, sewerage, the supply of water, tramways, and, above all, electric light. No one doubts that new industries of a speculative character are best pioneered by private enterprise. The company promoter has, however, so abused the power placed in his hands by the Limited Liability Act that, not only has the development of electric lighting been retarded in this country, but the prospects of private enterprise in furthering other industries has been checked. Fortunately the success, the comfort, the intrinsic value, the economy and the sanitary properties of electric light have commended it to our municipal magnates, and its introduction has become the fashion. The following Table shows the position of the industry in this country and in the United States at the present time :—

ELECTRIC LIGHT UNDERTAKINGS.

	United Kingdom.		United States.	
	Municipalities.	Companies.	Municipalities	Companies.
Number of central stations	72	63	338	2,251
Capital stock £	4,599,154	3,258,343	3,419,019	48,207,527
Number of arcs	5,753	1,259	26,087	265,064
Number of glows	1,393,514	1,936,893	693,984	14,278,358
Kilowatt capacity	44,219	24,344	41,193	578,051

In spite of our financial troubles, of the inertia of municipal bodies, of the active competition of vested interests, our progress compares not unfavourably with other European countries, but the progress of the industry in the United States has been phenomenal. The return for the United Kingdom is, however, by

no means complete. It omits all private installations. We in the Post Office alone have 50,000 lamps which are not enumerated; and if we consider all our great railway companies, banks, warehouses, manufactories, and shops which have their own installations, the statistics will be very considerably extended. Lamps are being improved and cheapened, wiring is being reduced in cost, and the economic distribution of energy is being furthered. But the most promising field for economy is the combination of all classes of electrical industry in one centre, especially that of light and tramway working where fuel is cheap, water abundant for condensing, and nuisances of no account. The cost of the production of electrical energy depends principally upon the continuity of its output. If it can be generated continuously during the 24 hours of the day its cost is only a fraction of a penny per unit. If it is used solely for light, a unit may cost threepence. Hence local authorities, who are undertakers of electric energy, neglect their duty to those who have elected them as the custodians of their interests if they fail to secure the tramways in their district, either as their own property or as customers for their current. For the tramways, by taking energy during the day, reduce the cost of working during the night by removing the incubus of running continuously imposed on undertakers by Act of Parliament. This may enable the ratepayers to be supplied at a price for electric light certainly one penny per unit less than if there were no tramways. The cheaper the supply of energy per unit the more certain and speedy the advent of the electric light as the poor man's lamp, and the more beneficial its introduction into the confined, ill-ventilated and overcrowded homes of the working classes. By improving locomotion to the suburbs and enabling them to live in pure air, and by clearing the air they breathe of the impurities due to the combustion of tallow, oil and gas, the more readily should the public fall down and worship the golden image which Parliament and science have set up.

It is on board ship that electric light has been pre-eminently successful, and where it filled such a crying want that its introduction met with no check. It was almost immediately and universally adopted. Search lights, prompted by the great development of the torpedo, were introduced into our Navy as early as 1875 by Mr. Henry Wilde. The first ship to be fitted with internal electric lighting was the *Inflexible* in 1882. In 1884 the Admiralty ordered it to be applied to all H.M. warships. The first application of electrical power was in the case of H.M.S. *Barfleur*, where motors

were used for working guns and for the supply of ammunition. It has subsequently been partially extended to the working of gun-turrets, ventilating fans, capstans, and boat-hoisting gear ; but hydraulics, the child of our venerable Past-President, Lord Armstrong, is the form still more generally preferred and used for power in our Navy, though other nations make a much more extended use of electricity. The technical reports received by the United States Navy Department indicate that the electrical appliances on their warships worked very successfully during the recent war. Electrical conductors are readily stowed away in safe quarters, and easily repaired when severed by shot. The electrical energy used in a first-class battleship is expended thus :—

Internal lighting	60 E.H.P.
Search-lights	65 "
Ventilation	30 "
Capstans, hoists, &c.	60 "
Reserve	45 "
Total	260 "
Number of glow-lamps	1,000
" " search-lamps	6
" " ventilating fans	16
" " motors	2 to 8

The following Table illustrates the progress of electric work done by that branch of the service which is so eminently presided over by our Vice-President, Sir W. H. White :—

Year.	Ships fitted with Electricity.		Total Number fitted.		Electric Machinery.	
	Search-Lights.	Internal Lighting.	Search-Lights.	Internal Lighting.	Number of Sets fitted.	Total E.H.P.
1876	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil
1876 to 1880	19	Nil	38	Nil	19	33
1880 ,, 1884	30	1	50	...	30	120
1884 ,, 1888	150	30	220	8,000	180	3,700
1888 ,, 1894	265	126	750	50,000	450	15,000
1894 ,, 1898	500	240	1,100	95,000	800	25,000

LIGHTHOUSES.

The introduction of electricity into our lighthouses has not been such an unqualified success as into our ships. No new electric light has been installed on the coast of Great Britain since St. Catherine's (Isle of Wight) was fitted up in 1888. Other electric lamps are to be found at the South Foreland, at the Lizard, and at Soutar Point, only four lighthouses in all upon our coasts.

This is due chiefly to the great prime cost of its installation and to the annual expense of its maintenance. But the sailor himself is not enamoured of it. It does not assist him in judging distances. It is too brilliant in clear weather, while in bad weather it penetrates a fog no further than an ordinary oil lamp. Moreover, great modern improvements have rapidly followed each other in other apparatus, lenses and lamps. A third-order light of to-day can be made superior to a first-order light of ten years ago. Oils have improved and gas has been introduced. Lord Kelvin proposed that lighthouses should signal their individuality to passing ships by flashing their number in the Morse alphabet. But the Morse alphabet, in 1875, was as unknown as Egyptian hieroglyphics to our nautical authorities. The same end was obtained with less mental exertion by occulting and group-flashing systems.

A new and very promising plan has recently been introduced in France, called the "Feux-éclairs" or "lightning flash" system. It has been installed in many places, but especially at the two Capes dominating the Bay of Biscay. Nothing more brilliant or more effective is to be seen anywhere than the lights that rapidly sweep across the horizon, like well-directed flashes of summer lightning, with a motion that conveys the idea of a wave of some illuminated spirit-arm warning the navigator away from the rocky dangers of Ushant.

Our Trinity House has not yet introduced this plan. Any change of our well-considered and deeply-important coast-lighting system is not to be hastily effected. We are very proud of our well-guarded shores. Every headland and landfall, every isolated rock, all dangerous shoals and banks and narrow channels in lines of trade are so illuminated that navigation by night is as safe and easy as by day. Lighthouses and lightships stud our channels. Most of them are placed in direct communication with our Post Office telegraph system, so that the speediest help can be secured in moments of difficulty and danger.

We, however, want improvement during fogs and storms. Here electricity steps in. I wrote, in 1893, of wireless telegraphy:—
“These waves are transmitted by the ether; they are independent of day or night, of fog or snow or rain, and, therefore, if by any means a lighthouse can flash its indicating signals by electromagnetic disturbances through space, ships could find out their position in spite of darkness and of weather. Fog would lose one of its terrors, and electricity become a great life-saving agency.”
We are nearing that goal.

TRACTION.

Electrically worked railways originated in Europe. The first experimental line was constructed by Dr. Werner Siemens in Berlin in 1879. When I visited America in 1884 there was only one experimental line at work in Cleveland, Ohio. Now there are more miles of line so worked in Cleveland alone than in the whole of the United Kingdom. The reason for this is not difficult to comprehend. The climatic influences of the States, the habits of the people, the cost of horseflesh, the necessity for more rapid transit, soon proved the vast superiority of electric over every other form of traction. Horses and cables will soon disappear. In England the Tramways Act of 1870 has been restrictive. It deferred the real solution of the question for 21 years. Its avowed tendency has been to throw the industry into the hands of the municipalities. Private enterprise has therefore not been encouraged, and municipalities have not taken it up. Local authorities have now been educated. The successful progress in the States and on the Continent has proved contagious, and everywhere our great cities are rising to the occasion. Indeed, to neglect to supply tramways where they would be useful, healthful, and valuable, is to a certain extent an abuse of the trust confided to the municipality by the Legislature. Rapid and convenient suburban transit is a social factor of great importance to the working classes, who can be readily transported from close quarters to pure air and healthy dwellings. Hamburg is one of the best trammed cities on the Continent. The trams were constructed by private enterprise under lease from the municipality. The latter supplies the electric energy. The tramway company is bound to take the current at a fair and reasonable price, but they have also to pay a tax on the gross receipts, which is set aside by the local authority as a sinking fund, so that on the expiry of the agreement the town will have the capital to purchase the tramways. Corporations in

this country who have secured a provisional order for the installation of electric light have secured also legal powers to supply electric energy for all purposes. It is therefore their right, and it may become a very valuable property. The duplication and multiplication of central electrical stations is likely to become a serious evil. It is absurd to see two buildings erected where one only is needed, and two causes of nuisance perpetuated where none need exist. I have already pointed out the economy of combining electric lighting and tramway working. The relative merits of overhead and underground conductors, and the use of storage batteries, are practically the only important engineering questions under discussion. The underground conduit system has been materially helped by the practical object lesson to be seen in New York, where the tramways are being very successfully worked on this plan. The trolley system is much more economical. Its erection does not interfere with the traffic of the streets. The principal objection to it is its anti-æsthetic appearance, but it is wonderful how ideas of utility and the influence of custom make us submit to disfigurement. What is more inartistic than a lamp-post, or more hideous than the barn-like appearance of many a railway terminus?

The corrosion of water- and gas-pipes, the disturbances of telegraphs and magnetic observatories, are serious questions arising from the introduction of powerful currents into the earth, but fortunately the remedies are simple, easily attainable, and very effective.

I have alluded to the proposed working of our underground railways. The success of the Mersey Dock line and of the South London and Waterloo lines has placed the question beyond controversy. The problem to be solved is how is the conversion from steam to electricity to be effected without interfering in any way with the existing traffic or with the existing permanent way? This is not to be solved on paper. It must be determined by actual trial, and this is about to be done on the short line connecting Earls Court and High Street, Kensington. Electric traction as an economical measure in all cases of dense traffic is so certain that every great railway company must consider, sooner or later, the working of their suburban traffic by electricity. This experiment on the Metropolitan Underground Railways, therefore, should interest them all. It is a question deeply affecting the interests and comfort of the public and the condition of the congested traffic of our streets.

The storage battery fulfils a very important function in the economical working of an electric railway. It equalises the pressure on the circuits. It meets the fluctuations of the load. It takes in current when the load is light; it lets out current when the load is heavy. It thus secures the continuous working of the engines at their full constant and most economical conditions, and it enables the engines to be shut down altogether when the load is very light as it is at night, in the early morning, and on Sundays.

In Buffalo the battery is charged by energy from Niagara, 21 miles away, and the local engines are shut down for 12 hours every day, and for 10 hours on Sunday.

Electric traction is invading even our streets. The number of unstable and weak-kneed cab-horses seems destined to be reduced by their electric competitor; while the pride of London—the fleet hansom—will be freed from an obstructive and not always sweet-smelling *avant courier*. When the real storage battery is produced the auto-mobile problem will be solved. At present steam and oil are active competitors.

ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY.

The transference of electricity through liquids is accompanied by the disintegration of the molecules of the liquids into their constituent elements. The act of conduction is of the nature of work done. Energy is expended upon the electrolyte to break it up, and the quantity thus chemically decomposed is an exact measure of the work done. Every electrolyte requires a certain voltage to overcome the affinity between its atoms, and then the mass decomposed per minute or per hour depends solely upon the current passing. The process is a cheap one and has become general. Three electrical HP. continuously applied deposit 10 lbs. of pure copper every hour from copper sulphates at the cost of one penny. All the copper used for telegraphy is thus obtained. Zinc in a very pure form is extracted electrolytically from chloride of zinc, produced from zinc blende, in large quantities. Caustic soda and chlorine are produced by similar means from common salt. The electroplating of gold, silver and nickel is a lucrative and extensive business, especially in Birmingham and Sheffield. Gold and silver are refined by this electrolysis in Russia, and nickel in the United States. Sea-water is decomposed in this way for disinfecting purposes by the Hermite process.

The passage of electricity through certain gases is accompanied by their dissociation and by the generation of intense heat. Hence the arc furnace. Aluminium is thus obtained from cryolite and

bauxite at Foyers by utilizing the energy of the Falls. Phosphorus is also separated from apatite, and other mineral phosphates. Calcium carbide, obtained in the same way, is becoming an important industry.

It is remarkable that our coalfields have not been utilized in this direction. Electrical energy can be generated on a coalfield, where coal of good calorific value is raised at a cost of 3s. per ton, cheaper than by a waterfall, even at Niagara.

Electro-metallurgy is now a very large business, but it is destined to increase still more, for the generation of electrical energy is becoming better understood and more cheaply effected.

THE TRANSMISSION OF POWER.

The energy wasted in waterfalls is enough to maintain in operation the industries of the whole world. Great cities as a rule are not located near great falls; nor has a beneficent Providence provided great cities with waterfalls as, according to the American humourist, He has with broad rivers. There is but one Niagara, and we are seeing how industries are rather going to the falls than the energy of the falls is being transmitted to the industrial centres. The arbitrament of money is limiting the distance to which energy can be profitably transmitted. The Cataracts of the Nile can be utilized in irrigating the waste lands of the upper regions of the river, but their energy cannot compete, at Alexandria, with that of coal transported in mass from England.

At Tivoli, 15 miles across the Campagna, the energy of the falls is economically utilized to light Rome and to drive the tramways of that city. The electric railways at Portrush and Bessbrook, in Ireland, are worked by water-power, and Worcester, Keswick and Lynton use it in this country, but on a very small scale. It is not used more, for the simple reason that there are no more falls to use. Water-power is used very extensively in Switzerland, because it is so abundant there, and in our Colonies, especially in South Africa; but it is in the United States, especially in Utah and California, where the greatest works have been installed, especially for the transmission of energy to mines.

In mines electricity is invaluable. It is used for moving trams and for working hoists. It lights up and ventilates the galleries, and by pumping keeps them free of water. It operates the drills, picks, stamps, crushers, compressors, and all kinds of machinery. The modern type of induction motor, having neither brushes nor sliding contacts, is free from sparks and safe from dust. Electrical energy is clean, safe, convenient, cheap, and it produces

neither refuse nor side products. It is transmitted to considerable distances. In mountainous countries the economical distance is limited by the voltage which insulation can resist; 40,000 volts are being practically used between Provo Canyon and Mercur, in Utah, in transmitting 2,000 HP. 32 miles.

The following Table records some interesting installations :—

Place.	Electric Power Generated.	Pressure on Line.	Distance Transmitted.	Remarks.
Eschdorf - Grünberg, Schleswig }	225	{ 10,000 (three phase)	15	One 80-HP. Siemens & Halske dynamo, driven from water-wheel; one 220-HP. S. & H. dynamo, driven from turbines (above driven through counter-shafting); one 220-H.P. S. & H. dynamo, direct-coupled to engine.
Ogden, Salt Lake City, Utah ... }	3,750	{ 15,000 (three phase)	36	
Big Cottonwood, Utah ... }	1,800	{ 10,000 (three phase)	14	Plant consists of five 1,000-HP. twenty-four-pole three-phase generators, driven by Knight water-wheels running at 300 revolutions per minute.
Folsom - Sacramento, California }	3,000	{ 11,000 (three phase)	22½	Plant consists of four 450-kilowatt three-phase general electric generators, each one directly coupled to a Pelton wheel.
San Antonio Creek to Pomona ... }	480	{ 10,000 (single phase)	13¾	Plant consists of four 1,000-HP. three-phase generators built by the General Electric Company, coupled direct to the turbine shafts.
To San Bernardino California ... }			28¾	
Rand Central Electric Works, Brakpan to Johannesburg, Transvaal ... }	3,200	{ 10,000 (three phase)	18	Plant consists of four 120-kilowatt twelve-pole Westinghouse alternators, driven by a Pelton water-power plant.
				Plant consists of four S. & H. rotary-phase machines, coupled direct to 1,000-HP. to 1,200-HP. engines.

It is effecting a great economy in coal consumption in our workshops and factories. The efficiency of steam-driven shafting is known to be very poor. Scattered steam-engines and long steam-piping run away with money by their continuous waste of energy. The motor is used only when and where it is wanted, its efficiency is very high and it costs nothing when it is idle. It can be used either for the small power required by machines and tools at present worked by hand, or for a goods locomotive of 2,000 HP., such as is now being used at Baltimore.

This utilization of energy at a distance is reinstating many home industries, to the great advantage of the working classes, whose time is wasted in long excursions to the factory, and whose health, morals, and well-being are not improved by herding in great numbers, and by incessant association with the grievance-monger and the professional agitator.

CONCLUSION.

I have touched lightly—I fear too lightly—upon some of the applications of electricity. I have confined myself, in a very general sense, to those with which I have been personally associated. I have shown how electricity began its beneficent career by protecting our lives and property from the disastrous effects of Nature's dread artillery, how it facilitates intercommunication between mind and mind by economizing time and annihilating space. It

“Speeds the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And wafts a sigh from Indus to the Pole.”

By its metallic nerves it brings into one fold not only the scattered families of one nation, but all countries and all languages, to the manifest promotion of peace and general goodwill. Not only does it show us how to utilise the waste energies of Nature, but it enables us to direct them to the place where they are most wanted and to use them with the greatest economy. It opens to our view Nature's secret storehouses, presenting us with new elements, new facts, and new treasures. It economises labour and purifies material. It lightens our darkness in more senses than one, and by enabling us to see the unseen, it tends to aid the gentle healing art and to alleviate both suffering and pain. It aids us in the pursuit of truth, and it has exploded the doctrine that the pursuit of truth means the destruction of faith.

I have occupied your time sufficiently I hope to impress upon you the universality of electricity. Its flood-gates were opened when our good Queen ascended the throne, and during her glorious reign it has overflown all the fields cultivated by the engineer. Though its followers are now regarded as specialists, the period is not distant when it must cease to be a speciality. Its facts and tenets, its science and practice, must form the framework of the profession of the engineer. Every engineer must ultimately become an electrician; and electricity will be the most general, the most useful, and the most interesting form in which he applies the fundamental principles of energy to the wants, the comforts and the happiness of mankind.

Surveying in Sierra Leone.

MR. CLEUGH, the Postmaster-General of Sierra Leone, sends us, in a letter dated the 6th of September, 1898, some interesting particulars of his life since his appointment. He seems to have given satisfaction to the Governor, who has made him a Justice of the Peace, Deputy Coroner, Captain of the Volunteers, and Manager of the Savings Banks. Shortly after his arrival, being full of official zeal and doubtless full of official precedents gathered up in the old country, he started off on a tour of inspection through the villages of the Peninsula for the purpose of putting them into something like postal order. Mr. Cleugh was away for some weeks, and paid the usual penalty of exposure to the sun, &c., by developing malarial fever. So bad was the attack that he was shipped off to Grand Canary to recover. All this is ancient history, for since then Mr. Cleugh has married and has lived through some thrilling experiences arising out of the late rebellion in Sierra Leone. He sent his wife off to England so soon as danger was threatened.

The verses and illustrations we publish below are from a manuscript copy by Mr. Trennaman, of Sierra Leone, and they refer to the surveying tour we have mentioned above. One of the adventures referred to in the verses can be best explained by a quotation from Mr. Cleugh's letter: "A woman followed my hammock for miles with a little black child in her arms, trying to make me accept it as a present. From appearance it was only about two days old; the mother was a very fine woman, absolutely naked, but for a string of beads round her waist."

The title Mr. Trennaman gives his verses is *That Journey*.

"Oh! East is East and West is West,

And the Coast is a Place that is none of the Best."

Sundry Platitudes of Hafiz.

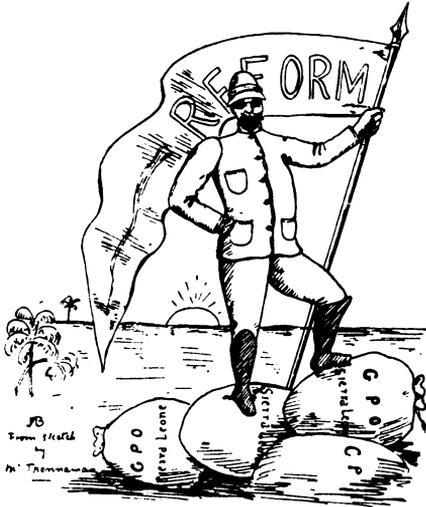
I.

**The
Argument
Opens.**

Upon a Special
Mission sent,
Upon a sweeping
Re-form bent,
Away a gallant
Postman went,
A-searching after sin, sir ;

A
Description
of
the
Hero's
Appearance.

To keep his head cool,
Hair cut close—
To save his eyes,
Dark specs. on nose—
And pranked out in
His nice white clothes,
With beard-bedarkened chin, sir.



2.

He'd whiskey—Scotch—
And heaps of gin,
A hammock with
A tarpaulin,
And fizz and kippers
In a tin—
The last to raise a thirst, sir;
He'd hams and salmon,
Pills and stout,
Quinine and beer,
And Sauerkraut,
You'd surely think
When he turned out
That he was on a burst, sir.

Of
The
Duration
of his
Journey
and
of
his
Medicines.

3.

For sixteen days
Was he away
And left his chum
The good C. J.
Of anxious carking
Care the prey
That he would 'scape all ills, sir.
The while he walked
The country round
To keep from fever
Safe and sound
The very greatest use
He found
Quinine and liver pills, sir.



Of
His
Many
Adventures.

4.

He looked in here,
He looked in there,
He gave the P. O.
Clerks a scare.
Of all the best
He took his share—
He was so very bold, sir.
The ladies welcomed
Him with joy ;
One wished to give him
Such a boy,
'Twas scarcely bigger
Than a toy
And only two days old, sir.



Of
His
Homecoming
&
Of
The
Affecting
Scene
Thereat.

5.

Then home he came,
His work was done ;
Of books he brought
Back quite a ton,
But fizz, or gin,
Or whiskey—none,
As there did none remain, sir.

SURVEYING IN SIERRA LEONE.

He clasped the C. J.
To his breast
And cried "Here—here
"I am at rest,
"I'm 'oph' exploring
"And I'm blest
"If I explore again, sir."



6.

How
The
Hero
Succumbs
To
His
Erections.]

Then down he fell ;
And into bed
They put the hero—
Aching head
And throbbing pulse ;—
No more was said,
For fever had him sore, sir.
And as he tossed
Him o'er and o'er
He vowed a vow
And swore a swore
No single yard
Of country more
He ever would explore, sir !

*Mr. Lewin Hill, C.B.**

BY the operation of the Order in Council regulating the retirement of officers of the Civil Service, the Department is about to lose the effective help of an Assistant Secretary, one who, next to the Secretary-in-Chief, is probably the best known official in the Post Office. On the 13th of this current month, January, 1899, Mr. Lewin Hill reaches the limit of age which makes the Order operative; and he completes at that date more than 43 years of continuous service on the Establishment. To the great regret, therefore, of all those of his colleagues who have the privilege of his acquaintance, and of numbers who know him only by repute as a prominent and upright official, Mr. Hill's wide experience and varied talents will then be lost to the Post Office, while he himself we rejoice to think is still in the full enjoyment of mental and physical activity.

A nephew of Sir Rowland and Mr. Frederic Hill and a cousin of Mr. Pearson Hill† (who spent many years at St. Martin's-le-Grand), Mr. Lewin Hill, by his retirement, snaps the last link connecting the Hill family with the Post Office. Mr. Hill received his appointment to the Secretary's Office from Earl Canning on September 10, 1855, and after passing the usual novitiate in the branch of that esteemed official, Mr. George Hardy, was drafted into the Buildings and Establishments Branch, then in the care of the late Mr. John Strange Baker, another highly valued senior. In that branch it may be said Mr. Hill has passed nearly the whole of his postal life; inasmuch as while working in conjunction with Mr. Baker, he had to deal mainly with revisions of force and pay, so, on the erection of a separate branch for Establishments—with Mr. Hill at its head—he carried his old work with him, adding thereto the collection and collation of statistical facts.

While, however, such duties have been the backbone of Mr. Hill's career, they have not by any means occupied his attention exclusively.

* Portraits of Mr. Lewin Hill appear in our second and fifth volumes (pages 81 and 129), and in the frontispiece to the present number.—ED.

† Since this article was written we have to record with regret the decease of Mr. Pearson Hill, which took place on the 13th of December. We refer our readers to the "Letter Bag" for some particulars of this gentleman's career.—ED.

Outside the Office, in early days, Captain Lewin Hill was a well-known Volunteer, and did much at Tottenham and elsewhere to foster a love of rifle shooting and promote the efficiency of the Volunteer force. At Bisley, to this day, may be found traces of exercises in military firing which originated at the Tottenham butts in Captain Hill's time. Within the Office, organization and new departures have always had for him a strong attraction; and whether as Head of a Branch, Statistician, or *Amicus Curie* of Secretaries, Controllers, or Surveyors, Mr. Lewin Hill has proved himself for many years past an untiring and experienced coadjutor, ready to help in any official stress, or to suggest and assist in carrying out new and improved methods of postal business.

It is proper to add that on the retirement of the late Mr. Herbert Joyce, C.B., from the post of Third Secretary (an office now abolished), the important duties appertaining to that post, which included the supervision of the Discipline, Appointments, and Confidential Enquiry Branches, were transferred to Mr. Hill, who then ceased to be connected with the Establishments Branch. Much of this gentleman's best work is unknown outside the Office, and is not, we think, very generally known within it; some part perhaps being unwittingly credited in the past to others, as indeed must necessarily be the case when original ideas and sagacious opinions cannot in every instance be hall-marked with the true author's name.

While Mr. Hill's chief functions have enabled him to grasp, both in principle and detail, the great work of regulating scales of pay, on what he deems just and equitable principles, his command of statistics has given him clear insight into almost every branch of postal duty. So, it follows, that when reference is made to the printed reports of departmental committees, from the time of Mr. Fawcett (under whom, our readers will recollect, there was a new and vigorous birth of postal activity), the name of Mr. Lewin Hill appears at least a dozen times as a signatory amongst the Selected Few; and as having to deal, whether as chairman or committeeman, with such momentous questions as Rates of Postage, Financial Revisions, Duties, Monopolies, and the like. As for Roving Commissions in which the subject of this sketch has taken part, their name is Legion; so that it will be seen how extensively Mr. Hill, especially during the last seventeen years—by far, as yet, the most diversely energetic period of postal progress—has been associated with the management of the Post Office.

Of untiring activity and possessing ripe experience, Mr. Lewin

Hill must also be credited, in no small degree, with the rare merit of being ready fearlessly to oppose the popular view when reflection convinced him that such view was erroneous. As a matter of course, this courage of opinion showed itself on occasions in matters directly connected with the business of his branch; and even those who may have dissented from a hostile opinion, on questions affecting their material interests, must have been not unwilling to recognise the candour and rectitude which underlaid it. We of the Civil Service are not prone, as a rule, to err in the direction of admiring too warmly any projected limitation of our emoluments; but we can nevertheless understand the honest conviction and appreciate the moral courage which, as a matter of duty in a given instance by opposing official outlay, may aim, as should a faithful steward of the public money, at safe-guarding the national purse.

A notable instance of this kind was furnished by the evidence given by Mr. Hill when, as head of the Establishments Branch, he was summoned, as a witness, before what has been known as the Tweedmouth Commission of 1896-7. On that occasion, Mr. Hill did not shrink from expressing opinions which he believed to be just, but knew must displease large sections of his colleagues. That consideration, however, did not deter him from the expression of unpopular views, to which in his judgment the facts alone could point.

Courage of the true sort, however, as far as we are aware, has never been wanting in the Hill family. Sir Rowland was not daunted nor was he stopped from persevering with his reform by the storm of obloquy which fell upon him when fifty years ago he sought to minimize the delay of "through" letters in London by assorting the up night mails of Saturday's despatch into the down night mails of Sunday. Nor on the most critical day of his life, twenty years later, did the kindly and genial Assistant Secretary who now is about to bid us farewell, lose heart when in the act of minuting the papers of his branch while on qualified sick leave, he was told the surgeons awaited him. He tied up his papers, enclosed them in their respective covers, addressed and sealed his letters and despatched them to the post. Then he quietly said, he was ready.

Mr. Hill, it is believed, holds strong views about discipline, sharing the opinion of a late statesman that a law must be obeyed until it is altered. He would probably, if alone responsible, resist on all occasions and at all costs, attempts at coercion. It was

understood, at the time, that the suppression of a threatened revolt at Mount Pleasant by the prompt and resolute action of the Chiefs was traceable in great measure to the alertness and virile counsels of Mr. Lewin Hill. It was he who, with another Chief of the past, aroused the Secretary of the Post Office from his slumbers at the house of a friend, and carried him off at 2 o'clock in the morning to Mount Pleasant, with a result which is now a matter of postal history. The other Chief adroitly turned into the vacated bed and slept a well-earned sleep; while the *tableau*, at next morning's breakfast-table, of an agreeable stranger planted in the chair reserved for Sir Arthur Blackwood, has no doubt been painted afresh, more than once, by the astonished hostess.

During the week of the "strike," Mr. Hill scarcely left St. Martin's-le-Grand; and more than once during that period he was at work throughout the night—continuing his ordinary labours next day as though a sound night's rest had preceded them.

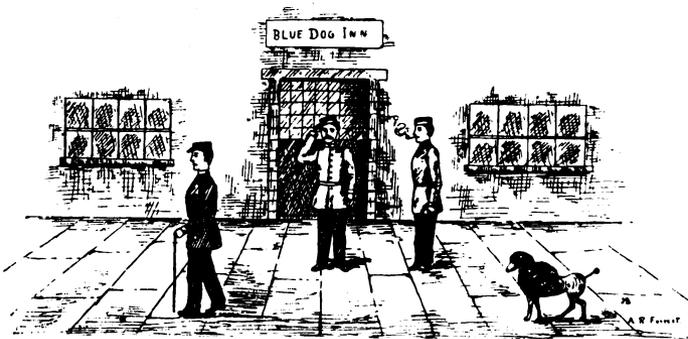
Amongst the numerous proofs which the Postmaster-General has given of good-will towards the Post Office at large, and his appreciation of the ability with which His Grace has been served by his officers, few have given greater satisfaction in the Department than the bestowal on Mr. Lewin Hill of the distinction of a Companionship of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath. Her Majesty the Queen, and the Premier, we humbly venture to affirm, were well advised when the Duke of Norfolk selected and recommended Mr. Hill as a worthy recipient of the Jubilee Birthday Honour of 1897, a mark of Royal Favour which we believe to be the reward of a career of distinguished devotion to duty.

In concluding this brief and imperfect notice of the approaching retirement of a greatly esteemed and loyal servant of the Crown—one who has played many important parts among us for more than a generation, and who carries with him into private life the hearty good wishes of those who remain behind,—we may be permitted to express, as quite an exceptional matter suggested by the present occasion, some surprise, and on the part of the public some regret, at what we, in all submission, deem to be want of foresight in the framers of the Order in Council.

The effect of the Order is in many cases to relegate officers to the pension list, at a time when, as in the case of Mr. Lewin Hill, their experience is ripest, and their judgment of most value. It draws no line between the fit and the unfit. If, on the 12th of January, great responsibilities will still rest on Mr. Hill, and his signature to official

papers be just as potential as it ever was, it would be idle to contend that on the 13th—one day later—circumstances so change that the active brain has lost its power, that the facile pen is no longer serviceable. But this is what the Order in Council seems to contemplate. It assumes a collapse of official effectiveness on the actual day of superannuation.

In our humble judgment, a clear loss is inflicted on the country by compulsorily retiring a civil servant who is able to render effective service and is willing to stay on. As it is, accumulated knowledge is wholly wasted, tried experience is swept out with the broom, and pensions alone remain the tangible proof of good men's existence. Of course, in its main intent, *i.e.*, to secure a due flow of promotion and the removal of inefficient from the active list, the Order is just and proper, but in the public interest it would seem better that it should reserve power to the Treasury to retain, as additional to the establishment, and under proper checks and conditions, for a term of five years, capable officers who had reached the age limit and were willing to serve, at something above retired pay, on a council or standing committee where their competence would continue to be of public use. In such a case, the Post Office would not necessarily lose altogether the services of Mr. Lewin Hill. He would, we hope, be willing at a proper remuneration to continue—as did Mr. Frederic Hill, Mr. W. H. Godby, Mr. J. St. L. Beaufort, Mr. I. D. Rich, and other able men—to enrich the Councils of the Department with his cultivated knowledge for long after the prescribed term of three score and five years. X.



SCENE AT GRANTHAM, 1865. (A FACT.)

First Militiaman : "Bill, why don't you salute that officer?"

Second Militiaman : "Ha ! ha ! that's a good 'un ! why, he's the postman."

[NOTE.—Provincial Postmen were first supplied with uniforms in the year 1865.]

(We are indebted to Mr. A. R. Forrest, ex-Surveyor, for the above.—ED.)



A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM THE LEEDS POST OFFICE.

THE above is a Christmas Card received from the Leeds Postal Staff. The lines from Tennyson and the greeting have been rendered into French, as the card is being forwarded to all parts of the world. It will be noticed that the olive branch entwines the crown, an idea in keeping with the verses "When the war-drum throbs no longer," &c. In the right centre is the Leeds Coat of Arms; in the left centre is the Yorkshire Coat of Arms. We are indebted for the card to Mr. A. Hickson Hart of the Leeds Staff. He and the designer are jointly responsible for the production, and we congratulate them on their efforts.

[To face page 32.]

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The Early History of a Canadian Post Office.



HERE are still left by our local historians some unwritten pages in the history of Yarmouth, and one of them is the story of our Post Office in its youthful days. Perhaps there is no other department of the public service which has been so completely revolutionized since that period. I shall now endeavour to fill in a small part of its unvarnished history by culling and sifting from a few fragmentary papers in my possession bearing on the subject, and also by giving some interesting information, hitherto unpublished, collected and preserved by my brother, the late Dr. James C. Farish.

My father, Dr. Henry G. Farish, was appointed Postmaster on the 3rd June, 1807, which office he held until the time of his death, nearly half a century. In glancing over the Post Office accounts of the early part of the present century, it appears that persons received a small remuneration for taking charge of letters which were entrusted to them, for we find the following various charges in the Post Office account books against the General Department :—

Paid for forwarding mail from the Yarmouth Office: 1807, 3s. 4½d.; 1808, 4s.; 1809, 4s. 6d.; 1810, 5s. 3d.

The first few years after the establishment of the mail, the medium of communication between Yarmouth and Digby was the pocket of an obliging friend who happened to have business of his own to take him to Digby. The number of communications forwarded through our young office during the first six months of its infancy was small—only fifteen letters. Occasionally the mails were more than a fortnight in coming from Digby to Yarmouth, and from three to four weeks from Annapolis to Halifax. Once upon a time—you must not ask when—a mail was twenty-six days travelling one hundred miles! It could not have been altogether an enjoyable experience in travelling on foot or otherwise in inclement weather over an unfrequented road which was often but a mere bridle path, where the rude clearings of the forest were scarcely more than visible.

In May, 1812, on the eve of the war with the United States, the most public-spirited of our citizens who were interested in the matter subscribed £40, for which sum Jesse Wyman undertook for one year to ride *weekly* on horseback between Yarmouth and Digby, sometimes returning with two or three letters, and sometimes with none.

If we now take a glance at the period in our local history when the mail courier brought the news of Napoleon Bonaparte's abdication, we can readily imagine how greedily the community took



DR. HENRY G. FARISH.

in every drop of intelligence that fell within its reach ; for man is a thirsty soul with respect to news. The wisest of men has said : "As water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a foreign country." I subjoin a paper which shows how our struggling town was stirred on the receipt of the important news, which travelled from Digby with electric speed for those days, when Jesse Wyman won well-earned laurels in accomplishing his self-imposed task, over intolerably rough and perilous roads :—

Saturday, May 28th, 1814.

The subscribers, in order to show their sense of the postman's extra and voluntary exertions in travelling from Digby yesterday and

last night with such expedition as to arrive at the Post Office so early as six o'clock this morning with the

GREAT AND GLORIOUS NEWS,

do give him the sums set against their names.

The money paid at the time of subscribing :

	s.	d.
Henry G. Farish, five shillings	5	0
J. N. Bond, half a dollar... ..	2	6
James Bond, quarter of a dollar	1	3
Benj. Bingay	2	6
George Hunter, one dollar	5	0
George Farish	2	6
Stephen N. Bond	2	6
Richard Fletcher	5	0

In the following year, 1815, the mail which left England in the early summer of that year brought news to America that a great battle was being fought in Belgium between England and France. The whole of the New World was kept in a state of trembling suspense until August, before the result of the battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June was known on this side of the Atlantic. Contrast the difference in the length of time occupied in the transmission of the news of the death of the heir apparent to the British throne on the 14th January, 1892 (when the Old and the New World were simultaneously startled and convulsed by the unlooked-for announcement), and of the battle of Waterloo, fought between two of the most remarkable commanders that perhaps ever contested together for victory. Another instance of the slow transit of H.M. mails may be given in the news of the death of Napoleon, which occurred at St. Helena, May 5th, 1821; the tidings reached Yarmouth the following September.

In the early '20's, after the letters for the northern line were sealed in brown paper wrappers and these enclosed in a small leather bag, the whole package did not exceed a good-sized octavo volume. Ten years later a drawer in the Post Office, not a foot square, contained the whole week's mail to be sent to Halifax and the intermediate towns, as well as those intended for Europe and the United States. We must recollect there were then no newspapers published in this town to swell the bulk of His Majesty's mails. The arriving mails were larger, for they contained, in addition to the letters, about a dozen newspapers.

The transatlantic mail arrived in Halifax *via* Falmouth, England, once a month. It was carried by gun brigs belonging to H.M. navy, and the slow-going qualities of these old vessels were proverbial, so that Yarmouthians were frequently in receipt of European news nearly two months old. In the *Yarmouth Telegraph* of the 10th February, 1832, we read: "H.M. packet 'Opossum,' which arrived in Halifax on the 1st inst., has brought London dates to the 11th December." Again, a later issue of the same paper of the 9th March informs us that "by post we are in possession of European news to the 11th of January." About this time the American clipper ships shortened the voyage, but the great change took place when the mails were carried by the Cunard steamers after the year 1839.



YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA, IN 1829.

(From a sketch taken by Sarah B. Farish from the "Farish Homestead." The Post Office was in a room in the house at the right hand corner of the picture.)

For many years after the establishment of the post office in Yarmouth there was no office of any description between Yarmouth and Digby, or between Yarmouth and Shelburne. One was instituted at Weymouth about the year '30, and at Barrington a few years later. Since then, way offices have sprung up in all directions. In consequence of there being no way offices, the mail carrier had to receive all letters offered him on the road, and deposit them in the next post office. Thus a person living at Hebron might give him a letter for Halifax; he had to take charge of the letter, and perhaps with it the prepaid postage, and deliver both to the nearest postmaster. Another duty of our mail carrier was to deliver letters and papers addressed to anyone on his long and wearisome route, and collect all unpaid postages, for which he was held responsible.

The Postmaster General—the late Arthur Woodgate—as late as 1849, was of opinion that a box might be fixed in some way near, or

within, the premises of a person living in the central part of a settlement, and papers and prepaid correspondence dropped into it; thus affording some accommodation for those where there was no way office, as the mail contractor could not possibly keep up to his contract time, and deliver all letters and papers along the route.

A gratuitous kindness of one courier was to wait at the office—wary from fatigue after his long journey of 79 miles from Digby—until the mail was open and ready for distribution, receive letters addressed principally to the business men living on the main street south of the office, and deliver them on his homeward journey to Wyman's Road. The merchants were then engaged in a flourishing trade, and were probably awaiting the arrival of their letters with as much concern and anxiety as those of to-day.



TUSKET RIVER, NEAR YARMOUTH, N.S.

As correspondence increased, a light frame was placed in the lower half of the post office window. It contained all the letters in the office for delivery, so that a person could readily ascertain whether there was a letter for himself or family. An improvement followed, when a *list* of the names only was exhibited, and still later, in addition to the above arrangement, appeared a monthly published list in the local papers.

There were single and double rates of letter postage—single if one sheet of paper were used, but if there was an enclosure of any kind, even a bank note, it was considered double and taxed accordingly. By this regulation, an envelope—an article then unheard of—could not be used. To avoid double postage, lengthy communications were written on the largest sheet of foolscap obtainable, or on the square letter paper sheet of the period. Letters were sealed with

black or coloured sealing wax, more frequently with wafers, plain or ornamental. They were rather intricately folded, and required a little practice to perform this dexterously—an art now lost. Indeed, to neatly fold and properly address a letter was considered, in days that are past, a part of one's education.

The various amounts of postage were regulated by the distance, and were collected on the delivery of the letter. Thus :

From Yarmouth to Weymouth	4½d.
„ Digby	7d.
„ Annapolis	9d.
„ Halifax	1s. 1½d.
„ Pictou	1s. 6d.
„ St. John (via Halifax)	...	1s.	4d.
„ St. Andrews (via Halifax)	1s.	6d.	
„ London	3s. 6d.
„ Scotland	4s. 6d. to 5s.
„ Ireland	4s. 6d. to 5s.

Prepayment of postage (1s. 6d.) to the American line was compulsory. After the letter reached the border a new postage was charged, which carried it to its destination, and was paid by the recipient. The writer, even if desirous to do so, could not pay the full postage. This paying “to the line” was eventually done away with, as the two governments considered there were as many letters going to, as returning from, their respective countries. A circular from the General Post Office, Halifax, contains the following :

“All letters and papers from the United States brought into the British American provinces will have the American postage “prepaid”; the regulation at present in force for collecting such postage in the provinces will be discontinued from November 16th, 1847.”

In 1847 the United States adopted the use of postage stamps, the lowest being five cents. They came into use in Nova Scotia in 1850, and, when first adopted, a letter could be prepaid or not at the option of the writer. After a few years, prepayment by stamps became compulsory. The Postmaster's accounts became much simplified thereby, as he was, hitherto, obliged to enter all the various postages, both paid and unpaid, and was responsible for the collection of these small sums. Envelopes came into general use about the year 1845, when postage was governed by weight; a letter

weighing under half an ounce was threepence, and over that weight to one ounce, sixpence. This did not include foreign postage.

The ship-letter system may require a few words. The open canvas bag was hung up in a cabin of our sailing packets, and into it



A STREET IN YARMOUTH.

(A circus is entering the town; the elephant is passing in front of the new Post Office.)

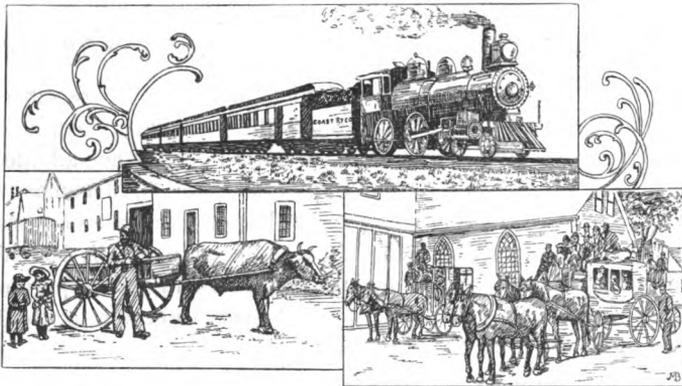
letters were dropped. When the schooner arrived at her destination the captain took the bag and contents to the post office, when he was entitled to receive one penny for each letter; threepence additional was charged by the Post Office Department, which, of course, was paid by the receiver. As this somewhat lessened the rate of postage the "bag" was very freely used. Another means of escape from high postage was given by a person acquainting his friends that he purposed to visit certain places; then he would be sure to have a formidable budget of letters entrusted to his care.

Perhaps it would be well just at this point to note that for a score of years the conveyance of the mails between Yarmouth and Halifax occupied five days, arriving at Clare the first day, Digby the second, Annapolis the third, Kentville the fourth, and at Halifax on the fifth day after leaving Yarmouth. The delights of the road must have been doubtful and tedious, as these routes were more or less dangerous and difficult, vehicles cumbersome, horses dull, roads bad.

We will relieve the subject now with a little music. According to the usual custom in the days of yore, a postman always heralded his

approach by lustily blowing his bugle. So Jesse Wyman indulged in a flourish at Hebron to acquaint those for whom he had a letter or paper of his arrival, and when the wind and atmosphere were favorable the sound could be distinctly heard in town, obstructions for the transmission of sound being then few. He also announced his coming to the Yarmouth Postmaster when arriving opposite the "Cape Fourchu meeting house." Probably when the Yarmouth boys of the period heard the curling notes of the bugle they thought him the greatest musician living. George Wyman, son of Jesse, also heralded his approach by the use of the bugle; their younger substitutes, however, may have made use of the plain "fisherman's horn." The driver of the eastern mail, James Enslow, also gave a spirit-stirring sound from his bugle on Clark's Hill, Salem, sending forth musical notes, for which he became noted, and gained some celebrity in his day.

In 1850 Thomas King, the mail contractor, who, by the way, received £194 per annum for the conveyance of H.M. mails between Digby and Yarmouth, received instructions from headquarters that a portmanteau "had been supplied for the better



THREE STAGES IN CANADIAN POST OFFICE HISTORY.

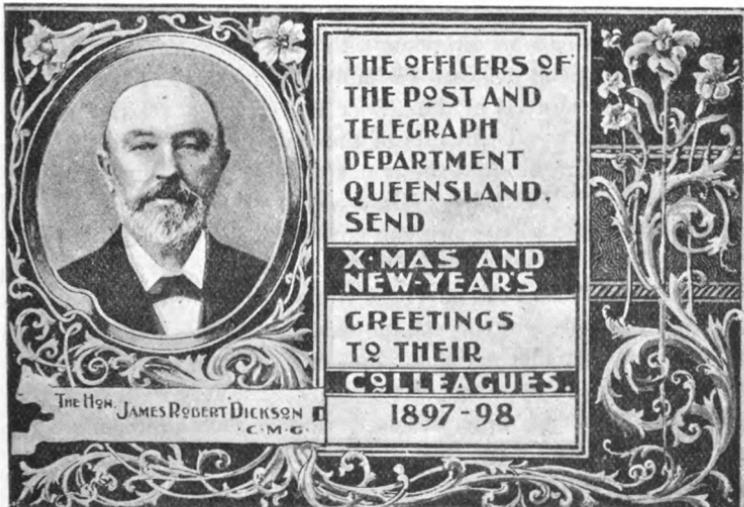
preservation of the mails between Digby and Yarmouth," with a request that it be used by him on all occasions. About this time the Postmaster-General introduced a scheme which provided to give Yarmouth three mails a week, "one viâ the short route, and two viâ Digby and Annapolis." A tri-weekly on the last mentioned route soon followed, and then a daily.

This detached and scanty sketch of our Post Office in its truly initial stage must be drawn to a close. The subject may not be of general interest, still some may wish to read a short unadorned account of the early life and the struggling efforts of a familiar branch of our public service, when Yarmouth was in its infancy and not the flourishing town of to-day. It was partly with this idea in my mind that I have attempted, with the small amount of material at hand, to reproduce in this present form and thereby record a state of things now passed away.

When we compare the past with the present we can see how completely the mail coach has been superseded by steam, for we are now provided with iron horses (eastern rivals excepted!) and steel steamers to carry our correspondence, &c., hither and thither. The average weight *per diem* received and despatched through the office amounted in the past year to more than a ton and a half. A flood of varied literature now deluges our land daily, so that there is scarcely time to refresh our memories by reading the history of those distant events which thrilled our forefathers in this very town.

Yarmouth, Canada.

ELLEN G. BROWN.



The above forms a portion of a Christmas Card received from the Queensland Post Office. We have pleasure in publishing it, as it gives an excellent likeness of the present Premier of Queensland, the Hon. J. R. Dickson, C.M.G., who, at the time the card was issued and until March last, was Postmaster-General of the Colony.

“*The Encyclopædia Britannica.*”

“**H**AVE just fallen a victim to the prevailing fashion and gone in for a *Times* reprint of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, following the friendly recommendation of the publishers and choosing the half-morocco bound form, which on comparison with a friend’s cloth-bound copy I find unquestionably superior and relatively cheaper.” So wrote Mr. Richard Le Gallienne in the *Star* of the 7th December last, and the words came as honey to my soul and proved the most valuable moral support to me in an exactly similar purchase I had just negotiated. For weeks past the *Times* has been advertising this reprint and has been offering it on terms suited to the humblest incomes ; and almost every day for weeks as the attractive advertisement caught my eye I sighed a deep sigh and wondered at what point a humble income breaks down under constant strain. Angelina looks up as she hears the sigh, and she asks sympathetically what is the matter. “You look as if you had been passed over,” or “Have you had an interview with your chief to-day ?” are the sort of remarks she makes. I simply read out to her some of the most tempting morsels in the *Times* advertisement ; I run off gaily on my lips the wonderful lists of the contributors’ names and the titles of the articles. And she is not a bit impressed. “You have got *Hazell* and *Whitaker*, *Who’s Who*, *Pears’ Cyclopædia*, and the *Postal Guide* ; what more can any sane man want ?” Besides, you couldn’t get twenty-five fat volumes into this flat ; it is full up already with rubbish I can never get you either to burn or destroy, and with new curtains, new carpets, blouses, shirts, hats, and ties in most urgent demand in this household, how can you dare to think seriously of an extravagant purchase of this sort ?” “Very well, very well,” is my sad but pacific reply, and supported by such arguments I have been able to resist for the time the tempting advertisements.

I do not think Angelina ever realized the intensity of the struggles I went through on these occasions, otherwise she would not have gone on a fortnight’s visit into the country at the time when the advertisements were becoming more acute than ever. She always says if I am not closely watched I am certain to get into mischief,

or, in other words, into a bookseller's shop. I can never smuggle a book into the house unless it is also accompanied by a blouse or a pair of gloves. Now the morning after Angelina left London, I received a very nice letter from the *Times* in which the proprietors apologised for not being able to send the volumes to me for "review," and offering as a slight extenuation of their conduct to allow me to have the whole reprint at a price considerably lower than that quoted in their advertisements. There was no one to act the part of the "Discourager of Hesitancy" with me, or to help me to resist this insidious form of the old temptation, and after a few sighs a little more formal than usual, I signed the contract form which accompanied the letter. I did so with almost a light heart, because of the conviction growing upon me that if the worst came to the worst, on Angelina's return I could pass off the addition to my bookshelves as "review copies." This seemed to me a brilliant idea, and it sustained me through hours of sleeplessness. In less than ten days the volumes arrived. I had told the maid I expected a parcel of a few books, and when a Pickford's van arrived with what appeared to be a cartload of marble or stone blocks for bridge building purposes, she was at first inclined to refuse them admittance. I was away at the time and the maid had therefore to bear the full blast of the encyclopædic language of the carman, whose enthusiasm for literature was scarcely equal to the strain of delivering these huge volumes to a third-floor flat. The maid said he was in a dreadful state of body and soul when he had finished; he said he had been twenty years with Mr. Pickford and he had never had a worse job, and so impressed was the girl with his language and exhausted appearance that she gave him the money I had left her in the morning wherewith to buy my supper. Previously to the receipt of this tip he had told her that "the damned books were worse than coals and almost as bad as sideboards." When I looked upon the pile of volumes left on the carpet by the exasperated carman I realized that Angelina would say much the same thing when she returned, and I was so relieved that she was not a witness at the scene of their arrival that I cheerfully went without a supper that evening. After the receipt of the tip, the man appears, however, to have observed that "they was fine books, only more suited to a Town 'all than a flat;" but this mercurial temperament is, I find, common with parcels delivery men, and I have known them to be apparently exhausted over the delivery of an empty Gladstone bag!

I sent off a letter at once to Angelina, containing an enclosure,

and I said that owing to a large number of books which had arrived "for review," I was now able to send her the money to buy a new blouse. A letter to the *Times* the same evening contained another enclosure. The outgoings for that day exceeded the incomings, but I consoled myself with the thought that both transactions were in reality investments. By means of the one I placed Angelina in a good temper for some weeks, and by means of the other I might be able to supply a constant source of literary inspiration. Perhaps, even, I might be able some day to make a book, an occupation, even apart from its racing associations, often considerably more profitable than to write one. At any rate, I had acquired in a more tangible form than had ever been previously my lot, that elusive entity called "knowledge." Like the late Master of Balliol, I can say when my books are within an arm's reach, "What I don't know isn't knowledge."

Every postmaster should possess the work. Their duty is to supply answers to questions on all the subjects about which their clients require information, and the advice "Ask a Postmaster" would be shorn of all its humorous suggestiveness if the *Encyclopædia Britannica* formed a portion of the fittings of every Head Post Office. I think that a big department like the Post Office should itself invest in the volumes for the use of the officers in the General Correspondence branches. Small private offices are not so poor in works of reference as are many Government Departments. Not very long ago I was much amused when a messenger boy, whom I had asked to obtain for me for official purposes from the reference library a county directory, brought to my table a directory of the required county for the year 1880. The county in question is an agricultural one, and it is very conservative, but it is surely not eighteen years behind the age. Within reach of my official desk there is a well-thumbed Dicken's *Dictionary of London* for 1879, the title of which some one has facetiously altered into "Old London"; there is a Whitaker for 1892 still in daily use, and a Hazell for 1891. Small wonder if *St. Martin's-le-Grand* is a little late sometimes in coming out, and there may even be some truth in what outside critics say that the Post Office itself is behind the times.

The word "times" recalls me to my subject, and for the information of those persons who don't read the advertisements in the daily papers, I may state that you can obtain the work bound in cloth, half morocco, and full morocco. Full morocco is, of course, only suitable to secretaries and controllers, and "the common or garden" second division clerk should be happy with a cloth binding.

But I frankly tell him that the half morocco is a better investment, and of course provision should be made by everybody for official advancement. Half morocco seems also to correspond with the sort of dignity and position most of us can ever hope to attain. I offer this advice the more readily because your purchase on the easy terms offered by the *Times* need not be completed until the next century is well advanced.

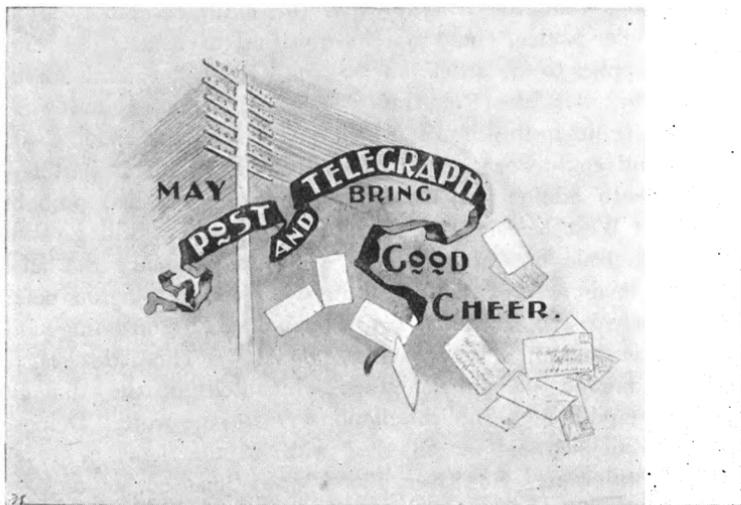
For an initial payment of one guinea you can have all this store of knowledge heaped around you. Think of it, dream of it, ignorant man! Mr. Matthew Arnold's definition of culture as a knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world is not exactly realised in the way that he intended, but you have in these volumes the opinion of the highest authorities obtainable on every subject which is dealt with. If you are interested in Literature, Matthew Arnold, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Lord Houghton, Lord Macaulay, David Masson, John Morley, Andrew Lang, George Saintsbury, Mark Pattison, Robert Louis Stevenson, Theodore Watts-Dunton, and many other well-known litterateurs will talk to you on the subject nearest to your heart. If your fancy is Science, Huxley and Dewar, Boyd Dawkins, and professors innumerable will reveal to you the secrets of the natural world. On subjects such as the "Post Office" exhaustive articles are furnished, but, of course, in an institution which changes so rapidly it is obvious that the *Encyclopædia*, the ninth edition of which is here under notice, could not be quite up to date. The same criticism applies to the article on "Savings Banks," which is written by Mr. Brabrook, the Registrar of Friendly Societies, and which is exhaustive up to the time at which it was published; but no work of the kind could keep pace with the growth of my Department. In the tenth edition under "Savings Banks" we shall probably read "See West Kensington," and this arrangement will give the compiler a little breathing time in which to announce the latest advances made. Besides, if we outgrow West Kensington before W is reached, the difficulty can be shelved by inserting after "West Kensington," "See Savings Banks." This idea is, of course, founded on the chestnut which tells of the difficulty of the compiler of a Biblical dictionary with the word "Deluge." It was a ticklish subject to deal with in the light of recent Biblical criticisms. So "See Flood" was inserted in order to gain time. When "Flood" was reached "See Noah" was promptly inserted, and when "Noah" arrived there was nothing to be done

but to write "See Deluge." To write adequately on Savings Banks it is also the only safe course to adopt. It may even have to end in "See Olympia."

The *Encyclopædia* is admittedly incomplete on subjects like the Savings Banks, but the topics are legion on which the compilers say the last word there is to be said. And when it is not exactly the last word that is said it is nearly always the best word, for the writing is so excellent that a reader soon outgrows the comparatively low desire for information, and he becomes a lover of reading for its own sake. If facts are all that is needed a shilling *Pears' Cyclopædia* will answer the purpose.

I have written confidently and with some degree of enthusiasm, but I am afraid the spirit I am exhibiting is simply a form of "Dutch courage," and that there will be a terrible reaction when the morrow arrives. For it is then that Angelina returns. It is then that she will make the terrible demand "Let me see those 'review copies.'" And to satisfy her ideas on equality in the treatment of the sexes, a sum of not less than eighteen guineas will have to be spent by me on costumes and curtains. This is the result of what *The Times* calls "bringing the *Encyclopædia Britannica* within reach of the humblest incomes!" Yes, the carman was right.

EDWARD BENNETT.



A NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM THE QUEENSLAND POST OFFICE.

The Telephone System of the British Post Office.

THE Act of Parliament authorising the acquisition by the Post Office of the Trunk Telephone business of the country was passed in the session of 1892. This Act provided a sum of £1,000,000 to enable the department to purchase the trunk lines already built by the National Telephone Company, and to build new lines of its own to meet the anticipated increase of business. The necessary constructional works, both of lines and exchanges, were thereupon at once begun. The transfer of the business from the Company to the Department was made in sections, the first district dealt with comprising that portion of England south of a line drawn from the Thames to the Severn, and the trunk lines therein contained were handed over on 4th April, 1896. Other sections followed, until the transfer was completed on 6th February, 1897, when the Department assumed control of the lines centreing upon Liverpool and Manchester, and since that date the Post Office has been responsible for the whole of the telephone trunk wire work of the Kingdom. In passing, it may be mentioned that this transfer, a work even more extensive than the transfer of the Telegraph System in 1870, was completed without a hitch. It is strange that in the considerable interval of time that has elapsed since then some serious effort has not been made to adequately describe in a manner that can be "understood of the people" this interesting and important enterprise of the Post Office, an enterprise that has knitted into one telephonic unit all the important towns in the country, not even excepting the most remote, and given to our compatriots the most perfect system of trunk telephony that exists probably in the world.

It is true that Mr. Gavey's excellent paper read before the Institution of Electrical Engineers raised the veil to some extent, but that was a paper written by an engineer for engineers, and necessarily lacked the characteristics indispensable in a popular description. A number of press notices have appeared from time to time, but none sufficiently comprehensive or continuous to be

considered adequate to the subject, and a complete and elaborate set of technical instructions have been issued for the use of the staff. But the general reader had, so far, been neglected, and it is therefore with considerable pleasure that we welcome a small work on the subject* that has recently appeared from the pen of Mr. T. E. Herbert, of the Post Office Telegraphs (Engineering Department), Manchester.

Mr. Herbert, besides being an officer of the Department, is one of the lecturers at the Municipal Technical School in Manchester, and the work now under notice is the outcome of a series of articles intended primarily as a means of educating his brother officers in the details of practical telephony especially as exemplified in the Post Office apparatus and system of working. These articles have been revised and added to in the hope that they will appeal to a larger circle of readers, and the result is the volume now under notice. There is still, however, a great mass of detail that the general reader must perforce pass over quickly, and leave to the student for more perfect assimilation.

The first part of the work is devoted to a description of the general principles underlying telephony, including a short historic review of the early telephonic instruments. Reis' musical telephone of 1861, Alexander Graham Bell's telephone receiver of 1876 (the most important invention of all), the early transmitters of Edison, Ader, and Gower, and Professor Hughes' microphone herein demand attention, with others.

But little fault is to be found with this part of the work, though it is to be noticed that the author in describing the phenomena upon which the action of the Bell receiver depends reverses the terms as generally used in the concept of the electro-magnetic method of generating electric currents. He speaks of lines of magnetic force cutting electrical conductors. It is more usual to speak of the conductors cutting the lines of force. It is true he is dealing with a fixed coil or conductor which is affected by a changing magnetic field (as in the telephone) instead of a movable conductor in a steady field (as in the case of the majority of dynamo-electric machines), and perhaps this is the reason for his way of presenting the case. But in one sentence the recollection of the recognised concept apparently overcomes his sensibility of the special case he

* *The Telephone System of the British Post Office*, by T. E. HERBERT. London: Page & Pratt, 22, St. Andrew's Street, E.C. 1898. 207 pages. Illustrated.

is treating, and he makes the conductor cut the magnetic lines of force. He also uses the letters E.M.F. and C.G.S. without explanation of their meaning. Such terms are "caviare to the general," however familiar they may be to those having a closer knowledge of the subject. The former letters are an abbreviation of the words "electromotive force," while the latter refer to that system of units having for its fundamental measures of length, weight, and time, the centimetre, the gramme, and the second, and now almost universally adopted.

Chapters 9 to 29 are devoted to a careful and exhaustive description of the Post Office system of working. The apparatus used is reviewed in detail. The connections with the National Telephone Company's exchanges, the methods adopted to assimilate the Post Office and Company's systems so that the subscribers of the latter can be put through on the trunk wires of the former promptly and certainly, the elaborate tests in force to keep the lines free from faults—all these and many more are dealt with in a manner that indicates the closest personal association of the author with his subject. Chapter 30 deals with the Newcastle system (referred to later in this notice), and the two concluding chapters deal with certain special arrangements and faults. There are three appendices, one of them dealing, admittedly briefly, and really very inadequately, with the "K.R.,"* law as applied to telephone circuits.

The chapter in the Newcastle system scarcely does it justice, from a popular point of view at any rate. Indeed, Mr. Herbert mentions the main feature of that system, viz., its secrecy, as a secondary detail; and names as its most notable advantage the means by which that secrecy is secured.

It is of course well known that in the great majority of communications by telephone, the switch operators can readily come into circuit and overhear what is said. This is, however, impossible at Newcastle. Immediately such "tapping," as it is called, takes place all the connections are short circuited, and no impulses pass from any instrument to another. This system exists only at the Post Office Exchange at Newcastle and at the small Exchanges in the vicinity connected thereto. It is doubtful if the advantage is much more than sentimental, for the busy switch operator has rarely time if she had any inclination for tapping conversations.

* The K.R. law determines the rate of signalling telegraphically on any given line by a consideration of its capacity (K) multiplied by its resistance (R), and the product referred to a constant, which varies with the apparatus used; Mr. Preece has applied this law very successfully to telephone working.

Then the operations are carefully watched by the superintending officers, who would quickly detect any habitual tendency to this gratification of female curiosity, and punishment would follow. We send by telegraph most important and private messages with absolute confidence that nothing will be divulged. The humble post card often bears communications that we should be very sorry to have made public property, but nobody now believes the slander that our postmen require additional time on those deliveries where the open missive predominates in numbers over the closed. Experience all the world over appears to demonstrate beyond doubt that absolute secrecy is not an essential to telephonic success, and that practical secrecy is secured by non-secret systems.

There is one extremely important omission in Mr. Herbert's work—he says practically nothing of the lines by which the service is maintained. It is not too much to say that the success of the system is almost entirely due to the forethought in the design and care in the construction of these lines throughout the country, and they will remain for many years a splendid memorial of Mr. Preece's control of the Engineering Branch of the Service. If a further edition is called for, it is to be hoped this omission will be suitably remedied.

In discussing the applicability of the "K.R." law to telephony the author states that "a single wire circuit with an earth return has theoretically the same working value as a metallic circuit of the same length and material." Theoretically this is true, and the reader might assume that theory and practice in this matter coincide, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Herbert did not at least state that they differ. A metallic loop is absolutely necessary for long distance telephone working, an earthed return circuit being unworkable with present day apparatus.

The author may certainly be congratulated on the directness and terseness of his language, and the care with which the various sections of his work are arranged. Scientific and engineering publications sometimes exhibit a looseness in these details, which is to be deplored. The book is nicely printed and bound, but an index, in addition to the synopsis of the contents of the chapters as now printed, would be welcome.

J. W. C.

Women Clerks at the Post Office.

THE number of women employed in the Post Office at the present time is over thirty thousand, or about one-fifth of the whole of the vast army of workers in that huge department. Of that number 1,320 are engaged on clerical work of a high order, and with great success. Having this fact in mind it seems to me a little curious that their participation in the labours of the service should have little or no notice in the pages of our Magazine. This is perhaps the more surprising seeing that the Magazine numbers many of the women of the Post Office among its subscribers. I feel sure the Editor would have welcomed an article on the present subject from one of their own number, and I know that there are some of the women clerks who can wield the pen. But none of them has come forward, and so it has fallen to my humble pen, in default of an abler, to give some account of the women element of the Post Office, so far as the actual clerical force is concerned.

It is twenty-seven years now since the experiment of employing women upon actual clerk-work was first tried in the Post Office. The idea came no doubt from the old telegraph companies by whom women were largely employed as operators. When the telegraphs of the country were transferred to the State in 1870, and the Central Telegraph Office was established, it was only natural that women should form a considerable proportion of the staff of that office. There they have continued to be employed ever since in large numbers, there being as many as 1,000 women working in that office at the present time. Though their duties are not of a highly clerical kind—for they are telegraphists pure and simple—yet it cannot be doubted that it was the mere fact of such employment of women that germinated the idea in Mr. Scudamore's mind of entrusting actual clerk-work to women. The dominant feature of the plan was probably economy, inasmuch as a cheaper form of labour would thereby be employed. But there can be no question that the fact that such a plan would give comparatively light and remunerative occupation to the daughters of Post Office officials, whose financial

circumstances might need such an addition to the domestic exchequer, had considerable weight in determining a trial of the experiment. At all events all that was required in the first instance for a woman to obtain a clerkship in the Post Office was to receive a nomination from the Postmaster-General.

It was in 1871 that the experiment was first made by the establishment of the Clearing House Branch of the Receiver and Accountant General's Office. The purpose of the branch was to periodically examine the telegraph messages with the object of checking the miscellaneous faults that were apt to occur in the transmission and delivery of telegrams. In the early years of the Postal Telegraph Service the necessity for establishing such a check was obvious. Every day's experience showed that less discredit accrued to the department through deficiencies or bad working of the plant than through careless or wilful inattention to matters unconnected with it, such as handwriting, orthography, the sense of the message, and other matters of detail, which had to be cared for if the work was to be properly done. The formation of the branch was entrusted to the late Mr. Chetwynd, to whose office it was attached, and the staff at first comprised forty ladies under the direction of a superintendent. The experiment proved highly successful and fully realized the anticipations of its promoters. Mr. Scudamore reported that the check thus maintained was very salutary. "It has led," he said, "the clerks throughout the country to pay attention to the rules which have been laid down with regard to signalling of messages, to use their utmost exertions to get off the messages promptly, to write out the received messages carefully, and to expedite the delivery of these messages to the best of their ability." So satisfactory were the trials of women upon clerk-work that it was soon found expedient to extend the sphere of the new branch. Gradually other kinds of work connected with the telegraph accounts were transferred to the Clearing House Branch. It now deals with the preparation and rendering of the accounts against all the newspaper proprietors in the Kingdom who send telegrams without prepayment. The accounts with the agencies which collect news all over the country, and retail it by telegraph to various subscribing newspapers, clubs, hotels, &c., are likewise dealt with at the Clearing House Branch. These accounts are very complicated on account of there being different rules for computing the value of almost every class of messages sent, rules that every clerk concerned must be thoroughly acquainted with; and it says much for the ability of the clerks who deal with these

accounts that they are rendered so satisfactorily as is the case. The examination and checking of the accounts rendered to the Post Office by the railway companies for telegraph work done by them at their various stations on behalf of the Government are also performed in the Clearing House Branch, besides much other telegraph account work which it would be without interest to mention in detail. It will suffice to say that the importance of the work done by the women in this branch of the service can hardly be over-estimated, and the success with which it is carried through is in itself a sufficient proof of the capability of women for clerical employment. In his evidence before the Playfair Commission Mr. Chetwynd, speaking of these ladies, remarked that "they have performed the duties excellently; they leave nothing to be desired," and I believe that the Comptroller and Accountant General would be prepared to give like testimony at the present time. With the access of work, the Clearing House Branch of course gained in strength of numbers, and the staff now comprises a superintendent, an assistant-superintendent, 7 principal clerks, 27 first class clerks, and 162 second class clerks.

The great success which attended the experiment of employing women in the Clearing House Branch soon led to the extension of the plan in other directions, and in 1875 a trial was made in the Savings Bank Department. Nowhere has the plan proved more successful than in that Department. At the present time there are no less than 1,079 women employed there, performing work of a highly technical and important character. Half the ledger work is done by women, for whose convenience the ledgers are numbered upside down, so that when in their racks they merely have to be pulled down instead of being lifted. The ledgers contain the depositors' accounts opened at the various post offices, and the transactions are posted into them by the lady clerks from the postmasters' daily savings bank accounts. The arrangements for the purchase and sale of Government Stock are entrusted to the care of the women, a fact which speaks well for their business capacity. They also have to deal with the daily balances and the quarterly moneys; they check the withdrawal warrants before they are sent out; and they calculate the commission paid to sub-postmasters for the transaction of savings bank business, work that is of great importance, accuracy being an essential. I have very briefly outlined the work done by women clerks in the Savings Bank Department because it is of so technical a character that any detailed description

of it would be tedious and without any great interest. Enough, however, has surely been said to show how important the work is and what an important factor women clerks are in the system of Post Office Savings Banks. It may be added that besides the clerks there is also a staff of women sorters whose duty it is to sort into proper order all the various documents and papers—and their name is legion—for the clerks male and female to deal with. Bank books and application forms of every description have to be sorted out in accordance with their respective letters and numbers. One person's duty is to go through each bank book leaf by leaf to see that there are no £5 notes lurking in their folds, for depositors have been known to slip one in with the idea that it will get added to their account.

As has been stated the female staff of the Savings Bank Department numbers at the present time 1079 persons. Of this large number 847 are clerks of various grades, and 232 are sorters. When the branch was first formed in 1875, 60 ladies were employed upon duties of a purely mechanical character under the control of Miss Constance Smith, who now occupies the important position of Superintendent of the present large staff. The success of the movement was undoubted and grew year by year. It received a great impetus when Mr. Fawcett was Postmaster-General. Gradually work of a more important character was entrusted to these women clerks, and, as we have seen, they now absorb a very large portion of the work of the Savings Bank Department. The superintendent is supported by 6 assistant superintendents and 36 principal clerks in the control of the staff of 90 first class and 634 second class clerks.

When the late Mr. Chetwynd made his proposals for a system of Postal Orders, one feature of the plan was that a staff of women might be employed upon the work which the plan would necessitate at the head quarters. Upon the establishment of this system in 1881, that part of the scheme was adopted and a small staff of ladies was appointed accordingly. The Postal Order Branch is under the control of the Comptroller and Accountant General, and in point of numbers is next in importance to the Female Branch of the Savings Bank Department. The staff at the present time numbers 509 persons, of whom 207 are sorters. The Superintendent is Miss M. Annesley Brown, who has been associated with the Postal Order Branch from its commencement. The Superintendent is supported by 3 assistant superintendents and 14 principal clerks, and the

general staff comprises 44 first class and 240 second class clerks. The work of the clerical staff may roughly be divided into three sections. The bulk of it consists in examining the paid postal orders which are received daily from Postmasters throughout the country, checking the relative dockets, and entering upon credit sheets the amounts proper to be allowed to postmasters in their cash accounts. These sheets subsequently find their way to the Ledger Branches of the Accountant-General's Department, where the entries they contain are compared with the corresponding entries in the cash accounts. The next class of work is that which deals with the requisitions for renewed supplies of postal orders received from the various postmasters. These requisitions have to be carefully checked with a view to seeing that the postmasters are properly stocked with orders, after which the numbers authorised to be supplied are recorded in books, and the numbers and amounts entered on Debit Sheets. These sheets go afterwards to the Ledger Branches in order that the entries in them may be compared and agreed with the corresponding entries in the cash accounts, in which the postmasters have debited themselves with the value of the orders consigned to them. The requisitions themselves are forwarded to the Inland Revenue Department, whence the postal orders, which are stored at that office, are consigned to the various post offices. The third and most important class of work deals with the correspondence from the public, of which there is a great mass. Postal orders are issued at the present time at the rate of over 70 millions a year, and as may be supposed this gives rise to a vast number of queries which are chiefly settled by correspondence. Many difficult points arise and many of the cases require to be treated with much tact and judgment, and it says very much for the staff engaged on this work that little or no friction with the public ever arises in connection with this correspondence. On the contrary, many quite gratuitous testimonials have been received as to the prompt and satisfactory manner in which complaints from the public have been dealt with. The Sorting Staff of the Postal Order Branch is employed in sorting and putting away the 70 million postal orders as they come in paid.

The most recent extension of the female clerk movement in the Post Office is the establishment of a small branch in the Money Order Office early this year. It was found that many of the duties there could quite well be performed by women, and a small number was accordingly appointed under the superintendence of Miss Lankester, formerly a principal clerk in the Postal Order branch.

The experiment has proved in every respect a success, and the plan will, it is stated, be greatly extended in the near future.

It cannot be said that the women clerks at the Post Office have any cause to complain of the scales of salary paid to them. The second-class clerks commence at £55 a year and rise by £2 10s. to £70, then by £5 to £100. The first-class clerks rise from £105 to £130 a year by annual increments of £5, and the principal clerks from £140 to £190 by £10 a year. Assistant superintendents receive salaries of £200, rising by £10 a year to £240; senior assistant superintendents £250 to £300 by £15 a year; and the three superintendents receive maximum salaries of £500, £450, and £400 respectively.

It will be seen that the Post Office offers a wide field for female enterprise, and it only remains to add that there is no royal road to obtain any of the situations referred to. The clerkships and sorter-ships are obtainable only by open competition, examinations for which are held, as a rule, twice a year.

It may be mentioned, in conclusion, that the women clerks are entitled to pension on retirement, after ten years' service, either from ill-health or old age. A further privilege recently conceded is that on retirement in consequence of marriage a gratuity—or compassionate allowance, as it is officially termed—is granted at the rate of one month's salary for every year of service not exceeding twelve years. As may be imagined, this concession is much appreciated.

A.G.D., G.P.O.

ARCHIBALD GRANGER BOWIE.



MISS DE RENZI.
*(Senior Asst. Superintendent,
Postal Order Branch.)*



MISS MILES.
*(Asst. Superintendent, Postal
Order Branch.)*



MISS M. ANNESLEY BROWN.
*(Superintendent, Postal Order
Branch.)*



MISS RUTH LOCH.
*(Asst. Superintendent, Postal
Order Branch.)*



MISS LANKESTER.
*(Asst. Superintendent, Money
Order Office.)*

[To face page 56.]

THE
MUSEUM OF
ART AND HISTORY
OF THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK

More Recollections.

OME Recollections of mine which have appeared in *St. Martin's-le-Grand* were, I may venture to hope, not altogether unacceptable. They told of some of my official experiences extending over many years; and if my story lacked either point or polish, I am sure that indulgent readers of the magazine will pardon my faults and condone my shortcomings. I have also to ask their forgiveness for another backsliding. Having vowed that the end had come, and that I had nothing more to say, here am I once more purveying my platitudes and tempting an avenging Fate to visit me with my many and manifold sins. Indeed, I feel something like a well-known public performer, who had announced his "positively last appearance" so many times that people had ceased to believe in him; and when, at length, he finally determined to make his *congé* and to leave the stage, he found that this always "going" and never "gone" sort of game failed to draw.

The former series of Recollections came down to 1864—the year I took up my appointment as Postmaster of Penzance—and I need hardly say that much has happened since. The whirligig of time has brought about many changes, socially, politically, and officially. We are older and wiser, and, if wisdom comes with years, let us hope better men. Yet still the world revolves upon its axis. We are told by Lord Kelvin, and other savants, that we are getting perilously near the time when this little speck which we inhabit will be nothing more than a dried-up cinder heap, strewn with the carbonized remains of animal and vegetable life. When the supply of oxygen, evolved from chemical decomposition, becomes exhausted, we shall shrivel up like leaves on a sapless tree, and quitting this, the scene of all our labours, vanish into nothingness and leave not a wrack behind. But whether this doom overtakes us soon or late; whether the shadow is already cast upon the dial, or, as part of the vast cosmogony of the universe, the earth shall laugh with fatness and teem with countless multitudes down through all the ages to the end of time, is a problem we need not bother our heads about. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *Après moi le deluge.* Let us take the good the Gods provide us, and comfort ourselves with

the thought that threatened planets, like nations and individuals, live long.

I am led to these sage not to say high-flown reflections by the contemplation of that great and mysterious entity euphemistically called Society. What an inextricable jumble and tangled skein it is! How the atoms impinge on each other, only to fly apart as matter having no affinity! See how Christians love one another, and with what reverent joy they agree to sink all questions of creeds and dogmas in the search after truth. How wide is the gulf between Dives and Lazarus, and how often does it come about that rogues sit in high places while honest men have to take a back seat! If our forefathers could but leave the Elysian fields and visit once more the glimpses of the moon, they would hardly know the world dressed in the garb of the expiring years of the nineteenth century. What would they say, I wonder, to the present order of things? The hollowness and the shams; the tinsel and the glitter; the castes, cliques, and coteries marshalled under the iron rule of that estimable personage Mrs. Grundy? The feverish race for wealth, and the wholesale adoption of the advice given by the Quaker to his son: "Get money, my son, if thou canst honestly, but by all means get money." The highwayman and the footpad are as extinct as the Dodo. But, instead of "your money or your life," we have in our midst, and are too prone to bow the knee to and to fall down and worship, the company promoter and the guinea pig, in comparison with whom Jack Shepherd, or the King of Greek or Albanian bandits, is an angel of light. Who steals my watch, my purse, or fakes my silver spoons from off my sideboard is, no doubt, a knave, and we shut him up in Pentonville, or make him toe the line at Wormwood Scrubbs. But, in truth, he is the pink of rectitude, a very saint incarnate, compared with the polished, scheming villain who trades on human folly, and fattens on that large proportion of the British public coming within Carlyle's definition.

But of all the wonderful things which have occurred during the last thirty or forty years the most wonderful, to my thinking, is the emancipation of women. We look back upon the days of our mothers and grandmothers with their poke bonnets, hoops, and crinolines; prim and demure as became their sex and station; who busied themselves with such mundane affairs as cooking our victuals, mending our clothes, and taking care of our offspring; and we contrast them with the women of to-day, who have drunk deeply of the fount of knowledge long before they are out of their teens, who, in

too many cases, hardly know a needle from a handspike ; who are jacketed, coated, and knickered till it is difficult to say to which sex they belong ; who hunt, shoot, fish, drive, play golf, and ride a bicycle, leaving womanly duties to hirelings, or, oftener as not, not done at all ; and who, to cap the climax of feminine folly, are now coquetting with my lady nicotine, and, no doubt, will shortly smoke their cutty pipe with the best of us. When we look upon this picture and upon that, and reflect that all these changes are the work of comparatively few years, the conviction is forced in upon us that we are face to face with a great social cataclysm, the consequences of which no one can foresee. Since the days of Adam, man's dominion has been absolute. Under all dispensations his place has been to direct, the woman's duty to obey. But we have altered all that.

The "rib," created to minister to man's wants and to be subservient to his will, is about to become the "predominant partner," with a decided objection to "home rule." No longer the timid, shrinking, clinging, confiding fairy of our dreams, who would start at the fall of a rose leaf, or blush if a zephyr smote her cheek unkindly, but a sturdy, every-day mortal, made of common clay like ourselves ; self-confident, aggressive, and assertive ; determined to fight to the death for what she is pleased to call her rights. No longer bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh in any sense which implies inferiority, but a power to be reckoned with ; a factor in the great battle of life, where the strong storm the ramparts and the weakest go to the wall.

Is the new type, think you, any improvement on the genuine article ? More gentle, more affectionate, more lovable, more attractive, more womanly ? Or, rather, is she not calculated to knock the bottom out of all romance and chivalry, and leave the world the poorer ? I am an old-fashioned fogey with a foolish predilection for the eternal fitness of things, and I cannot bring myself to believe that this inverted, upside down, topsy-turvey relationship of the sexes can be productive of anything but evil. We might put up with certain eccentricities of dress and manner—these are but the fleeting freaks of fickle fashion. We might bear with her recently acquired taste for athletics, which, when she is not "teeing" on a golf link, or knocking about a tennis ball, takes the form of careering across the country astride a wheel. Nay, after a time, we might accustom ourselves to the skirtless, bifurcated nondescript—half Dutchman, half ballet dancer—which we are

asked to believe is a thing of beauty. But, unfortunately, it is not altogether a matter of sentiment. It affects us in that most sensitive of all parts—the pocket.

Now, I know very well that the question of female labour is a thorny subject to handle, and I approach it with all due deference and circumspection. I see my fair readers shaking their pretty heads, and hear their soft voices—soothing as falling water—calling me “a horrid man,” “selfish,” “narrow minded,” “prejudiced,” and all that sort of thing. Well, the rejoinder is—there it is, and it has to be met. The ostrich—foolish bird—is not one bit the safer because he pokes his head into the sand. I deplore—we all deplore—the cruel necessity which compels our sisters and our nieces, our cousins and our aunts, to forsake the domestic hearth, and leave the shelter of the family roof-tree, to go forth to do battle in the great Babylon of modern life. We would, if we could, marry them to the men of their choice in a matrimonial raffle. But if there are not men enough to go round—and according to statistical averages only one woman out of three has the remotest chance of being wed—what is to be done? They may not eat the bread of charity. The rust of idleness is as fatal to the expansion of mind and body in their case as in ours. To dawdle through life waiting for a nebulous “he” who may never rise above the firmament of their hopes, is about as futile as growing cucumbers out of sunbeams, or dipping out the Atlantic with a thimble. Therefore, in any observations I may venture to make on the employment of women, I desire it to be distinctly understood that I am quarrelling not so much with the effect as the cause. Everybody admits that women have a perfect right to sell their labour in the best possible market. From the sweet girl graduate, down to the humblest thumper of a type machine, they are entitled to a fair field, and unfettered scope for their undoubted abilities. How varied these abilities are, is brought home to us when we recall the names of George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Miss Strickland, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Humphry Ward, John Strange Winter, Rosa Bonheur, Mrs. Butler, and a host of other celebrities who can show the way to the army of ink-slingers and daubers of the opposite sex, who flood the world with literary rubbish, and dirty acres of canvas with their meretricious pot-boilers. In science, in art, in literature, women are running us neck and neck for some of the principal prizes. As authors, editors, leader-writers, and interviewers, they not only hold their own, but reach the topmost rung of the ladder. And, who knows? If the

seductive eloquence of Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, Mrs. Fawcett, and others of that ilk is to prevail, we may live to see the day when they will be mistresses of the senate house. All this is the natural outcome of the enfranchisement of women, and their elevation in the social scale. But I venture to suggest that they cannot, in common fairness, have their cake and eat it. Equal opportunities imply equal responsibilities. They cannot expect to enjoy the protection accorded to women in all ages, and, at the same time, seek to deprive their protector of his pride of place. They can hardly claim to be the "weaker vessel," freed from all the pains and penalties incidental to man's estate, and, at the same time, compete with him in the labour market.

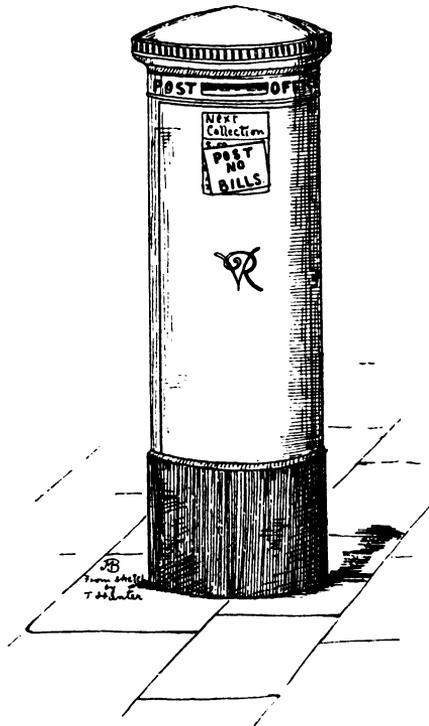
Some very superior person has said that there is something not altogether unpleasant in the misfortunes of one's dearest friends. It is wonderful how philosophically we can bear other people's trials and difficulties. It is only when the shoe pinches our own particular corn, or the collar galls our own shoulders, that the element of self comes in, and we awake to the fact that vested interests are at stake. Arguing on this principle, it might appear that we are somewhat selfish, and that female labour is good for everybody but ourselves. But shall it be said that we Civil Servants of the Crown look with jaundiced eyes on the introduction of women? Perish the thought! We welcome them, we embrace them (metaphorically, of course), and the very worst we wish them is that they may all earn the gratuity to which they are entitled when a certain event takes place. Times change. I remember when a petticoat within the sacred precincts of St. Martin's-le-Grand would have been as much of a revolution as tearing up Magna Charta, or pulling down the statue of Washington in the United States. Colonel Maberly would have gone purple in the face, and the language he would have used would have been positively shocking. Mr. Jackson, the old head of the Money Order Office, would have stood in the breach and hurled defiance at the unholy thing; while every hair on the head of Mr. Bokenham, the Chief of the Circulation Department, would have stood on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. But, then, the Maberlys, the Jacksons, and the Bokenhams are as much out of date as running footmen, or the two-penny post. They lived in an age of buckram and pipe clay, when society was only just emerging from a state of semi-feudalism, and when women, particularly, were cabined, cribbed, and confined within the four corners of a stiff and straight-laced code. We have outlived all this.

The great levellers, steam and electricity, have lit up the dark corners of the earth ; made our lives brighter, and our homes happier ; and, among the inestimable blessings which have followed in the wake of the spread of education, and the march of civilization, few things rejoice us more than that woman has been permitted to take her place by our side ; to share in our occupations ; to stand on the same plane ; and in furtherance of the aims of our common humanity, to press forward towards the same goal.

Maidstone.

J. G. UREN.

(To be continued.)



A FAMILIAR NOTICE WE SHOULD BE WILLING TO SEE ADOPTED
BY THE POST OFFICE AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

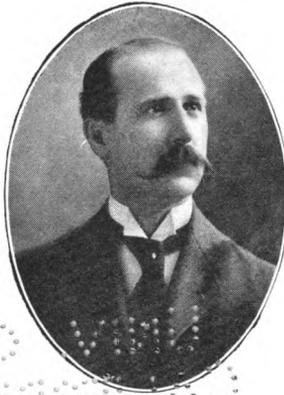
THE
OF
CALIFORNIA



J. A. MONTGOMERY.
(*Subt. Mails.*)



DANIEL P. CAHILL.
(*Supt. General Post Office.*)



CHARLES ULYSSES GORDON.
(*Postmaster.*)



CHARLES A. HANNA.
(*Cashier.*)



JOSEPH B. SCHLOSSMAN.
(*Supt. Money Order Division.*)



PERRY H. SMITH, JR.
(*Supt. Enquiry Division.*)

THE CHICAGO POST OFFICE

[*To face page 63.*]

The Dartmouth Manuscripts.

[Besides "The Booke of Postage," which we printed in last year's issues of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, the Dartmouth MSS. contain a number of detached papers relating to the Post Office. Two of these we now print, and it is interesting to compare the accounts they give of the Inland and Foreign Offices with the account given in "The Booke of Postage." The dates of the two descriptions must have been very near together. Probably the papers now printed are the later by a year or two, as they speak of a regular system of accounting to "His Royal Highness." They also refer to the system of collecting letters at "Receiving houses" as having grown to an inconvenient extent. To these two memoranda we append a third, giving some detailed particulars of Post Office Revenue and Expenditure, of which hardly any details have before been known.]

A METHOD HOW THE INLAND POST OFFICE IS MANAGED, WITH THE OFFICERS NAMES.



HERE are Three Windowmen Chapman £50 . 00 . 00
 Brees £30 . 00 . 00 and Wm. Ledsam £30 . 00 . 00.
 These men take in all the Letters that are brought to the office window paid and unpaid, which they put into severall boxes, belonging to the severall Roades, the money they receive for the paid Letters, they lay downe on a counter in view of the rest of the officers which after they have told over they deliver to the Comptroller of the Inland Office, whose name is Thomas Gardiner £200 . 00 . 00.

The Comptrollers business is to be in the office every teusday, thursday and Saturday night at Six of the Clock, and to see that all the Clerkes of the Roades, Windowmen and Sorters of Letters are soe to, and that they doe their business with all convenient dispatch, which holds them in the office till two of the Clock every Sunday Wednesday and Friday morning at which time they goe to Bed in Lodgings provided for them within the office for about an houre and halfe, then the Comptroller makes them rise againe to fall to the mornings business. The Comptroller every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning payes the money which he received from the Windowmen and Letter Receivers for the paid Letters sent into the Country the night before into the hands of the Casheere he also takes the Booke, that is when the Letter Carriers bring back the

Covers of any Letters to shew him they were overtaxed and that they were forced to rebate for them, he also keeps the Account of the Members, and States Letters Comeing in, those rebates to the Letter Carriers are not allowed them as money by the Casheere when they pay in their money, nor given them back in money by the Comptroller when he takes the book, that is allows of their rebates and enters them, but they have as many unpaid letters given them out of the North Maile as their Rebates amount to, which are not charged to their next Account.

England is divided into Six Roades, and each Roade has its proper Clerk or Clerks, who put up and Order all the Letters, that goe to the severall Townes on the said Roades, the names of which are as followes—

Chester Road—James Hicks Senr. £100 : 00 : 00 James Hicks

Junr. £40 : 00 : 00 Clerkes

West Road—Benjamin Lambe £60 : 00 : 00 Clerke

Yarmouth Roade—Edmond Sautell £60 : 00 : 00 Clerke

North Road—John Middleton £60 : 00 : 00 Clerke

Bristol Road—Richard Miners £50 : 00 : 00 Clerke

Kent Road—Anthony Halfland £50 : 00 : 00 and Anthony

Markland £24 : 00 : 00 Clerkes

These Clerkes come into the Office at Six of the Clock every Tuesday, thursday and Saturday night, as soone as the Windowmen have allmost fill'd the boxes appointed for the severall Roades, each Clerke has his Letters of his Road stamped with the Office Stamp of the day of the Moneth, and then given to him by the Sorters of Letters, which he takes to a part of the Office appointed him, and taxes them, then putts them into so many bags as there are post Townes on his Roade, each of which bags has a brass Labell on it with the name of the Towne engraven on it to which those Letters are to goe, into which bag, the Clerke putts a Noate of what letters he sends the Postmaster of that Towne, which Noate he enters in his night book, and thus he does to all the post Townes on his Roade, Afterwards all that is entred in the Clerks night books, is entred into the Generall Accomptants great booke, out of which the Postmasters are charged with what they owe to the Office, which charge is once a month drawne up by Mr. Parsons the Generall Accountant, and given by him to the Chiefe Managers to be sent into the Countréy to the Postmasters. About two of the Clock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday morning each Clerke putts all the severall bags of Letters for his Roade into one great Maile safe

made up, which Maile is immediately sent to the first Postmaster of each Roade here at London out of which Maile each Postmaster at each Post Towne takes the bag for his Towne, and then disperses the Letters as they are directed, and as the Maile returns to London puts in the answer to the said Letters into the same bagg, which he putts into the same Maile, and thus they returne to the Grand Office at London, to each of those Mailes there is a Labell affixed signed by the Cheife Managers of the Office at its going from London, upon which Labell every Postmaster writes the houre he receives the Maile and the houre he sends it away. This he also does as it returns to London, whereby it is knowne which of the Postmasters have delayed sending away the pacquet as soon as it ought to be, for they are obleiged to ride foure miles an houre. When the pacquetts are all gone from the Office all the Officers goe to bed in Lodgings provided for them within the Office, and about an houre and a halfe after rise againe, for by that time the Mailes are or should be come out of the Country, espetially in the summer time, which pacquetts are open'd, and the letters taken an accompt off, both paid and unpaid by foure Clerkes of the Roades, Viz^t James Hicks Junr., Edmund Sautell, Richard Miners and Benjamin Lambe who deliver the accompt of them under their hands signed to James Hicks Senr., who enters them into a Printed Bill which is compared with the Letter Carriers Charges, and then by James Hicks Senr. both the Printed Bill and the Clerkes Vouchers are delivered to the Accomptant Generall.

The Casheere is charged with the unpaid Letters of this Printed Bill because he receives the money which the Letter Carriers take for them, and that which is taken by the Alphabet Keeper for those that are left on the Alphabett.

The Postmasters in the Countrey are charged with the paid Letters of this bill because they receive the Money there.

And the King is charged with the Members of Parliament, and the States Letters, which he payes for out of the Exchequer by the name of Defalcations, all which Accompts are kept by the Generall Accomptant.

There are in this Office three Sorters of Letters Clavill £30 Low £30 and Williams £30 these stamp and sort the letters that come in at nights to goe into the Countrey, and then deliver them to the Clerke of the Roades. In the Morning when letters come out of the Country, the two Youngest Clerks Viz^t Mr. Middleton, and Mr. Halford, and the three Windowmen being added to them sort all the

Letters both paid and unpaid that come out of the Country, to the severall Letter Carriers according to their Walkes, and see that each Letter Carrier, have only such Letters delivered to him as belong to his Walke.

There are thirty two letter Carriers each of which has a severall parte of the Towne allotted to him which is called his walke, and all the letters that are directed to any persons within any one of these Walkes are delivered to the letter Carrier of that Walke as soone as they are charged to his Accompt which he imediately goes away with and distributes as they are directed, and the next day but one comes to the Office and payes in the Money he receives for the said Letters to the Cashere. The Casheeres business is to receive the beforementioned money from the Letter Carriers, and if they bring him short of what they are charged with, by reason the persons to whome some of the Letters are directed cannot be found which are called returned Letters, he takes the said Letters from them and allows them for them in their accompts at the moneths end, he also receives the money from the Comptroller of the Inland Office every other morning, which is taken by the Windowmen and Letter receivers abroad for the paid Letters into the Country overnight, and when the Postmasters send up Bills of Exchange out of the Country to cleare their Accompts with the Office, he has them delivered to him, goes to get them accepted and afterwards receives the money when due, and then payes that and all other money he receives as he is ordered.

With each maile or paquet there goes a Bybag which is carried by the Post boy about his middle, in which all the by letters are put, that is, such Letters as are sent from one Towne to another upon the Roades which never come neare the Office, those Letters are Farmed to the particular Postmasters on the Roades.

There are now an Incredible company of Letter receivers about London of which but 4 or 5 have Salleryes from the Office, these are shop keepers who in the remote parts of the Towne, from the Generall Office take in all such Letters as are brought to them by such as are loath to goe soe far as the Generall Office, these Letter Receivers bring these to the Office every post night, and doe the Office much hurt the number and constitution of which ought to be regulated for many reasons Infinitely prejudiciall to the Office.

The Postmasters are such persons as are appointed at the severall stages to receive the paquetts and to send them forward as soone as they come to their hands, which they keepe horses on purpose to

doe, for which they have Salleryes allowed them except on the Kentish Road in most places, the neglect of these men has bin very prejudiciall to the Office of late both as to the Irish Mailes, and the Inland, and must be mended.

Memorandum that the pacquett goes and comes every day on the Kentish Road, which goes and comes only every other day on the other five roades except it be only to Coulchester in Essex which goes as the Kentish does.

The Alphabett is a long counter with all the 24 Letters marked against the Wall, Over against which the Letters of all such as are directed to be left in the Office till they are called for and the Letters of such as desire not to have their Letters sent to them, by the Letter Carriers are laid, and delivered out as the persons come for them. The Alphabet is kept by Mr. Chapman one of the Windowmen for which (it being an additionally duty) he has an additionall Sallary, the Alphabet money is also paid into the Casheere by the Alphabet keeper.

There are two Porters belonging to the Office they looke to it goe of Errands, and Carry the Kings Letters to Whitehall, as soone as they come to hand for they are allwayes sent away long before any other Letters are delivered out.

The Inland Irish Office is farmed to Mr. George Warburton for £2,500 a yeare, who cleares with the Office at London by money quarterly remitted hither.

PAPER ENDORSED "THE MANAGEMENT OF YE POST OFFICE."

TO THE FORAINE OFFICE THERE BELONGS

Foure Clarkes, Brocket, Brewerton, Rowlands and Salladine these doe all the business of the Forraigne Office, which is done by the Clerkes of the Roades, the Windowmen and the Letter Sorters in the Inland Office, which though it is not exactly alike in all points is unnecessary to Repeate, Their attendance is perpetuall because of the uncertaine comeing in of the packquetts which depends alwayes on the Winde, And the reasons why there are fewer Officers in this Office then in the Inland Office, are that the places to which the Letters are sent from this Office beyond the seas are much fewer than in the Inland Office, that is we send them from hence in fewer percells, though afterwards when they come into France, Flanders and Holland, they are againe seperated and dispersed, and secondly

the Letters are much fewer, and each Letter of at least treble the price often 5 or 6 times as much.

To the Forraigne Office there belongs five Letter Carriers who carry the Letters that come from beyond the Seas to the severall houses about the Towne as they are directed, as the Letter Carriers of the Inland Office doe, and they have more Sallary then they have, because they goe more ground then they do, which must needs be because they are above six times as many in the Inland Office.

John Parsons is the Accomptant Generall he keeps all the Accompts both of the Inland and the Forraigne Office, his business holds him almost all day longe every day in the weeke, but not at all in the night, he enters into his great booke all the severall nightly charges of the Postmasters with which the Clarkes of the roades charge them in their Night Bookes as is said before, also the Kings accompt and all the paid and unpaid Letters comeing out of the Country, then once a moneth draws each Postmasters accompt out faire and delivers it to the Cheife Managers of the Office, who send it to them in a Letter, Then once a quarter he makes up the English Postmasters their Accompts which are quarterly as well as monethly sent to them because they cannot cleare with the Office every month, Likewise once a quarter he makes up the Forraigne Postmasters Accompts which are cleared either by money remitted thither, or by Bills drawne on us here, which accompts he delivers to the Cheife Managers.

The business of the Cheife Managers is to inspect all the Accompts both of the Inland and Forraigne Office ; To be often in the Office to see that each Officer does his duty. To receive Letters from and write to the Postmasters in the Country if there be any Neglect on the Roade, to signe the Labells every post night, and every post morning to look them over againe to see whether the pacquett have bin retarded or noe, and where the fault lies, to settle new branches, and by posts for the increase and conveniency of Corespondence by which the Office is capable of great Improvement. To receive and Examine the Accomps of Forraigne Postmasters and to Order Bills of Exchange to cleare with them quarterly, and to see the posts of Holland well settled and to see the Contracts be well kept. To receive also from the Accomptant Generall every month all the Accompts of the Postmasters of England, and to send each Accompt to the proper Postmaster in a particular Letter from themselves, and to order them to send up the money immediatly. To receive all such bills of Exchange from the

Postmasters, as they send up to the Office, in Order to clearing their said Accompts, and to deliver them to the Casheere to get them accepted and to receive the money when due. To acquaint the Generall Accomptant when such money is received, and to see him place it as a discharge to the severall Accompts of the respective Postmasters. To take care that as many of the Postmasters as have Accompts with the Office receive their Sallery out of the money due from them to save the trouble of Exchange. To give Order to the Casheere to pay all other Officers whatsoever their Sallarys quarterly, To take care that all Pursers of the Shipps have the third penny allowed them for the Ship Letters, and to see the Carriers and Coaches are well looked after according to the Act of Parliament for that is of great advantage to ye Office, To see that no letters are delivered out before all the Letter Carriers be ready to goe away, for that has done great injuries and caused greivous complaints constantly and earnestly to sollicite my Lord Treasurer for the Defalcations, and to see all other payments duly made to the Dutchess of Cleaveland, &c.

This is all the Cheife Managers have to doe except waiteing on his Royall Highness, and giving him an account of all things from time to time.

An Accompt of ye Post Office from ye 25th of June 1677 to ye 31 of July following both inclusive.

Foraine Office	1747	-	1	-	9
Letter Receivers...	122	-	1	-	3
Window Money	187	-	5	-	9
Unpaid Letters up	2363	-	14	-	2
Paid up and Unpaid downe	2917	-	2	-	9
Total	7337	-	5	-	8

PHILIP FROWDE.

One Quarters Accompt of the Post Office Ending at Michaelmas 1677.

The Whole Income	21089	-	12	-	0
The Whole Expence	5702	-	0	-	6
Remaines	15387	-	12	-	6
Of which Sir Allen Apsley has received	11343	-	9	-	8

Sweetheart Abbey, Ancient and Modern.

IF all the many thousands of Sub-Post Offices with which the country is studded, there are few, I fancy, more happily situated than New Abbey. Is it then to be wondered at that, after a seven hours' duty in the stifling atmosphere of a sorting room during a hot autumn night, a visit to this romantic and picturesque little village should be preferred to an extra hour or two in bed? Such, at any rate, was the feeling which animated one of our colleagues on a certain



NEW ABBEY POST OFFICE.

August morning, when he followed the mail bags with which he had been busy, and took his seat beside me in the mail cart which leaves at six o'clock, resolved upon a pilgrimage in the country.

What a relief on such a morning to feel oneself free from the fret and worry of Post Office life, free from its Insurance and Annuity and Savings Bank business; its Money Order, Postal Order, and Parcel Post work; free, too, from the sight of telegraph instruments, the transmitter with its noisy tappings and buzzings, the

receiver with its unmusical thoughts and miles of eye-fatiguing slip ; out of the sight of relays—polarized, non-polarized, and neutral—with their sensitive respirations, and of galvanometers with their balanced staidness and sluggish movements. Is not the feeling of delight further intensified when one drives along a country road that boasts of no telegraph lines, for are not such lines, supported by hideous poles, with their arms and insulators, and earth wires, their struts and their stays, destroyers of part of the beauty of our beautiful highways ?

Now that we are well upon our way, however, it is time to draw rein in order that we may have a glimpse of what is passing around us. On every side are to be seen countless acres of well-cultivated land ; and as field upon field of fast ripening grain is passed in review we are imbued with a feeling of contentment, and to our lips come the beautiful lines—

“ Oh, welcome to the corn-clad slope, and to the laden tree,
Thou promised Autumn—for the hope of nations turned to thee,
Through all the hours of Splendour past, with Summer's bright
career—

And we see thee on thy throne at last, crowned monarch of the
year !

O Thou, whose silent bounty flows to bless the sower's art
With gifts that ever claim from us the harvests of the heart—
If thus Thy goodness crown the year, what shall Thy glory be,
When all Thy harvest, whitening here, is gathered home to
Thee ? ”

From the rising ground beyond the Whinnyhill and with barely two of the seven miles still to go, there is suddenly thrown before us one of the prettiest panoramic scenes it is possible to imagine. Criffel, “the sentinel of the South,” with an altitude of 1,867 feet, stands out grim and grey in the autumnal morning sun, whilst in the foreground the Waterloo monument rears itself in bold relief, a fitting tribute to British pluck and British arms in that ever-memorable struggle of 1815. As one gazes for a brief moment upon Loch Kindar, with its waters scintillating in the morning sun, the eye is suddenly arrested by a first faint glimpse of the grey, picturesque walls of Sweetheart Abbey, the youngest of all our Scottish monasteries. When we dip down into the hollow again all is lost to view save Criffel ; but as we drive underneath one of the finest of nature's archways leading into the village, even he in all his majesty and might is only faintly discernible at times. Rising to a great height the lime trees on either side of the road intertwine their branches overhead and form a very picturesque avenue, in itself well worthy

of a visit. We pass along the bridge and there, not a stone's-throw distant, stand the mill and post office with the sub-postmaster eager and alert. The usual hospitable welcome, typical of the old Galloway stock, awaits us, and, leaving the mail-cart to continue its journey for a further nine miles, we follow Robert through what may be fittingly termed "the open door."

A village wag asserts that Robert reads the postcards, but this I stoutly deny. His work is done too expeditiously to admit of any such dereliction of duty. In the absence of the other "maids o' the mill" on delivery duty, the "predominant partner" of the family is



NEW ABBEY VILLAGE.

left in sole charge ; and in her hands we are well cared for "ben the hoose," where, in a surprisingly short space of time, we are joined by the sub-postmaster himself. Robert discourses learnedly on most topics in a homely style, and one is early impressed with his marked resemblance to Ian Maclaren's dominie in *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*. A sub-postmastership is looked upon in most villages as a position of trust and responsibility, but when, as in this instance, it is combined with that of miller, caretaker of the Abbey, parish councillor, and last (but not least) elder of the Established Kirk, the Department has every reason to feel proud of this worthy officer. The time at our disposal, however, does not admit of a lengthy stay indoors, and we are reluctantly compelled to take a somewhat

hurried leave of our hospitable friends. "Remember," shouts Robert, "to point out Dr. Wilson's of the Manse, the home of the present Postmaster-General of Bengal." And I here record the fact that of the two Post Office Christmas Cards for 1897 received from Bengal, one was for His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, the other for the Sub-Postmaster of New Abbey.

The present mill and offices were built in the year 1795, but the site which they occupy was that of the original meal mill used by the monks of Sweetheart Abbey, which lies at the extreme end of the village. Proceeding thither one is struck with the tidiness of the village. Everywhere is evidence of intelligence, of comfort, and cleanliness. But let us hurry to the ruins.

Sweetheart Abbey! Does not the very name recall some memory precious to the days gone by? Of your sitting, mayhap, within the precincts of such a place, well-beloved and loving, on a far-back autumn evening, with nothing to disturb the solemn grandeur of the scene save for the sighing of the wind through the ruined walls? Or in imagination you see the white-robed monks forming into line and with reverential step passing before you on their way to the altar, then on their knees before the crucifix with the palms of the hands placed against the face. Then the psalm is sung, the bell is tolled, and finally the chant is chanted. Ave Maria!

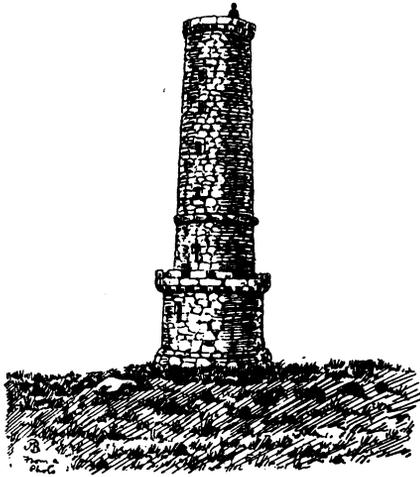
Sweetheart Abbey was founded about the year 1284 A.D., by Devorgilla, Countess of Galloway, and was occupied by the Cistercian order of monks. From an architectural point of view it is believed to be one of the finest and most gracefully outlined of our Scottish Abbeys.

Following the footpath through the fields leading in the direction of New Abbey burn, a sight is had of what now remains of the massive wall which surrounded the Abbey; and if we pursue our researches along the banks of the stream we are amply repaid for any inconvenience that may be occasioned by the rough footing. As you trudge along you cannot but regret the want of a snapshot camera, for before one lies a veritable paradise for the amateur photographer. Here on the bank a shady nook—

"Where you may read all at your ease,
Both of the new and old,"

and there a little eddy overhung with hazels and fringed with brackens and reeds. These and other pictures in endless variety confront you at every step, and as you tramp through the yellowing woodland your poetic fancy again asserts itself, and has full play.

But the Waterloo monument is before you, and you gladly set yourself to climb the hill. Higher up your way becomes steeper, but the fresh morning air and the sweet smelling heather seem to have a stimulating effect upon you, so that no fatigue is felt and no halt is called until the spiral stair has been mounted and the top of the monument reached. To the west lies the Solway fish hatchery, an interesting place to the lover of things piscatorial, and beyond, in the distance, stands Kinharvie, the Scottish seat of Lord Herries. It is here that our worthy chief, the Duke of Norfolk, elects to spend a fortnight each year during the shooting season, to seek that



THE WATERLOO MONUMENT.

charmed peace so dear to the parliamentarian in office, and alone to be found amongst the romantically æsthetic old hills. Look in a southerly direction, and here again at the foot of Criffel nestles Loch Kindar, that glimmering sheet of water which played a conspicuous part in the history of the Abbey. On the little island in the centre of the Loch the ruins still remain of Lochkindarloch, the parish church till 1731.

Good trout fishing is to be had in this loch, but it is strictly preserved by the proprietor. A day is sometimes granted to a few gentlemen in the vicinity, however, and I have a vivid recollection of making one of a party of three on a fishing expedition there. It was an ideal day for sport, with an east wind rippling the surface of the water in its best style, and, for two rods, I had the satisfaction of seeing a beautiful basket of 48 trout which, when weighed, turned

the scales at 28 pounds. For size and symmetry of formation, they were enough to gladden the heart of the most enthusiastic disciple of Sir Izaak; and I fully believe that I was better pleased with a third part of that fishing than with any of the salmon it has ever been my good fortune to kill. Yes, keen fisher that I am, and many and varied as are the fishing expeditions which I have had, there is no one with which I look back upon with greater pleasure than the delectable day I spent on Kindar; nor do I know a stream or loch where trout can be had possessed of the same amount of "fight."

The chief characteristic of Loch Kindar, however, is a peculiar vegetable ball which is said to owe its formation to the spines or leaflets of the larch which, when blown into the loch, come under the influence of the circular motion of various springs. One of these curiosities is to be seen in the Dumfries observatory. It is a very fine specimen indeed, measuring $20\frac{3}{4}$ inches in circumference and weighs 10 ounces. It is a perfect sphere and has a surface as smooth as a billiard ball, but to the close observer the spines of the larch tightly bound together are quite discernible.

Let us now leave the Waterloo monument, to revel in a two hours climb amongst the heather on the sides of Criffel, and to listen to the cry of the whaup and the angry whir-r-r of the winged grouse in his hurried attempt to evade the rude intruder upon his friendly lair. You make a circular sweep of the mountain in order to minimise fatigue, and every little pinnacle that shews itself above you is, you feel sure, the last which has to be surmounted. But there is another, and yet another beyond. Up, up you go, higher and higher, when lo—

"Thy summit, old Criffel, at last I have gained,
But enjoyments are here like all others below;
We must climb thy proud steep 'ere the height be attained,
Where the fountains of pleasure are destined to flow."

The view from this lofty eminence is most extensive. The Solway Firth with its miles upon miles of shifting sands, and tumbling waste of waters, dotted here and there with the sail of a fishing smack, stretching away into the hazy distance of the horizon, is a very impressive sight, whilst the Cumbrian Hills—

"Mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted lands"—

form an effective background to this wonderful picture. A great part of Galloway, Dumfries, Annan, Carlisle, and the Isle of Man, can also be seen; but there is no sight more fair, and no picture

more complete, than that of the village of New Abbey as viewed from the top of Criffel; and when once seen from the summit of this huge granite mass, it will for ever remain indelibly imprinted upon your memory.

But that is a new-comer, surely, that horse and trap away along the road in the distance? I do not remember to have observed them when I looked in that direction a minute ago, although there is something strangely familiar about the turn-out. Who, I wonder, is it? I nudge the brother colleague, who seems lost in a reverie. He turns round and gazes frowningly in the



THE PARISH MARCH.

(The burn crossing underneath the roadway divides the Parishes of New Abbey and Troqueer.)

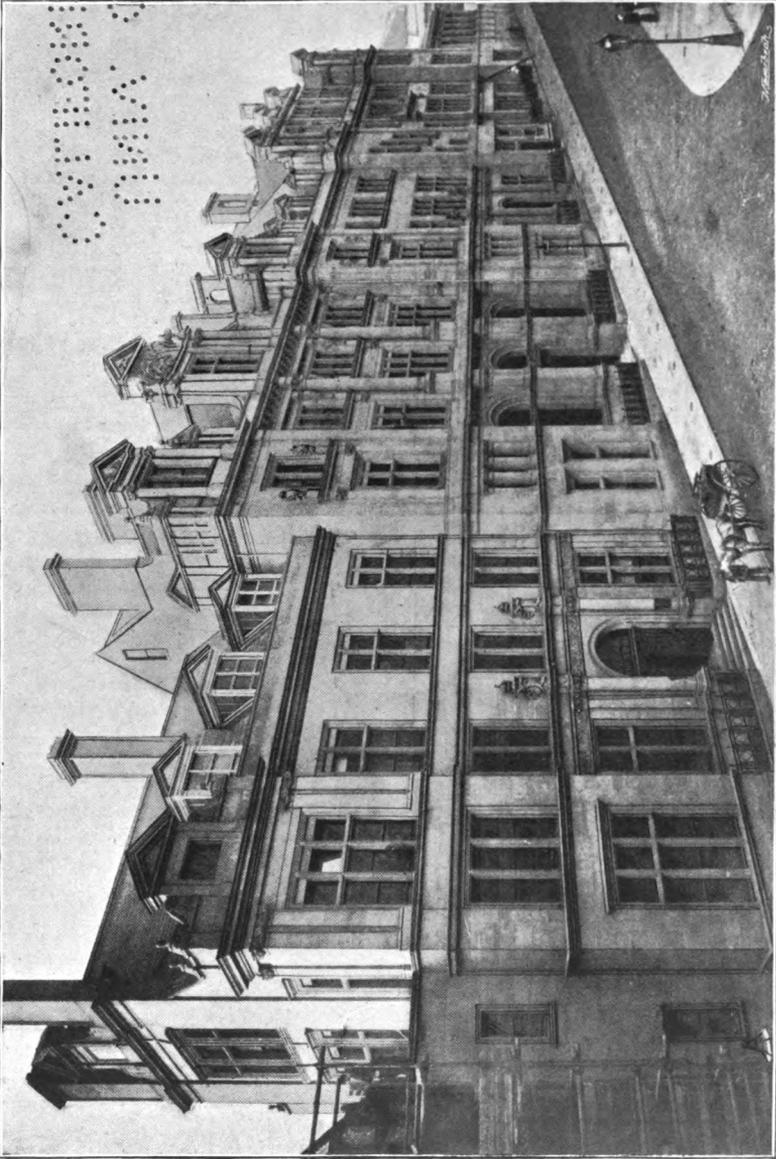
direction indicated, then with startled eagerness exclaims in the tones of an enraged telephone subscriber, "Great Scott! what time is it?—it's the post. We must hurry or we shall be left behind!"

The postman! So he has come. One of the men whose going we are glad of every morning, and whose coming we despair of every night. We are off with him on our return. All too well do we know where. Eight hours each day (in all conscience it isn't long!) with its routine and monotony, day in and day out, this week and the next, month succeeding month; and we wait—wait for such another day as this!

Dumfries.

JOHN G. BELL.





THE NEW POST OFFICE, NOTTINGHAM.

[To face page 77.]

Our Library Table.

[We draw no hard-and-fast line as to the kind of books we notice, but, of course, we give the preference to those written by Civil Servants.]

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF HENRY CECIL RAIKES, late Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, by Henry St. John Raikes.
Price 10s. Macmillan & Co. 1898.

FEW things are so evanescent as the fame of politicians of the second or third rank, and the publication of a well written but somewhat belated biography is not likely, at this time of day, to stimulate on the part of the public any interest in the career of a man who in his lifetime counted for comparatively little in the estimation of his contemporaries. For it is not at all a pleasant impression that one forms of Mr. Raikes' character from a study of his life. That he was autocratic and aggressive, and that the gift of personal charm, or, rather, psychological influence, was denied to him is evident on every page of this book. But there are other aspects of his career which seem to us to throw into the background these personal defects, which, of course, are common to most men and women, and which, indeed, may co-exist with great talents and political genius of a high order. The tragedy of this book is the colossal self-esteem of the man which it reveals. There is something quite ludicrous in the high opinion Mr. Raikes very early formed of his own powers. The rewards which fell to him in the course of his public life were hardly appreciated by him at all, because they came short of what, in his own opinion, his abilities justified. Like all men who act upon their own valuation of themselves, he regarded his frequent disappointments not as the result of his own shortcomings, but as the outcome of ill luck, or of the machinations of his enemies. He attributes his failure to take high honours at college to the fact that for some unexplained reason the First Class in his year was limited to fewer names than usual; and from his frequent bitter remarks on this experience we are led to believe that the University authorities had pre-arranged the blow to the rising genius whom they knew was in their midst. Even when *Punch* repeatedly refused his contributions he consoles himself with the fact that he once sent some verses anonymously and they were promptly accepted. Nothing of his could ever be rejected

on its own merits. He was grievously disappointed at being offered the Postmaster-Generalship in Lord Salisbury's government, because, in his own opinion, he was a heaven-born Home Secretary, and mere office without a seat in the Cabinet he regarded as an insult to his great powers. He accepted the post, however, with a bad grace, but he did not cease to assert his claims to a higher position whenever a vacancy occurred. We find Sir Michael Hicks Beach writing to him under the date October 19th, 1889, "I have written to Salisbury in support of your claims for some recognition of your work, but not for the recognition you wish for, because I think you are wrong in supposing that Matthews *could* be appointed to Fitzgerald's vacancy. . . . I really do not see what it would be possible for Salisbury to do for you just now. I can quite understand your feeling about being passed over, but in Chaplin's case I do not see how Salisbury could have helped it." How often are poor Post Office clerks who assert their claims treated to the same kind of fatherly advice from their superior officers, and in how many hundreds of cases is it not as thoroughly deserved? We may, however, be excused for expecting a slightly higher standard of conduct from the superior officers themselves. Indeed, it comes as quite a shock to our reverential feelings to find how very sore the operation of "passing over" can make a Postmaster-General. Not once in the book, either from his own lips or those of his biographer, is there a doubt expressed as to Mr. Raikes' own estimate of himself, and yet the reader is asking this question on every page.

The chapters relating to Mr. Raikes' career as Postmaster-General will, of course, prove very interesting reading to Post Office men, and some portions of the book are a real addition to Post Office history. But, on the other hand, we feel convinced that the biographer would have respected his father's memory better if he had held a discreet silence on many of the incidents which he goes into at quite unnecessary length. We hold no brief for Sir Arthur Blackwood's memory, but in the absence of that gentleman's own testimony we are disposed to regard as quite worthless the elaborate justification which is here offered of Mr. Raikes' attitude in his quarrel with the Secretary on the promotion question. The admissions made by the biographer as to the connection of a particular gentleman with Mr. Raikes' family do not impress the ordinary reader as having the very slight bearing on the matter which we are asked to believe is the case, and in the absence of evidence

from the other side we are not disposed to subscribe to the opinion that Mr. Raikes was absolutely right, and that Sir Arthur was absolutely wrong. Some very kind things are said of Sir Arthur, but it appears to us that whenever an opportunity occurs to exalt Mr. Raikes at the expense of the late Secretary it is eagerly seized, and the golden rule, *audi alteram partem*, is forgotten in the endeavour to show off the hero in a heroic light. We are told that when Sir Arthur received the honour of K.C.B. on Mr. Raikes' recommendation, the former gentleman gave expression to most painful and humiliating sentiments, and he is made to bear witness to the noble and generous conduct of a forgiving Postmaster-General. The incident may have happened, but it is plain to everybody who remembers Sir Arthur's extremely courteous and gentle bearing that, told in another way, his words might appear as the simple acknowledgment from a gentleman of an honour conferred on him, and as the expression of his own feeling of unworthiness. But humility, one of the choicest attributes of the true gentleman, was not understood by Mr. Raikes, and by his biographer it is apparently regarded as a reproach against the man who possesses it.

There is no doubt that Mr. Raikes experienced very stormy times while at the Post Office. Even allowing for some of the troubles being due to errors on his own part and to faults of temperament, he was singularly unlucky in being called upon to steer the vessel through so many storms for which his policy was in no way responsible. In several instances, too, the public, with habitual injustice in such matters, were quick to lay the blame at his door, whereas of course the real culprits, if there were any, were the permanent officials. We have resented the somewhat laboured attempts to justify Mr. Raikes' conduct of affairs, but we bear the most willing testimony to his devotion to the public service, and to the fact that he never spared himself in his public duties. He was on the whole a just man, and, like all pushful men, he was absolutely fearless. Although his private affairs must have made great demands on him, his anxieties as Postmaster-General told upon him with even greater force, and he died at his post from overwork. It is an entirely false statement that he was, as some have asserted, universally hated and distrusted by Post Office men. What a Rugby boy said of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, when that dignitary was his headmaster, might be adapted to the case of Mr. Raikes to illustrate the opinion held by Post Office men of their late chief, "Raikes was a beast, but he was a just beast."

The really tragic thing about Mr. Raikes' career was not known to us in all its fulness until the publication of this biography. The long tale of selfish ambition, disappointed expectations, exaggerated self-esteem, and open disregard of the feelings of everybody who stood in his way, leaves us with a distinctly lower opinion of the late Postmaster-General's character than we had previously held. It is regrettable that this should be the effect of a book written with so different a purpose. We feel that the author would have been better advised if he had approached the subject a little less in the frame of mind of a counsel for the defence. Much of his work is an attempt to justify Mr. Raikes' attitude and policy in circumstances which are either forgotten or which have little or no present day interest. And even with reference to the more important matters in which Mr. Raikes was an interested party, we are not concerned to know that the history of the country and of the Conservative party would have been changed for the better if Mr. Raikes' voice had been more frequently listened to. We simply register our verdict "Not proven" to all such statements, and though we respect the feeling which has prompted so heroic a defence, we doubt very much the wisdom displayed by the author in giving expression to opinions which, however creditable to a son, are an impertinence when they come on the authority of a biographer.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SAVINGS BANKS, by Archibald Granger Bowie, author of *The Romance of the Post Office*. Price 1s. 6d. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

(*Mr. Bowie is of the Accountant-General's Department.*)

THIS book is somewhat disappointing. We say so with great regret, for there was ample room for such a work as Mr. Bowie intended to write. The subject could hardly in any case have been adequately dealt with as a romance, but a history of Savings Banks written in popular style, less bulky than Lewin's and less bald than the Postmaster General's report, would be a most useful text book. The story of the growth of the banks is well worth telling; the triumphs of self-help are a valuable "object lesson" in the days of incipient and nerveless collectivism; the flexibility and development of the Post Office Savings Bank are a good answer to charges of Post Office red-tape and immobility.

"To the height of this great argument" Mr. Bowie never rises at all. His book is doubtless a monument of zeal for the service, but

it is disfigured by an exaggerated loyalty to highly placed officials, living and dead, and by a literary style which, for want of a better term, we can only call "officialese." He actually brackets together a man of genius like Scudamore, an official of the first class like Chetwynd, and an official of the second class like Farmer. After this one almost ceases to be surprised at his dealings with officials, but one wonders what Mr. Cardin, whose sense of humour is not deficient, thinks of his panegyric on pages 108 and 109, and what domino could have covered Mr. Lang's blushes when he read page 143. Mr. Chetwynd appears to be his hero, and from the specimens of this gentleman's writing that he gives us we consider it a pity that Mr. Bowie did not, as regards composition, take more lessons in the school of Scudamore. We are forced to say something too about the way in which the book is compiled. In the first place, why "Romance"? Mr. Bowie tries to explain in his preface. "Romance" because the Savings Banks number fifteen thousand! This seems hardly adequate, but perhaps the title might be justified by the treatment of the subject. Let us see. This is the style in which the book is put together. The Postmaster-General wrote in his report for 1896—7 that the Savings Bank rapidly "became an *important* factor in the general development of thrift in the country." Mr. Bowie, in his peroration, says that the Savings Bank "has become an *enormous* factor in the general development of thrift in this country." Mere "derangement of epitaphs" is an easy way to turn a blue book into a romance. Again, the Postmaster-General had said of the Trustee Savings Banks "they might serve the townsman of fixed abode, but not the people of remote villages, or of no settled home." Mr. Bowie says, "The trustee banks serve the townsman of fixed abode, but the people of remote villages or of no settled home they cannot reach." And so on, and so on.

There is one terrible sentence we must quote as a specimen of Mr. Bowie's "officialese." It reminds one so of an official draft. "There were also the consideration and decision as to the places at which it would be best in the first instance to establish the new banks, as to the staff which would be required for putting the Act into operation, and the disposition and payment of that staff." We know that "as to the": it comes from the Civil Service Commission.

We have said some severe things about Mr. Bowie's work and we should have been false to our convictions if we had kept silence on these points. None the less we are not blind to the fact that the book fulfils in a measure its purpose, and that everybody who turns

to these pages for enlightenment on the history and working of Savings Banks will find much valuable information contained therein. Concerning figures, and millions, schedules and rules, laws and trustees and forms and facilities, Mr. Bowie is always a safe and frequently a very interesting guide, and some of his information in this direction has never been arranged before in so handy a form. It is simply his use of that unfortunate word "romance" which makes us demand so much more from him than he is evidently prepared to give. Many persons knowing of the separate male and female clerical establishments to be found in Queen Victoria Street might indeed be induced to purchase the volume with the hope of finding related therein some thrilling love story of Savings Bank life, and their mistake would be perfectly natural. The fact is Savings Bank millions are not romantic, and Mr. Bowie has not made them so. Nor has he been helped by some of the illustrations which accompany the book.

SEA URCHINS, by W. W. Jacobs, Author of *Many Cargoes*, *The Skipper's Wooing*, &c., &c. Price 3s. 6d. Laurence & Bullen Ltd., 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. 1898.

(*Mr. Jacobs is of the Savings Bank Department.*)

IN these days of rapid production and of constant demand on the services of popular novelists, it is too frequently the melancholy duty of a reviewer to note in each new book from the same author's pen a growing degeneracy, a continual falling away from the high level reached in his earlier work. No story-teller has, during the last two years, been in greater demand than Mr. Jacobs, and it speaks volumes for his strength of character and for his love of his art that he has kept his head all the time, that he has not placed a quantity of hurried and badly executed work on the market, and has steadily developed his art on the lines clearly marked out for him. We have little hesitation in saying that *Sea Urchins* is a distinct advance on both of the author's previous volumes. The fun in *Many Cargoes* depended so much on the drollery of the various incidents and adventures, and in our opinion quite in a lesser degree on the literary talent of the author. There was abundant fun, but the richer humour, which owes so much to the power of expression that may be possessed by the narrator, was not particularly marked. We have met people who shrieked with laughter at *Many Cargoes*, but who voted Charles Lamb, Louis Stevenson, and even Thackeray, as a bit dull and beyond their powers of appreciation. This is no reflection

on Mr. Jacobs, though it goes to show that his success hitherto has scarcely been due to literary excellence. We notice in a literary journal that Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Jerome are referred to as having produced the only really humorous books of the year, and we think if this be the case English humour is indeed in a sorry condition. But to associate Mr. Jacobs with Mr. Jerome is to commit an act of great injustice to the former, for we readily agree that he has claims on our attention which we cannot admit in the case of Mr. Jerome. Indeed it is only fair to warn Mr. Jacobs that if he continues the advance which is shown in *Sea Urchins* he will in a short time be voted by the mere lovers of fun as dull and tedious. As compensation he will gain the support and friendship of the lovers of humour who, though not a wealthy or a very numerous class, are a most grateful and appreciative body of men, whose love once obtained means, if not immortality for the author's reputation, at least security of tenure. In much of the dialogue in the book we note with pleasure that the hand of an artist has been at work, and the humour underlying the stories strikes us as more subtle and fuller of suggestion than it was in *Many Cargoes*. In a word, there is more comedy and less farce in the later volume. We feel too that Mr. Jacobs is giving us not the mere humours of sea-faring life, but the humour which belongs to all classes and has its roots everywhere. And in his last story, "The Lost Ship," he reveals to us the fact that he can sound the note of tragedy with excellent results. But the strongest element of all in our enjoyment of the book arises from the conviction which is forced upon us that Mr. Jacobs is not going the way of Mr. Jerome, and that, ill-content with the reputation of a mere funny man, he is rising to the position of a literary humourist.

THE MESS DECK, by W. F. Shannon. Price 3s. 6d. London: Lawrence and Bullen, 16, Henrietta Street, W.C.

(*Mr. Shannon is of the Savings Bank Department.*)

It has been unkindly said of a certain popular novelist that he always "writes at the top of his voice." This criticism is one which might be applied with equal justice to the methods of most authors who have chosen as their subject the sea and those that go down to the sea in ships. That Mr. Shannon, in the collection of short stories under notice, should have avoided undue boisterousness and extravagance, and, at the same time, have succeeded in producing a highly entertaining volume, is therefore the more remarkable. The

author allows his characters to spin their own yarns in their own way and very interesting and amusing yarns they are.

Sticklers for discipline may perhaps be disposed to cavil at the triumphant issue of several escapades recorded by Mr. Shannon, who evidently holds that despite the poet's dictum about the path of duty being the way to glory, the object in view is occasionally achieved by going in quite another direction. For our own part the leading hands of "H.M.S. Tarantula" may break their leave on future occasions provided that they again employ Mr. Shannon to narrate their adventures.

Quotations from humorous works are always unsatisfactory ; many of the best things in *The Mess Deck* can only be appreciated by taking into account the circumstances and the characters involved. If we quote one little paragraph it is merely because it aptly illustrates the danger of making unnecessary explanations, a weakness not confined to the Naval Service. Two bluejackets on coming aboard after an hilarious holiday on shore, presumably to avoid misconception, insisted on seeing the officer of the watch, to whom they explained that they were perfectly sober.

"Whenever you're sober, Sixer, like now," said Murphy, "get witnesses to prove it. Lootenant Howitzer knows a sober man when he sees him."

Next day the two friends were surprised to find themselves in the report. "What did I say to him?" asked Murphy of the corporal.

"Said you was sober."

"Sixer too? Did he say that?"

"Insisted on it."

"Then there's no doubt we was just about full up."

Mr. Shannon has an easy style and a pleasant gift of irony which should stand him in good stead when he elects to break fresh ground. But this is to anticipate matters. We hope he will give us a further batch of mess deck yarns. In the meantime it only remains for us to congratulate him on the success of his first literary venture, and to prophesy for him still greater triumphs in the future.

TROIS GRAND "ACTS" DE GLADSTONE 1855—1861—1870, par M. A. de Malarce, *Journal des Economistes*.

NOTICE HISTORIQUE ET ADMINISTRATIVE SUR L'INSTITUTION DES BUREAUX D'EPARGNE DES MANUFACTURES, par M. A. de Malarce. Paris, Imprimerie Nationale.

EVERYBODY who is interested at all in economical questions especially as they affect the institution of Savings Banks, knows the name of

M. de Malarce, and we have frequently, in these pages, drawn attention to his work. Of the articles now before us, the one is a delightful tribute to the financial work of Mr. Gladstone, while the other is on a technical subject, which, perhaps, only specialists will value at its true worth. As regards Mr. Gladstone, M. de Malarce is of opinion that his greatest achievements were his work in 1855 in providing for the reduction of the National Debt, his institution of Post Office Savings Banks in 1861, and his Education Act of 1870. In this confession one is able to understand in what direction the sympathies and life work of M. de Malarce lie. An Irishman would probably have different views on Mr. Gladstone's work, and it is conceivable that English nonconformists would not agree with the Frenchman's explanation of the greatness of the late Liberal leader. But no Gladstonian could think more highly or speak with greater veneration of Mr. Gladstone than does M. de Malarce. Let us conclude our notice with an interesting personal reminiscence from the author's pages.

“ En 1875, j'étais à Londres, en mission du ministère des Finances, pour étudier certaines questions du National Debt Office. M. Disraéli venait de remplacer M. Gladstone, libéral, et le premier ministre, conservateur, avait pris sir Stafford Northcote pour chancelier de l'Échiquier. Le nouveau chancelier de l'Échiquier suivait avec intérêt mes travaux, et, un matin, il me demanda si j'avais trouvé dans mes recherches des choses intéressantes. Je lui parlai des Annuités terminables de 1855, et je louai ce système qui, dans dix ans, en 1885, aurait amorti la dette nationale du Royaume-Uni de plus de 50 millions de livres sterling. Il fit appeler l'actuaire du National Debt Office, en le priant de lui dresser un tableau de ce merveilleux amortissement. Et le lendemain le ministre conservateur se rendit à la Chambre des communes, et, dans un discours où la loyauté doublait le dévouement national, il exposa les grands et bons résultats du système de 1855 : il fut applaudi par les libéraux pour l'hommage rendu au génie financier de M. Gladstone, et applaudi de tous pour cette révélation de l'heureux état des finances du royaume. A la Bourse qui suivit ce discours, la rente (Consolidés) monta d'un point.”

St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

Foreign and Colonial Postal Changes.

THE Foreign and Colonial Branch of the Secretary's Office has had a busy time lately preparing for the changes introduced at Christmas and the New Year. It has rained letters and telegrams stating that this Colony or that Protectorate would or would not adopt Imperial Penny Postage or the uniform triple scale for parcels. Some of the Colonies were in doubt up to the last minute; and there were some unexpected disappointments. When the list of places to which a penny stamp would carry a half-ounce letter on and after Christmas day appeared, it was found to comprise practically the whole of Her Majesty's Dominions except Australia, the Cape Colony, Jamaica, Malta, Mauritius, and New Zealand. Some of these are sure to come in later, when temporary difficulties have been removed; and there are some signs that even the opposition of the Australian Colonies may be overcome. A great step, too, has been made in the direction of uniform Colonial parcel postage.

Another important innovation has arisen from the adhesion of this country to the Insurance Agreement of the Postal Union. Hitherto it has not been possible to insure letters for places abroad; and the only compensation obtainable in respect of such letters has been £2, if they were entirely lost. Now, however, they can be insured against loss and abstraction of contents up to £120 in the service with most European Countries and some others, to which will soon be added India and several of the Colonies. The changes in postal practice adopted at the Washington Congress last June twelvemonths also came into operation on the 1st of January. It is to be feared that Postmasters and others, who, in the midst of the Christmas pressure, received pamphlets of new rules to be carefully studied and carried out, did not give them the warmest welcome. Fortunately it takes time for the public to discover its new facilities.

The Falmouth Packet Service Memorial.

SOME readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* may have noticed brief accounts in the daily papers of the unveiling of a memorial in Falmouth erected in memory of officers of the Packet Service. It is a ceremony which ought not to be passed over without some brief mention in the columns of our Magazine; for the Service commemorated was under the control of the Post Office during nearly the whole of the long period of its connection with Falmouth, and by far the larger part of the officers were the servants of the Postmaster-General, appointed directly by him.

The propriety of erecting the memorial was suggested to the Falmouth people in 1895 by Mr. A. H. Norway, of the Secretary's Office, General Post Office, London, whose books *History of the Post Office Packet Service, 1793-1815*, and *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*, are fresh in the recollection of our readers. The idea was warmly approved, and carried out with enthusiasm by a committee formed within the town and neighbourhood. Their task was made difficult by the fact that few of those who had personally served in the Packets were living. Subscriptions came in slowly. The Postmaster-General was kind enough to contribute,



From a Photograph by W. J. Osborne, Falmouth.

and to express warm interest in the scheme ; and early in the present year it was found that the funds admitted of the erection of a granite obelisk in the centre of the town of Falmouth. The obelisk stands about thirty-eight feet from the ground. The needle, upwards of twenty feet high, rests upon a large block of moulded granite, with polished panels, one of which bears the following inscription :—

Erected by Public Subscription,
 A.D. 1898,
 To the Memory of
 GALLANT OFFICERS AND MEN
 OF
 H.M. Post Office Packet Service,
 Sailing From Falmouth,
 1688-1852.

The Admiral in command at Devonport, Sir E. Fremantle, kindly consented to open the Memorial, and sent down a small flotilla of torpedo boats and destroyers, whose officers, attending the ceremony in full uniform, added picturesqueness, and gave to the proceedings precisely that naval air which was most appropriate to them, and which would have been most gratifying to the Packet Commanders, all of whom held the equivalent rank of Commander in the Navy, and received Commissions directly from the Admiralty, in addition to those held of the Postmaster-General.

Sir E. Fremantle said he could not help regarding the gallant heroes of the Packet Service as practically belonging to the British Navy of that date; and he referred to many sea fights in which their conduct was such as can only be looked back upon with pride. He added that the men of the Packet Service had a high ideal of patriotism and duty, and set men of the present day a fine example.

The proceedings terminated with a lunch, to which many survivors of the Packet Service were invited.

The Meeting on the Roof.

IN February last a deputation of Surveyors' Clerks sought and obtained an interview with Sir Spencer Walpole. They stated that the work of the Surveying Branch had increased considerably and had become more difficult and important, and asked that the question of revising the scales of pay of the Surveying Staff might be considered. Sir Spencer in his reply recognised that the Tweedmouth Scheme and the Budget Reforms had intensified their labours and promised that the representations made by the deputation, and the whole question of the duties and pay of the Surveying Staff should be carefully looked into. Accordingly, on Sir Spencer's recommendation, the Duke of Norfolk appointed a Committee consisting of:—

Mr. Lewin Hill, C.B., Assistant Secretary (Chairman).

Mr. Edward Yeld, Assistant Secretary.

Mr. W. S. Rushton, Surveyor of the South Western District.

Mr. P. P. V. Turner, Surveyor of the Southern Eastern District.

With Mr. G. S. Edwards, of the Secretary's Office, as Secretary.

The Committee met, heard witnesses and presented two Interim Reports, the principal recommendations of which were approved and communicated to Surveyors in Circulars Nos. 14 and 17 of 1898, which announced certain changes of practice in the work and some improvement in the pay of the Surveying Staff. In order to avoid misunderstanding, and to meet any difficulties that might present themselves in giving effect to these Circulars, the Postmaster General summoned all the District Surveyors and Postmaster Surveyors, as also the Secretaries, Edinburgh and Dublin, to meet the Committee in London on the 6th, 7th and 8th of July last.

The Meeting duly took place; and it is memorable for the fact that all the Surveyors and both the Secretaries, Edinburgh and Dublin, did actually attend.

On the first day of the Meeting Sir Spencer Walpole came in during the morning, took the Chair, and in addressing the members, said that he was glad to have the opportunity of meeting the chiefs of the Surveying Staff, on whose energy and ability the efficiency of the Postal and Telegraph services so greatly depended. He had reason to be grateful to them for their efforts during the recent period of severe pressure, and was glad that the Committee had been able, under the Chairmanship of his friend Mr. Lewin Hill, to suggest some means of lightening their labours. The Duke of Norfolk, he said, shared his views, and proposed to take an opportunity of coming to the Meeting. In the afternoon His Grace was present and took part in the proceedings.

It was afterwards suggested that this meeting of "Friends round St. Paul's," assembled from every district of the United Kingdom, should be photographed. Arrangements were accordingly made with Mr. Fall, of Baker Street, who on the following afternoon came to the General Post Office, North, with his apparatus, and photographed the group on the roof. This photograph has been reproduced and forms the frontispiece of our present number.* Besides the home interest attaching to the illustration as an excellent likeness of well-known Post Office Officials, and the record of a meeting interesting from its completeness, it affords an excellent demonstration of the fact that the sun does sometimes shine in London. When Britons boast that on our Empire the sun never sets, foreigners are apt to retort that on at least one part—London—it never rises. But in this group—hard by, if not actually beneath, the shadow of St. Paul's—may be discerned here and there a scowl or a grin which betokens something more than the gleams of recognition evoked by the photographer's humorous sallies, and which, indeed, can only be accounted for when it is realized that the photograph was taken in brilliant sunshine.

Egypt's Postal Service.

[The following interesting sketch of the Egyptian postal service is taken from a pamphlet entitled *The Post of Egypt*, which has just been published at The Landi Press, Florence, Italy, on behalf of the "Society for the Education of Every Egyptian Youth."]

UNDER the rule of Moslem Caliphs and Mamelukes, as doubtless under that of Pharaohs and Ptolemies, the monarchs of Egypt and their courtiers, like the earlier kings and their attendant nobles in Europe, made use of rapid runners for the conveyance of intelligence to and from the distant civil and military officials. Of those ancient times many traditions, tinged with the romance of the East, still exist—stories of wonderfully-trained carrier-pigeons, of information sent by flashing signals from minaret

* Copies of this photograph, we are informed, may be obtained from Mr. G. S. Edwards, Secretary's Office, G.P.O. Price 3s. 6d., post free.

to minaret over the lowlands of the Delta, and of incredible feats of swiftness by the slender-limbed Nilotic footmen. The viceroy Mehammad Aly, who, during most of the earlier half of the century, filled so large a space in the imagination of the West, maintained organized bodies of these couriers for the transmission of his correspondence. As Egypt grew wealthier under this rule, and the number of Europeans settled on the Nile augmented, the richer classes learned to imitate their ruler's example. The foot-messengers began to be recognized as a class, and frequented certain coffee-houses both at Cairo and Alexandria, where they were always open to an engagement. In 1843 the idea occurred to an enterprising Italian, Carlo Meratti, of employing a number of these couriers, and of beginning a more systematic service between the two chief cities. Modest offices were opened in each, the chief purpose being the transmitting and receiving of European letters—so that the undertaking was known as the "European Post." There are aged men in the foreign colony at Cairo who still remember the little room occupied by the "European Post" in the Musky quarter of the city, and recall their visits to it. They often found the office empty except for a single table supporting a basket containing letters and newspaper packages. All these the visitor looked over, and carried away such as were addressed to himself, or to members of his family. There were also, in that day, foreign Post Offices in Alexandria under the direction of various European governments—known as the "French Post," the "Austrian Post," the "Italian Post," and so on. These have long since disappeared, except the "French Post," which leads a lingering life in its rather shabby quarters at Alexandria. On the death of Meratti his business passed into the hands of his nephew, Tito Chini, who associated with himself a fellow countryman of great energy and administrative ability, Giacomo Muzzi, who opened additional offices, availing himself of all possible means of conveyance—even using the railway between Alexandria and Cairo as fast as its sections were opened. It reached Cairo in 1856. Muzzi's operations constantly extended; he received a formal government concession for ten years in 1862, but the undertaking proved so profitable that the government purchased the monopoly, three years later, on condition that Muzzi would remain as Director-General. This he did until 1876, when he resigned, and soon returned to his native country, in which he died, at Florence, May 12th, 1898, at the age of seventy-seven. His memory will long be kept green in Egypt as the real founder of its postal system. Many incidents, indicative of his activity and able management, are still narrated. It is told that during one season of an extraordinarily high Nile, when communications were everywhere interrupted, his mail-carriers always arrived punctually at their stations; and there is somewhere described the astonishment of the Prince of Wales, when ascending the Nile, at receiving his mail each evening, with unfailing regularity, from Muzzi's agents, who had outstripped his own steamer. On returning to Cairo the

Prince asked that he might see such an indefatigable official, and gave Muzzi his thanks and a souvenir ring.*

Muzzi was succeeded by Mr. Alfred Caillard, now the head of the Egyptian customs, who was followed by Walter Halton Pacha† (1880). The latter's successor is the present Postmaster-General, Saba Pasha (1887), whose reputation as an accomplished administrator has passed beyond the boundaries of Egypt. No country possesses a more complete and efficient postal service than that which he controls.

And yet there are not many regions in which a postal service has to overcome so many difficulties. In its greater part the populous places are strung for many hundreds of miles along the banks of a river, which every twelvemonth shifts its channels, making even ferriage often difficult. Elsewhere the mail must be borne, in the varying seasons, across wide tracts of desert, against burning winds and blinding sand-storms, or through floods which have turned the country into a sea, menacing with destruction the slender roads of soft earth, which rise just above the waste of waters. But this is not all. The difficulties which nature has created are scarcely greater than those which the accidents of humanity, and the perverse ingenuity of man, have thrown in the way of the servant of the post. Egypt, as has been often remarked, is a mosaic of nationalities and creeds, and a Babel of tongues. The postal employees must receive and deliver mail matter addressed in all the languages, Asiatic and European, spoken by larger or smaller groups of the population—Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Hindustani, Greek, Italian, French, English, Maltese—and must be able to respond to enquiries in more than one of these tongues. Each one of them, in fact, must be quite familiar with three languages, namely, the chancery Arabic (the bastard Old-Arabic of the newspapers and of all official correspondence); the Egyptian, the universal idiom of the people; and either French or English. But not a few are able to speak, in addition, Italian, and some know both French and English.

Morley, Ancient and Modern.

The History and Antiquities of Morley (near Leeds), published in 1876, contains some interesting items, not only for the delectation of local readers, but for Yorkshiremen generally, and one paragraph in particular may engage the attention of readers of *St. Martin's*. The writer says: "In the matter of postal arrangements, Morley has made considerable advances upon the primitive foot messenger who less than a century ago performed the duty of Postmaster. Fifty years ago, one, Betty Hartley, acted as Postmistress in a humble one story cottage on Banks Hill, at its junction with Chapel Hill. The

* Muzzi Bey introduced the pretty postage stamps of Egypt (sphinx and pyramids), and represented the Egyptian Government at the earliest and other postal congresses.

† See *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, Vol. VII., page 223.

letters at that time were called for every night and morning by John Cowburn, who, coming from Adwalton, collected them from all the villages on his way to and from Leeds. In the times preceding these, it was the custom for them to be collected from every house by a person called the "Foot Postman," who, walking through the village, blew a horn, the sound of which, when heard, brought forth the people to him with their letters, or prepared them to be on the look-out for some long-expected communication."

It may be interesting to note that over 70 years ago the following were the rates of postage from Morley: to Leeds, 4d.; Huddersfield, 4d.; Manchester, 7d.; London, 11d.; Ireland, 1s. 3d.; America, 3s.; France, 2s. 1d.; Germany, 2s. 7d.

J. T. F.

The Duke of Norfolk and the Telegraph Clerk.

THE following story has been published in most of the daily and weekly journals in Great Britain and the Colonies. We have the highest authority for stating that it is pure fiction from beginning to end:

The Duke of Norfolk on one occasion gave a Post Office young woman a deservedly severe fright. She had got into a habit of ruling the public with a rod of iron, and flavouring her remarks with a good deal of impudence. The Duke saw and heard much of this, while he was writing a telegram. When his turn came, the young woman took his telegram, read it, and dashed it back to him. "Put your name to it. What's your name?" "That will do," said the Duke, pointing to his signature "Norfolk." "That's not the name of a man—that is the name of a county," snapped the clerk. The Duke took the telegram, and proceeded to write another, which ran: "Permanent Secretary, G.P.O., London.—Clerk at this office exceedingly insolent to the public, reprimand severely, dismiss on second complaint.—The Postmaster-General." As he handed it in, he observed: "This is official, and will go free." When the young woman read it, she nearly collapsed. As the Duke intended only to give her a lesson, he consented, after much entreaty, and promise of amendment, to destroy the telegram.

The Civil Service and Literature.

WE take the following from a recent number of the *Westminster Gazette*.

A CONFESSION.

["In a contemporary a few days ago attention was drawn to the remarkable number of writers who have cultivated their love of letters in the arid atmosphere of the Civil Service."—*Westminster Gazette*, October 3rd.]

In office hours we fix our thoughts on trade,
 From ten to four the country claims our aid;
 Farewell to poetry then, adieu to art!
 For Pegasus is harnessed to the cart,
 The poet's soul is bought, the price is paid.

Hush, old-world Idylls! vanish, Beau Brocade!
 Aside awhile your wig and cane be laid;
 Let viol and flute stand silently apart
 In office hours.

Oh art! oh duty! both would be obeyed,
 Yet in the pocket of that garment frayed
 (The livery of Mammon and the Mart!)
 Stray sheets will, sure, betray the poet's heart—
 Some stealthy sonnet—or some rondeau made
 In office hours.

A. J. C.

Cardiff.

WE have received full particulars of a presentation to Mr. George Fardo,* who recently retired from the postmastership of Cardiff. The gifts consisted of a massive silver salver, bearing a suitable inscription, and a sum of £120. The Mayor presided, and in the course of the speeches which followed many nice things were said about Mr. Fardo and his services to the town of Cardiff. In addition to this presentation, which was made on behalf of the residents, the staff of the Post Office gave two solid silver entrée dishes, and the female staff presented Mrs. Fardo with a diamond ring. Mr. Fardo, who is now 64 years of age, has had 49 years' service in the Post Office. Our hearty good wishes go with him in his retirement.

Londonderry.

MR. R. S. SMYTH, Postmaster of Londonderry, who some time ago was offered a higher position, has decided to remain at his post; and an address signed on behalf of the residents by the Mayor of Londonderry, the Chairman of the Harbour Commission, and the President of the Chamber of Commerce was presented to him on the 3rd December together with some beautiful gifts. Mr. Smyth has been thirty years in Londonderry, and he is now the senior Government official in point of Service in the place. The presents consisted of a massive silver tray of exquisite workmanship, a handsome French marble drawing room clock, two statuettes representing Cybele and Amphitrite, together with a handsome bracelet for Mrs. Smyth. We quote an extract from Mr. Smyth's very nicely worded reply to the address: "Although the promotion offered me by the Postmaster-General had many advantages, it was with much regret that I contemplated a removal to England, which would have necessitated my parting with friends, many of whom I have known for the greater part of their lives. I am glad, however, that I shall now end my official career amongst them, in a city anyone should be proud to be connected with—proud

* A portrait of Mr. Fardo appears in Vol. II. of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, page 344.

because of its memorable associations with the past, its importance as a commercial and manufacturing centre, its increasingly rapid progress, the high commercial integrity of its merchants and manufacturers, and because also of the kind and true hearts it contains, of which this day's proceedings afford striking evidence.'

A Novel Accident to Telegraph Wires.

AN unusual accident happened recently at the Sherborne Station, by which for a time the whole of the telegraph wires connected with the Post Office were rendered useless. One of the swans from the lake in Sherborne Park was flying through the station in the direction of the park when it struck with great force against the telegraph wires which extend across the Station. The bird fell to the ground in an insensible condition, whilst the wires were completely tangled, and the whole of the circuits connected with the Post Office were for a time rendered useless. The mishap was quickly brought under the notice of the Postmaster, who ascertained that the fault was not far to seek. An officer was sent to the locality and, with assistance, separated the tangled wires, when business was again resumed. The bird, although much injured, flew off to the lake, after having a refresher in the river.

GEO. STABLER.

Sherborne.

Ask a Postmaster.

IN previous numbers of the Magazine we have printed some queer letters of enquiry addressed to Postmasters by the general public. We give below three more characteristic specimens of this class of communication, and we think their perusal will strengthen the conviction that the Post Office is regarded in some quarters as a "General Information Bureau," and Postmasters in particular as benevolent and courteous creatures, possessing encyclopædic knowledge and having a superabundance of time at their disposal.

St. German's, Cornwall,

Oct. 19th, 1898.

To the Postmaster, E.D.O.

Dear Sir,

I am taking the liberty of writing to ask if you will kindly refer me to some good responsible forage merchants, fruit and vegetable salesmen or commission agents, greengrocers, etc., as I am desirous of ascertaining information relative to turnips (principally), potatoes, or apples, and oblige

Yours respectfully,

M— H—.

New Jersey, U.S.A.

To the Postmaster of Hertford.

Dear Sir,

I am a boy fourteen years old, I live in a small town in New Jersey, on the Delaware River. My father is a horse doctor, and has practised medicine for several years. Several boys of this

place have been saving old cancelled stamps to see how many they could get of different kinds, and I thought I would save them too. But as I have just commenced I have not very many different kinds, when it came into my head to send to England, as I knew they spoke the same language; so I got my geography and selected your place on the map. Now, I would like you to get me all the different kinds of stamps you can. I would have put in postage for to return your letter, but your stamps are different and I know it will be useless, but I will send you American stamps, or any favour you may ask. Hoping you will regard my letter as a true one,

I remain to be your friend as soon as possible,

Yours truly,

G— R— S—.

P.S.—Please let me know to the best of your knowledge whether Wales, Scotland, and Ireland use the same kind of stamps. Hope we may meet some time before we die.

19th March, 1898.

To the Postmaster of West Hartlepool.

Sir,

In consequence of the great *change* in our *modes* of manufacture, I being unable to obtain or procure a certain *old* fashioned straw *bonnett* suitable for an *elderly* lady who requires the whole head and ears "*covered*" as of yore, and having found that none of the *present* day "*milliners*" *have the ghost of an idea* of a really befitting "*cottage bonnett*" save by *hemming together* parts of some of their by-gone "*shapes*" till they *produce a monstrous abortion* which no *sane* person *could* venture out in without evoking the *mirth* of young England, I venture to ask you, sir, to confer on me the favour of the name of *one* or *two* of the *older* straw bonnett makers (or plaiters) to whom I could *hopefully* apply for the aforesaid (now exploded) kind of head covering. I trust I am not trespassing too far upon your office work by this interrogation, which I have very long hesitated making—but stern necessity compels me to take this unwonted step in the pleasing assurance that you will kindly lend this aid to a perplexed country-woman.

Yours truly,

(Signed) (MRS.) M— B—.

P.S.—Should you be able to reply to the above enquiry I should be able to *send a pattern* of the article desired at once. My address is Mrs. M— H—, Bromley, Kent, where I have resided for some 31 years with my family.

Mr. Pearson Hill.

OF all those who, having withdrawn from the service of the Post Office, retained for many years a lively interest in its doings, its institutions, and its staff, the microcosm of St. Martin would surely name first for constancy Pearson Hill. He whom several of the chief officials of the General Post Office attended to his last

resting place at Highgate Cemetery on Saturday the 17th of December, was so familiar a figure at St. Martin's-le-Grand, albeit a pensioner of some twenty-five years standing, that it is hardly necessary to remind our readers that he was the only son of the great postal reformer whose luminous conception of a penny post for the whole Kingdom has just entered upon a new phase in its developement and bids fair to become a penny post for the British Empire, if not ultimately a penny post for all the world.

It was to aid his illustrious father in carrying out that first conception of a penny post for the whole of these islands, that Pearson Hill, born on the 24th of April 1832, and named with his mother's maiden-name, forewent a career congenial to his mind and



MR. PEARSON HILL.

talents, and took service under the Postmaster General in 1850. The career he would have chosen was that of a civil engineer; and for this he had not only great aptitude but favourable opportunities. Sir William Armstrong (now Lord Armstrong) thought so well of some of the lad's inventions that he would have found a place for him in his own works, and that with great confidence of a brilliant career for the young inventor. With entire cheerfulness—Pearson, or "Peter," as his intimates called him from time immemorial, was the very embodiment of cheerfulness—he postponed his personal bent to his father's wishes and his own sense of duty, and entered upon his official career as private secretary to his father. He had abundant energy at command; and his leisure hours were still devoted to mechanical studies, prosecuted largely in a workshop fitted up in a disused stable, where the small hours of the night frequently surprised him at his work. Here his devotion to his father's cause was not

wholly unrewarded, apart from the provision of the workshop itself, by Post Office problems to be solved in it. It was Pearson Hill's mechanical perspicacity and strong common sense which got the Post Office out of a difficulty in 1853, connected with the working of the now indispensable apparatus for exchanging mail bags with trains in motion. The use of this apparatus had to be suspended for a time on account of a dangerous defect; and, although Sir William Cubitt, appealed to professionally, failed to find a remedy, Pearson Hill found a very simple one, and earned at the same time the thanks of the Post Office and the praises of his great rival. Another of his mechanical successes was the stamping-machine which bears his name and is in use to the present day as a labour-saving appliance for obliterating postage stamps; and for many years his dexterous alacrity in devising things and no less in "knocking the bottom out" of the innumerable fantastic, silly, imperfect, or useless devices constantly submitted to the Post Office in hope of gain, was proverbial. After the retirement of Sir Rowland Hill from the Post Office, the daily work of that institution naturally diminished in attractiveness for his son, who, on the occasion of a reorganization—it was the same occasion that Edmund Yates embraced—accepted "abolition terms" and followed the parental lead into retirement. In the mean time he had married Miss Jane D'Esterre Roberts, who brought him several children. Rowland, the eldest of them, unhappily died at the age of about 27, just as he was promising further to illustrate the family name as that of a barrister. Of two sons, who, with their mother and one daughter, survive Pearson Hill, the elder, following the profession adopted by his great-grandfather, Col. Torrens, and others of his mother's family, was but lately home from the Soudan at the time of his father's death.

To his many old colleagues who regarded Pearson Hill—always a frequent visitor at St. Martin's-le-Grand—with affection and esteem, it was a great shock to hear two years ago that he had been struck down by paralysis. He recovered partially,—the solid unity of his character untouched. He still came to see us after his first recovery, and talked with freedom about his illness, as a man for whom Death had no terrors. Indeed his cheerful bearing, his sagacious *nil-admirari* attitude towards the visible universe, and perhaps also towards the invisible, was the dominant note in his distinctly remarkable personality. Anecdotes illustrative of this sturdy attitude flow in on the memory in abundance; but at this moment of going to press, one must suffice. A few days before his death a summons came to St. Martin's, to his faithful friend and cousin, Lewin Hill. Pearson had had a further seizure; and Lewin must go and see him. There he lay in his bed at 6, Pembroke Square, supported, it is true, by all that medical science and domestic affection can bring to the smoothing of the last pillow. But how many men of 66, still loving and beloved, still only a few days ago enjoying their whist meetings with their friends, and other good things of this world, will look with perfect serenity on a change heralded by almost

total loss of vital power save in the brain? That was how it was with Pearson Hill when Lewin entered; but the almost bird-like alertness was still there, in the head; and this is what the head said:

"Well, Lewin, I'm very glad to see you. You and I have been many a journey together; and now I'm off on a long journey; but I shall have to go without you this time, old man."

Shortly afterwards he became unconscious; and on Tuesday the 13th of December he passed away without knowledge of what the ending of life means.

Conspicuous among the wreaths with which the coffin was loaded on its way to Highgate was a very beautiful one bearing the words "In affectionate remembrance, from old colleagues at the Post Office." The words are simple and sincere, and record a loss wider than the personal loss of those colleagues, for Pearson Hill remained to the end the staunch friend of the Post Office, always ready to support its good name and its many institutions and beneficent undertakings, whether it was his pen, his personal testimony, or his purse that was called into requisition.

H. B. F.

Mr. Archibald Barr.

WE give below the portrait of Mr. Archibald Barr, first chief postmaster for Otago, whose decease has recently been recorded in the New Zealand Press. Mr. Barr, who was born in 1821, was a native of Glasgow, and arrived in Otago in June, 1849.



MR. ARCHIBALD BARR.

Prior to leaving the old country he had been employed in a large wholesale manufacturing house, but after landing in the colony he devoted his attention for some years to farming. In 1857 he was appointed clerk to the Customs and Post Office in Dunedin, and upon the separation of the Postal and Customs department in 1860

was appointed to the charge of the former with the title of postmaster for Otago. With the discovery of the goldfields in 1861 an immense increase in the work of the Post Office was experienced—so much so, indeed, that on one occasion it is recorded there was such an accumulation of mails in Dunedin that the postmaster for three days and two nights did not leave the office even for meals, but took his sleep in snatches upon the piles of newspapers that were heaped upon the floor. One consequence of the rush was a demand for district post offices, and for improved postal communication. Mr. Barr, deeming it absolutely necessary in the interests of the public service that a personal knowledge of the various localities should be obtained by him before the opening of any office or the institution of any mail route, undertook long journeys with that object in view, riding frequently through unoccupied and almost unexplored country. In many cases he acted on his own authority in establishing country post offices, without waiting for the sanction of the Government.

For thirty-one years Mr. Barr held, with great credit to himself, his position as chief postmaster for Otago, and during a portion of that time he acted also as Colonial sub-treasurer of the province of Otago, while he conducted the agency of the Government Life Insurance department during the first four years of its existence. When he retired from the service in 1888 it was with an enviable record of conscientious and faithful work. Under him some of the officers who have since taken a high position in the Colonial service were trained, among them being the present chief secretary of the New Zealand Post Office.

Mr. W. H. Gill.

BY the retirement of Mr. Gill the Secretary's Office loses a capable officer who has seen rather more than forty years' service. In May 1858, he was appointed a clerk in the Mail Office, which then kept charge over the Railway Service of the Post Office. At that time much had to be done to bring the Railway Companies under contract and into agreeable working with the Post Office. In 1868, when the Mail Office was abolished, Mr. Gill was brought into the Secretary's Office; and he has thus been an eye-witness to, and worker in, the stirring times the Post Office has seen during his long service, including the establishment of the Savings Bank, the transfer of the Telegraphs, and the introduction of the Parcel Post.

It is, however, from the artistic rather than from the official standpoint that we must regard Mr. Gill and judge of his life-work. He is known as an ardent lover of landscape art, his favourite mediums being water colour and etching. In these he has exhibited from time to time at the Society of British Artists, Dudley Gallery, and Crystal Palace, besides provincial galleries at Manchester, Liverpool and Southsea. When he was a boy one of the volumes of *Modern Painters* chanced to meet his eye and fired his enthusiasm, and forthwith he became a lifelong disciple of John Ruskin; and on the

formation of a Ruskin Society in London he held for some years the appointment of secretary. A tribute to his Master in the form of an art study ("The Life-History of a Cherry") has found permanent public exhibition in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield. "The Life-History of a Cherry" was executed in ten pen-and-ink drawings, the last two being coloured. The memory delights also to recall a charming pen-and-ink drawing by him of a creeper-clad portico of a country house. His love of drawing has led him full many a time into the bright air of the hills and dales to find there both health and pleasure. He rendered very beautifully, in water colour, a fall on the Silverburn, and a glen at Laxey, both in the Isle of Man. Year by year, when times of recreation have come round, Mr. Gill, in visiting North Devon, Normandy, or the



MR. W. H. GILL.

Engadine, has brought away numerous water colour treasures, and his portfolio of drawings is believed to be full of riches, which may some day find honoured place in many homes.

In music, Mr. Gill's practical work as an organist and choirmaster has brought him face to face with the problem of sight singing and the rival systems of the Fixed and Moveable Do; and as a solution, he published, some twenty years ago, the details of a new notation of music, in which, by means of a tonic staff of three lines, all keys are written alike, and modulation is indicated by raising or depressing the staff itself. These, and other like experiences, enabled him, on the formation of a Post Office Musical Society, to render usefu

service by conducting a class for the study of sight singing from the staff on tonic sol-fa principles. Mr. Gill has carried on classes for the study of music at Westminster Palace Chambers, at Sevenoaks, and at Sidcup, and he has conducted many concerts. For many years his house at Sidcup has been the home for countless gatherings for the study of music. The following is a list of his principal compositions :

ANTHEMS.—“ Christ being raised,” “ Set up Thyself, O God,” “ How dear are Thy counsels,” “ Like as the hart,” “ Behold I bring you,” “ I will lay me down,” “ Thou visitest the earth,” “ Lighten our darkness,” “ Put thou thy trust in God,” “ Glory and honour,” “ Sweet Saviour, bless us.”

HYMNS.—“ God of my salvation,” “ Thou art gone to the grave ” (Elegy), “ In excelsis gloria ” (Christmas Carol).

PART SONGS.—“ When twilight dews,” “ Carol of the reapers,” “ Sweet nightingale,” “ When on thy pillow lying,” “ Before dawn,” “ Three merry maids.”

TRIO.—“ Sweet dreams.”

Mr. Gill's most important work is, however, his book of Manx National Songs, to which attention has more than once been drawn in our pages. To enable him to obtain record of the unwritten National Manx music, Mr. Gill (himself a Manxman) made several visits to the Isle of Man, and thrilling interest attaches to the journeys he made with his brother, the Deemster, into the remote parts of the Island to see the ancient men and women in whose memory alone lived the music of the past as they had known it in their youth, in piety, dance and song. It is pleasant to recall the enthusiasm he evoked when he recounted the finding of the music and gave renderings of it before the Musical Association of London, and at Douglas, Isle of Man, and other places.

In leaving active service Mr. Gill will be missed by his colleagues. His kindness of heart and varied gifts have endeared many to him, and he certainly carries with him into retired life the affectionate wishes of many friends.

Mr. A. J. Cherry.

TO celebrate his victory in the 100 kilometres amateur cycling championship of the world at Vienna in September last, his colleagues of the Central Telegraph Office, London, recently entertained Mr. A. J. Cherry to dinner in the Throne Room of the Holborn Restaurant. The proceedings throughout evoked the greatest enthusiasm, and the chairman (Mr. Alexander J. S. Adams), in proposing the toast of the evening, referred to Mr. Cherry's record of feats culminating in the splendid victory at Vienna. Since 1887 he had had eleven years uninterrupted success as an all-round athlete, placing the following to his credit:—In cycling—26 gold, 6 gold-centre, 4 silver, and 2 bronze and other medals; 3 fifty-guinea cups, 3 challenge cups, and 10 others. He had annexed 8 championships, including the 50 miles amateur of

England, and the 100 kilometres of the world, in the latter beating amateur record, and he had also held the one mile record, paced and unpaced. Among his total of 113 prizes (not including medals) are 11 tea and coffee services. His prizes altogether were apportioned thus: 58 first, 53 second, 23 third, and 4 fourth positions.

An excellent musical and dramatic entertainment followed, the talent all being drawn from the C.T.O. E. A. M.

The late Mr. Halliburton.

IN our number for April, 1893 (Vol. III., page 210), we noticed at some length the retirement from active duty of Mr. Halliburton, after a long service of nearly forty-eight years. During the last twenty-one of these, he held the position of Chief Clerk of the Edinburgh Post Office. Our readers will be interested in the following particulars relating to the death of that gentleman, which took place on the 13th June last.

In the summer of 1896, he, with Mrs. Halliburton, made a voyage to Australia, to visit a son who is settled there. On the journey out, he spent some time with friends in Ceylon, and on the way back, at the beginning of 1897, he made a detour to visit Jerusalem and some other of the sacred places in southern Palestine, and also a part of Egypt. He took ample notes by the way, and from these, on his return, he compiled a continuous and most interesting narrative. Of this, he kindly permitted some of his old friends a perusal. Until the attack of acute pneumonia, to which he succumbed after but a few days' illness, he seemed to be in the enjoyment of fair health. The large number of fellow officers, active and retired, who attended his funeral—some from a considerable distance—testified to the high regard, it may even be said affection, in which he was held.

No truer estimate of Mr. Halliburton, as an able and estimable man and officer, could well be penned than that which appeared in the notice already referred to. Perhaps we may be permitted to repeat the concluding sentences. "It is, however, by those who were personally associated with him in carrying on the work in the chief office (Edinburgh), that his worth and sterling qualities were best known. By them he was regarded rather as a friend than an official superior."

Major Harley.

IN Sir George Robertson's recently published book, *Chitral: The Story of a Minor Siege*, a narrative as entrancing and dramatic as any romance, the author has many references to Major, then Lieutenant, H. K. Harley, who, as most of our readers are aware, is the son of Mr. Harley, the Postmaster and Surveyor of Manchester. The writer refers to Lieutenant Harley as "that ever-cheerful Irishman," and represents how by his good spirits and

jovial ways he stimulated the little garrison in the fort at Chitral when they were in such desperate straits.

How Lieutenant Harley subsequently saved the garrison by his magnificent sortie to blow up the enemy's mine is well known, but will bear repetition. Finding one morning that the enemy were mining the gun-tower, it was speedily realized that the only chance was to countermine; so the officers determined on a sortie. A hundred men, made up of forty Sikhs and sixty Kashmir riflemen, were to be led by Lieutenant Harley. At four o'clock that afternoon the gates were swung open, and Harley ran out, closely followed by his men. They could only pass through a few at a time, so Harley,



MAJOR HARLEY, D.S.O., INDIAN STAFF CORPS.

taking advantage of a built-up garden lounging place a few yards away, got about a dozen men together and made a collective tiger-spring for the summer-house where the enemy were working. Though completely surprised, the sturdy foe fired a volley into the faces of our men, killing two of those charging with Harley, and severely wounding a third.

Short, sharp bayonet work quickly cleared the building, and the enemy, except those imprisoned inside the mine, fled. Harley now brought up his powder-bags, and clearing the shaft of soldiers descended into it accompanied by one of his Sikhs. They did not know how many workers might be in the tunnel, and subsequently several Chitralis appeared, but these were bayoneted or slain at the top of the shaft. About twenty had passed forth when Harley, thinking the tunnel was clear, placed his explosives just inside the mouth and began to tamp them. Thereupon two more Chitralis

struggled to the open, trampling the gunpowder hose and tearing it in pieces. The Lieutenant was nearly in despair, but luckily he had a length of tubing left intact which he set off to find. As he was about to jump down again into the mine a violent explosion occurred, knocking him down and burning the turbans of many of the Sepoys. This was the last of the many heroic feats which immortalised that siege. Two days later the relief expedition arrived.

In the recent Soudan campaign Major Harley was badly wounded, and had ultimately to be invalided home. Besides his Distinguished Service Order he has the Order of the Medjidieh, the Chitral Medal and Clasp, and the Soudan Medal and Clasp. R.C.M.

Mr. R. Fowler Pitt.

WE have to record with regret the death of Mr. R. Fowler Pitt, late of the Circulation Office. A portrait of him, taken in his 78th year, appears in our sixth volume on page 158, and the following reference to him is to be found on page 65 of the same volume in R. W. J.'s "Early Post Office Days." "There were two 'Fathers' in the Branch—Father Pitt and Father Pennington 'Father' Pitt earned the distinction in many ways, for he took a most paternal interest in his men, and his long service in connection with the Post Office Clerks' Benevolent Fund entitles him to the gratitude of all concerned in that institution. A more alert officer never trod the floor of the office, and in the old days when foreign mails brought shoals of unpaid letters it was a treat to see him engaged in 'taxing' them, as though every penny were destined for his own pocket."

Mr. Pitt was Hon. Sec. of the Benevolent Fund from 1869 to 1877, and the Fund owes much to his long and careful stewardship. In 1861 there occurred what is called the "Trent" case, over which England and America almost came to blows. A naval officer had taken the Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidell, out of a British mail steamer sailing between two neutral ports. American precedents were all against the United States, and the envoys were given up. Mr. Pitt was the officer deputed to open the American mail on its journey to London conveying the American reply to the despatch of the English Government, a reply on which depended peace or war. Mr. Pitt used to relate with pride the record time in which he did the journey on that occasion from Rugby to Downing Street. Mr. Pitt's son is Postmaster of the Norwood District.

Civil Service Insurance Society.

THE half-yearly meeting of the Council of the Society was held in the Committee Room, War Office, on Friday, October 28th, at 5.30 p.m. Sir R. H. Knox, K.C.B., presided. Amongst those present were Messrs. L. Incedon, A.G.O., L. Halcrow, C.T.O., and C. S. Keen, C.T.O. The Committee reported that steady progress continued to be made in all branches of the Society's business.

In the following table a comparative statement is given of the life insurances effected during the nine months from 1st January to 30th September in each of the last five years:—

Period (9 months) ended 30th September.	Number of Policies Issued.	Sum Assured.
1894	428	£ 110,800
1895	518	143,900
1896	663	164,500
1897	673	175,000
1898	620	167,900

The total amount of the life insurance business of this Society since its establishment in 1890 is as follows:—

Number of Policies issued	15,840
Sum assured	£4,311,000
Present Annual Premium (gross)	£145,500

The amount of business in Fire, Burglary and Accident Insurances continues to increase, and there is good reason to expect that from the transactions of the current year the Widows' and Orphans' Fund will receive as substantial an addition to its moneys as it did in respect of those for last year.

The Committee reported with regret that the negotiations with the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, on a Widows' and Orphans' Fund to which they referred in their last report, had not had the result which they had expected, In the course of those negotiations very important questions were raised, and the course taken by the Committee in regard thereto, and the steps which, in their judgment, it is advisable now to take, was explained to the Council at the meeting. The Report is signed by R. H. Knox, Chairman, S. J. Bennett and T. Brice, Secretaries.

“By the Old Moulmein Pagoda.”

DURING the past three years it has often been our good fortune to read many flattering notices of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* in the columns of the daily and weekly press. We do not care to blow our own trumpet, and we should not, in ordinary circumstances, republish any of these criticisms. But a correspondent has sent us a copy of *The Moulmain Advertiser* of the 26th November last in which we find a very kind notice of the magazine, and the fact that in far away Burma our efforts are appreciated is too much for our modesty. We simply publish the notice as it stands, and we hope that the efforts “the East” is making to increase our circulation will stimulate our sluggish brethren of “the

West" to renewed activity on our behalf. Everybody has heard of Moulmain—

"By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a settin', and I know she thinks o' me."

In this case it is a Burma editor who is sitting and thinking of us, and we send him our thanks and good wishes. Here is his notice of us—

"*ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND MAGAZINE*.—We do not think many residents in Burma can be aware of the existence of this excellent magazine which can be obtained post free for *three shillings* per annum. It is now in its ninth year of publication, and the Management say if they can get a larger number of Subscribers they hope still further to reduce the price. We would certainly advise all English-reading residents to send a British Postal Note for three shillings to Mr. A. F. King, care of Messrs. W. P. Griffith and Sons Ltd., Old Bailey, London, for a copy of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* to be sent them for 1899. The amount is so trifling—less than *one anna per week* for a first class publication—that we would strongly advise every educated Burman to subscribe. Postal Orders can be obtained at every Post Office in Burma, so that every resident who can afford something like Rs. 2·8 might subscribe for a year to this really cheap and excellent magazine. If it was supported in the East as it deserves to be, the promised reduction of the present low price should take place in 1900. The price of this illustrated magazine is within the reach of almost every English reader, and it heartily deserves the support of every one of them."

The Isis (late Iris) Swimming Club.

THE Second Annual Entertainment of the above-named Club was given at St. George's Baths, Buckingham Palace Road, on the 24th October. The audience, consisting of ladies only, was a large and appreciative one, notwithstanding very wet and depressing weather. The programme was varied and interesting and was carried through in good time, though the non-arrival and late arrival of some of the competitors and the absence of some of the best members of the Club, caused several alterations and some inconvenience. The Team Race was won by the Croydon ladies against the Cygnus and Polytechnic. Perhaps the most interesting item of the evening was a display of practical life saving by two members of the Club, both fully dressed. One uttering a shriek of distress fell into the bath on one side, whilst her rescuer appeared on the opposite side, plunged bravely in and, in spite of kicks and struggles, carried her up the bath to the steps, where several hands were only too ready to drag the now apparently lifeless form out of the water and vigorously resuscitate it according to Sylvester's method. It was observed that the patient soon gave evidence that she was very much alive and had had quite enough of the game, which certainly requires a condition of unconsciousness to make it at all tolerable. The Obstacle Race was rather exciting; the competitors had to swim over two hurdles and

through hoops. The two prizes were carried off by the Croydon Club. The Blindfold Donkey Race caused a good deal of amusement, as also the Chair Race. The conception of a straight line shown by those who swam in the former, and the ineffectual attempts of the latter to sit comfortably in a chair and swim at the same time caused much merriment. The fancy swimming and diving was done solely by members and showed a creditable advance on that of the preceding year. The Club Handicap (60 yards) also showed that the members had improved considerably both in speed and style.

Several handsome prizes were kindly presented by well-wishers in the Savings Bank Department, two of whom, Miss H. A. Scott and Miss L. A. Sweet (although non-swimmers), take a great interest in the Club.

The Annual Meeting of the Club was held on the 23rd November, when the members took the opportunity of expressing their thanks to the Hon. Secretary for the hard work she had so cheerfully and competently performed for the good of the Club. The thanks took the practical form of a handsome dressing case which was presented to her. The question of a change of name, which had been rendered necessary by the discovery of an older club bearing the same name, was discussed, and the name of "Isis" was finally adopted. The accounts showed a satisfactory balance in hand. The number of present members is 40 and the average attendance throughout the season (May to October inclusive) was 14. New members for 1899 will be heartily welcomed.

Odds and Ends.

IN the list of New Year's Honours we note with great pleasure the name of Mr. Jasper C. Badcock, Controller of the London Postal Service, who is appointed to a Companionship of the Bath. We congratulate both him and the Postal Service.

* * *

MR. GEORGE DENNIS, C.M.G.—We regret to hear of the death, in his eighty-fourth year, of Mr. George Dennis, who was British Post Office Agent at Smyrna for several years. He was the author of that epoch-making work "The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria;" and among archæologists few names take higher rank than his.

Mr. Dennis (says the *Athenæum*) was one of the most unaffected and simple-minded of men, honest, straight-forward, and courteous—the living image of Col. Newcome. His powers failed somewhat in the last two or three years; but those who knew him, even ten years ago, were impressed at once by the greatness of his abilities and the genuineness of his modesty.

* * *

MR. BOWIE, in his book *The Romance of the Savings Bank*, states that the name of the Controller of the Post Office Savings Bank is a household word with depositors, and the fact that a Postal Order for one shilling was recently received in the

Department with an application for a new book and made payable to Mr. Andrew Lang is a striking proof of this statement. Although the mistake shows a curious confusion of ideas we can quite see how it occurred. The depositor, who was probably some absent minded literary person, was told by the Postmaster to send a shilling to Mr. Lang for a new book. The word "book," of course, suggests the man who in his time has edited most of "the best hundred," and the depositor had probably heard of the idea which is growing in many influential quarters that "Andrew Lang" is not an individual but a syndicate.

* * *

WE note with pleasure that Mr. I. G. Gibbon, late of the Savings Bank Department and now of the Secretary's Office (Supply. Est.), has just taken his B.A. degree at the London University, and that his position in the examination is exceptionally good. In the "Pass" examination he came out in the First Division, whilst in the Honours he secured a First Class in Mental and Moral Science.

* * *

AT the annual oyster feast at Colchester Mr. Preece appears to have made a very amusing speech. An oyster, he explained, knows when to open his mouth, so does an engineer. There was, therefore, an affinity between the two creatures. Further, an oyster makes an excellent after dinner speaker, for, like the engineer, he knows when to "shut up." Most after dinner speakers might learn a lesson from the oyster.

* * *

WE take the following from the *Post Office Bulletin*, Chicago: "A Country Postmaster's Report. Chief Clerk, Chicago. Dear Sir, my mail bage is not taken in tow days. I don't know what is the mater the Engernear he blue the whisele after he hat past the Station, he is got a happed of doing so. Yours truly P.M."

* * *

ASCO TCH Planter in Kulu—who, by the way, has recently found gold in Waziri Rupi in the Kangra district and sent some specimens home—went into the Palampur Post Office some time ago to despatch a cablegram to Glasgow. Quoth the babu in charge: "Glasgow, Glasgow, is there a telegraph office at Glasgow, Sir?" And then Caledonia grew both stern and wild.—*The Pioneer*, India.

* * *

WHITEHAVEN. A new Post Office was opened here on Tuesday, 8th November last, and a full account and portrait of the proceedings has been sent to us. We regret we have only sufficient space to congratulate Mr. Freeman, the Postmaster, on what seems to have been a most successful ceremony, and the town of Whitehaven on the possession of a very neat and commodious Post Office.



H. F. McCONNELL.
(Principal Clerk.)



J. RUSSELL HAY.
(Principal Clerk.)



J. DOWNES.
(Controller.)

DEPT. OF
POSTS



F. G. HENSHAW.
(First Class Examiner.)



P. H. REID.
(First Class Examiner.)



H. J. DRAPER.
(First Class Examiner.)

THE RETURNED LETTER OFFICE.

[To face page 108.]

THE
MUSEUM
OF
ARTS
AND
CRAFTS

M.A.P. is responsible for the following:—

A gallant officer who was on the staff of the Governor of South Australia at the time, tells a curious story *apropos* of the appointment by Lord Rosebery of Bishop Kennion to the See of Bath and Wells. A cypher cablegram arrived on a certain day in Adelaide, addressed to His Excellency, from the Treasury or the Colonial Office (I forget which), and was handed in the usual course to the official whose duty it was to transliterate it. The only possible reading of the cypher forthcoming was the following—“Offer Kennion Chinese Junk!” Heaven knows by what operator's blunder, defect in the transmitting instruments, or kink in the cable, such a perversion could have been brought about; but there it was, and the united efforts of telegraphists, official decipherer, A.D.C. in waiting, military secretary, and his Excellency himself, could obtain no more intelligible result than this: “Offer Kennion Chinese junk.” I know not how often the message had to be repeated, or how long it was before it dawned on those concerned that the proper reading was “Offer Kennion vacant bishopric.”

* * *

WE have received a copy of the Journal of the Canadian Bankers Association for October, 1898, and we find therein a very interesting article on “Postal Notes and Money Orders.” The writer, Mr. Robert Gill, discusses “the announcement recently made by the Post Office Department of Canada” of the issue of “Postal Notes,” and the differences are examined between these and the ordinary money orders, and the orders which have been issued for a short time by the express companies in Canada, and are just now being issued by the chartered banks. We note that acknowledgments are made to Mr. G. F. Everett, superintendent Money Order Branch, Post Office Department, who is described as “a studious observer of the drift of business in his department.” This strikes us as an excellent description of the type of man we call “a good official.”

* * *

MR. GAVEY, of the Secretary's Office, who was recently elected captain of the Civil Service Rugby Football Club, is to be congratulated on the success which has attended his first year's captaincy. Of the fourteen games at present played only four have been lost, the remainder being either won or drawn. Mr. Gavey has been a prominent forward in the Service Club for many years, and his election to the captaincy is a proof of his ability as a sturdy exponent of the Rugby game.

* * *

MR. HOWARD PAUL, in the *Road* Christmas number, gives some particulars of a coaching tour from London to Aberdeen in which Mr. Gladstone took part. One day at dinner the conversation turned on the digestibility of certain foods, when Mr. Carnegie chanced to remark what a martyr to dyspepsia Carlyle had

been. "Yes," said Mr. Gladstone, "he smoked too much. Quain tells me he ate quantities of sodden gingerbread, and he was a rapid feeder. I lunched with him one day, and he tumbled his food into his stomach. *It was like posting letters.* He didn't seem to use his jaws except to talk."

* * *

QUERY for Postal Authorities.—Are dead letters at the Dead Letter Office subject to a Post-mortem examination? If this rule ever existed, has it itself become a Dead Letter? (*Punch*, 29th October, 1898.)

* * *

UNCLE REUBEN was visiting New York for the first time. "What do you think of it?" asked his city nephew. "Waal," replied the old man, "it's a mighty big place, but it don't seem citified. I hain't seen a telegraph pole in the hull town." "The wires are underground." "Underground?" "Yes—in conduits." "Conduits! What's them?" "Subterranean passages." Uncle Reuben was thoughtful. "Waal," said he, "they must be powerful deep to take in them tall poles."

* * *

TO Philatelists and others.—A letter has recently been received in the Savings Bank Department from an enthusiast in the cause of thrift, who is evidently anxious to begin the new year well, and enquiry is made therein whether it is permissible to affix stamps which have been already used and passed through the post to the forms supplied for saving a shilling by means of penny contributions. Surely an excellent idea and one worthy the attention of some of our Postal Reformers.

* * *

THE Proprietor of an Eccentric Show, who rejoices in a name suggestive of a Teutonic origin, and who wrote to the Savings Bank Department from an address in Germany for particulars as to annuities, was at once asked as "an alien" to supply certain information. His reply was as follows. "In reply to your letter of ———, I most respectfully beg to inform you that I want to buy the annuity for myself and not for an alien, and as regards residing here permanently, I would not end my days in this country if the people gave me the whole of their Empire, King Billy included." Are we guilty of *lèse majesté* in publishing this letter? We think not, and as regards the Proprietor of the Eccentric Show, much should be forgiven him in these days of Imperialism, because he loved his country much. We resent the suggestion of a little Englander that perhaps trade was bad.

* * *

DUNDEE Post Office Officials have had "a flitting." On Saturday, November the 26th last, the old Post Office was used for the last time, and now Mr. Bryson, the Postmaster, is at

work with his staff in new premises. We have been shown a photograph of the building, and we think it in every way worthy of a big centre such as Dundee.

* * *

WE have received a copy of *The Lamp* of the 17th December, containing an account of a meeting of the Catholic Association, held in the Clerkenwell Town Hall on December 6th, for the purpose of presenting the Cross of the Order of Knighthood of St. Gregory conferred upon Mr. Valentine M. Dunford by the Pope, in recognition of his services to Catholicity. Mr. Dunford is in the Controller's Office of the Central Telegraph Office, and an excellent portrait of him accompanies the account of the proceedings. Father Bannin, Chairman of the Association, in the absence of the Earl of Denbigh, presided. The Lord Bishop of Emmaus invested Mr. Dunford with the insignia of the Order. Mr. Dunford is honorary Secretary of the Catholic Association, and he lately organised a very successful pilgrimage to Rome. He is Chairman of St. Martin's Society, an association of Catholics in the London Post Office service, besides being connected with several other Catholic societies outside the service.

* * *

A REMARKABLE PONY.—“The pony knocked the machine out of my hands, and went down on its knees, and started kicking, I pulled the machine out of the way and asked him to come into the office with me, but he would not come, I then asked him his name and address which he refused to give me, he thereupon got into the cart and drove away.”

The above is an extract from a Telegraph Messenger's report on the cause of a serious mishap by which his bicycle was considerably damaged. It is the commencement of a paragraph in the report, and consequently the conclusion that it refers throughout to the pony is irresistible. The punctuation of the paragraph is the boy's own. Readers of *St. Martin's* will be pleased to know that the boy was not hurt.

* * *

MR. W. H. WALTON, who has been Postmaster at Teignmouth for twenty years and has now been appointed Postmaster of Newton Abbot, has been presented by the inhabitants of Teignmouth with a purse containing £100 and an illuminated address.

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Office ...	Jackson, G. H. .	1st Cl. Clk., Supply Est.	1869; Retr., R.L.O., '72; Clk., 2nd Div., S.O., '87; 2nd Cl. Clk., '93
„ ...	Gayes, E. J. ...	2nd Cl. Clk. ...	2nd Div. Clk., A.G.D., '92; 3rd Cl. Clk., S.O., '94
A.G.D., C.H.B.	Miss A. M. Dent	Princ. Clk. ...	2nd Cl., '81; 1st Cl., '91
„ „	„ E. Widger ...	1st Cl. Clk. ...	1886
„ „	„ E. B. Perrin.	„ ...	Sr., S.B.D., '83; 2nd Cl. Clk., C.H.B., '86
„ P.O.B.	„ M. M. A. Brown	Super. ...	Clk., C.H.B., '73; P.O.B., '81; Asst. Super., '94; Senr. Asst. Super., '98
„ „	„ C.L.DeRenzi	Senr. Asst. Super. .	Clk., S.B., '75; P.O.B., '81; Asst. Super., '95
„ „	„ R. Loch ...	Asst. Super. ...	Clk., S.B., '81; P.O.B., '82; Princ. Clk., '95
„ „	„ B. M. Golden	Princ. Clk. ...	2nd Cl., '82; 1st Cl., '91
„ „	„ E. E. Elliston	„ ...	2nd Cl., S.B.D., '83; P.O.B., '83; 1st Cl., '95
„ „	„ O.H.Wheeler	1st Cl. Clk. ...	1883
„ „	„ E. M. Brown	„ ...	1888
„ „	„ E. Hills ...	„ ...	1889
E. in C.O. ...	Lomas, W. ...	Jr. Clk. (Provinces)	S.C. & T., M'n'ester, '91
L.P.S.D. ...	Banks, H. J. ...	Insp. ...	Sr., '70; Over., '85
(Cir. Off.)	Hunt, W. F. ...	„ ...	1873; Sr., '75; Over., '85
„ „	Bedwell, C. W. .	„ ...	1870; Over., '86
„ „	Hooper, W. W. .	Over. ...	1877
„ „	Austin, H. C. ...	„ ...	1878; Sr., '80
„ „	Connell, J. J. ...	„ ...	1875
„ „	Flannery, P. ...	„ ...	1879; Sr., '81
„ „	Wright, S. ...	„ ...	1877
„ „	Slattery, A. ...	„ ...	1877
„ „	Lee. A. W. C. ...	„ ...	1877
„ „	Maddams, G. ...	„ ...	1871
„ „	Collins, T. A. ...	„ ...	1872; Sr., '75
„ „	Cove, W. ...	„ ...	1874
„ „	Hall, H. ...	„ ...	1874
„ „	Carroll, M. ...	„ ...	1876; Sr., '80
„ „	Seymour, H. C..	„ ...	1876
„ „	Peters, E. J. ...	„ ...	1876
„ „	Shotter, J. E. W.	„ ...	1876
„ „	Boone, J. A. ...	„ ...	1877

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D.	Willmott, G. F. .	Over.	1878
(Cir. Off.)			
" "	Russell, H. W. .	"	1881
" "	Merckel, G.	"	1881
" "	Dunn, J. J. R....	"	1878 ; Sr., '81
" "	White, W. H.	"	1880 ; Sr., '81
" E.C.D.O.	Ilsley, T. W. ...	Over. and Senr. Tel.	1874
" "	Shepherd, J. ...	" " "	1874
" N.D.O.	Elliott, A. W. ...	Over.	1878
" "	Nelson, A. N. ...	"	1880
" "	Stratton, S. G....	"	1878
" "	Silk, W.	"	1879
" "	Jellie, W. H. ...	"	1880
" E.D.O.	Muttit, R. W. ...	"	1877
" "	Noot, A. J. ...	"	1874
" "	Robinson, W. ...	"	1875
" "	White, D....	"	1877
" "	Jonas, F. A. ...	"	1876
" S.E.D.O.	Coomber, S. H. ...	"	1878
" "	Brown, W. G. ...	"	1874
" "	Miss E. Putnam	3rd Cl. Super. ...	L.P.T. Co., '61 ; G.P.O., '70 ; 4th Cl. Super, '93
" Nord.	Watts, J.	Over.	1878
" S.W.D.O.	Poulton, W. B. D.	Insp.	Sr., '70 ; Over., '82
" "	Seymour, S. W.	Over.	1874
" "	Leicester, T. E.	"	1873
" "	Lowther, J. W.	"	1874
" "	Brown, J. J. ...	"	1868
" "	Gilbert, C. R. ...	"	1882
" "	Forcey, A. ...	"	1885
" "	Russell, W. ...	"	1879
" "	Southgate, W....	"	1874
" "	Kemp, G.	"	1881
" "	Miss M. A. Smith	3rd Cl. Super. ...	L.P.T. Co., '69 ; G.P.O., '70 ; 4th Cl. Super., '93
" "	" M. B. Coles	" " ...	1871 ; 4th Cl. Super., '93
" "	" M. Ham-	" " ...	1874 ; 4th Cl. Super., '93
	mersley		
" Bath	Thomas, H. J....	Over.	1883
" "	Mulinder, T. H.	"	1872
" "	Beacham, C. A.	"	1876
" W.D.O.	Phillips, C. H....	"	1873
" "	Miss E. M. Pipe	3rd Cl. Super. ...	1870 ; 4th Cl. Super., '93
" "	" M.A.Parsons	" " ...	1874 ; 4th Cl. Super., '93
" "	" E. Coombs	" " ...	1870 ; 4th Cl. Super., '93
" "	" E.W.Genery	" " ...	1871 ; 4th Cl. Super., '93
" Padd.	Rudd, P. S. ...	Over.	1883
" "	Baker, W. H. ...	"	1877
" "	Miss A.Freestone	3rd Cl. Super. ...	L.P.T. Co., '67 ; G.P.O., '70 ; 4th Cl. Super., '93
" N.W.D.O.	Holden, F. W....	Over.	1866
" "	Wilkinson, W. H.	Insp. in Charge (Lr. Sec.)	Cr. Clk. & Tel., '71 ; Over. and Senr. Tel., 91
P.S.D.	Milner, A. R. ...	1st Cl. Storeman ...	1877 ; 2nd Cl. Storeman, '84

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
S.B.D.	Badcock, H. ...	Sub. Cont.	Clk., '64; 3rd Cl., '66; Princ. Clk., '92
"	Bridge, J. C. E.	Princ. Clk.	Clk., '68; Asst. Princ. Clk., '92
"	Johnson, W. ...	Asst. Prin. Clk. ...	Clk., '73; 1st Cl. Clk., '96
"	Wheeler, M. ...	1st Cl. Clk.	Clk., '71; Clk., Hr. Gr., 2nd Div., '90
Sur.s' Dept. ...	Irish, J. H. ...	2nd Cl. Asst.	S.C. & T., Bridgwater, '79; Bristol, '81; Bath, '84; Head Sta. Clk., '93
"	Harrison, W. S.	" "	2nd Div. Clk., A.G.D., '86
"	Dunlop, D. ...	" "	2nd Div. Clk., A.O., Edin., '91; 3rd Cl. Clk., S.O., '94
"	Harris, W. J. ...	Sur.'s Trav. Clk. ...	S.C. & T., Windsor, '85; Portsmouth, '91; Sta. Clk., '93
"	Asher, W. D. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Rhyl, '86; Shrewsbury, '92; Clk., Crewe, '95
"	Powney, J. T. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Shrewsbury, '93; Sta. Clk., '96
"	Brewster, J. T. ...	Sta. Clk.	S.C. & T., Chelmsford, '81; Gt. Yarmouth, '87
Tel., Stores Dept.	Simon, J. L. ...	1st Cl. Clk. (Old Est.)	1888

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Accrington ...	Waller, W. H. ...	Clk.	1889
Barnsley ...	Marshall, G. H.	Ch. Clk.	S.C. & T., '75; Clk., '97
"	Foster, W. H. ...	Clk.	1886
Birkenhead ...	Lattimer, W. ...	"	1883
Bodmin	Turner, E. ...	"	1885
Bournemouth ...	Butlin, J. G. ...	"	1885
"	Hamblen, C.A.C.	"	1885
"	Speed, E. J. ...	"	1885
"	Miss K. L. Dunn	Asst. Super.	1891
Bridgwater ...	Rookley, W. A.	" "	S.C. & T., '74; Clk., '87
Bristol	Taylor, E. C. ...	Clk.	1872
Burton-on-Trent	Lowe, H. C. ...	Ch. Clk.	E.T. Co., '67; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '93
" "	Hanson, J. ...	Asst. Super.	1871; S.C. & T., '73; Clk., '83
" "	Walker, W. H.	Clk.	Derby, '74; Burton-on-Trent, '81
Cambridge ...	Costigan, C. E.	Clk. (T.)	1881
Colchester ...	Appleby, W. L.	Asst. Super.	S.C. & T., '73; Clk., '93
"	Bugg, F. C. ...	Clk.	1885
Gravesend ...	Hermitage, A. E.	Clk.	1885
Guildford ...	Shrubb, O. ...	Clk.	1885; S.C. & T., '87
Halifax	Jackson, J. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1871; S.C. & T., '73; Clk., '86

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Ipswich ...	Harvey, C. R. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1878
Keighley... ..	Harvey, W. ...	Clk. ...	1885
Kendal	Dixon, W. C. ...	" ...	1884
Lancaster ...	Nixon, J. ...	" ...	1871
Leicester... ..	Geeson, G. H. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '79; Clk., '94
"	Holland, W. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1879
Leeds	Winebloom, J. L. ...	" ...	1881
Liverpool.. ...	Peltor, I. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	Tel., '71; Clk., '90
"	Thompson, R. J. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '74; Clk., '90
"	Clucas, W. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '75; Clk., '90
"	Scott, J. E. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	Tel., '71; Clk., '90
"	Daniel, T. ...	Clk. (P.)... ..	S.C. & T., Exeter, '80; Liverpool, '81
"	Clark, T. ...	"	S.C. & T., Derby, '79; Liverpool, '81
"	Nicholls, R. H. ...	"	1881
"	Wylde, H. E. ...	"	1881
"	Onians, R. H. ...	" (T.)... ..	1875
Manchester ...	Mace, A. ...	Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '72; Clk., '81; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90; 1st Cl., '93
"	Roberts, A. T. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '75; Clk., '86; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '94
"	Branthwaite, W. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '76; Clk., '88; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '95
"	Worsley, W. A. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	M.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '93
"	Bracegirdle, J. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '67; Clk., '85
"	Etchells, J. ...	" "	1869; S.C. & T., '71; Clk., '85
"	Heywood, S. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1879
"	Helsby, J. ...	" ...	1878
"	Gerrard, H. ...	" ...	1884
Middlesbrough	Miss E.A. Clarke	Asst. Super. ...	1881
Newbury	Waite, T. S. ...	Ch. Clk....	S.C. & T., '82; Clk., '91
"	Bailey, H. J. ...	Clk. ...	1886
Oxford	Nix, F. W. ...	" ...	1879
"	Miss E. F. Forty	Asst. Super. ...	1893
Plymouth	Clemow, J. D. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '60; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91
"	Harding, W. H. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1870
"	Oxburgh, G. J. ...	" ...	1870
"	Hancock, F. B. ...	" ...	1870
"	Upton, J. H. ...	" ...	1873
Portsmouth ...	Smith, S. ...	Super. (P.) ...	1863; Clk., '72; Asst. Super., '91
"	Cooper, G. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., Kingston-on-Thames, '80; Portsmouth, '84; Clk., '98
"	Gahagan, M. ...	Clk. (P.)... ..	1884
"	Morrell, A. B. ...	"	1884

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Portsmouth ...	Hardy, H. J. L.	Clk. (T.) ...	Southampton, '79; Portsmouth, '80
" ...	Portsmouth, W.	" ...	1881
Redhill ...	Lucas, G. F. H.	Clk. ...	1888
Ryde ...	Brind, L. J.	" ...	1888
Sorewsbury ...	Miss E. K. Kough	Asst. Super. ...	1885
Southampton ...	Smith, J. C.	" (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '63; G.P.O., '70
" ...	Cox, W.	Clk. (T.) ...	1872
Southport ...	Roskell, R.	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '78; Clk., '88
" ...	Flint, W.	Clk. (P.) ...	1881
" ...	Capper, G. F.	" (T.) ...	1876
Stoke-on-Trent	Miss B. C. Burley	Asst. Super. ...	1885
Sunderland ...	Holmes, G. R.	Clk. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70
" ...	Miss M. A. McGee	Asst. Super. ...	1885
Swansea ...	Hopkin, D. D.	Clk. (P.) ...	1882
" ...	Hyett, W. I.	Clk. (T.) ...	1874
" ...	Hunt, W. M.	" ...	1874
" ...	Jones, J.	" ...	1875
" ...	Miss H. B. Powell	Asst. Super. ...	1884
Taunton ...	Payne, H.	Ch. Clk. ...	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '91
Warwick ...	Roberts, C. J.	Clk. ...	1884
W. Hartlepool	Lawrance, T.	" ...	1883
" ...	Miss M. Ward	Asst. Super. ...	1886
Woolwich ...	Hall, J. J. F. B.	Super. ...	1875; Clk., '88; Asst. Super., '91
York ...	Dickson, S.	Clk. (P.) ...	1882

SCOTLAND.

Ayr ...	Walker, R.	Clk. ...	1880
Crieff ...	Kinnear, J. F.	" ...	S.C. & T., Kelso, '82; Crieff, '95
Dundee ...	Duncan, G. A.	Super. (T.) ...	U.K.T.Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '91
Edinburgh	Miss H. Robertson	Asst. Super. ...	1873
Falkirk ...	Kay, P.	Ch. Clk. ...	1884
Glasgow ...	Gibson, A. D.	Clk. ...	1883
" ...	Faulder, J.	" ...	S.C. & T., Carlisle, '79; Glasgow, '85
" ...	Watson, W.	" ...	1883
" ...	White, J. J.	" ...	1884
" ...	Brown, D.	" ...	1884

IRELAND.

Belfast ...	Thompson, S.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C., '77; Clk., '91
Dublin S.O. ...	Hancock, W. H.	1st Cl. Clk. ...	2nd Div. Clk., '87
" ...	McSweeney, W.	Registrar ...	1883; Asst. Clk., '95
Newry ...	Fox, E.	Clk. ...	1887

Retirements.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
S.O....	Gill, W. H.	1st Cl. Clk., Supply Est.	3rd Cl. Clk. Mail Office, '58; 2nd Cl., '66; 1st Cl. Clk., Gr. II, S.O., '72
A.G.D., P.O.B.	Miss C. M. McBeath	Super.	Tel., '71; 2nd Cl. Clk., C.H.B., '72; 1st Cl. Clk., '75; Princ. Clk., '76
"	C.H.B. " E. Silver	Princ. Clk.	1873; Princ. Clk., '95
"	" " H. M. Chater	Clk.	Cwn. & Tel., '91; Clk., A.G.D., '94
"	" " M. Snowball	Sr.	1894
C.T.O.	Davis, W....	Tel.	Subm. Tel. Co., '66; G.P.O., '89
"	Hann, G.	"	1888
"	Hunt, R.	"	Subm. Tel. Co., '60; G.P.O., '89
"	Kilford, J.	"	1878
"	Roberts, G. D....	"	1885
"	Miss A. E. Goddard	"	1885
"	" S. A. Johnston	"	1872
"	" M. E. Stone	"	1884
"	" E. Uffell	"	L. & P.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70
E. in C.O.	Cordeaux, J. H.	1st Cl. Tech. Off....	E.T. Co., '54; G.P.O., '70; Insp., '71; Clk., '78; 2nd Cl. Tech. Off., '72; 1st Cl., '83
L.P.S.D. (Cir. Off.)	Maddison, J. T.	Insp.	1859; Sr., '62; Over., '81; Insp., '90
"	Joel, C.	Over.	1859; Sr., '65; Over., '76
"	Cox, P.	"	1866; Sr., '68; Over., '81
"	Green, W....	"	1855; Over., '87
"	Corbett, G. W....	Sr.	1876
"	Cusack, W.	"	1860; Sr., '65
"	Everett, J.	"	1862; Sr., '63
"	Heath, F....	"	1862; Sr., '67
"	Elliott, W.	"	1859
"	Wright, G.	"	1859; Sr., '64
"	Bailey, G....	"	1860; Sr., '73
"	White, D. G.	"	1863; Sr., '68
" W.C.D.O.	Leddra, S.	Super., Lr. Sec.	1865; Sr., '67; Over., '75; Insp., '87; Super., '92
" E.D.O.	Brennan, G.	Over.	1866; Over., '93

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D.			
„ S.E.D.O.	Ockenden, J. H.	Over.	1859; Over., '64
„ S.W.D.O.	Miss A. S. Gay	Cr. Clk. & Tel. ...	1887
„ „	„ E. M. Pollock	„ „	1887
„ W.D.O.	Custance, G.	Insp.	E.T. Co., '52; G.P.O., '70; Insp., Lr. Sec., '89
„ „	Matthews, H.	Over.	1861; Over., '87
„ „	Reilly, P.	Sr.	1888
„ N.W.D.O.	Drewry, G.	Insp., Lr. Sec. ...	E.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Insp., '89
„ „	Hales, M.	Over.	1857; Over., '73
M.O.O.	Paine, J. H.	2nd Div. Clk. ...	Wr., '71; 2nd Div. Clk., '88
R.L.O.	Miss A.C. Grellier	Retr.	Cwn., '83; Retr., '90
„ „	„ A.E. Halcrow	„	1877
S.B.D.	„ K. M. Meadway	2nd Cl. Clk. ...	1886
„	* „ C. I. Mann	„ „	1893

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Birmingham ...	Yates, E.	Clk.	1870; Clk., '97
„ „	*Kellaway, F. W.	S.C. & T.	1894
Blackburn ...	Dewhurst, T.	Super. (T.)	B. & I.T. Co., '59; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '91; Super., '93
Brighton ...	*Edwards, G. R.	S.C. & T.	1892
Bristol ...	Crooksley, W.	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '55; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '71; 1st Cl., '90
„ ...	Standrick, R. W.	Clk.	U.K.T. Co., '68; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '92
Cardiff ...	Fardo, G.	Pmr.	Clk., Liverpool, '54; Super., '75; Pmr., Wolverhampton, '84; Cardiff, '89
Carlisle ...	Selby, J.	Super. (T.)	M.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91; Asst. Super., '94; Super., '98
„ ...	Scott, A. G.	S.C. & T.	1885
Diss ...	Scutts, G.	Pmr.	Pmr., Scole, '55; Diss, '96
Doncaster ...	Smith, J.	Clk.	B. & I.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91
Leeds ...	Longfield, C. V.	S.C. & T.	1884
„ Morley, S.O.	*Harris, A. G.	„ „	1896
Liverpool ...	Cain, P. L.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	M.T. Co., '58; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '83; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '92
„ ...	Priestley, J.	S.C. & T.	Huddersfield, '76; L'pool, '86
„ ...	Steel, J.	„ „	1876
„ ...	Miss M.S. Guerin	Cn. & Retr.	Tel., '84; Cn. & Retr., '86

* Awarded a Gratuity.

RETIREMENTS.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Manchester ...	Ridal, J. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '57; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Tatam, A. E. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1888
" ...	Miss L. E. Bedale	Tel. ...	1883
" ...	* ,, F. Waddington	" ...	1891
Newbury... ..	Brown, J. P. ...	Ch. Clk....	Clk., '69; Ch. Clk., '91
Peterborough...	Smith, A. O. ...	Asst. Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '57; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '91
Plymouth ...	Clarke, C....	Asst. Super. (P.)	1862; S.C., '68; Clk., '88; Asst. Super., '97
" ...	Spencer, W. R.	" " (T.)	E.T. Co., '59; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '91
Ramsgate ...	Thompson, T.	Clk. ...	E.T. Co., '53; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91
Reading ...	Lyster, W. G....	Pmr. ...	Clk., Dublin, '49; Clk. in Charge, '54; Sur. Clk., '55; Pmr., Reading, '78
St. Helens ...	Miss J. R. Bold	S.C. & T. ...	1886
Sheffield... ..	Coulson, C. H.	" " ...	1889
Swansea ...	Bevan, J. ...	Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C., '64; Clk., '88; Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Rees, H. I. ...	Clk. ...	1871; S.C., '73; Clk., '90
TunbridgeWells	*Miss E. E. Rees	S.C. & T. ...	Oundle, '95; Tunbridge Wells, '98
Uxbridge... ..	*Watts, H. V. ...	" " ...	1896
Wakefield ...	Hargett, A. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1887
York ...	Wardle, C. ...	Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '57; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '81; Super., '84

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, A.O.	Laing, J. ...	1st Cl. Clk. ...	Clk., '67; 3rd Cl., '74; 1st Cl., '91
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IRELAND.

Belfast ...	McGonagle, E. .	Asst. Super. (T.)	M.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '85
" ...	Miss M. Gibson.	Tel. ...	Dublin, '70; Belfast, '77
Newry ...	Bond, J. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1879
Tuam ...	Miss K. Byrne...	Pms. ...	1860

* Awarded a Gratuity.

Postmasters Appointed.

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
Andover	Tredgold, H. ...	S.C. & T. ; Clk.
Beverley	Hetherington, J. ...	S.C., Carlisle; Clk. ; Asst. Super.
Boscombe, S.O., Bournemouth	Saturley, S. J. ...	S.C. & T., Taunton; Clk.
Cardiff... ..	Spenceley, H. E....	S.C., Glasgow; Asst. Super.; Super.; Ch. Clk.; Pmr., Aberdeen
Carnforth	Goodwin, C. W. ...	Tel., C.T.O.; Asst. Super.
Chelmsford... ..	Phillips, G.	Clk., Winchester; Pmr., Peters- field; Stourbridge
Darlington	Walton, H.	Clk., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Ch. Clk.
Dewsbury	Teare, J. W.... ..	S.C. & T., King's Lynn; Clk.; Ch. Clk.; Pmr., Dereham; Pmr., Oswestry
Douglas	Fraser, A.	Clk., Glasgow; Pmr., Jarrow; Gos- port; Gravesend
Grays... ..	Thomas, E.	Pmr., Berkhamstead; Ilford
Ilford	Weddall, J. D. ...	S.C. & T., Accrington; Clk.; Ch. Clk.; Pmr., Grays
Louth	Reed, C.	S.C. & T., Wisbech; Ch. Clk.
Newton Abbot	Walton, W. H. ...	S.C. & T., Bristol; Pmr., Teign- mouth
Oswestry	Herring, G. F. ...	S.C. & T., Southport; Preston ; Pmr., Beverley
Reading	Wilson, S.	S.C., York; 2nd Cl. Clk., Gr. II., S.O.; Pmr., Dover
Stourbridge	Yates, A.	S.C. & T., Birkenhead; Ch. Clk.
Teignmouth	Lockyear, F. W. ...	Tel., C.T.O.; Pmr., Emsworth ; Arundel
Warrington... ..	Viney, J. L.	Clk., Rochester; Ch. Clk., Canter- bury; Pmr., Sittingbourne; Rams- gate; Douglas
Winchfield	Jones, J. D.... ..	S.C. & T., Carnarvon; Ch. Clk.
Wymondham	Wilmot, H.	S.C. & T., Saffron Walden; Wy- mondham
Aberdeen	Hegarty, J. B. ...	E.T. Co. ; Insp. Tel. ; Clk. Sur. Gen. Off. ; Sur. Clk. ; 1st Cl. Asst. Sur.
Leith	Holloway, F. ...	U.K.T. Co. ; G.P.O. (Leamington); Edinburgh; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super.
Tarbert Loch Fyne ...	McLellan, M. ...	S.C. & T., Greenock
Bantry... ..	Nicholson, W. ...	Pmr., Dromod
Kilkenny	Lanigan, P.	S.C. & T., Ballymena; Pmr., Done- gal; Dungannon
Portadown	Brogan, T.	S.C. & T., Enniskillen; Portadown ; Pmr., Cavan, Kilkenny
Thomastown	Miss M. Lynch ...	S.C. & T., Kilkenny

Deaths.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
A.G.D.	Miss K. E. Imeson	Sr.	1894
E. in C.O. ...	Chapman, J. B.	1st Cl. Tech. Off. ...	E.T. Co., '54; G.P.O., '70; 1st. Cl. Tech. Off., '82
L.P.S.D. (Cir. Off.)	Macdonald, J. ...	Sr.	1882
„ S.W.D.O.	Shillaker, W. ...	„	1892; Sr., '93
Liverpool ...	Robinson, J. T.	S.C. & T.	1879; S.C. & T., '86
Manchester ...	Hughes, D. A. .	Clk. (T.)	E.T. Co., '61; G.P.O., '70
Edinburgh ...	Elphinstone, D. .	„ (P.)	S.C., '67; Clk., '91
Glasgow	French, J. T. ...	S.C. & T.	1880
Dublin	Mansfield, J. ...	„	1890
Waterford ...	Moore, A. P. ...	„	1896

ABBREVIATIONS.

Asst., Assistant; Ch., Chief; Cl., Class; Clk., Clerk; Cont., Controller; Div., Division; Engr., Engineer; Gr., Grade; Hd., Head; Hr., Higher; Insp., Inspector; Jr., Junior; Lr., Lower; Over., Overseer; P., Postal; Pmr., Postmaster; Pr.-Kr., Paper-Keeper; Princ., Principal; Retr., Returner; Sec's., Secretary's; Senr., Senior; S.C., Sorting Clerk; S.C. & T., Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist; Sr., Sorter; Stg., Sorting; Sta., Stationary; Sur., Surveyor; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor; T., Telegraphs; Tech., Technical; Tel., Telegraphist; Tr., Tracer.

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Univ. of
California



MR. G. H. MURRAY, C.B.

[Frontispiece.]

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND

APRIL, 1899.

Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B.

THERE is no absurdity which will not, sooner or later, be enunciated as a revelation of the eternal verities in an evening newspaper. Bearing this truism in view, one will not wonder at the article in the *Westminster Gazette* of the 23rd February, in which Sir Spencer Walpole was described as an unsympathetic financier, "apt to lose sight of the fact that the servant of the State has a first claim to consideration," "a nineteenth century Spartan and an official cynic," who "neither won nor appeared to desire the affection of those whom he ruled with an inflexible rod."

The writer of this description was, perhaps, a servant of the Post Office whose views of the duties of an official chief had taken shape in an earlier day. The admirer of Blackwood was scarcely likely to admire Walpole. When Blackwood died *St. Martin's-le-Grand* said of him all that could be said in his praise, but if the work of his successor is to be rightly valued there is much else to say of the state of the Post Office in 1893, when Mr. Walpole, the well known writer and historian, then Governor of the Isle of Man, was appointed Secretary. Our late chief had been a very notable figurehead; a gifted member of a gifted family, he could cut a good appearance anywhere. A man whose consuming purpose in life was the salvation of his own soul and the souls of his fellow men and women, was naturally an object of respect and even veneration to those who had only heard of his fame. And yet we officials knew that this man, with, perhaps, the faith, the fervour, and the brilliance of the crusaders, was as far as they were from any desire to perform a Civil duty in his own sphere. He was Secretary to the Post Office and undertook the vast responsibilities of ruling

men and systems, but he ostentatiously "cared for none of these things." On official questions he was perfectly willing to let his assistants make up his mind; sometimes one assistant would make it up for him, and sometimes another; "in those days there was no king in Israel." Of the governing body of the Post Office in those days it is hard to write; some called it a ring and others a clique, but, after all, its members did their best "to keep the bloomin' show a running," and it ran—somehow.

When Blackwood died, his successor was faced by the old problem, "how the governing body shall become a governing mind." He set himself to learn about men and things. He credited himself—perhaps a little too rashly—with ability to recognise an honest man when he saw one, and he always desired to be told the truth, and the whole truth. Thence came difficulties; official conventions had been good enough for his predecessor, why should they not be good enough for him? Why should a subordinate be admitted to be a fool merely because the Secretary desired to know what manner of man he was? What right had anybody—even a Secretary—to have an opinion opposed to that of the official Sub-Chief? Why should anyone ask questions except "an intelligent child"? Such were the remarks which one might hear while Mr. Walpole was learning his business, before his staff had found out that, by aid of his extraordinary memory and grasp of detail, he was soon to be their match upon their own ground. He gradually gathered the reins into his hand and set out to drive the coach. How far, even in a magazine like this, a permanent official should be said to drive the coach is, of course, questionable. Our late Secretary, a Civil Servant down to his toes, would have been the first to disclaim the possession of a policy. Eminently characteristic was his evidence before the Telephone Committee. His duty was to advise the Postmaster-General, not to have a policy of his own. It will be for a later writer to disregard the conventions of the service and to tell what Sir Spencer Walpole's attitude really was towards the many changes in the postal and telegraph systems which came to pass in his time. Except that he carried them out there is nothing now to say.

At the present time his personal equation must be solved by observation of his dealings with the staff. In this sphere, no doubt, his personality became visible, especially as he sat listening to the endless evidence given before the Tweedmouth Committee; it is to his conduct in this sphere that the *Westminster Gazette* refers in its

amusing article. It is probable enough that Sir Spencer Walpole had little sympathy with official discontent, and none whatever with official disloyalty. On the other hand, no man had less toleration for official oppression or injustice. But, when one left abstractions and came to persons, the case was altered. On committee and in his own office this iron-hearted cynic would sit quietly listening to the spokesmen of the staff, as they detailed the grievances in which they had taught themselves to believe, and he rose at last with a genuine belief in their sincerity. It was not that he was misled by their fables: when matters of fact and figures were concerned Sir Spencer Walpole was not easily deceived; but he knew how the federations of the half-educated taught themselves and their representatives to believe the thing that was not, how they sympathized with the imaginary oppressions of their fellows, and honestly thought they saw in an official chief a scheming enemy. It might be the Secretary with the iron rod who laid down a rule; it was the man, whose soft heart was his weakness, that administered it. The Secretary would thunder against inebriety and inefficiency, but just dismissal did not always overtake the drunkard and far too seldom overtook the fool. Inflexibility has never been the characteristic of the Walpoles, and it was not the characteristic of Sir Spencer. Some said that he wobbled, but no one ever said that he could not avow his motives. Symmetry of organization might suffer because he scrupled to hurt a colleague's feelings or curtail a power that had been abused, but at least no private influence availed, as it had availed in old times, to exalt to official honour the undeserving client of a jobber. Looking at the history of the Whigs, it is hard to say that there is such a thing as an aristocratic contempt for a job, but some such feeling was certainly present in Sir Spencer Walpole, in spite of his Whig traditions. In him the aristocrat was strongly visible, however much he might call himself a Liberal. And therein lay half his strength. Those who saw him preside over official committees saw at once that the chairman was a chief and was the undoubted master of his colleagues and his staff. And then they looked about for the reason. It did not lie in his intellectual powers or his superior knowledge of the matter under discussion; far less did it lie in his official position, which never prevented him from discussing on equal terms the views of his subordinates; his superiority lay in his natural rank as an aristocrat, and in his acquired rank as a scholar and man of the world. "The Club" and the Athenæum gave him much of the force which he brought to bear

upon the Post Office, but his pride gave him more. Those of us, who knew him as he was, saw in him the proud and upright English gentleman no less than the great administrator. The *Westminster Gazette* talks of what may happen "if loyal work is left unrequited and the bond of a mutual object between master and servant is insufficiently regarded." It is nonsense: those who served the State loyally in the work of the Post Office were anxious only that their work should come to the personal observation of Sir Spencer Walpole, and they were sure of appreciation. Those who have heard his after-dinner speeches at official gatherings, speeches which savoured just a little too much of the pulpit, know very well what was his view of the mutual bond which connected all the servants of the Post Office from the highest to the lowest. "We are all one man's sons" was his maxim.

His loyalty to his immediate staff is well known to them, and many will be glad that this opportunity is taken to make it more widely known in the service. That very loyalty was an off-shoot of his pride. Sir Spencer Walpole simply would not condescend to believe that one of his own staff could be disloyal to him, and therefore he would trust them "all in all." That is the way to get zealous support, although the principle may be pushed too far.

There is little more to say: when an official chief is still alive and a whole department still bears the impress of his mind, it is impossible to criticize him fairly. This article, it need not be said, is written by one who admired Sir Spencer Walpole, and who regrets only that this is not the place or the time to deal with his official achievements. As chief representative of the Empire at the Washington Congress of the Postal Union, and as the adviser of the Government in great measures of postal progress, he was one of whom we might well be proud. As a chief who tried at least with a whole heart to understand the inwardness of each branch of his vast official domain, he was one to whom we may be grateful. In spite of the triteness of the quotation which it embodies, the last sentence of the *Westminster* article is just and may fitly be quoted: "It is impossible to withhold a tribute of admiration for the man who during the five years which he spent at St. Martin's-le-Grand, 'scorned delights and lived laborious days,' and whose incisive mind never shirked the most involved official problem." There is one thing more to be said: he was a man who gave to many a wider and truer conception of official honour and official duty. He was a Civil Servant and a gentleman. Z.

[The following is the communication that appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, which our contributor so pointedly refers to. We can only add that, in our opinion, the most superficial acquaintance with Sir Spencer was sufficient to convince one that, whatever else he might be, he was not a cynic.—ED.]

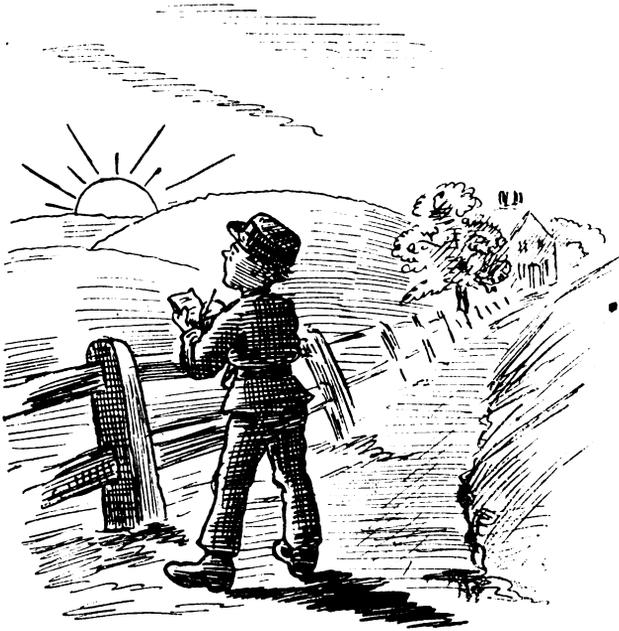
A correspondent sends us the following note, which we publish not in any unfriendliness to Sir Spencer Walpole, whose merits as a public servant are not in dispute, but in the hope that it may give a useful hint to his successor concerning feelings which are rather deep at the Post Office about certain drawbacks to the Treasury régime which has recently been the rule in that branch of the public service :

“No Civil servant has ever faced a position of greater perplexity than that encountered by this remarkable man since his transfer to the Post Office in 1893, and the somewhat casual and stereotyped tribute paid to him by the newspapers is hardly accurate, if indeed it is altogether merited. The *Times*, for instance, has said that ‘the announcement of his retirement has been received with great regret by the officials of the department, by whom he has been held in great esteem.’ The affection of those whom he ruled with an inflexible rod he neither won nor appeared to desire. His avowed rôle was that of the financial reformer, and finance was the only subject on which he could fairly be described as an enthusiast. Intellectually strong, of dauntless industry, he was somewhat deficient in that knowledge of human nature which inspires devotion to a chief or attracts it to his aims. A certain lack of sympathy caused him at times to prefer passive obedience to confiding devotion. Apart from these defects, he might, in so far as a Civil Servant can attain to eminence, have been classed as a distinguished Civil Servant. In his zeal to economise the revenue of the State he was too apt to lose sight of the fact that the servant of the State has a just claim to consideration. A nineteenth-century Spartan and an official cynic, his colleagues grasped and grappled with his intellectual, but seldom reached his social sympathies. I do not in the least desire to imply that he was capable of calculated injustice. No man believed more profoundly in the purity of his motives than the late Secretary to the Post Office. Yet those who knew him best felt convinced that if he had made closer companionship in official life with the men whose counsels meant so much to him, Sir Spencer Walpole might have learned to secure a most profitable service to the State by a judicious admixture of human sympathy with official cynicism. Nevertheless, his administration is not to be criticised in any captious or resentful spirit ; for it was impossible not to admire his strength and integrity of purpose, or to regard his departure without a real, though not wholly unqualified, regret. It is hardly to be supposed that Sir Spencer Walpole, on his side, resigns his stewardship with feelings of unmingled satisfaction. Perhaps it

may be well for everyone to consider whether zeal for financial reform and honesty of purpose may not be defeated, if loyal work is left unrequited, and the bond of a mutual object between master and servant is insufficiently regarded. In connection with the retiring chief one thinks of the Horatian reflection:

‘Dura ilia messorum’

Yet it is impossible to withhold a tribute of admiration for the man, who during the five years which he spent at St. Martin’s-le-Grand
 ‘Scorned delights and lived laborious days,’
 and whose incisive mind never shirked the most involved official problem.”



PROGRESS.

(After the Postman Poet, the Messenger ditto.)

Our boy writes:—

“The skies is blue, the clouds is red,
 The sun’s a sinkin’ fast,
 The airs is sweet and the birds abed,
 The day is pretty nigh past.” &c.

(ASIDE.)—“They may talk about ‘duty first,’ but I ain’t agoin’ to lose a sunset like this just to hurry up a stupid little telegram wot only says ‘Come at once.’”

*From St. Malo to Monte-Carlo.—III.**

THURSDAY, September 23rd. Angers—Chinon. Angers was not quite its reverend self that late Wednesday afternoon, indeed it was almost as if the old town had been under martial law. Soldiers everywhere: generals, colonels, corporals, reservists, orderlies scurrying round, hot foot. The cafés clanking with spur and sword; the waiters heedless of the civil arm and speech. Our hotel, which I had known of old and where I had rested more than once, was more like a *caserne* than a hostelry. The wonder was, where all these armed men sprang from. They came into being suddenly from all quarters and the most unexpected places: they even seemed to our bewildered eyes to be pouring from the porches of calm dim churches and the Philosopher declares he saw a little fellow with a gun bob up harlequin-wise from an open sewer trap. This may or may not be; but certain it is that this magic band of the defenders of France reminded me vividly of my pit days, when, as a student of the realistic drama, I watched with simple faith the heavy father relent and bless the brave kneeling pair who had won their ways through so many murders and misunderstandings to the domestic but deadly duelling-ground of matrimony. These blessings were always given, I noted with approval, on rising ground—on hill tops as it were—for the good man had but to take three paces backwards and wave his hand towards a broad but uninhabited expanse of smiling fields, when, presto! in trooped rejoicing tenants by dozens, by hundreds. These rural populations in realistic drama are always on the look out for the third act. Now so it was with our peaceful dreamy Angers. At three that afternoon I shared the town with a

*NOTE.—I trust I may be forgiven for so long delaying this jag-end of my simple travel notes. But in very deed the forces around me have so converged against my leisure that I had of necessity to put off to a freer day the doing of many things that give me pleasure—among them the completion of these notes for so kindly an audience. Early in the autumn a distinguished writer, Harold Frederic, was suddenly stricken with grave illness. During the long sickness which ended with his untimely death he entrusted to his old friend and understudy the difficult duty of, in part, filling his place in journalism. For all the evenings and many of the nights of those anxious months I was the willing slave of the New York Times. When the end came it brought with it duties of a graver nature which absorbed, and still absorb, such time and strength as are mine after the day's work is done.

J. S. S.

chosen few so well known to me—at least such was my conceit—that I could almost name them in my own mind. M. Bergeret, pondering many things and puzzled over his own misfortunes, leisurely picked his way across the road from the little bootmaker's to Paillot the bookseller's, whence I myself had just come after a map hunt and an awed examination of the back of Vol. XXXVIII. of the "*Histoire générale des voyages*." Arm in arm, yet hardly heart to heart, the Abbé Guitrel and the rival Abbé Lantaigne walked in the shadow of the great church of St. Exupère; the only horses that crossed our stage were the sleepy pair in the carriage where sat the Prefect Worms-Clavelin and his placid plotting wife. These and more I seemed to know as if they had labels on them, after the waxen manner of Baker Street. But there was no fuss, no crowd, no movement. Then William went on one of his many hunts for a *buraliste*, which, being interpreted, means a tobacconist's shop, and I rested under an ancient tree smoking, dreaming, and going through the process known to lazy men as independent thinking. Suddenly, as if William had played the heavy father all too well, the stage filled from all sides and our quiet was pressed out of us. The *Petit Journal* would have chortled to see how the English bolted at the cry of *Vive l'Armée*.

* * * * *

It was not then in Angers that we slept that night, but in a quiet inn at Ponts-de-Cé, hard by the river where many islands split up the stream, and a bridge, or a series of bridges, crosses them all. The only other guest in this hostelry was the village schoolmaster, a lone man who had a room and his meals at the inn. He shared our coffee after our plain meal and talked maps, cycles and, alas! the inevitable pay and promotion. He, too, was a Government servant: his pay was little over a pound a week and he had been years working up to that somewhat arid eminence. Some day he would get—oh, yes, some day he would certainly get if his friends at the Ministry did not fail him—quite thirty-five francs a week, and then with his *petites économies* he would be able to wed a patient little maid from over Chinon way who had a little *dot* and kind eyes, if the photograph the dear man exhibited spoke only of what the sun told and not of what man had retouched. William gave him some English tobacco which made him cough though he said it was *très doux*, and I offered him a Southampton cigar which he promised to keep till Sunday when he would savour it while writing his weekly letter to the little maid. Then we walked together and looked on

the river from the bridges which leaped from island to island. At the *Auberge de la Loire*, a haunt evidently of bargees and fishermen, the Philosopher had a "grog chaud" to keep out the night air, whereupon he was moved to higher things and jotted down with the ignoble stump of a pencil on the broad margin of a wine-stained *Petit Journal* the acrostic-like endings of the fourteen lines of a sonnet which the sunset had suggested to him. That sonnet worked the Philosopher: he held the tails fast, as it were, but could not draw the heads out of their lurking-places. Then the Schoolmaster blurted out that he too, though never on week-days, dropped into poetry. Now it is a well-known law in mental mechanics that nothing is so abhorrent to one poet as the near neighbourhood of a rhyming brother, so this revelation became the solvent of our union. Silently these two of a trade slunk back across the bridges, and we escaped the next morning before the Schoolmaster was abroad.

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Cool airs from the N.W. Sky almost unclouded. On our right, walled from the road by a low parapet, the magnificent Loire. We had "struck the Loire" indeed, as the Philosopher impressed on me later. To those, if any such there be, who have not toured, I venture to give the following hint for what it is worth. The pleasing and inexpert idea of two men cycling together is that they ride their day's march side by side "as in the picture"—the popular lying picture of the devoted cycling pair. Unless they are idiots or predestined to quarrel, they do no such thing. In cycling, as in matrimony, the aeration principle obtains, and those couples best get over the ground together who have learned the great secret of dropping each other discreetly at intervals. This, by the way, to explain the method of touring of the Philosopher and the Postman. They met often, it is true, at lunch, at dinner, in the dark corridors of many and curious hotels, and sometimes even on the road; but it had been agreed between these two wayfarers that there should be independent firing from point to point, and that starting (say) from A in the morning William would not lose sight of the probable event that I should be at or near a certain hotel in B in the evening—or the other way on, as the case might be—and mighty pleased to see his dear old face. The result was a comforting success, and I cannot remember a single occasion on which we bored each other's heads off, a penitential process not unknown in cycling tours. I know nothing that gets so much on one's nerves as a pestilent fellow who insists on dismounting when I dismount, who pays me in the false-

coin of tedious compliments by feebly pretending to admire the same point of view as myself, or who calls my attention to "beauties of the landscape" and expects me to be ready on the instant with some tawdry "cliché" of opinion to fit his mood. There is no cure for this but the luxury of hard swearing, or the quick discharge of the nearest chunk of something at the offender's head. There are many moods in which we all wish to be left alone. When fresh and full of vigour, enjoying a fleeting few of the thousand impressions a minute made by the faces of men and fields one has never seen before and may be will never see again, even the kindly chatter of one's dearest friend is out of place; as much out of place as if the same dear friend, in the course of a hurried traveller's walk through the pictured walls of the Uffizi, insisted on calling the eager eyes from the sacred walls by producing a photograph album of his aunts at Clapham!

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William's great ambition had been, as has been already said, to "strike the Loire," and he precious nearly did so in damp earnest. It had been one of my wise friend's axioms that no man was really a bicyclist who could not ride without touching his handles. Indeed, he was often heard to quote with real gusto the saying of a late chief of his in one of those obscure byeways of the Civil Service which William had brightened by his genius, to wit, that perfect accuracy is the lowest grade of efficiency. "You see, old man," the ex-President of the Coot Club would say, "the lowest grade of efficiency on a bicycle is to ride without the handle, and you fellows who grip the asterisk things are mere novices, and nervous ones at that." Knowing this I was not surprised to see William, who was a little ahead of me, slow up and wriggle about, rooting in the bag hanging before him to find his pipe and pouch. But the next moment the horror came over me, as in Ibsen plays. The bicycle swerved, righted itself again, wavered, and then plunged madly at the low parapet. For the flash of a second I had a vision of William's bicycle with its hind wheel in the air, of one at least of his many bags scattering its contents in the road, and of the eminent tourist himself with one outstretched hand on the top of the parapet apparently in an early stage of the street arab's performance known as turning a wheel. In another flash of a second the whole scene had changed. How he did it I never knew and I did not risk straining relations between us by too curious questions: all I know is that by the time I got alongside he was seated placidly on the

parapet calmly gazing on the select articles of furniture on the ground under his feet. "Not a bad dismount, old man; I'm just overhauling my things." This was the only explanation tendered by my ingenuous friend who had been within a few inches of taking so dramatic a header and "striking the Loire."

Saumur. A lordly bridge across the river, a cool dining room filled with beautiful plants: two bagmen who tried to make me talk about the famous *Affaire* and the Island of the Devil. But I had left such poor newspaper knowledge of the *Affaire* as I possessed at Southampton, and was not to be drawn by the bagmen. They tried Egypt next and wandered off to Madagascar, I am glad to say in vain as far as we were concerned. A courteous young French cyclist, who had the grace to talk no politics, piloted us on our way to Chinon by bye-roads which might have been English lanes but for the cottages and unmuzzled dogs. These were so many that we came to the conclusion that the dogs, like the reservists, were doing their twenty-eight days and had a camp somewhere near. Our young pilot carried a riding whip slung in two clips down the front fork and used his *cravache* with enviable skill. Just before sunset we were on the highest battlements of Chinon Castle, looking down on the winding river in its evening glory of gold. Now the text books and the guide books and the history books are full of Chinon, but the crammed guide books and the dusty adjectives of history hardly reproduce the majesty and charm of these old battlements, which are almost as sacred to an Englishman as Kenilworth itself. One must go there and wander about the place as we did. I have visions of my friend the Philosopher sitting by the statue of Rabelais down on the quiet bank of the river Vienne, facing the calm square below the hill on which the castle stands. He moralized much and was eloquent on Joan of Arc. Then we clambered up the short and steep way which climbs to the battlements and, with unusual good fortune, got rid of the garrulous dame whose business it is to show the place. As luck would have it we evening pilgrims just arrived as the good woman was preparing the evening meal for her many children, and the Philosopher, beaming on her with his kindly face, so far secured her confidence that she pocketed her fee in advance and, entrusting us with the keys, hurried back to present cares, leaving us to wander where we willed among the past. I believe I saved William's life, for he was so buried in old memories that he nearly stepped into what may have been an *oubliette*, what he indeed would have been proud to have believed to be an *oubliette*. It

would, as he pointed out over a *filet aux champignons* that night at the Hotel de France, have been a romantic ending to a life which the Civil Service had not made too eventful.

Sunday, 26th September. — Chinon to Loches. — My note-book entries for that day are mystifying and vague; like the genuine entries in many true travellers' pocket books, they tell precious little even to the man who wrote them. In this case they seem to me to sin by lack of good temper. What on earth is the exact interpretation of the following? "*Lampless ass. Four eggs enough. Rimbreak rot. W.A.B. asleep in wood. Pig. Human truffle turns out pouch. Remember Keating.*" Then further on comes the following burst: "*The only fellow who could write English. Chestnuts. Bosh. Split infinitives. Alleged puncture proof tyre. Cassis and Amer Picon A1. Thin walls: snore.*" Now it is with a sense of puzzled shame that I have to confess that these form the genuine total of the entries for that eventful day. I say eventful from the mere fact that being near Tours with its famous bridges, cathedral, basilica, museum, and Heaven knows how many other riches, we actually sneaked by it without going within its walls. By all the real tourists of the world, by all the noble army of Cook and the million disciples of Bædeker the Arch-Bore, we shall be sneeringly, slightly, hopelessly condemned. And Bædeker is right: he always is, confound him! But Tours had been thrust down our throats. Bagmen, innkeepers, waiters, gendarmes, milkmaids and pigdrovers in the last two hundred miles had joined in one unvarying chorus, "*Vous allez voir Tours: c'est superbe,*" and friends had even written to us in the following strain, "By the way, when you're at Tours don't forget to look at . . .," and so on. Tours thus became a sight-seeing duty, and when we got near it we fled from it. There was no conspiracy to avoid the historic city; it was just a panic, for the sight of the flying William broke my nerve, and I fled too. Certainly there was no conspiracy. Overnight at the hotel at Chinon we had listened to much talk about Tours and borne with strained courtesy many admirable recommendations as to the profitable disposal of our time; but I noticed William rather winced under the rain of sign-post adjectives with which we were so kindly pelted. Yet I fancy we would not have lost our Tours, but for the hard fortune which dropped William in bedroom 46, and myself in 48, while in 47 reposed a stout strong *commis-voyageur* from Montelimart; full face, a bush of black hair, full

lips, fine eyes, garlic, torrential eloquence, a gross feeder. Thinner walls I have never known; he was the king of snorers. It was not a steady trumpet; he had many instruments, was in fact an orchestra in himself. When morning came we were both tight-strung bundles of strained nerves, silent and shivering. Silently we absorbed our *complete coffee*; silently in the stable we lashed on our packs, and, voiceless, purposeless, crawled out into the big square. William sank awhile under the statue of Rabelais, smoking; above him his great philosopher-brother looked down stonily, but I fancied not unkindly. I unrolled my map. Looking up I found William in the saddle, and the first smile of the day on his face. Doffing his cap to Rabelais (one of the most venerated Saints in William's hagiology), he jerked at me the following words: "Old man," said he, "let's call there another day." And off he went, but *not* on the road to Tours.

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Yes, there were compensations. By gentle bye-roads we wandered on, now by the side of the stream, now through some cool forest. It was in a wood, on a hill slope, that William fell asleep, and I found him with an attendant band of little black pigs sniffing round while the officer in charge of the pigs looked on, after the manner of officers in charge, wondering what his subordinates would do next. One piglet grubbed up the philosopher's pouch which had sunk in the undergrowth, and maybe one of the fragments of my notes is an allusion to the careful enquiry of that piglet. Waking, William delivered a lecture on the Split Infinitive, declaring that a man might break all the commandments in these hill top days, and yet be forgiven, but that the unpardonable sin was to split an infinitive. "Allow me," murmured the Philosopher in the stately language of the second floor, "*to at once explain* to your simple souls that among human beings this splitting of infinitives is the literary brand of Cain. It is the mark of the man who has murdered his brother's English." But the little pigs, unmoved, went on with their flurried yet fruitless hunt, like tender officials in their maiden search through the Post Office Guide for the key to the book post regulations.

At Ile-Bouchard, where we lunched, I met a cyclist with a rim break attachment to his machine. This was new to me then, though I believed the idea has been much worked out of late, and with success. The earlier form, as I saw it, brought you up very short; too short, in fact, for either dignity or safety. Moreover, it ploughed

up the rim. Our friend, too, had a punctureless tyre of which he was most proud, but I much fear it was only an "alleged" specimen. This was one of the asbestos group of failures, and the rider gave himself away by assuring me that it barely took him five minutes to "*panser une piqûre.*" Alas! I know those five minutes with a puncture all too well, they are some of the worst half-hours I have ever spent!

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With reference to—the habit has so grown upon me that I do believe if I were of age and estate fitting for a proposal of marriage that I should reel off the old exordium, and manage somehow to slip in the word "alleged"—well, with reference to those half-legible travel notes, I think I can throw some light on one or two of the scraps. Clearly, one of them has relation to a drink that did not altogether displease me. I do not go so far as to recommend it, for experience has faught that drinks, hotels, servants, wives *in posse*, and Civil Service reforms are matters best left to those immediately concerned. But I will say that I distinctly liked it. It does not, as some liquids do, produce the well known buzzing in the head and blur the contour lines on the map: it is so little alcoholic that the strictest official might imbibe it at noon, and have no fear of lapsing into plain English for the rest of the afternoon. Briefly, you order a "Cassis and Amer Picon." The base of Cassis is held by the faithful to be black currant; while the advertisements of Amer Picon tell you all about it except its component parts. Don't mix it yourself if you're an Englishman. You give your order and your hostess does the rest. It is generally brought in a big tumbler which it fills for about an inch and a half, with it comes a syphon or water from the spring. Fill up and drink slowly—for myself, I know no finer quencher of the glorious thirst bred of dusty roads and blazing sun in mid-France.

The "lampless-ass" note tells its own story. It is a bit of introversion. Lamps weigh so little now-a-days that a man can hardly be excused for travelling without one. Here, for instance, we got into Loches very late. The evening light was peaceful, and mechanical contrivances seemed out of place. With all my affection for cycling and in spite of the heavy debt I owe to it, there comes over me at times a "*tedium rotæ*" which is not to be gainsaid. At such moments the bicycle is no longer the friend of one's travels, but a greasy and grimy mass of dust, mud, and ill-fitting machinery, out of keeping with all the surroundings of leaf and

stream. These moods do not, happily, last very long, but they come on the traveller at most inconvenient moments. We knew, both of us, that Loches was afar off, that we had no lights except my roll of tinder and flint ; William's smoky fusees, which poisoned the air for yards around, were hardly more helpful as illuminating agents. Knowing this, we loitered on a little wooden bridge over one of the many tributaries to the river, and hid the iron and steel horrors some way within the neighbouring wood. We found out it was dark because we could not read the map. It must have been darker when we could not read the signposts. It was darker still when we found the lane through the wood get leafier and leafier, narrower and narrower, then suddenly debouch into a huge *clairière* whence some half dozen dark lanes radiated. I suffocated myself with one of William's fusees in trying to read my pocket compass and made a shot for the eastward position. Fortunately we attained this, but dinner was over when we grumbled our way into the hotel at Loches, and the unsavoury tepidity of the bagmen's leavings, which were all the half-closed kitchen could produce, was a penitential reminder that one of us at least had earned the right to let the other call him a "lampless ass." I was not the speaker on this occasion. I cannot put it more delicately. Luckily a bottle of very excellent Beaune threw a rosy light on this my sin of omission, and disposed my stern judge to relent. "Old man," quoth the Philosopher, as he helped himself to the last glass, "there is more than one ass in this show to-night."

J. SCOTT STOKES.

(*To be concluded.*)

Women in the Post Office.

IN last quarter's number of this magazine two articles appear dealing with the employment of women in the Post Office, an unworked subject in these pages, though we are told that the number of women now employed is more than thirty-thousand; and women must bow their acknowledgment to those writers who have now considered them worthy of notice.

In an article entitled "Women Clerks at the Post Office," Mr. Bowie gives a short account of the institution of this new order, and of the development of the original plan for the employment of women, with, further, a brief sketch of the duties performed by them in the Clearing House and the Postal Order Branches of the Comptroller and Accountant-General's Office, and in the Savings Bank Department.

We are told that the dominant reason for their first employment upon actual clerical work was probably economy, though the fact that it would be a boon to needy Post Office officials with daughters also had weight. Truly this was not the most noble spirit in which to enter upon the enterprise. It is the duty of the State to consider the true well-being of the Nation, and though money certainly has its own use and value, there are other riches to be considered—the riches of rightly developed lives and well ordered homes. The economy of such riches should have been the chief consideration before opening the path towards a wider employment of women in public work, and a consequent diminution in the requisition of men for this purpose. It is not contended that, considered thus, the question must needs have been decided otherwise than it was, only that such was the rightful consideration by those in responsible positions.

This sphere of work having once become open to women, it was a right development that the invitation to it should be not only for the relatives and *protégées* of government officials, but for all needing work and possessing the required qualifications.

Mr. Bowie thinks that there is no cause of complaint concerning the pay received by women clerks in the Post Office. We will not use the term "complain," and certainly the salaries compare well with those given to women for similar work elsewhere. And £100, the final salary for the unpromoted, is a good maintenance sum

for a woman with no one dependent upon her, and with reasonable hope for a pension when she needs it. But £55 is not a generous salary to give at first, considering that many clerks come from their homes in the country to live in London on that sum. One wonders by what force of reasoning, or perhaps rather by what system of lopping, the £65 of a short time ago became the £55 of the present day.

When discussing the question of women's salaries, it must be remembered that they cannot be treated alone whilst men are doing the same class of work. In the commencement, women's work was an experiment; but, according to Mr. Bowie's article, they have proved themselves fit to be entrusted with important clerical work. Mr. Chetwynd, speaking of those working in the Clearing House Branch, said "they have performed the duties excellently, they leave nothing to be desired." It is said of those in the Savings Bank Department that they perform work there "of a highly technical and important character," and that they are an important factor in the system of Post Office Savings Banks. And, again, speaking of the correspondence section of the Postal Order Branch, it is stated that many difficult cases are treated with tact and judgment, that little or no friction arises with the public, from whom, on the contrary, many gratuitous testimonials have been received.

So far, therefore, as their work is concerned women have evidently not proved a failure; and it is open to question whether those doing the same class of work as men, and doing it efficiently, should not receive the same salary, for men's sakes as well as their own. Certainly there is a little more sick leave amongst the women, but not nearly enough to account for the difference in salaries. As regards pensions, it has yet to be discovered whether women who stay long enough for them may require them earlier than men, and thus, perhaps, under the present system, cause more expense. But if it should be considered necessary to enforce strict justice in this matter, and still it were found that women's work was paid for at a lower rate than men's, then it would be for the government to question itself on what principle it would pay its workers:—

1. Would it pay them, with strict justice, for work done?
2. Would it consider that man in himself, apart from his work, requires higher pay than women?
3. Would it simply regard woman's work as a market commodity, desirable because cheaper than men's, and act accordingly?

Having brought the question to this stage, we will say good-bye to it, and to Mr. Bowie's article, without going into complications which may arise in consequence of that very uncertain factor which is called the "compassionate allowance."

The second article to be noticed on this subject is a rambling one entitled "More Recollections," in which the writer, contrasting the *then* and the *now*, comes to the inevitable subject of "woman." At first we are led to believe that he strongly resents the new position of woman in the business world, where he apparently finds her "self-confident, aggressive, and assertive," and to wish to relegate her to her ancient position, where she was, or should have been, "a timid, shrinking, clinging, confiding fairy." On second thoughts, however, he perceives that it is necessity that drives her forth from her sheltered bower (or perhaps sometimes from her narrow cage); and his resentment becomes modified. For now, whilst allowing woman her position in the business world, he resents only the supposition that she may, whilst competing with man in the labour market, expect her former privilege of protection. But, in the end, the writer's chivalry appears to be too much for his arguments, for he closes with a statement of unqualified satisfaction that woman has appeared beside him in daily occupation.

And what has woman herself to do and to say in these times when, with or without her will, she has become a topic of discussion?

Surely there is but one course open to her. Recognizing facts as they are, and that, for weal or woe, she finds herself in the midst of the business world—sometimes a horribly hard world—she can do one thing, and one thing only. She can strive to be true to herself, and to retain, in the market place, those qualities which have formerly been prized in the home, and perhaps thus create a home wider than the four walls of a house. These qualities need not hinder her from the faithful performance of the new duties required of her, when the requirements are reasonable; and the wider area of life upon which she has entered should, in time, check such faults as may have arisen in past ages, largely in consequence of a limited outlook or a cramped position. It is true here, as elsewhere, that whatever is bad or useless should be given up; whatever is good or useful (in any sense of the word) should be retained.

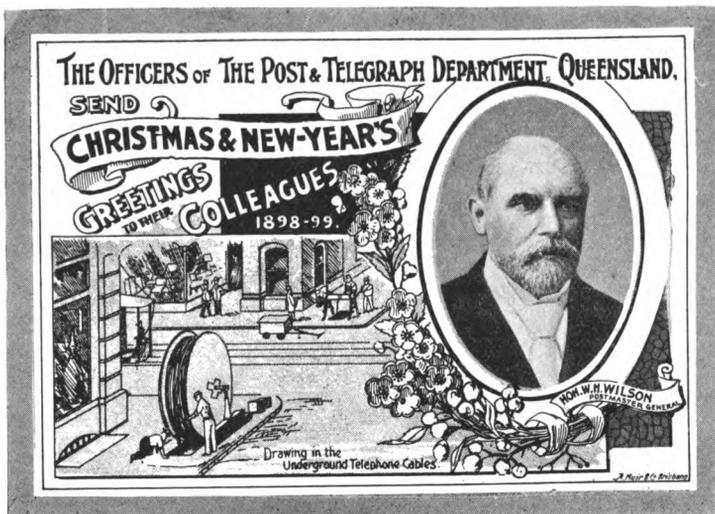
Endeavouring, then, to act in this spirit, though failing often from her ideals, she can say to man in the speechless language of her presence—"If there is in us anything that demands your service,

we claim it from you. If there is in us anything that commands your respect, we claim it from you. If there is in us anything that commands your homage, we claim it from you. If there is nothing of this, and you find in us naught to serve, naught to respect, naught to reverence, then the dreams of poets and raptures of lovers have been called forth by an empty shadow, or by something that was not us, in that it was caused only by circumstance, and no longer exists now circumstances are changed. In such a case, all we would ask would be to walk freely side by side with you in the paths of life."

In any case, it is truth only that can, in the end, prevail; and whatever position in life is the true one for women, true for their own development and that of the world, that and that only they must finally assume; and honest, sympathetic co-operation with men will hasten the end—which is Truth; which is Love.

P.O.B., A.G.D.

M. FILSELL.



AN OFFICIAL CARD OF GREETING FROM QUEENSLAND.

Over the Wire.

BEING A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF VERNON GREEN, TELEGRAPHIST.

IN the early days of my telegraph service I was much given to that lamentable practice, talking over the wire. The weather of the places to which we worked was a source of infinite concern to me and I made many enquiries about it. I took a sympathetic interest in the clerks "at the other end," and catechised them freely as to their age, health, and general welfare. I enquired about the adequacy of their pay and the temperament of their superior officers, subjects on which, I observed, they seldom failed to express their views with freedom and emphasis.

Our own superintendent was an easy-going old fellow who possessed, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of not seeing things.



"OUR SUPERINTENDENT WAS AN EASY-GOING OLD FELLOW."

This characteristic, which endeared him to the entire staff, enabled me to indulge my weakness with impunity. Post Office men will

at once recognise that this refers to a very remote period; our present-day superintendents are not easy-going—and they see things.

Some three or four months after I entered the Aberairney office I was given a duty at “the herring wire,” and at “the herring wire” befell the one romance of my life. It was the wire to Dunralster, a fishing town about twenty-five miles from Aberairney. The geography books make the bald and unpicturesque statement that Dunralster is famed for herrings. This is putting it very mildly. Dunralster exists for herrings. The social position of its inhabitants depends upon the particular capacity in which they are connected with herrings. At the end of the herring season the town subsides into an inglorious obscurity. It scarcely continues to exist.

When I went to the herring wire I at once proceeded to cultivate the acquaintance of the Dunralster clerk. The introduction was easily effected. After a polite enquiry about the weather, I said:

“Would you mind telling me your name, please?”

“Nel Reade,” was the reply.

“Ah! I knew you were a girl,” I returned gallantly. “No mere man could send like that.” And, indeed, Nel’s signalling was particularly dainty and delicate.

“You’re a mere man, aren’t you?” said Nel.

“Correct. My name is Vernon Green. I am 19 years of age, and unmarried.”

“What a funny thing,” exclaimed Nel, “so am I!”

This truly remarkable coincidence put us on excellent terms. My new acquaintance was nowise loth to talk. I was soon in possession of a full and particular account of the Reade family, which, it appeared, was intimately associated with one of the higher branches of the herring industry. Nel then proceeded to give me a character sketch of the other clerks in the Dunralster office, of the Postmaster, of the Postmaster’s wife, and of the Postmaster’s mother-in-law. The affairs of the town, both public and private, next came under review, and in the course of a few days I felt that for me, at least, Dunralster held no secrets.

Our friendship developed rapidly. I soon became quite confidential over the wire. I stated my intention of becoming Postmaster-General and indicated the methods I proposed to adopt in furtherance of that desirable end. I mentioned certain reforms which I intended to introduce immediately on attaining that position. They had particular reference, I believe, to the wages of

provincial telegraphists. Nel warmly approved my plans and urged their early execution.

It was becoming increasingly evident that Nel was a very nice girl. At the end of a fortnight I often found myself thinking of this circumstance; at the end of three weeks I found it difficult and disagreeable to think of anything else. When off duty I was constantly worried by the thought that the other fellows in the office would basely take advantage of my absence and talk over the herring wire. The bare idea roused my indignation. I felt that I had established an exclusive right to Nel's conversation.

The question of Nel's personal appearance began to interest me deeply. Was she dark or fair? Was she short or tall? One day I ventured to ask.

"Fair," was the answer. I was delighted. I always did prefer blondes.

"And five feet three." A charming height for a girl, to my mind.

I had vaguely suspected it before; now I knew it. I had fallen in love with Nel. I had fallen in love—over the wire.

The symptoms became more pronounced daily. On approaching the herring wire I instinctively smoothed my hair and adjusted my necktie. I despatched gloves and chocolates in considerable quantities to "Miss Reade, the Post Office, Dunralster." I experienced an imperious desire to read poetry, and—Heaven forgive me!—to write it. In fact, I had it rather badly.

Nel quietly established an ingenuous tyranny over me. I was asked for my photo—and I sent it. I was instructed to part my hair in the middle—and I did it; to wear a higher collar—and I did it; to grow a moustache—and I tried to. All this, if somewhat inconvenient, was highly gratifying. It was clear that I was making an impression. I maintained a steady flow of gloves and chocolates.

Now the Morse Alphabet is an excellent thing, but it is not an ideal means of conducting a courtship. It has obvious and serious defects. The love-sick heart craves for something more than dots and dashes. I resolved to go to Dunralster and see Nel. It would be delightful to witness her surprise.

How well I remember that eventful visit! I got off duty at two o'clock one Saturday afternoon and stealthily took the 2.30 train for Dunralster. I passed the door of the post office some twenty times before I summoned up courage to enter. It was a rather momentous occasion and I was a little nervous. At last I went in.

The only person at the counter was a middle-aged man of affable demeanour.

"A—a penny stamp, please," I said, with as great an assumption of ease as I could muster.

He gave me one.

"Er—excuse me," I said, "but is Mi—er—I think I'll take another stamp."

He gave me another.

"Er—excuse me, but is Miss—is Miss Reade in?" I blushed to the roots of my hair.

He smiled. "Ah! you would like to see Nel? Hi! Nel, you're wanted," he cried.

"Coming!" called a voice from an inner room. And what a voice! That Nel's voice would thrill me I knew; but I was far from anticipating its full effect. It rooted me to the ground. I gaped and stared at the door through which the possessor of that



"NEL!"

voice must appear. I had not long to wait. Its possessor appeared. A young man with a very red head stood before me. I stared at him.

"Ah, it's you, Mr. Green," he said calmly, "I'm delighted to see you."

"But where is she?" I stammered, "where's Nel?"

"I am Nel," said the red-headed young man. "My name is Nelson Reade—Nel for short, you know."

I was speechless.

"Yes," said the red-headed young man (and the scoundrel assumed an air of gravity), "yes, I'm afraid it was too bad of me. When I saw you getting so fond of me I should have told you, really. I ought to have warned you that you were misplacing your affections."

I extricated myself from the débris of my romance, and fled.

Secretary's Office, G.P.O.

W. HENDERSON.



SMALL GIRL (IN POST OFFICE).

"Please give me a penny stamp, and kindly lick it and stick it on the envelope 'cos mother says it's poison."

(From *South Western Comet*.)

*Post Office Improvements in 1898.**



PART from the introduction of Imperial penny postage the past year has been one of steady progress in all branches of Post Office work, notably in the growth of the trunk telephone system, and in the extension of the foreign and colonial parcel post.

In March last a scheme came into operation under which the public were allowed to have their correspondence officially redirected beyond the limit formerly sanctioned. Previously a redirection-notice was recorded and acted upon without fee for 12 months—that is to say, if a person changed his address, the Post Office undertook, on receiving notice thereof, gratuitously to redirect his correspondence for one year. This arrangement was found in practice to meet the needs of the general public; but in the case of commercial firms having customers and correspondents in various parts of the world, experience showed that redirection of letters was necessary for even a longer period than twelve months. It was therefore determined by the department to continue the redirection notices indefinitely on the payment of a fee of one guinea per year after the expiration of the first twelve months, during which time letters will, as hitherto, be officially redirected as desired without charge. This arrangement is, of course, quite apart from the redirection of letters undertaken by the public, the only condition in the latter case being that, to avoid fresh postage, a letter which has been redirected must be reposted within one day after delivery.

For some time past it has been possible to post ordinary letters on Sundays at certain offices in London for despatch by the same-night's provincial and Continental mails, on the payment of an extra fee of one halfpenny in the case of inland letters and of one penny in the case of foreign letters; but hitherto the registration of letters posted on Sunday has not been practicable. Arrangements have now been made whereby registered letters intended for despatch by the mails leaving London for the provinces and the Continent on Sunday night can, on payment of an extra fee of one-shilling, in addition to the registration fee and the postage, be accepted in the Post Office sorting-vans attached to the mail trains.

* Reprinted from *The Times* of the 7th January last.

which on Sunday, as on other nights, leave the London termini of the principal railway companies.

The express delivery service introduced a few years ago has become very popular in London, as also in the large provincial towns of the kingdom; and recently a step was taken which is calculated to extend still further the sphere of its usefulness. Previously the charge made for the express delivery of postal packets up to 1lb. was 3d. per mile, while for packets over 1lb. a charge of 1½d. per lb. after the first pound was levied. The weight charge on packets above 1lb. delivered by special messenger all the way has now been reduced to 1d. per lb. for every pound beyond the first, with a *maximum* payment of 1s. The mileage fee, which is in addition to the weight charge, remains at 3d. per mile. The limit of weight for a postal packet to be carried by public conveyance is now 20lb., instead of 15lb., as formerly, but when the sender engages a cab or other special conveyance no weight charge is imposed, and he is called upon to pay only the mileage fee of 3d. per mile. Another change made recently in connexion with the express delivery service is seen in the reduction of the fixed charge of 2d. hitherto payable for each article beyond one when several packets are tendered by the same sender for delivery by the same messenger at different addresses or to different persons at the same address. In respect of such additional packets the charge has been reduced to penny per article beyond the ordinary mileage fee. Express parcels can also be sent between this country and France and Algeria, while express letters and parcels are being transmitted between the United Kingdom and the colonies of British Guiana and St. Lucia.

Parcel post extensions within the past twelve months have been both numerous and important. In January last a parcel post to Peru *viâ* France was established. Up to that time such parcels had had only one outlet—namely *viâ* Germany. A significant indication of the British occupation of the Sudan was afforded in the same month, when arrangements were completed for insuring, up to the amount of £20, parcels sent by post to Wady Halfa and Suakin. At the same time an overland service was established for the parcel post to India, Aden, and Persia. This was in addition to the all-sea route, by which all parcels were previously consigned, and simultaneously an opportunity was taken to effect a slight reduction in the rates for heavy parcels entrusted to the latter service.

At the beginning of June the insurance system became applicable

up to the amount of £20 in the case of parcels addressed to Algeria and Tunis. This system of insuring parcels continues to grow in public favour, and it is being gradually extended to countries that have not hitherto enjoyed such protection, while in the case of countries where the system has been in operation the sums for which parcels can be insured are being gradually increased. A very large number of valuable articles are still sent through the post annually by persons who are not able to adopt the precaution of insurance. For instance, not long ago a small packet came to London from Klondike. The wrapper was of the flimsiest character, so fragile, indeed, that it necessitated "treatment" in the Post Office "hospital," and when examined was found to contain a number of virgin gold nuggets which had been made up in the form of scarf-pins, intended as presents for the members of a family, one of whose representatives had evidently met with a stroke of good luck at Klondike. The Post Office authorities themselves insured the the precious packet, and it was safely delivered.

Another convenience which is being gradually introduced in connection with the foreign parcel post system is that under which facilities are given to the sender of a parcel to prepay the Customs duty which it incurs on entering a foreign country, so that the addressee may be relieved of all charges on delivery. This arrangement is particularly valuable in relation to the exchange of presents between persons living in various parts of the world. The scheme has been in operation for some time between this country and a large number of British possessions, as also with the following foreign countries:— Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Egypt, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxemburg, Montenegro, and Switzerland. In July last the system was extended to Sweden and the Leeward Islands, while a similar arrangement was completed on December 1st with France and the French colonies and possessions. In the case of all these places, senders of parcels are able to ensure delivery without charge to the addressees. The method adopted is for the sender to pay a fee of 6d., and to sign an undertaking that he will meet on demand any further charge which may be made in the country of destination. At the same time he is required to pay a deposit on account of such charge at the rate of 1s. for each 4s. or fraction of 4s. of the value of the parcel consigned. As soon as the exact amount of the total charge has been ascertained from the Post Office authorities of the foreign country to which the parcel has been forwarded an account is rendered to the sender, and the

transaction concludes on the payment of whatever balance may be due or the return of any over-payment made.

In August last an alternative route for parcels for Russia was established *viâ* Germany, and in the same month the amount up to which foreign parcels could be insured was, in the case of most of the important countries of the world, increased from £50 to £120. The arrangement was, of course, reciprocal, senders of parcels from foreign countries being able to insure them up to the larger sum stated. Thus, the amount of insurance in the case of foreign parcels became the same as the limit fixed at the beginning of May last for inland parcels and registered letters, which was then raised from £50 to £120. When the parcel post first came into operation no insurance whatever was undertaken, but experience speedily proved that a system of compensation was necessary in the case of loss or damage, and the limit of insurance has since been gradually increased until at the present time it reaches the sum mentioned in the inland, and to a considerable extent in the foreign postal service. A further extension of the parcel post took place in August—namely, to the Comoro Islands, Banks and Santa Cruz Islands, Formosa, and Tsin-tau, in China. The rate for the conveyance of parcels to German South-West Africa was reduced in September, and a parcel post to Nigeria was established at the beginning of December.

The extension of the telephone trunk lines has been proceeding apace during the year. In January extensions took place to Banbury, Banff, Elgin, Inverness, Peterhead, Rugby, and Ware; in February to Pentre (South Wales), Spennymoor, Cromer, Buckie, and Newmarket; in April to Coldstream; in May to Weybridge; in June to Hereford, and Bradford-on-Avon; in July to Cowbridge; in August to Wexford, Waterford, and Market Harborough; in December to Dunoon, Rothesay, and Nairn. Simultaneously with these extensions there have been a number of improvements in the telegraph service relating especially to foreign countries. For instance, in June last a reduction was effected in the telegraph rates to British Guiana, and to certain of the West Indian Islands; in the following month the telegraph was extended to Turk's Island, and an alternative route to Jamaica was provided by means of the cable recently laid from Bermuda to Jamaica *via* Turk's Island. In February a reduction in the telegraph rates to Mexico came into force; in October a number of additional telegraph offices were opened in the British possessions on the West Coast of Africa; in

November a similar extension took place to certain of the French possessions on the same coast.

Reference has already been made to the influence of the British occupation in Egypt, as seen in the fact that insured parcels can now be sent to Wady Halfa and Suakin. It is interesting to add, that within a few weeks after Lord Kitchener's brilliant victory at Omdurman a telegraph office was opened in that city, followed immediately by one at Khartum, so that it is now possible to communicate by wire with the heart of the Sudan. Telegraph extension to the Italian possessions in East Africa was also accomplished during last month.

During the year 1898, arrangements were likewise completed for further changes which came into operation on Sunday last, and these may therefore be added to the year's record. Principal among them are the new regulations introduced by the Postal Union Convention concluded at Washington in June, 1897. The alterations made under that convention relate, of course, exclusively to foreign mails, and only the more important of them need here be mentioned. Unpaid postcards from abroad, which under the Vienna Convention were treated as unpaid letters and charged 5d. on delivery, will henceforth be regarded as unpaid postcards, and charged only 2d. on delivery. The limit of weight for the foreign sample post, the *maximum* of which has, until now, ranged according to the country of destination, from 8oz. to 5lb., will in future be fixed generally at 12oz. for all countries included in the Postal Union.* This change has been called forth by the persistent abuse of the sample post by traders, who have taken advantage of its agency for the execution of orders, rather than for the transmission of samples, the object in view being, of course, to avoid the higher charges of the parcel post.

A new regulation is also made in relation to registered letters. When a person has expected a registered letter and has not received it, or when another has despatched such a letter to an address abroad and has not received an acknowledgment of its delivery, the practice heretofore has been, on the complaint of either, to institute official inquiry. In a large number of such cases the result has been to show either that the expected registered letter has not been posted at all or that the letter sent has been delivered in due course to the addressee, who has neglected to acknowledge it. These enquiries

* There is a slight inaccuracy here. The 5lb. *maximum* weight still remains in force as between Great Britain and British colonies and possessions.—ED.

have necessarily caused considerable trouble to the Post Office authorities concerned, and the Washington Congress therefore decided that, unless *prima facie* evidence is produced that a registered letter has actually failed to reach the addressee, no inquiry concerning it shall be undertaken until a fee of 2½d. for the acknowledgment of the delivery of the letter has been paid.

Another rule which came into force on the 1st inst. affects post-cards passing between foreign countries. The use of private post-cards has been allowed for such correspondence on condition that the words "Post card" have been printed on the address side of the card; but in future it will be sufficient, in the case of foreign post-cards, to write on the address side the words "Post card," or their French equivalent, "Carte postale." At the same time, post cards which, when sent to places abroad, do not comply with the regulations as regards size, &c., will, as at present, be treated as letters, and surcharged accordingly. Albums containing photographs will now be transmissible abroad at the printed paper rates. Certain alterations have likewise been effected in the rules which forbid the insertion of MS. in documents transmissible at the printed paper rates; and live bees, natural history and geological specimens, glass, liquids, and powders will be forwarded through the post, at the sample post rate, to all the countries in the Postal Union, provided they comply with the conditions of the sample post and are packed in accordance with the regulations set forth in the Post Office Guide.

Finally, two more changes, already recorded in *The Times*, have been brought into operation. By the first of these, registered letters for a number of foreign countries can be insured at any post office up to £120. Letters intended for such insurance have to be presented at the counter of a post office, even in rural districts where a registered inland letter can be handed to the rural postman and a receipt obtained from him. Registered letters for abroad must not contain coin, gold, silver, jewelry, or anything liable to Customs duty in the country of destination; they must be enclosed in a strong cover, sealed with wax over each flap or seam of the cover, and, provided these conditions are observed, compensation will be paid, in the event of loss, to the full value of the contents up to the limit stated. Thus the *maximum* amount of insurance given in the case of parcels is extended to letters for abroad. The rates of postage for parcels to a number of British colonies and protectorates and postal agencies have also been revised and simplified.

Wayleave-Getting.



HAVE often wondered why none of my colleagues have given their experiences on the above subject. It is one that gives plenty of scope for anecdotes of various kinds, not imaginary yarns, but "ower true tales."

The different classes of people one meets and holds sweet (or otherwise) converse with; the way in which your proposals are received; the fussiness of some people; the business-like methods of others; the grandiloquent style of persons who own a small bit of property and who give one the idea that they imagine they are conferring the greatest of favours by acceding to your requests; the willingness, as a rule, of the large landed proprietors to assist the Government in the great undertaking they have in hand in the extension of the telegraphic and telephonic communications of the country; the hospitality of many people, compared with the stand-on-the-door-step style of others,—these afford ample material for the pen of the philosopher or the humorist.

In the occupation of wayleave-getting a man has to be "all things to all men," and when an engineer has had a few years' experience of this work, he should not require much breaking-in to become a first rate diplomat. There are so many people to consider in connection with the building of a line. Of course you have your official chiefs to please. This, knowing what they wish, would not be such a difficult matter, if you could do as you liked, but there's the rub! The road surveyor has first to be considered, and he has ideas of his own as to how a telegraph line should be built, and frequently raises a good many objections, which have all to be met and got over. Not always an easy matter. Then the landowners have something to say, and say it very decidedly at times. After a certain amount of interviewing and pleading, and hearing tirades on the rights of property, that must be observed, you satisfy them.

Then the residents, in the case of the high roads, and the tenants in the cases of private property, frequently make themselves as obnoxious as possible; they don't approve of this, and don't like the other, and you come to the conclusion that an engineer's life is not a happy one. However, these difficulties are all met with the best of tempers, the line is eventually got through, and of the objectors, their objections are merely phantoms or nine day wonders. They take to

the towering, if not æsthetic, telegraph poles as things that have to be put up with. They have had their little growl, and feel satisfied.

I know of one of my colleagues, who was what is known as a red-hot Conservative, going in quest of a wayleave to an equally red-hot Radical, and as the latter did not relish the idea of granting the desired consent, began abusing the Government, which was a Tory one at that time. The engineer temporarily threw all his political views to the winds, and out-radicalled the Radical in his vituperation. The desired granter was so highly delighted with the applicant's manner that he smoothed down, and finally the matter was satisfactorily settled by the man granting the wayleave needed. Truly a diplomatic triumph.

On one occasion I came across an officer and, on asking what he was doing in that part of the country, he said he was on the disagreeable wayleave lay, and that he would almost sooner break stones than be occupied on such a service. I purpose giving one or two personal experiences, which will, I hope, prove amusing if not interesting.

In my native city I once went to a wealthy manufacturer, who did not care to have a telegraph pole on his property but did not like to refuse. I showed him the site I had selected, and for some trivial reason the idea of fixing the pole there could not be entertained. I afterwards pointed out two other sites which were also objected to. I again tried with another site, and apparently he could not find any pretext for objecting, so he thought I might place it there. "Now," said he, "there must be some form of agreement." I produced the Departmental form, and he said, "What about a rental?" I offered the usual shilling, and with a bland smile he said, "Your Department appears to be very munificent in their remuneration; might I ask whether so large a sum is paid in a lump, or do they pay by quarterly instalments?"

On another occasion I had to meet a jobbing carpenter and coffin maker, in a small way of business. He did not particularly object to the pole, but set up his back directly on hearing the amount of the rental paid, when any was demanded. He could not take less than a guinea. I then went on the usual tactics, as to its being for the public good, &c., but the man was inexorable. I pointed out that if the Department paid a guinea for all its poles, the amount would be simply ruinous, and the Telegraph Branch was not making any profit as it was. "Then all I can say is that you look — well on a concern as don't pay." Perhaps the better to appreciate this retort,

I may say that although I have lost my Romeo figure, I am not of Tichbornian proportions, but what womankind would call "comfortably stout." Of course after this it was no use arguing further, so I found a person of a more pliable character, who gave me the consent needed.

Some few years ago-I had to wait on a Black Country publican for permission to make a fixture on his property. He went with me to see the spot, agreed to what I wanted to do, and all went well until, as is often the case, the question of rental was mooted. Then things began to assume a far different aspect. Nothing less than a guinea per annum would suit him. The Government were very hard on the publicans generally, taxed them up to the hilt and had just put another sixpence a barrel on the beer, and now it was his turn to get "a bit of his own back." After arguing for some time he would accept 20s. per annum, but not a copper less, which, of course, I could not accede to. Although this gives a rough outline of our interview, I may say that the man came out with some of his best Black Country vernacular, and the remarks were freely interspersed with sanguinary adjectives and expletives.

Another party did not particularly care to have the pole, but did not want to stand in the way of the work, and demurringly agreed to the 1s., but said that it wasn't worth collecting. On being informed that he would not be troubled in that respect, as the postman would bring it round, said (it then being Christmastide), "Oh! I see, I take with one hand, and give it back with the other, to the postman for his Christmas box."

In an agricultural district I was on the same errand, and desired to fix a pole in a garden. The owner lived some little distance away from the plot of land, and on calling upon him, he did not altogether relish the idea, but on my starting a little conversation on horticulture, of which I have but the most superficial knowledge, he began to be quite chatty, and rang the bell for the servant to bring in a jug of beer; but as he talked on his favourite hobby, I began to find that I was getting on very treacherous ground, and that I should soon be swamped, so pleading an appointment, I once again introduced the subject of the pole, and I suppose that our little chat on gardening had so pleased the old man that he at once, and without more ado, signed the necessary document. And yet some people say that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing!"

In a large town on another occasion I waited upon a tradesman to ask permission to fix a pole on some property belonging to him

on the outskirts. The application seemed to have the same effect upon him as a red flag has on a bull. "No," he roared, "I'll be d——d if I will. Here," he said, catching hold of my shoulders, and twisting me round to the door, "come here. Do you see those wires on that chimney there? Ever since they've been fixed the



"COME HERE. DO YOU SEE THOSE WIRES ON THAT CHIMNEY THERE?"

roof has been faulty, and I have had no payment, but I'll have 'em down; I'll put old P—— on to you" (naming a celebrated lawyer in the town), "he's the man to put you beauties to the right about." I was able to do without this consent by getting on adjacent property.

In connection with the same extension, I had to see a land agent who could not do anything until he had seen his client. I called several times, but the requisite interview between agent and client had not taken place. He was beginning to tire of my frequent calls, and one day said, "Well, I haven't seen Mr. A—— yet, but I think you deserve the wayleave if it is only for your persistency," and he signed the form there and then. Nothing succeeds like success.

There are some people who want the convenience of a telegraph, but will not give any assistance. I have a case in mind now. Telegraphic accommodation was wanted at a Receiving Office in a large town. Frequent letters were sent to the papers on the apathy of the Post Office, and it was eventually decided to grant what was asked for. Among other people I had to see in connection with the wayleaves, was a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion who was a dealer in precious stones, and owned some tumble-down property near the office in question. I waited upon him, and after some little talk, during which he raised some objections which were duly combated, he informed me that he was the joint owner of the property with his brother, who lived in London. He must consult him first. I called again in a few days, when, with a most benevolent look, he was sorry to inform me that, although *he* would have agreed, his brother had a strong antipathy to telegraph poles. It afterwards turned out that this man was the arch agitator for the telegraphs.

Most people strongly object to have their trees cut, a process that is frequently necessary. Even when after long "pow-wows" the permission is granted, there are various ways of carrying out the work. Some folks wish our own men to do the work, under the supervision of their woodman or gardener; others make no such stipulation. Some prefer their own men to do the job at our cost, and a few do it themselves at their own expense. Some men like the boughs cut off close to the trunks, others like them cut off to within a few inches of the trunk. Some want the whole tree cut down, others the smallest possible portion removed.

I recently had a case when I called at a gentleman's house, and asked permission to remove a small bough from a tree in front of his residence. The owner himself was not in at the time, but his wife

said that I might do the work, and that there would be no objection on the part of her husband. I arranged for a man to do the job next morning, but the wife had not estimated her husband's ideas at all correctly, for on his getting up in the morning and seeing what the man was doing, he promptly came out and threatened to shoot him if he was not down in a "brace of shakes." Fortunately the man had just finished all that was necessary. He therefore meekly climbed down wearing a self-satisfied smile.

In another country district I wanted to do a little trimming to get a clearance for one wire. The owner would only agree to the trees being cut on condition that I trimmed off all the branches clear away from the trees from the height of the wire downwards. This, although it pleased him and satisfied me, was not approved of by some of his neighbours, who said what a fool he was to allow us to do such a thing. One of the neighbours I had to call upon the same afternoon, but he would not let me do anything until he had gone over the ground with me, and I had pointed out what I wanted. He rather unwillingly agreed. I suppose he thought it would be ungracious not to do so after the prodigality of his friend and neighbour.

A brother officer gives the following anecdote:—"I had a lot of work to do re-arranging lines, &c., and one of the lines ran alongside a small but very pretty estate, the trees of which overhung the public way, and the branches were growing amongst the wires. I saw a person very frequently go in and out of this place, and came to look upon him as the proprietor. So one day I got into conversation with him and asked if he had any objection to our trimming the trees to clear the wires, and he replied, 'No objection at all, my dear fellow, trim away.' I thought him a nice affable man and trimmed away accordingly. Two days afterwards, my foreman came to me and said the gentleman of the house had gone mad over our cutting his trees without consent. I went down at once and, 'Oh, what a surprise!' the man who gave consent was not the proprietor, but only a *pal* and did it for a lark. I explained matters, apologised, described the individual; the real owner recognised him, and said under the circumstances he would look over it, but he would be even with the other chap. A day or two after he came up smiling, and said he had squared it with the other fellow. I don't know what he had done to him, but as I never saw him again, I think he must have slain and buried him!"

I once went to a man who was surprised that I should ask his

permission to erect a pole. He thought the Government could do as they liked, and go anywhere. I often wish the old man's conception of our powers were correct. What a grand thing it would be for Engineers!

It is astonishing how few people there are outside the Engineering Branch of the Telegraphs who can see any beauty in a telegraph line. The long vistas of arrangements in black and white bring no gladness to their eyes; their poetic fancy is not touched by the Eolian harps made of telegraph wires, neither are they charmed by the appearance of a picturesque gang of telegraph men about to carry out what will become a boon and blessing to mankind. Even the very horses grow restive, and express their dissent at the sight of the fire-pot and ladders.

HENRY KING.

Birmingham.



A NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM THE HONDURAS POST OFFICE.

The Experiences of a Candidate for Municipal Honours.



AT the October meeting of the "Pat Conlin" Lodge, No. 4023, L.I.R. (Let Irishmen Rule), the Worshipful Grand Master stated that the Municipal Election being now close upon us, it was his duty to move, in order to sustain the principles for which their large society was inaugurated, and denoted by the mystic letters L.I.R., that they adopt a candidate for the Town Commission, and endeavour by every means, justifiable or otherwise, to assure his success. This was moved, seconded, and formally adopted.

Eventually, after a good deal of discussion, it was resolved that Mr. Hennessey, the Postmaster, be requested to stand, some of the more ardent members of the Society dissenting on the grounds that Mr. Hennessey was much too quiet and moderate in his views to suit their palates. It having been ascertained beforehand that the proposed candidate had no objection to come forward, a small committee was appointed to canvass the burgh in his favour, one of the most eloquent of the members being deputed to accompany Mr. Hennessey—who was of a quiet and retiring disposition—through the humbler part of the town to bring him into touch with some of the people with whom he was not so well acquainted. I have the following account of his exploits from the candidate himself, who, if he did not succeed in creating an impression in his favour, had evidently kept his eyes and ears open.

The man who accompanied him—Chris. Devlin by name—met him by appointment one night some five days prior to the election, and they at once proceeded to interview the first elector at the top of Garbage Street. With an important knock at the door and a "God save all here," Chris. walked in, followed closely by the candidate.

"Good evening, John Macmanus," said Chris., "how do you find yourself?"

"Well, Chris.," said John, "but middlin', boy, but middlin'."

"What's wrong, dear?"

"Well, Chris., I've been off work for the last tin days with a sore fut."

"God save us, Mr. Hennessey!" says Chris.; "Isn't it the divil's own luck that brought us here to-night? D'ye know, John

Macmanus, what Mr. Hennessey was just tellin' me forninst your door?"

"No," says John.

"Well, he was just sayin' if he got into the Municipal he was intindin' to bring in a bill to relave paypole of their burgh rates and taxes who had been off tin days through sickness durin' the year."

"Indade," says John, "an' it's good news that same; thim's the sort o' men we want for the workin' man. You may depend on me mindin' your man on Tuesday."

"Thank you, John Macmanus, thank you," says Chris.; and they made their exit, the candidate never having opened his mouth during the interview.

Their next call was at a house in a back court. After the door had been knocked at and opened,

"Good evenin', Mrs. Murphy," says Chris., "how do you find yourself?"

The old crone, who was huddling over the fire in an atmosphere of smoke, replied: "But poorly, Chris., but poorly; I'm near dead with the cough."

"For heavin's sake, Mr. Hennessey," says Chris., turning to the candidate, who had left the door ajar with the purpose of getting some fresh air, "shut the door at oncet, Mrs. Murphy is very partial to draughts."

This having been done to the satisfaction of Chris., who made a minute examination of the crevices to see that there was no possibility of a draught, the candidate was formally introduced and his mission stated.

Finding, after some conversation, that the old woman had not been across the threshold for some weeks, Chris. said, as if starting a new subject, "that the weather was good," and turning to the candidate, remarked: "D'ye know, Mr. Hennessey, they tell me that there's nothin'll cure a could quicker than takin' a little gentle exercise durin' the middle of the day. I think, Mrs. Murphy"—turning to the old lady—"that you should try that, and when ye're out takin' a santer on Tuesday, ye ken just drop into the Parish School and putt a bit cross against Mr. Hennessey's name."

Mrs. Murphy, after some further palaver, said she would try, and they bade their adieu, shutting the door with many injunctions from Chris. concerning the draught.

After a few more calls on some of the more enlightened electors, where a variety of novel views were interchanged, they called on a

Mrs. Free, who received them politely, but after the cause of their visit had been mentioned, stated "that she was sorry, but that they were too late, as she had already received five kyards, an' bein' the first five, it was impossible to vote for any other person."

"What," says Chris., "vote for men like them an' the like ov Mr. Hennessey goin' about? D'ye know, Mr. Hennessey"—turning to that gentleman—"there's some paypole would commit suicide before your very face if ye weren't there to save them. Ye don't know the extint of the sin ye were goin' to commit, Mrs. Free; the whole of them five men—who are not worth the paper their names are printed on—are landlords, while Mr. Hennessey—good luck to him!—is a tenant like ourselves, pays his rint to them graspin' divils who don't care wan penny for the workin' man."

"Well," says Mrs. Free, "if that's the way ov it, and the law doesn't hould me to vote for the first five I'll give him my vote."

"That's right, Mrs. Free, that's right. Mr. Hennessey, Mrs. Free's heart's in the right place. She'll have nothin' to do with the landlords an' landgrabbers. Good-night, Mrs. Free, and thank you. Ye'll never regret your work on Tuesday."

A few more calls, and then they visited a Michael O'May, introducing themselves in the usual manner. Michael was disposed to be a trifle grumpy at first, but a little diplomatic questioning about his work in the "Dookit"—a coal pit in the vicinity—thawed him slightly.

Says Chris.: "Mr. O'May, it would be a waste of breath sayin' anything to you about Mr. Hennessey; you know him far better than I'm able to tell ye. He's wan o' them men who wants nine pints out of every tin for the workin' man. None of your puffs o' wind the like of what you see goin' about luckin' for votes. Not a gas-bag—for that's what I call some o' them; but a practical, straight-forward man an' detarmined to see everything done right. Ye'll be a proud man when ye hear the news on Widnisday that you've returned Mr. Hennessey at the top of the poll. It's you, Michael, an' me, that's got the puttin' of him in. Yez don't need a white tie an' a big collar on to vote. Thank God that us workin' men can have our own minds some time!"

Michael eventually brightened up and swore by Mr. Hennessey.

The last house they visited they found three women crouching over the fire, and a sickly paraffin lamp smoking dejectedly on the mantelpiece.

"How's the three dear vargins?" says Chris.

“Och, none o’ your chaffin’, Chris.,” says one of them.

“Well,” says Chris., “I’ve called with my esteemed friend, Mr. Hennessey, who likes to luck on good-luckin’ women, more be token that he’s a fine-luckin’ man himself; it’s votin’ we’re afther, dear.”

“I thought as much,” said the one who appeared to be the householder, “ye’re too polite to be Sheriff Offishers.”

“Well,” says Chris., “an’ what comfot are ye goin’ to give to Mr. Hennessey?”

“Well, Chris.,” says she, “I had ma mind made up to vote for him, annyway, he’s a civil man as I’ve found him.”

“That’s right, Bridget, I always said you were an excellent judge of a man, it’s yourself’s got a foine eye in yer head.”

“D’ye know, Chris., what I’m going to tell ye,” said Bridget, “there’s wun man stannin’ I would not vote for if the poll was forninst my kitchen table?”

“Who’s that?” says Chris.

“O’Tape,” says she, “he’s no beauty, even stannin’ behind a counter, but heavin knows how he would look stannin’ behind a Commission.”

Such are a few of the experiences of Mr. Hennessey in search of fleeting fame, and it is somewhat satisfactory to know that with the valuable assistance rendered by the Committee of the L.I.R. Society, he managed to secure a seat on the Commission. It has also had the effect of ripening his experiences as to the manner in which the great unpaid procure and arrive at the honour they covet, and may prove invaluable to future aspirants.

Newton Stewart, N.B.

JAMES HUNTER.

“Ocean Penny Postage.”

[The following article, from the pen of Mr. E. D. Bacon, appeared in the January number of *Stanley Gibbons' Monthly Journal*; and we are indebted to the Editor and Proprietors of that journal for permission to reprint it and for the loan of the blocks of the accompanying illustrations. The article is of especial interest and value, as it disposes effectually of the popular error that Ocean Penny Postage and Imperial Penny Postage are one and the same thing.—ED.]

IT is strange, but none the less true, how quickly events become forgotten, and how frequently either the history of what were once popular agitations sinks into total oblivion, or the real facts become misrepresented by writers of even the next, or the succeeding, generation. This assertion is strikingly borne out in the history of the initial movement for an Ocean Penny Postage, which has naturally had lately a good deal of attention drawn to it owing to the adoption of Penny Postage for certain parts of the British Empire on Christmas Day last. Every writer who has referred to this early agitation, including the author of a long article on “Imperial Penny Postage” which appeared in *The Times* on December 24th, is apparently entirely ignorant of the true object of the early Ocean Penny Postage reformers and what they meant by the term.

It was in the early part of 1847 that Mr. Elihu Burritt first propounded his scheme of Ocean Penny Postage. This philanthropist was born at New Britain, Connecticut, on December 8th, 1810, and from the fact that he started life as a smith, was afterwards familiarly known as “the learned blacksmith.” He spent many years of his life in England, which he devoted entirely to promoting, in addition to the cheapening of postal rates, such objects as the abolition of slavery and the establishment of universal and unbroken peace, with which latter object he founded the “League of Universal Brotherhood.” He died at New Britain, March 6th, 1879. In order to show what Elihu Burritt’s Ocean Penny Postage scheme really was, it is only necessary for me to give two extracts from a little work he published upon this subject. The pamphlet is entitled *Ocean Penny Postage: its necessity shown and its feasibility demonstrated*. The work contains thirty-two pages, and was

published by C. Gilpin, of 5, Bishopsgate Street Without, at 8s. per 100, or 2d. each. The only copy I have seen has lost its wrapper, so it is impossible to say whether the pamphlet bore a date; but from the fact that two pieces of poetry at the end have the respective dates of “February 3rd, 1848,” and “Christmas, 1848,” and from other internal evidence of a statistical nature, there can be little doubt that it was published in the year 1849. At the top of the first page is the illustration of a steamer, with “Ocean Penny Postage” on the foresail and “1d.” on the flag at the masthead, corresponding exactly with that found on one of the illustrations of the Ocean Penny Postage envelopes. The following are the two extracts I have mentioned; the first contains the opening paragraph of the work on page 1, the other is taken from page 15:—

“That the term ‘*Ocean Penny Postage*’ may clearly define the proposition which it is employed to denominate, it may be proper to state, at the outset of our argument, that it means simply this: That the single service of transporting a letter, weighing half an ounce, from any seaport of the United Kingdom to any port beyond the seas at which the British mail packets may touch, shall be performed by the English Government for one penny, and *vice versâ*; or, one penny for its mere conveyance from Folkstone to Boulogne, Southampton to Bombay, Hull to Hamburg, or from Liverpool to Boston. As we would not ask the English Government to perform any other than this single service on a letter for a penny, consequently the entire charge upon one transmitted from any town in the United Kingdom, either maritime or inland, to any port beyond the seas would be *twopence*—one penny for the inland rate, the other for the sea rate.”

* * *

“It would meet the terms of our proposition if every letter under half an ounce, from any town in Great Britain to any town in the Colonies, should pay *threepence*; one penny for the home inland rate, another penny for the ocean, and the third for the colonial inland rate, and *vice versâ*. The Government now charges one shilling for these three rates.”

In the memorial volume of the *Life and Labours of Elihu Burritt*, edited by Charles Northend, A.M., and published at London in 1880, it is stated on page 32 that “Mr. Burritt addressed 150 public meetings, in the course of two winters, on the subject of Ocean Penny Postage, from Penzance to Aberdeen and from Cork to Belfast, and hundreds of petitions were presented to

Parliament in behalf of the reform." And again on pages 441 and 442 of the same work :—

"As a proof of the interest awakened so largely through the operations of Mr. Burritt and his co-workers, on the 25th June, John Bright, M.P., called attention to the subject in the House of Parliament in the following words, as reported in the *London Times* of June 26th, 1852 :—

" OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

"Mr. Bright said the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be aware that a number of petitions had been presented in favour of the establishment of reduced postage rates between this and foreign countries. The scheme was generally known as an Ocean Penny Postage, and the object of the promoters was that the ocean postage should be reduced to one penny, leaving the rates of internal postage to be fixed at whatever the various countries might think best. The emigrations now going forward from our shores made the question one of very much more importance than it had been at any former period, and it was of essential importance that the utmost facilities of communication should be allowed in order that all which tended to harmony and peace should be maintained as much as possible. The question would be brought before the House in the next Parliament, either by a direct motion, or by a motion for a committee of inquiry, and if the Right Honourable gentleman should have time during the recess, it would be very desirable that he should turn his attention to this question. There is reason to suppose that the loss of revenue would not be considerable, and, in all probability, in a very short time the receipts from ocean postage would be increased by the enormous increase that would take place in the number of letters transmitted.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed the fear that the recess would be very much occupied, but said he would endeavour to bear in mind the important subject to which his attention had been called."

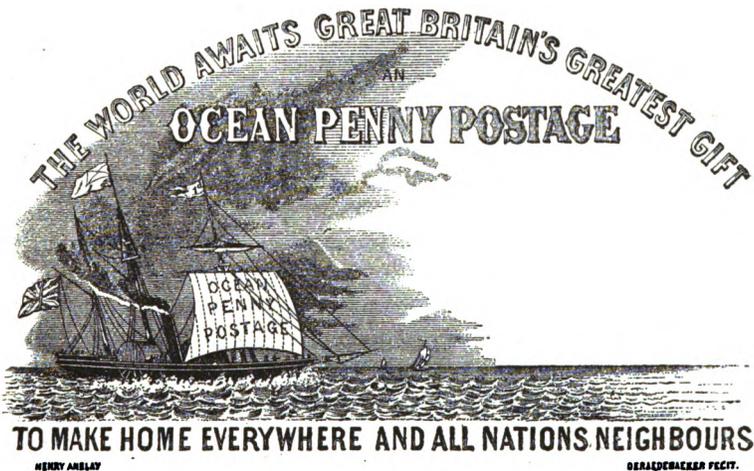
The following year (1853) saw the commencement of the Crimean War, when Ocean Penny Postage drifted into the background and was soon forgotten.

It will be seen from the extracts I have given that the idea of Ocean Penny Postage was an entirely different scheme from Imperial Penny Postage, and Elihu Burritt's efforts may be said to have been more than crowned with success when, on July 1st, 1875, Great

Britain joined the General Postal Union, and thereby adopted a uniform rate of 2½d. for half-ounce letters with all the other countries comprised in Class A of the Union.

The pamphlet of Elihu Burritt also contains some very interesting particulars about some of the earliest Ocean Penny Postage envelopes, which fixes the dates when these varieties were produced, and the work also gives a description of an Ocean Penny Postage print, which I believe is now entirely unknown to collectors. The description of the envelopes and print are found on pages 26, 27, and 28 of the pamphlet, and as the information is of peculiar importance to collectors they will no doubt thank me for giving it in the author's own words, which are as follows :—

“As a little, quietly-working instrumentality for extending the circulation of the idea, a letter envelope* has been designed by one of the most devoted friends of the movement, Henry Anelay, Esq., an eminent artist, who last year contributed the beautiful design of the Ocean Penny Postage print, which many of our readers have seen. The design of this envelope is simple, but expressive. A British steamer is represented ploughing the deep, with its sails set, and colours flying at the masthead. On the foresail is written in capitals, OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE. Across the hazy firmament are inscribed these words, in capitals, which can be read at the distance of several yards :—



* Price 1s. 6d. per 100. London : C. Gilpin.

M

THE WORLD AWAITS GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST GIFT,

AN

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE,

TO MAKE HOME EVERYWHERE AND ALL NATIONS NEIGHBOURS.

Two other beautiful engraved envelopes, illustrating the same idea, have been brought out, one by James Valentine, Dundee, Scotland, the other under the patronage of J. D. Carr, Esq., of Carlisle. About 100,000 of these little messengers have already been put in circulation; and who can tell what minds they may reach and interest as they pass through the post offices of the country? And who cannot put a dozen or two of them into this circulation, and get a friend to do the same? As soon as the idea has well permeated the public mind in Great Britain, petitions and other faculties of a moral agitation may be easily put in requisition to induce the Government to confer this great boon upon the human race.

"OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE PRINT.*

"We are happy to say, that a new and most interesting agency has been added to our stock of means for propagating the idea of an Ocean Penny Postage. An eminent London artist, Henry Anelay, Esq., to whom we submitted a few lame snatches of the conception, has presented us an exquisite design, which must touch the heart of the British public with lively sympathy for the Ocean Penny Post. We will merely attempt an outline of the features of this beautiful thing. John Bull, in the cosiest mood of grandfatherly benevolence, is represented sitting in an armchair, with his squat hat cocked urbanely, and his yellow-topped boots, looking to the life the image of 'the olden time.' On one side, a beautiful little fairy of a girl, with eyes as bright as diamonds, is looking askingly into his face, while she holds up a letter in one hand, superscribed, '*To Cousin Jane, in America,*' and with the other points to the American coast, which is dimly seen in the distance, lined with children, black and white, all with letters in their outstretched hands, and in the act of hailing an approaching steamer bearing the English flag. On the other side, a little cherub-headed boy has mounted the old man's shoulder, and with one of his short, fat arms about his neck, and the other across his breast, with a letter grasped in his right hand, and with all the cheery faith of a child's heart laughing in his countenance,

* Price 6d.

looks as if he would say ‘*I shall fetch him now!*’ Another lad, of a larger size, in a ‘shocking bad hat,’ and trousers which do not reach down to the top of his clumsy brogues by several inches, is standing rather timidly at a bashful distance in front of the chair, holding up a letter in one hand, as if it weighed twenty pounds, and on the open palm of the other a penny, as if it weighed as much. A little in the background of the group, a sober young chap is seated at a rude bench, trying his first experiment upon the mystery of a letter, and with an expression in his countenance which might be in words, ‘*I’ll have a hand in this myself.*’ The benign old man’s face is full of funny suavity, and looks for all the world as if the children had really ‘*fetches him.*’ His hand is plunged promisingly and deeply into his pocket, and his lips are pursed up with that half-ironical, puckering smile of benevolence with which a rich old grandfather gives a penny apiece to half a dozen grandchildren clambering up his knees or tugging at his skirts for a present on a Christmas morning. At the bottom of the piece these words give language to its significance, ‘*Uncle John! won’t you please send my letter to Cousin Jane in America for a penny?*’

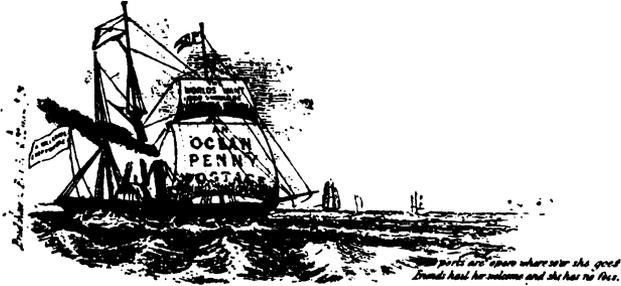
“In a word, John Bull was never represented to the world in a more agreeable aspect than in this design. He looks the benign Uncle Toby of the family circle so to the life that thousands of children in America, we are sure, would feel, at the first sight of his face, an inclination to climb up over his big boots into his bosom, and ask him for a penny. If the children do ‘fetch him,’ so that he shall carry their letters across the ocean for a penny apiece, his portrait, as sketched in this picture, will not be too flattering in their estimation we trust.

“This felicitous design was engraved on steel by one of the first artists in London. We earnestly hope that several copies may be put up conspicuously in every considerable town in the United Kingdom. They may be procured through any bookseller, from Charles Gilpin, Bishopsgate, London.”

In the *Life of Elihu Burritt*, edited by Charles Northend, it is further stated that “letter paper was prepared, and freely used, at the head of which was the picture of a ship, on the topsail of which were the words ‘Ocean Penny Postage,’ and directly beneath the same was this couplet,

‘Fair speed the ship whose signal is unfurled,—
An Ocean Penny Postage for the world.’

"Envelopes were used on which a mail steamer was represented, with foresails spread, bearing the motto, 'The world's want and should be Britain's boon,—an Ocean Penny Postage.'*



"On another envelope was the representation of a sailor, standing upon the deck of a departing steamer, holding a banner with the inscription:—

'Britain! bestow this boon and be in blessing blest;

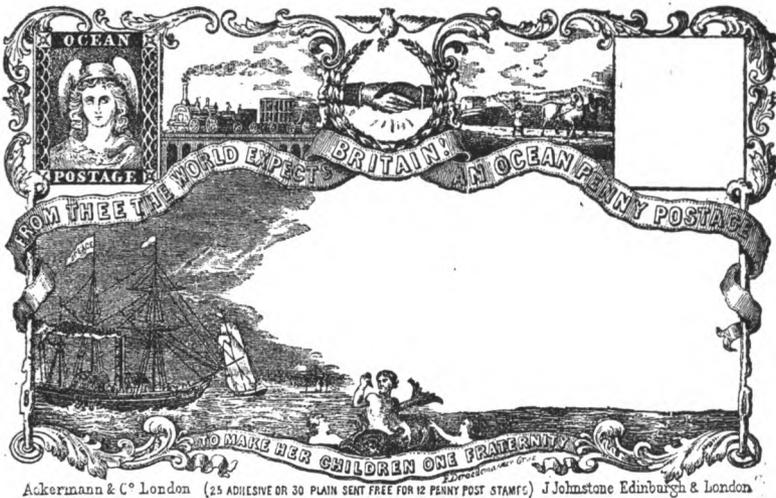
'OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE

'Will link all lands with thee in trade and peace.'"



* In connection with this envelope, Mr. Dorning Beckton tells me that Mr. G. Bradshaw, of the firm of *Bradshaw and Blacklock*, whose names appear at the left-hand side of the design, was the originator of "Bradshaw's Railway Guide,"

The design on the envelope illustrated in the *Monthly Journal* of July last has often been a puzzle to collectors in so far as the vacant stamp-space in the right upper corner of the envelope is concerned, for they argued if the stamp in the left upper corner was intended to prepay the Ocean Postage, which it no doubt was, what need could there be for a further stamp space. This mystery is solved by the particulars I have been able to give in the first portion of this paper, for it is evident the vacant space was intended for the stamp which was to pay the local rate of the country from which the letter was despatched, the local rate of the country to which it was addressed being probably intended to be collected on delivery.



This envelope must have been published as early as the beginning of 1849, for I find it described in *The Bermudian* (a Bermuda newspaper) for July 4th, 1849.*

In conclusion, I should like to point out that the beautiful design

and in an article in the *Temple Magazine* for this month it is stated that “he was a great friend of Elihu Burritt, the famous learned blacksmith, and aided him actively in his crusades for Ocean Penny Postage and for the promotion of International Peace.” Mr. Bradshaw died in 1853; the envelope was published some years previously; indeed, I possess a copy that passed through the post in August, 1850.—ED. M. J.

*This envelope was evidently a great favourite; it is one of the best known, and I have two copies that were posted in the United States in 1853 and 1854. It is probably the one referred to as having been produced by James Valentine, of Dundee.—ED. M. J.

for an Ocean Penny Postage envelope, reproduced in the *Monthly Journal* of December, could not have been drawn by Stothard, as that artist died in 1834. Further, to those who are interested in the collection of these early envelopes I would say that they will find some interesting particulars about them in the *Magasin Pittoresque* for 1863, and in a similar series of articles which appeared in *Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper* the same year.

* * *

As a supplement to Mr. Bacon's very interesting paper, we give a description of a copy of the Pledge of the League of Universal Brotherhood, which we find printed as a heading to a sheet of paper used for the correspondence of the League. This copy was given to the writer by the Secretary of the Peace Society, and was cut from a letter of October 30th, 1851.

The heading was produced (by lithography, apparently) from a plate engraved by J. Valentine, Dundee. At the upper left are a black and white hand clasped, within a circle of branches, from which foliate ornaments extend down at the left side of the Pledge, and along the top—the latter ornaments enclosing the words, "LEAGUE OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.—PLEDGE," all in outline capitals. The following is all in small script type, with certain errors of spelling as shown :—

"Believing all War to be inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and destructive of the best interest of mankind, I do hereby pledge myself never to enlist or enter into any army or navy, or to yield any VOLUNTARY support or sanction to the preparation for or prosecution of any War, by whomsoever, or for whatsoever proposed, declared or waged. And I do hereby associate myself with all persons, of whatever country, condition, or colour who have signed, or shall hereafter sign this pledge, in a "League of Universal Brotherhood"; whose object shall be to employ all legitimate & moral means for the abolition of all War, and all the spirit and all the manifestations of War, throughout the World; for the abolition of all restrictions upon international correspondence and friendly intercourse, and of whatever else tends to make enemies of nations, or prevents their fusion into one peaceful brotherhood; for the abolition of all institutions & customs which do not recognise & respect the image of God & a human brother in every man, of whatever clime, colour, or condition of humanity."—ED. M. J.

More Recollections.—II.



O much then for what may be termed the bread and cheese side of the case. But there is another of almost equal importance—the domestic side. Man is a marrying animal, and almost before the dawn upon his upper lip proclaims the age of puberty, he is seized with a burning desire to take some other man's daughter, and to provide for her for the term of her natural life. With a blindness which sentimentalists call love, and sceptics infatuation, he falls a willing victim to the wiles of some woman, in whose hands he is but clay in the hands of the potter. Instinct, as well as inclination, lead him to mate with some fair Angelina, who will be the queen of his heart, the pride of his eye, and the delight of his home. But what is likely to be the effect of pitting women against him in the labour market? Why, he will buck at matrimony like a South American broncho. He will take Punch's advice to those about to marry and—he won't. Hugging his bachelor's chair, and elevating his landlady into a kind of fairy god-mother, who never could nor would abuse his confidence, or impose on his credulity, he will prefer to bear with the evils he has rather than fly to others he knows not of. For, after all, human nature is pretty much the same now as it was before the advent of the new woman. Man wants a helpmate who can tuck up her sleeves when work is about; who can preside over his household, and suckle his children—not an angular blue-stocking, stuffed full of fads and cranks, who never knew the joys of domesticity nor the longings of maternity. In his sober moments, when the glamour of fine feathers has worn off, and life has to be tackled in real earnest, he prefers, if he is wise, the type drawn by Mrs. Lynn Linton rather than by Madame Sarah Grand—the domesticated woman rather than a painted doll whose god is pleasure and whose idols are the milliner and the dressmaker. Why is it that the matrimonial market is over-stocked, and that scheming mothers find it more and more difficult to lime the twig to catch eligible birds? The fact is the thing is too risky. Looking over the hedge of single blessedness into the bare pastures cribbed by the Benedicks, the unbroken colt refuses to bow his neck to the collar, and to assume responsibilities which, too often, turn out to be a galling chain instead of a silken cord.

It has been said with more than an ordinary amount of truth that the stomach is the centre of the human organism. Upon its powers of absorption and assimilation the healthy action of the whole body depends. It is related of Napoleon the Great that he lost the battle of Waterloo through having the night before supped, not wisely but too well, off lobster salad. And many a man has been hanged owing to the summing up of the judge being tinged with bile, the product of indigestion. Therefore, the fact that cooking is fast becoming a lost art in the average British household, and that the mistress is at the mercy of some slatternly Abigail for the quality and eatableness of the alimentary sustenance of the family, is fraught with the gravest consequences to the body-politic. An elderly matron, in reply to an enquiry by a newly-made bride as to what she should do to retain the affections of her husband, said: "Feed the brute!" And, really, feeding the brute is a very important part of the domestic economy. A woman may play like Paderewski, sing like Adelina Patti, or dance like Taglioni, but what avails it if the vegetables are sodden, the pastry tough, and the meat brought to the table like parboiled carrion?

And, looking backward officially, what changes I have seen! Without any effort of memory the ghosts of nearly a score of Postmasters-General, from the Marquis of Clanricarde downward, flit before my mind's eye. I have also served under six Secretaries, commencing with Lieut.-Col. Maberly. I believe there is not a single man now on active service who was on the establishment when I joined in 1848. This was two years before the packets were finally removed from Falmouth, and more than ten years before the Mail coach was taken off the road.

These were the good old days of open voting and Treasury patronage. Appointments in the Post Office, the Customs, and Excise were as much a part of the electioneering machinery as the direct bribes given to the free and independent electors as the price of their votes. The schoolmaster was not abroad, and no Civil Service Commissioners nipped in the bud the aspirations of the nominees of Members of Parliament anxious to provide for their constituents at the expense of the state. I have heard tell—for news filtered down to us very slowly in the extreme west of England—that the Marquis of Clanricarde so flooded the Service with his tenantry and dependents, that walking through the corridors of old St. Martin's-le-Grand was like a visit to Donnybrook fair. If these "bhoys" from the mountains of Wicklow and the wilds of Tipperary were

incompetent—it is said that many of them were barely able to sign on—so much the worse for the Service. Like the Irish girl who applied for the situation of wet nurse, and who explained that she knew nothing about it, but was “aisy to taich,” these untutored Celts had to be licked into shape, and put through the official mill.

I remember well all the old corps of Surveyors, Mr. Gay, Mr. Creswell, Mr. Ridout, Mr. Good, Mr. Godby, and Mr. Newman. I also remember Sir John Tilley when he was on the road, and had for his first lieutenant Mr. Beaufort, the late Postmaster of Manchester. Strange to say, the last time I saw Sir John Tilley was in the Scilly Islands. He was there on a visit with his daughter, Miss Tilley, and on a small island like St. Mary's, with only one decent hotel in the place, we were thrown pretty much together. I knew almost every rock in the group, and was able to be of some assistance to Sir John in his excursions. Among other places of interest we visited the island of Annett, the home of innumerable flocks of sea birds. The sandy soil is burrowed and honey-combed with the nests of these birds, and I shall not forget Sir John Tilley, then well on in the sixties, plunging knee-deep into these holes, and how he enjoyed the sport of thrusting his arm right up to the shoulder into the nests in pursuit of eggs and the unfledged young.

It was about the time when the telephones came to the front, and the question had been raised whether this mode of communication was an infringement of the Postmaster-General's monopoly. The matter had been referred to the Law Officers of the Crown, and my good friend Major Turner, R.E., who subsequently had such a narrow squeak of losing the number of his mess inside McNeill's Zareba in the Soudan, was sent down to Penzance to test the practical working of the thing through the Scilly cable. We crossed over to Scilly, and Sir John Tilley, Major Turner, and I were in the little office at St Mary's, and Lieut. Hipplesley at the other end of the cable at Porthcurnow. I can hear Major Turner's cheery voice now saying: “Are you there, Hipplesley?” and, as the reply came back clearly and distinctly along the wire, I remember how pleased Sir John Tilley was at the successful demonstration that, practically, telegraphy and telephony were one and the same thing.

Speaking of the old corps of Surveyors, one cannot but be struck with the great difference in their duties and responsibilities now compared with forty years ago. Mr. G. H. Creswell, the

father of the present Secretary for Scotland—who, by the bye, I remember as a school-boy and use to call “Master Harry”—covered the entire ground from the Land’s End to the Solent, including the Isle of Wight and the Channel Islands, with a staff of two travelling and one stationary clerk. The stationary clerk was Mr. R. E. Palmer, the present Postmaster of Truro, one of the most modest and unassuming of men. Like myself, poor chap, he is not one of fortune’s favourites, and beginning as a stationary clerk, has acted up to the rôle, and has been “stationary” ever since. We bashful, retiring men are seldom appreciated as we deserve.

The travelling clerks were Mr. Abbott and Mr. F. H. Maberly. Mr. Abbott went under somehow. I never quite knew the rights of the story further than Mr. Creswell had to go down to Falmouth and dig him out. Mr. Abbott was succeeded by Mr. John Baker Ellen of the Accountant General’s Department, a most particular friend of mine, though it was difficult to see sometimes where the friendship came in. There was a whole family of Maberlys. Mr. Livesay Maberly was a surveyor’s clerk in Ireland, and Mr. James Maberly was attached to Mr. Newman’s district. I fancy they were in some way related to the Colonel, and blood is thicker than water. Mr. Frederick Maberly was one of the pillars of the Western district. He was there when I joined in 1848, and he was there when I left in 1892, covering a period of 44 years. Always most conscientious in the discharge of his official duties, and plodding laboriously through his work, he had the knack, somehow, of rubbing Postmasters up against the grain, and this, upon one occasion at least, had very serious and unpleasant consequences—especially for Mr. Maberly. Now I don’t suppose that Postmasters are one bit better than other people. But to the most saintly and forbearing of men, it is somewhat trying to the temper when a packet containing (say) 5/- worth of coppers, or a bundle of envelopes from which the band has accidentally slipped has been carefully counted and certified correct, to have to cut everything adrift, and go over and over the same thing again, just because Mr. Maberly’s sense of duty rebelled against taking the slightest thing for granted. It was equally annoying, when going through the ordeal of the old microscopical survey—now happily abolished—when the sins of omission and commission of the poor tortured Postmaster were brought to book, and an avenging angel, in the shape of an unfavorable report, damned his prospects for the rest of his life, to have to break off in the middle to listen to a dissertation on religion, and the particular

'doxy Mr. Maberly espoused. I always felt that this mixing up of theology with such purely secular an affair as surveying was a mistake; and when I ventured to remonstrate, to urge that time was precious, and that my own work was going by the board, prefixing my protest sometimes, I am afraid, with strong language, and profane adjectives, Mr. Maberly was horrified, and looked upon me as standing on the brink of the bottomless pit. "Young man," he would say—he always to the last called me "young man"—"never let me hear such language again," and forthwith produced the inevitable text-book from his breast coat pocket, and read me a homily on the duty of obedience to my superiors.

Back in the early seventies, in the palmy days of the Telegraphs, when Scudamore was king, it was my lot, as the last Postmaster in all England, to be brought in contact with all the great lights of the cable and telegraph world. Sir William Thompson, now Lord Kelvin, Sir John Pender, Sir James Anderson, Prof. Fleeming Jenking, Mr. W. H. Ansell, and, officially, with Mr. Patey, Mr. Baines, Mr. Culley, Mr. W. H. Preece, and others. I also made the acquaintance of the late Edmund Yates, the former head of the Missing Letter Branch. He was sent down into Cornwall on a special mission to "revise the way-leaves," though goodness knows what that means unless it was the knocking off an odd 3d. or so here and there from the pole rents. One would have thought that the game was hardly worth the candle. Anyway, it gave me the opportunity of knowing Mr. Yates, and a very genial boon companion I found him. He was accompanied by his wife, a very charming woman. Alas! many of those I have mentioned have crossed the great divide, and of those who are left, I believe that Mr. Preece and myself are the only two now on active service.*

I was driving back from the Land's End one day with Mr. Preece, when he happened to mention that he had just been giving one of his popular lectures on the Electric Telegraphs before some learned society at Southampton. The subject was very much to the fore at that time, and I mentioned that I was sure such a lecture would be very much appreciated in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Preece said that he could not undertake it, but that if I liked to try he would send me down his notes. The Astronomer Royal might as well have sent me his calculations on the approach of a new comet. What fell glibly from Mr. Preece's tongue out of the storehouse of his

*Since this was written, Mr. Preece has retired, so that I am now a lone stag.

knowledge, was to me so much double-dutch, and as unintelligible as the cuniform text on an ancient monument. I knew absolutely nothing of the subject, and could hardly tell the positive from the negative, or a Leyden jar from a broom handle. But great is the presumption of ignorance, and how true it is that "fools rush in where Angels fear to tread." I accepted Mr. Preece's offer, and in less than a month delivered the same lecture before a thousand people in St. John's Hall, Penzance. I had never mounted a public platform in my life, and the place was packed from floor to ceiling. I shall never forget the state of blue funk I was in. The room spun round, and a sound as of waves breaking on a distant shore, boomed in my ears, as the concentrated gaze of so large an assembly was focussed upon me from area, balcony, and gallery. However, I had taken the plunge, and there was no drawing back. With trembling knees, and throat like a lime-kiln, I advanced to the front of the platform, and faced the music. Fortunately, the people at Porthcurnow came to my assistance, and Mr. Bull, the Superintendent, brought in all his spare apparatus for the demonstrations. The wires were led into the hall, and we rigged up a double current morse circuit, and a mirror galvanometer—Sir William Thompson's siphon recorder had not then been introduced. I had also made arrangements with Major Champion, of the Indo-European Company, to put us through to Bushire in the Persian Gulf, and thence to Kurrachee. We were through to Bombay direct on the Eastern system. All this seems very simple nowadays, but thirty years ago telegraphic wonders were not so much in evidence, and the fact that we were able to tell the state of the weather in India several hours in advance of time, and to satisfy the curiosity of an old lady in the audience who wanted to know whether her son's ship was in the harbour at Bombay, literally brought down the house. The lecture was an immense success, and I was able to hand over nearly £50 to one of the public institutions of the town as the financial result. I may also add that having had greatness thrust upon me in this way as the result of sucking another man's brains, I was invited to give the lecture at other towns in the West of England, and did so at several, including one before the Mechanics' Institute at Plymouth. When, the next day, a full report of this lecture appeared in all the London papers, my old friend the late Nathaniel I. Holmes—himself an electrician of high standing—wired me as follows: "Cheek, my boy, cheek, nothing like cheek." And, verily, there never was such a case of masquerading in borrowed plumes.

I was at Penzance in May, 1874, when one of the most disastrous wrecks of the century occurred—the loss of the ss. “Schiller.” The incidents of that wreck, in all their harrowing details, still remain fresh in my memory. The “Schiller” was racing home the “Pomerania,” of the Hamburg-American Company’s fleet, commanded by that old sea-dog Captain Schwenzen, and it was touch-and-go which should reach Plymouth first. Captain Thomas of the “Schiller”—a most careful navigator—had run his distance, and expected to make the Scilly lights, when he was overtaken by a dense fog. The most prudent thing to have done was to have put his helm down, and stood away to the southward until the fog lifted. But anxious to make the passage, and knowing that the “Pomerania” was close on his heels, he carried on a little too long, and when at length he altered his course he was inside the Bishop, and without the least warning struck on the Retarrier Ledges. I was on the watch waiting for the “Schiller” to pass, and about two in the morning the look-out man in the garrison at Scilly sent a message to the ship’s agent at Plymouth, ““Schiller’ passed all well.” But it turned out that the guns he had heard, and which he mistook for her signals as she was passing, were really signals of distress, and that so far from being all well, she was hard and fast on the rocks. And there she lay for seven mortal hours, with her living freight of over 400 souls clinging to masts, spars, and rigging, enveloped in an impenetrable fog. The sea was comparatively smooth; but on the calmest day of summer the breakers twist and swirl around these outlying reefs, exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic, and the tide runs like a whirlpool. They had no idea of their exact position, but when the fog lifted there was the Bishop Lighthouse towering above them almost within hail. The light-keepers could see these miserable creatures being swept off like flies, as the big western sea came home and smote the doomed craft, and yet were powerless to render any assistance. There was a lifeboat at St. Mary’s, and lots of brave boatmen willing to risk their lives, but no help came, and by the time one or two St. Agnes’ boats had groped their way down to the wreck, all was over. With the exception of a few who were picked up as they drifted seaward—one man made the entire circuit of the islands, and was picked up at the back of St. Martin’s—the whole of the passengers and crew perished.

I have enlarged on this episode as part of my Recollections, because, as a matter of fact, it was the loss of the “Schiller” which

gave form and substance to the movement for connecting our lighthouses by cable, and linking together the coast-guard stations around the coast. Had the Bishop been connected with St. Mary's, in all human probability a very large proportion, if not the whole, of the "Schiller's" people would have been saved. I was so struck with this that I wrote a letter to the *Times*, which drew from the "thunderer" a leading article on the subject, and for more than twenty years, in season and out of season, in the press and on the platform, I advocated this great reform. One gets very little credit for anything in this ungrateful world, but I think I may venture to say without egotism that I was the pioneer of the movement for electrical communication with lighthouses and lightships.

It is a matter of extreme gratification to me that, although for many years the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House and the Board of Trade looked askance at the question and apparently threw every possible obstacle in the way, the force of public opinion at length compelled the Government to appoint a committee to enquire into the feasibility of the thing. The result of their labours is that the greater portion of shore lighthouses and coastguard stations have been connected with the general telegraph system of the country. Many rock lighthouses and lightships have also been connected, and there seems to be a prospect, with the aid of Marconi's wireless apparatus, of every lighthouse and lightship in the kingdom being placed in electrical communication with the shore.

Maidstone.

J. G. UREN.

[*To be concluded.*]

The Dartmouth Manuscripts.

[We print below from the Dartmouth MSS. a memorial presented about 1680 by the gentry of the County of Bedford to the Duke of York, who had at that time the management of the Post Office in his own hands. It is interesting, not only as showing the channels through which correspondence then flowed, but also as illustrating the ideas of Political Economy then prevalent. But even better, it illustrates Human Nature, and the arguments which in every age—our own not excepted—vested interests and short views as to the causes of national prosperity oppose to any new developments required by the growth of trade and intercourse.—A. M. O.]



THE Gentry of the County of Bedford Become most Humble Suppliants to his Royall Highnes that a Post may bee Setled from Brickhill to Bedford which Places are Twelve Miles distant each from ye other.

They humbly propose that in their opinion it wil bee as well Advantagious to his Royall Highnesse as Convenient for them.

For now there is no Post that either carryes letters to, or brings any from Bedford or the Places Adjacent. What ever letters are sent from thence to London or from London thither are brought and carried either by Stage Coaches or Horse or Waggon Carryers.

The Towne of Bedford is a Place of great trade. So are diverse other Places within that County. To and from which Stage Coaches and Carryers Goe Weekely. They who come with horses come from Bedford each Monday and returne from London each Wensday. The Stage Coaches and Waggon Carryers come from the Country on Tuesdayes and returne from London Every Thursday. Multitudes of letters are brought up by these Coaches and Carryers which otherwise would come by Post and advance the Revenue of the Post Office.

For want of a Post many Persons doe frequently receive great Prejudice and suffer Inconveniency. They having no way to send from y^e Country but on Mundayes or Tuesdayes unlesse they send 10 or 12 miles to a Post house Nor can receive letters from London but on Wensdayes and Thursdayes unlesse by Expresse Messengers or having an Expresse Post from the next Stage Either of which is great charge. And all those Mischeifes by setling ye Stage afore-said would bee Prevented.

All that is desired is £20 per annum allowance to a faithfull man dwelling at Bedford and fitt for y^e Employment. And it is offered to Consideraçon that in all Probability it will bee above £200 per annum Addition to y^e value of ye Post Office.

The Calculation is as followeth

Tuesday last a Gentleman coming from Bedford in y^e Stage Coach lay that night at St. Albans. There was that Night Two Stage Coaches that came thither from Bedford Towne. Three more from other parts of that Country. And also 7 Waggon Carryers from those Parts. All these had great store of letters Each put his letters into his owne Bagg and Sealed them up Then all their Baggs with many Baggs more belonging to other Carryers then in that Towne were put into a great Male. And sent up by Horseman to London that Night so that they were delivered by the Carryers Severall Porters Wensday morning before the Post letters went abroad.

There were not so few as 200 letters among y^e Bedford Carryers those no doubt required Answers from London So that there might be 400 backward and forward and taking all of them to bee Single letters 400 two pences makes £3 : 6 : 8 per weeke which amounts to £,173 : 6 : 8 per annum. But without question many of them were double letters. And if those come onely from Bedfords Tuesdayes Carryers and Coaches Then consider what Mondays Carryers bring and carry as also the Coaches and Carryers of other Townes in that County which comes up of other dayes weekly.

It is further offered to Consideraçon that the Stage Coaches of England are not onely Mischeivous to the Publique, Distructive to Trade and prejudicall to Lands but takes away at least £5,000 per annum of the Revenue which if they were supprest or well regulated would Accrue to his Royall Highnes by ye Post Office.

To the Publique they are Mischeivous

1st By destroying the Breed of good horses and effeminating his Majesties Subjects who Travell in them to that Degree that few know how to ride on horsebacke or wil bee able to doe his Majestie or their Country Service if there should happen to bee Occasion thereof.

2th By preventing the breeding of Watermen who are the Nursery for Seamen and discouraging those that are already bred by taking away theire Employment and Consequently their Livelyhood There being now Stage Coaches set up to every Towne almost that is Situated on y^e Thames side betweene Gravesend and

Windsor. They carry all Passengers and small goods which before The Watermen dwelling at those Townes had y^e benefit of carryeing and gott a good Subsistance thereby.

3rd By lessning very much his Majesties duty of Excise. The which it most clearely appeares to doe by the Printed reason offered to Parliament for suppressing them.

2^{ndly} They are Pernicious and destructive to trade by hindring greatly the Consumption both of the Manufacturyes and Provisions of the Kingdome. Have Impoverished and ruined many thousands of families by rendering their trade To which they served Apprenteships almost uselesse and those Trades are of that Nature as in Policy should bee most of all Incouraged and Countenanced since their Promotion would bee of great Advantage to the Kingdome by the Increase of the Manufacturing and Consumption of Wool, Leather and Iron Three of the Staple Comodities of the Kingdome. On Horseback men when they Travelled made use of Bootes Spurres Sables Bridles with the Appurtenances necessary Good riding suites and Coates of cloth Strong Hats riding Stockings, Swords Belts, Pistolls, Holsters, Portmanteaues Hat cases and many other things now become almost uselesse. The Women made use of Safeguards Hoods Side Saddles and Pillions with Strappings Sadle or Pillion Clothes which for the most part were laced fringed or Imbroidered. To the making of which things many thousand of Handicrafts men and women and other Tradesmen were necessary had Employment and gott by their severall workes and trades wherewith to maintaine their families. To Witt. Carders, Combers, Spinners, Weavers, Knitters, Fullers, Clothworkers, Dyers, Tailors, Sadlers, Tanners, Curryers, Shoemakers, Hatters, Spurriers, Lorainers, Girdlers, Sword Cuttlers, Gunsmiths, Trunkemakers, Silke Twisters, Winders, Throsters, Silver Wyer drawers, Lace makers and Imbroiderers and many other Inferiouer trades besides those The Mercers Silkemen Lawmen, Milleners, Linen and Woollen drapers, haberdashers and many other Eminent Tradesmen are greatly hurt and have by the Masters and Wardens of their severall Companies in London and from most Citytes and Corporations in England Addressed by Petition to his Majestie in Councell for their being Supprest where the buisnesse lyes still undetermined hath been heard and the Truth of the Petitioners Allegatons Certified from the severall Justices at their quarter Sessions Judgment was suspended by reason the Parliament was then just to sitt and his Majestie took time to Consider of it since which Applicacon hath

beene made to Parliament every Session. A Bill hath beene 3 Sessions depending in the Comons house for the suppressing most of them and regulating the rest. But the Severall Sessions have beene so short and full of Troubles that the Bill concerning Highwayes To which that of Stage Coaches is anexed hath not passed by which meanes the Cittyes &c. Countryes and all the trades aforesaid doe greatly suffer and unlesse prevented many of them will bee totally destroyed in a very short time.

3^{dly} These Coaches are Mischeivous to all the Nobility and Gentry of England by bringing downe ye rents of Lands And that undoubtedly they are ye occasion of. By hindring the Consumption

1st of the Provisions

2^{dly} of the Growth Staple Comodities of the Kingdome

By way of Demonstracon Please to Consider—

These Coaches hinder Consumption of all sorts of Provisions for Man and Beast. For Instance. A Coach with 4 horses carryes 6. A Caravan with 6 horses carryes 20 passengers. These when they come to an Inne, club for a joint of meat which serves them all, if these travelled on horseback each Gentleman must have his owne Horse perhaps each of them a man or Two. Each when they come to their Inne would have a dish or two of meat for themselves so that instead of 4 horses in y^e Coach there must be 6 to carry the 6 passengers perhaps 10 or 12 for them and their servants. These would eat more Horse meat and Each Passenger in all Probability have more mans meat at his Inne then serves usually all the Six that travell in a Coach and the want of a Consumption for those makes them so cheape and their cheapnesse makes land so low and makes all ye Innes to breake, the rents of them to come to nothing as well as the Rents of other Shopkeepers houses in City and Corporations which are brought downe by these Stage Coaches those bringing up all Persons to London where they lay out their mony to their owne mischeife and the Country Trades men ruine Whereas if Stage Coaches were downe there would not bee these passages for women who then must and would bee content to stay at home Buy what they want of their Neighbours who thereby might retrieve their former Trade and if so Afford to pay their former rents.

Besides consider a Coach and 4 horses that drives a Stage within 20 or 30 miles of London admitting it to bee every day full, carryes 6 passengers a day which is 36 a weeke that is 1872 in a yeare and admitting that they bring the same persons to London that they

carry from it yet in such case they carry 936 severall Persons with 4 horses every yeare and the long Stage Coaches as Yorke, Exon, Chester they with 40 horses carry the same Number of Passengers every yeare Can any Man Imagine that lesse than 500 horses would serve these 936 passengers if it were not for these Coaches Consider then that the use of 450 horses are saved by every stage Coach yearly which is 9 parts in 10 of the Horses needfull and Consequently 9 times lesse Hay, Oates and Grasse spent then used to bee on the Roades. And if wee cannot send these Provisions abroad and yet hinder the Consumption of them at home then the price must needs fall and soe land fall in its rents, and then the Gentry cannot Incourage trade by layeing out money amongst Tradesmen as formerly. Besides it is knowne in Middlesex, Surry, Essex, Kent. By reason of these Coaches There are not the Tenth part so many horses kept by Merchants Tradesmen and Gentlemen as formerly whereby the rents about London are fallen about 30s. in 4th a yeare, London not being able to Consume the provisions groweing within 20 miles of it whereas formerly they had Vast quantity yearely from Lynn, Boston, Yarmouth and all other parts remote which was spent here. And it had not onely occasioned the fall of Lands about London, but all Pasture Lands round about most of your Cityes Corporations and Market Townes in England are fallen halfe in halfe by reason of the Travelling in these Coaches For before when all men and women travelled on horseback in Sumer time their Horses Went to Grasse For which purpose Inholders held Pasture lands in their Hands. But now that Trade is gone and many Inholders ready to make oath that whereas before those Coaches thus set up and multiplied they used to have 1500 or 2000 horse in a Terme that went by Grasse. Now they have not too many times not 50 in a Terme.

These Coaches hinder vastly the Consumption of the Growth and Staple of the Kingdome Wooll and Leather. And that brings down the Price of both so much that it occasions thereby the Fall of rents. In those Coaches Beaver hatts Silke suites and Shoes and Stockins or Indian Gowne and such is enough for a man or woman The Coach Securing them from the Weather but on Horseback they would bee better provided and have occasion for all or most of the comodities before Enumerated.

Consider wee can neither send Wooll nor Leather beyond sea That is forbidden by Law and yet wee contrive all the way Imaginable to hinder the Consumption of them at home the

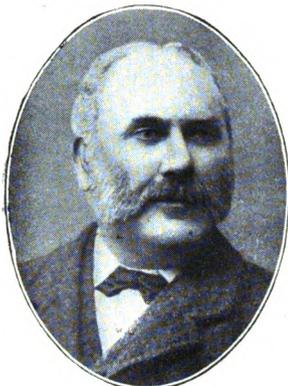
Consequence in short time must prove fatal Wooll being fallen already from 1s. 6d. per pound to 6d. And Hydes were halfe in halfe The Tenant and Grazier in short time will by these meanes bee ruined unlesse these Mischeifes bee prevented.

There can bee no better way contrived to remedy these Mischeifes than by a Suppressing most of these Coaches, Continuing some of them that are absolutely necessary and regulating them in the maner of their Travelling.

This His Majestie may doe by his Royall Proclamacon and all People would rejoyce But none Complaine. And the suppressing them will undoubtedly Augment his Royall Highnes revenue of the Post Office £4000 or £5000 per annum which now is taken off from that office by ye letters dayly conveyed by those Coaches which last mischeife perhaps by great care diligence and strict observance of them might with some charge bee prevented if those Coaches should not bee thought fitt to bee at present regulated or supprest.

All which is Humbly Submitted to Consideraçon.





J. MUIR.
(Dumfries.)



J. EATON.
(Oldham.)



E. WILLCOCKS.
(Hull.)



R. G. LEE.
(Worcester.)



J. K. BROADHURST.
(Warrington.)



G. BRIGHT.
(Ryde, I. of W.)



W. R. OWEN.
(Tonbridge.)

—:— SOME CHIEF CLERKS —:—

[To face page 187.]

The Hill Delectable.



THE Hill Delectable, about which we propose to scribble, is not very distant geographically from the haunts of civilized man, for ten minutes walk thence carries one into the City of London with its phalanxes of silk-hatted, umbrella-bearing men; or down to Holborn Viaduct, where every window flashes with the newest cycles, or westward into dull and respectable Bloomsbury, or northward to King's Cross, where everybody runs eternally to catch trains. Away to the north-east through the quaint neglected squares, once the abode of fashion, after a climb of less than a quarter of an hour, one reaches "Merrie Islington," renowned for its "Angel," its Cattle Show, its Military Tournament and its "Grand," where the dweller in the north goes to applaud the famous players from the playhouses of the West End. Yet, in spite of these well-known environments, the Hill Delectable is a spot most remote. Its crest, once occupied by a jail, of which the frowning portals still surprise the stranger by their grim incongruity, is now monopolized by several important branches of a great Government department; but except by those who have business to transact at these offices, the district is unknown to most Londoners, and it is certain that the majority of people acquainted with it would deem any description of it as so much waste of time and stationery. Probably any reader of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* who may struggle through these desultory notes will come to the same conclusion.

If the satirist were asked for a description of the region, he might well adopt the epigrammatic report of old Sir John Mandeville's Sea Captain and write "Customs beastly—manners none." Nevertheless, when one perforce passes daily through its purlieus one observes the characteristics peculiar to the neighbourhood, and by degrees, despite its obvious drawbacks, one feels the fascination exercised by any special study.

Every guide or topography, however slight, starts with a derivation, impossible though it usually is; but here we meet at once with a difficulty. How comes this spot to be so misnamed? A less delectable mount we cannot recall. One must not suspect the County Council, the Postmaster-General, the Vestry, Mr. Directory Kelly, or whatever august authority it is that stands as sponsor at the christening of London thoroughfares, of the cynical humour of

choosing names for them on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. We recognize the "Hill"; but why "Delectable"? Perhaps new streets are supplied with names on the plan that gave Christian and surname to Oliver Twist. Yet scarcely so, for a reference to the directory proves that this pleasing title recurs far more often than its proper turn, and "Hills Delectable" abound in all quarters. We give up the point and pass on.

The traits of this little region on which we would lay most stress are its variety and its picturesqueness. Where else, prithee, in London town can one find a bit of unadulterated Italy, cheek by jowl with a colony peopled by that purely London product, the cabman? Above runs a viaduct, a feat of modern engineering, and upon it are upreared lofty piles of flats bearing charming names which suggest Devonian scenes and Cornish coasts. Adjacent stands an instance of nineteenth century philanthropy, the poor man's hotel, locally known as Lord Rowton's doss-house, and in the midst of it all is a busy Government office, with officials and applicants coming and going and vans rattling in and out of its gates.

Let us take a quiet stroll round and about, and pray go warily, for a stranger naturally expects little traffic here, and yet ever and anon a great red pair-horse van dashes round the corner, dispersing a goat, several geese and cats, and the little knot of horsey men at the angle of the cab-yard, for know that this corner is as equine as Tattersall's itself. By the way, why does Jehu when dismounted from his chariot invariably stand in the middle of the street to converse with his chums? When on the box he fiercely resents any pedestrian intrusion on his roadway, even at the crossings. Here is completed many a deal in horseflesh. Up and down the cobble-paved road goes the steed with much cracking of whips, many a "Gee up" and "Whoa!" and "Hold up," and "Git over;" and then all parties to the bargain—vendor, purchaser, stable man, ostler, washer, and sundry "helps," all—barring the horse—adjourn from the roadway to the mews, where is the back entrance to "The Coach and Horses," there to seal the contract in accordance with immemorial British custom. This corner seethes with excitement in times of crisis, when motor cars are seen in the streets—strange omens of degenerate days—or when, to the national disgrace, sixpenny cab fares are mooted in the press, or when Holborn and the Strand are simultaneously closed to traffic. It is a strategical position, too, in cab warfare, and during a cabmen's strike a patrol is ever on guard here.

Should the picket need reinforcement, strong reserves are to be found ambushed within the "Growlers' Arms."

Pick your way carefully, for this is one of the muddiest quarters in London, and the natives are not all educated to the use of the dustbin, and in primeval fashion fling out of doors whatever is useless within. The youth, too, playfully hurl large and hard chunks picked up in sundry factory yards at their enemies, likewise at their friends; for here to aim a missile is not necessarily a hostile act, but possibly a mere ebullition of playfulness or by way of salutation. This local habit accounts for the numerous foreign bodies in the road. When we have passed beneath the viaduct we are in Little Italy. In effect one has travelled across the continent. Admitted that the southern sun is absent—yet look at the crooked streets with their strange shops and foreign population. Notice the colours; mark the patch of brilliant green where two women sit out of doors stitching together the cover destined for a piano-organ. See how one small woman is wearing pink, green and orange, and looks artistic notwithstanding. On every doorstep is a little group, the brigand-like men leaning against the door posts lazily smoking, their shabby clothes untidily and picturesquely worn, the soft felt hat carelessly thrust to the back of the head, indicating the Bohemian temperament, or pulled over a fierce brow which must assuredly belong to a member of a secret society. The women chatter incessantly and excitedly. Not one wears a hat or bonnet; a few, these organ-grinders or artists' models, have donned the national white linen head-dress; the others go bare-headed or wrap non-descript draperies about their polls. In the fine weather a few crazy chairs are placed on the pavement for the old gaffers and crones. Others sit happily on the doorsteps oblivious of passers-by, and the children who run to and fro the houses.

Where else in London could one see such swarms of children, quaint little brown monkeys with black eyes? The *bambini* are fed *coram populo* by their mothers, who are quite free from false shame. Every window is open, and out of each lolls at least one Italian. At every other house is exposed for sale macaroni of every imaginable shape—long, short, thick, thin, round, flat and ornate; likewise Chianti in straw covered flasks, and barolo, barolino, vermouth, *pane dolce*, sardines, *polenta*, all the materials for the making of the mysterious *fritto misto*, and every comestible beloved by the southerner; interspersed with these are black attenuated cigars and long pipes with stems of reed and terra-cotta bowls.

This is the street whither one goes to hire a barrel-organ or an ice-barrow. Their decoration proceeds out-of-doors on fine days, like all the other business and pleasure of this quarter. Have you ever studied the paintings on an Italian ice-barrow? They are peculiar to it, and the scheme of design includes both the conventionally decorative and the realistic. Amongst columns and scrolls and floral designs are to be found portraits of King Humbert, and Queen Victoria, and Garibaldi, and the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the Eiffel Tower, and probably by this time the Sirdar and Dreyfus, for the ice cream merchant keeps pace with the times, and pictures current topics like the Theatres of Varieties with their moving photographs.

Broken melodies reach us in *staccato* fashion, and indeed a sensitive musician should avoid these streets, for although there may be two opinions respecting tunes evenly ground out, no one surely can enjoy the strains jerked forth from an organ undergoing repairs. At break of day the hirer rattles off the repertoire of airs for his own satisfaction to make sure that no note is broken; at nightfall the other contracting party, in order to detect any damage, in his turn lets loose "My Honey," the (only) Intermezzo, "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," and all the rest of them in giddy succession.

There are tragic stories of this steep, narrow street, and it is said that now-a-days the policeman will warn hesitating strangers that they will do well to choose a circuitous way round the quarter. The police reports tell us ever and anon of a stiletto flashed out in a brawl amongst these hot-headed folk; but constantly as we traverse the neighbourhood we have seen nothing smacking of melodrama, nor have we ever been offered the least insult, fond as the hobbledehoyers are of chucking 'arf bricks at each other's 'eads. The Little Italian is ordinarily a quiet, law-abiding fellow, and the breaches of the peace are generally due to the incursion of that piratical survival yclept the Clerkenwell gang. Sometimes a solitary marauder, tempted by the absence of constables and the presence of the numerous courts which favour sudden retreat, will essay watch-snatching "on his own" as he would phrase it, but the Hill Delectable does not offer many victims to the cut-purse. The worthy, solid foremen from the few factories in the neighbourhood are well able to protect their big silver watches, and the few silk-hatted, black-coated, gold be-spectacled gentlemen—we suppose them to be comptrollers going to their duty in the Government Office in the heart of the

region—proceed circumspectly, stepping warily and scanning the suspicious alleys, and do not fall an easy prey to the privateers.

If we had chanced to pay our visit on the festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel (who is fondly imagined by the manufacturers of ice-cream to watch over those who stir so much caramel into their wares) we should have found it hard to convince ourselves that we were in prosaic, protestant London, for then all the lanes through which we have wandered are decked with flags and paper flowers, and nearly every house displays some decoration. The populace in their best apparel collect until the streets are impassable, but they make way reverently for the procession which, with priests, acolytes and banners, and all the panoply of the Roman Catholic Church, perambulates the quarter. It is really hard then to realize that one is not in a papist continental city. Past the famous Italian church, to which the fashionable go in pilgrimage from far west for the sake of the fine music, and across the wide and muddy thoroughfare, lie Hatton Garden with its diamonds, and Leather Lane with its plaster casts; but we must not stray too far from the Hill Delectable. Let us turn back. We will hurry here, for these ways are as dirty as those we have quitted; but Little Italy is dirty and picturesque, and here it is dirty and sordid. The English do not look their best when dirty.

Had we a local guide, our attention would be drawn to the site of some ancient bath, which bestowed its name on the old prison. The jail in its day has contained some famous prisoners; now it holds captive, from ten till five, innocent, perhaps meritorious, servants of the State.

Look! here come two notable denizens of the quarter, two absurd geese, who, in most trying circumstances, strive to preserve the grave air and stately mien which they wore on their native common. Out of the cab-yard march the two poor things, looking as though they headed a dozen pompous colleagues and nothing could stand before them. A horse, trotted out to take a little exercise, suddenly passes; the procession is broken up, and away hobble the geese discomfited for the twentieth time to-day. It is hard work to preserve dignity amidst such alarums and excursions. How long will these two survivors be left with us? Within our recollection they numbered five. One disappeared during the rigours of the strike, another at the festivities of last Christmas, and a third at Michaelmas.

North of the Hill, beyond the "doss-house," stands the famed "Bagnigge Wells," whither Londoners were wont of yore to stroll on summer eves to drink a dish of tea—and not common tea, mark you,

for do not the annals relate that in these gardens the bohea was served in gilt cups by negro pages? "Bagnigge Wells," with its legends of fair and frail Nell Gwynne and her royal visitor, its ghosts of worthy citizens on frugal pleasure bent, and the fashion and humours of a tea-garden of a century ago, is now but a public-house, and would be quite unknown to polite London had not these wells been chosen by a clever dramatist for the "milieu" of his play, although, by the way, with the playwright's license, he endows old Bagnigge with a play-house proper to the adjacent Sadler's Wells. But you are fully weary of the Hill, and here comes an omnibus, so let us hail it and away to localities cleaner and, perhaps, more delectable.

H. J. D.

Our Library Table.

[We draw no hard-and-fast line as to the kind of books we notice, but, of course, we give the preference to those written by Civil Servants.]

COLERIDGE'S TABLE TALK. Vol. I., *The Bibelots*: edited by J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.H.S. Price 2s. 6d. net. London: Gay & Bird, 22, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

MOST of our London publishers have of late years turned their attention to bringing out dainty editions of the classics, and each new series that is announced appeals in an especial way to the book lover as distinguished from the reader of books. It was stated in a literary paper the other day that the reprint of Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, which appears in the Temple Classics, had reached a sale of, we forget how many thousands; and knowing the very limited circle of minds that Sir Thomas Browne appeals to, it is only fair to assume that this particular volume has been purchased in hundreds of cases for the drawing room rather than the library. Still, a row of unopened volumes on a shelf is an education of a sort, and even a knowledge of the titles and authors which is obtained in this way is, perhaps, in many cases a stepping stone to higher things. The series, the first volume of which is now before us, is, however, a bid not for the drawing room shelf but for the pocket—we might almost add, the waistcoat pocket, so small and dainty are the little books. Each volume is to contain from 120 to 200 pages, is to be 5 inches by $2\frac{3}{4}$ in size, and will be embellished with a portrait, together with a pretty head and tail pieces. And the publishers, recognising the difficulty many booksellers may experience in stocking so small a book, are prepared to send a specimen on approval to any lady or gentleman in the United Kingdom. The second volume of the series is Herrick's *Women, Love and Flowers*. Speaking for ourselves, we have never seen any pocket editions to equal these reprints for beauty and neatness, and it represents almost the first attempt yet made, if we except the Book of Common Prayer and certain editions of the New Testament, to produce a book which is as suitable to a lady's as it is to a gentleman's pocket. Perhaps the first volume, viewed from the literary point of view, does not make quite the same universal appeal. Coleridge's prose works are, we suspect, regarded by the average man and woman as

something they cannot be expected to understand. They picture him as a philosopher, voyaging in the "high seas of transcendental philosophy," lost in "the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its sum-m-mjects and om-m-mjects." And this is not the sort of thing, they say, for the pocket. But Coleridge, who was frequently so obscure in his talk as well as in his writings, was also one of the clearest and most penetrating critics this country has produced, and he who cares for criticism at all cannot afford to neglect the man who on so many subjects has said the best word that has yet been uttered. Carlyle, in describing Coleridge's conversation, said, "Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze, balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible," and it is the peculiar merit of this pretty Bibelot that it is a selection of "the islets of the blest." Let us take one or two samples to show how much thought is crowded into some of these short paragraphs.

"The principle of the Gothic architecture is infinity made imaginable."

"The man's desire is for the woman; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man."

"I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry: that is prose—words in their best order: poetry—the *best* words in the best order."

"To take Fielding up after Richardson is like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves into an open lawn, on a breezy day in May."

"Glorious islets" indeed, and all compressed into your waistcoat pocket.

MEN AND WOMEN, by Robert Browning. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. KEATS' POEMS, edited by H. Buxton Forman. "The Temple Classics." Cloth 1s. 6d. Leather 2s. J. M. Dent & Co., London.

WE are exceedingly pleased to see that although Mr. Buxton Forman, since his appointment to an Assistant Secretaryship, has found it necessary to abandon some of his cherished literary ambitions, he yet keeps in touch with the world of letters by undertaking the editorship of some of the pretty little books which go by the name of the Temple Classics and which are the delight of every book-lover. The choice of Mr. Forman as editor of these two volumes is singularly happy. He has studied the poetry of Browning

for many years, and his rare powers of textual criticism and analysis have done much to assist numbers of readers in the study of a poet who makes as great a call on the understanding as he does on the heart. Mr. Forman evidently has at his fingers' end the history and inspirations of all these early Browning poems, and his "Bibliographical Epilogue" is an excellent specimen of the careful and conscientious labour he bestows on any subject he makes his own. The Editor of the classics wisely dispenses with prefaces and introductions of a critical kind, and we confess that this is the only volume that has yet been published in the series where we wish an exception had been made. For we have had the privilege of hearing Mr. Forman discourse on the mind of Browning, and he has much to say on this portion of the subject worthy the attention of all students.

As to the other volume, there is no call for us to say anything. The Editor of the series calls Mr. Forman the Editor of Keats *par excellence*. We do not quarrel with this opinion. Mr. Forman has edited Keats persistently and sometimes indiscriminately for years, and his shortcomings as a critic are delightful ones, for they are the outcome of a true lover's blindness. A volume of Shelley's poems is announced to be edited by him in the same series. Perhaps some day he will give us a William Morris selection.

THE DUKE'S SERVANTS, a Romance by Sidney Herbert Burchell, Author of *In the Days of King James*. Gay and Bird, 22, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.

MR. BURCHELL, in his first work, consisting of a series of romances, showed that he possessed a very special faculty for reproducing in an imaginative way the life of the seventeenth century. And he has the gift, so rare in the writers of historical romances, of making his stories credible to the modern reader. His characters, though they speak the quaint and stately language of another time, are men and women of like passions as ourselves, who have the same ambitions and the same little weaknesses and follies. Master Job Grapplefee, the provincial lawyer, is perhaps the most human character in *The Duke's Servants*, and he is a really powerful study of the kind of man who, in these commercial days, is, in the legal profession, becoming a *rara avis*. He is a human being before he is a lawyer, he sticks to his clients through evil report and good report, and when good law does not seem common-sense, he throws in his lot with the latter. One of the best things in the book is the tour of the Duke's servants,

who are a company of strolling players, and to them comes a Rosalind who has donned men's garb to suit her own purposes, but who is at once selected on account of her fair and gentle appearance to try her hand at playing women's parts. She was accepted as a boy, no woman of course in those days playing in any respectable companies, but the feeling and the power she displayed in acting the part of her own sex immediately took the company and its audiences by storm, and there is a pretty love story running through these scenes in which she creates, for the benefit of the hero of the book, an imaginary sister just like herself, to whom she is anxious to introduce him. He is in love with the description she draws, and the sister of such a brother he readily believes to be as beautiful and delightful as she is painted. This is all most delicately and prettily related, and it is full of suggestions of Shakespearean comedy.

We are not quite so sure of Mr. Burchell's success when he comes to draw for us historical characters like the Duke of Buckingham. The exigencies of the story have, perhaps, invested the character with more melodrama than is justified by history, and we don't recognize in this portrait sufficiently the extraordinary intellectual power of the young man who was at that time practically ruler of England. But people even now take sides on the controversies of those days, and there are few who can take an impartial view of the career of the Duke of Buckingham. At any rate, Mr. Burchell's Duke is a live Duke, and that is all the reader of a historical romance demands.

After Office Hours.

A Season of Farewells.

THE *personnel* of the Department has during the last few months undergone many changes. Leave-takings have been frequent, and men, full of years and of honourable service, have left us to enjoy their well-earned retirement. And the hand of Death has snatched away before their time others who it might have been supposed had years of usefulness before them. He must, indeed, be a cold-blooded man who can view all these changes without emotion, or who can regard them simply as the means by which the flow of promotion is maintained. These men pass out of our official lives: their place knows them no more: their personalities which counted for so much in the routine of the day, interest us no longer, and we have to accommodate ourselves to the different habits and the fresh points of view of the men who take their places. And as we grow older, and less adaptable to altered circumstances, this breaking up of old associations and these leave-takings become more trying, even though the same thing has been going on all our lives. Especially is this the case when the men whom we are parting with are men gifted with personality.

There are men of course in the Service who have so trained and directed their energies that they become mere portions of the huge machinery, and when they retire or die, their places are supplied as easily as are the worn-out portions of a railway engine. Their personality counts for so little officially that if they are succeeded by officials of equal excellence, we are scarcely conscious of the change that has taken place. On the other hand there are men with whom personality and individuality count for so much that the ordinary routine of daily life is touched and lightened up by something they themselves confer, and the leave-takings with such men are among the tragedies and sorrows of official life. Too few of such characters are to be found in the Service at any time, and when we do possess them they frequently leave us at an age when time and experience have given a flavour and richness to their characters which are not to be found in early manhood, however distinguished it may be. Personality repels as well as attracts—we often forget this—and when perhaps our enemy of years takes his departure, we say foolishly to ourselves: "Now we shall have peace." We are foolish to say so, because is it not a fact that for a long time to come we shall be conscious of virtue having gone out of our lives? The man had personality, and though he rubbed us the wrong way we were in a very subtle manner attracted by him, and it is no revelling in paradox to say that we do really miss the daily scene, the habitual irritation, and the rough word which gave zest to our lives and

disciplined our powers of self-control. The most irritable men are often the most warm-hearted; they owe their irritableness to their extreme sensitiveness, and however much they may appear to be our enemies, such men are often our real friends when trouble and difficulty beset us. They are as sensitive to our misfortunes and sufferings as they were to our errors and mistakes, and the greatest of points in their favour is that we can generally trust them "all the way."

Very different is it sometimes in the case of your cool, even-tempered, calculating colleague who is so easy to work with, who bestows on you honeyed words, even when he is encompassing your downfall, who paraphrases your official drafts with red ink silently and impartially and with never a word of blame to your face; who prides himself on his tact and diplomacy and who never allows you to see beneath the surface of his placid exterior. He neither repels nor attracts, and his leave-taking when it comes is as cool and calculating a performance as any act of his career. We were never able to know him personally: he never allowed us to do so; he never gave himself away as strong personalities almost necessarily do at times. Self-assertion he possessed in plenty it is true, but the antithesis of self-assertion is self-revelation, and that belongs solely to the other type of man, whose constant and unconscious habit it is, whom we read sometimes like a book and towards whom we are repelled or attracted as the case may be.

These differences come out so in the leave-takings, in the expressed and unexpressed feelings of the men who are left behind. We shake hands with both types of men: we wish both God speed, but the lump in the throat and the tremble in the voice are with us in the farewell to the one and they are absent from the farewell to the other:

"Oh, the little more and how much it is,
And the little less and what worlds away!"

I do not think so meanly of human nature as to believe that the most popular of men is the one who confers the most material benefits upon us, and when I look back upon my official experience what strikes me is the short-lived gratitude which is meted out to men whose claim to our favour was that they advanced our interests. Popularity springs out of the character of the man himself, and is not dependent on what he has achieved for us. Nor do we usually accept a man's own estimate of himself. It is the practice with some men in pressing their claims to advancement to put before the authorities a sort of profit and loss account, to set out in detail all the big and trivial services they think they have rendered to the State, and then on the other side to tabulate in all their apparent meagreness the rewards the State has given to them. The account when duly balanced shows a huge sum of favours due from the State, and supported by such details the claim for payment appears unanswerable. In many cases, however, before it can be accepted as the true statement of the case the balance sheet needs

to be revised, and the quality of the services rendered requires to be taken into consideration. For the quality depends so much on the spirit in which the services are given. If they are rendered strictly on the *quid pro quo* principle, without any call on the higher motives of love, *esprit de corps*, and loyalty to one's sense of duty, the value of such a man's services is surely very much less than his own estimate, and the revised balance sheet will in this way show the amount due transferred to the other side of the account.

In the same way our own estimate of the careers of our fellows is unaffected by the services they tell us they have rendered. We don't accept their own estimates of their careers which appear in the columns of the daily press; we often indeed hold the men to be better than their creeds. How trivial are some of their claims to recognition! One man has invented a new form, another a rubber stamp, another a new official phrase, or has discovered a new and petty economy, and the heavens are full of his chortling until he obtains what he thinks is his reward, in the shape of cash down or official advancement. If the reward does not come, why his life is embittered, and he unbosoms himself to the first press-man that comes along. Such chortling and such laments do not raise the tone of the Service, and to the plain man in the street "the passing over" of officials whose little mindedness is so apparent seems richly deserved.

But we don't think of these things really in our leave-taking of the man with whom we have been so long associated. It is the man who is lost to us; it is the State which loses his services. In the case of a retirement there is not, of course, the tragedy that there is in the case of a death. We miss our old colleague, but if he revisits his old haunts, as he is apt to do, we can keep in touch with him and exchange experiences; it is not the desolation which we experience when the comrade dies before his time, and we can feel no longer the influence of his infectious individuality.

Among the losses the Post Office has suffered during the last few months, not one has come so home to myself or has been felt by me so keenly as the death of my old friend, Stewart Cobb, who for the last seven years was Director of the British Post Office at Constantinople. On another page will be found a short memoir of him, written by one of his oldest friends; but I feel that I cannot allow this issue to go to press without recording my own sense of loss. In the issue of the Magazine for April 1892, I gave expression to my own estimate of Cobb's character, at the time that he was appointed to Constantinople, and what I said of him then is true also of his subsequent career. Something more however may be added. He and I at one time held almost daily converse on men and things, and though of late years our old friendship had been necessarily interrupted, we corresponded with each other, and Cobb put his personality into his letters. They were reckless, wild and warm-hearted epistles, written in an almost unintelligible hand, full of his own schemes, full of interest in yours, and if they enclosed, as was

sometimes the case, a contribution for *St. Martin's*, the severest editing scarcely sufficed to adapt the manuscript to our mild and temperate pages. But he always said that he could only write as he felt, and he was ready to leave with me the preparation of the article or letter for publication. Too often this meant taking out all the fire and life, so despicable is the position of a cautious and time-serving editor. And by the next post I would receive a letter from Constantinople calling me all the terrible names he could think of because of my cowardice, but always finishing off with an affectionate word and "perhaps you are right," or "Of course I don't want you to get the sack on account of me."

His was, as the *Daily Chronicle* said of him, "a sensitive spirit," and when Nature makes a man of this kind, good deeds and great errors proceed from his life in rich and almost equal abundance. The richer the soil, the greater is the abundance of tares as well as wheat. That is the irony of life, and it provides abundant opportunities for the belittlers of our race to point the hand of scorn at those whom we designate as heroes.

Cobb always had the courage to act on his first thoughts, and as he was by nature essentially a generous-hearted man, his deeds were invariably inspired by unselfishness and forgetfulness of his own interest. He constantly rushed in where more cautious temperaments were content to watch and wait. He went for his friends and enemies with fierce intensity of purpose when he thought they were wrong, and yet underneath all this fire and argumentativeness, there lay the gentleness of a woman and much of the simplicity of the child. Gibbon said of Charles James Fox, "I admired in him the powers of a superior man with the softness and simplicity of a child." And this was what always struck one in Cobb and was the explanation of much of the charm he exercised over people.

During the years that I knew him in London he was never what I should call a happy man; the burden of the world lay too heavily on his shoulders; he could not adapt himself easily to circumstances. He was, for instance, always inspiring me on to enterprises, which, if persisted in, must have ended in early martyrdom both for him and for me. Injustice to anybody closely connected with him fired him to heroic efforts, and when the efforts, too frequently fruitless, failed, he experienced the inevitable reaction and became quite miserable in his view of things. There was a time when I was prepared to risk, and did risk, the displeasure, censures, and punishments of all the authorities, to aid Cobb in some of the most generous of his plans to ameliorate the condition of his fellows, and it was certainly because I believed in him rather than in any possible good that would result from his or my actions. Not so very long ago I received a letter from him urging me to stump the country against Abdul Hamid, and he seemed really to think that I would do so if asked. And I only just home from my honeymoon! I used to do almost as heroic things at his bidings. He would frequently, in his unhappy moments, answer the question, "Is life worth living?" with an

uncompromising negative, and perhaps an hour later would be drafting some application or statement of a case for a colleague who was in trouble, with all the eagerness and intellectual resources which he could command. He seemed to be refuting in a very practical way his own arguments. Perhaps I may be allowed here to make just one reference to Cobb's action in departmental politics. Few things roused him so much as the amount of extra duty his colleagues were called upon to perform; he knew the demoralising effect this form of cheap labour exercised on the men themselves and on the Department. He went into exile, but the authorities have learnt the lesson he incessantly preached, and if things go more smoothly than they did it is largely owing to the change of policy he worked for.

We frequently discussed together all things in heaven and earth, and Cobb, in those days, too frequently as I thought, adopted the pessimistic attitude. His sense of humour was keen, but like all things about him, it was very uncertain. It has been said by a member of Mr. Gladstone's family that Mr. Gladstone's humour was an uncertain quantity; "it was impossible to tell beforehand what would amuse him." Sometimes the sense was keen and delightful in its manifestation; at other times it was entirely overlaid with his seriousness of purpose. This was also the case with Cobb; he suffered sadly at times from the want of an effective safety valve.

I have been on a holiday tour with him when he has wanted to reform everybody and everything at every hotel we have visited together; I have had on more than one occasion to act as a peacemaker with an angry landlord, waitress, or chambermaid at whom Cobb had been uttering plain truths; while at other times he has been in a quite different mood and has endured hardships as patiently and as uncomplainingly as if he were a religious devotee. He was a man generally the sport of his moods, and if you didn't make allowance for his disposition you and he were bound to part company.

Every year that I have seen him since his exile he seemed to me to be growing less at loggerheads with the universe, and more in sympathy with the work he was doing. I think in the case of the suffering Armenians he felt that his work was really producing results, and he was so much appreciated and understood by his friends in Constantinople that he found a pleasure in working among them. He would speak in later years in a way that sounded quite strange from him of the hopes he had for the causes he was interested in, and he spoke to me only last summer with the enthusiasm of a boy of the genius and character of Mr. Gladstone, whom in days gone by he had scorned and reviled. He told me with refreshing candour that he deserved ages of penance for the things he had said of Gladstone in the old days.

In the long discussions he and I have had together it was very evident that in the breaking up of the old landmarks and in the overhauling of the foundations of religious belief which

have been so characteristic of our time, Cobb had, like so many other men, lost his footing, and the vain stretching out for some solid support often made him miserable. To a sensitive man the loss of faith is almost always a misery. He never advertised his want of faith, or boasted that he could find no sure basis for his hopes: to him it was nothing to glory in that his hopes for the human race were sometimes limited; and he had no sort of sympathy with any man who makes a hobby of his unbelief. He hoped always a great deal more than he believed, and he sought a relief from the bewildering problems of life and death which, I know, haunted him, by working for what he believed to be right and noble causes.

His enthusiasm was sometimes quite infectious; spirit and personality glowed in him, and in those passing moods of which I have spoken he was often nearer to a faith in "the strong belief of old" than many professing Christians who have never known what it is to experience the difficulties of belief. I have frequently talked with him on these subjects, and together we have speculated until the early hours of many summer and winter mornings on the unseen world.

And now he is there. He left us, as it appears to me, just at a time when he was beginning to face life a little less rebelliously, when his spirit had discovered harmonies in the common joys and sorrows around him, and when he was preparing to spend his retirement in working for the good of those in whom he was so interested. His spirit was not broken; it was but tempered to, perhaps, finer issues. We part with him "stretching out his arms for something beyond—*tendentemque manus ripae ulterioris amore.*"

Leave-takings fill us necessarily with gloomy thoughts: they even cast over "After Office Hours" an unwonted shade, but official jesters must be allowed the luxury sometimes of their sad moments—

E. B.

Some "I. P. P." Cartoons.

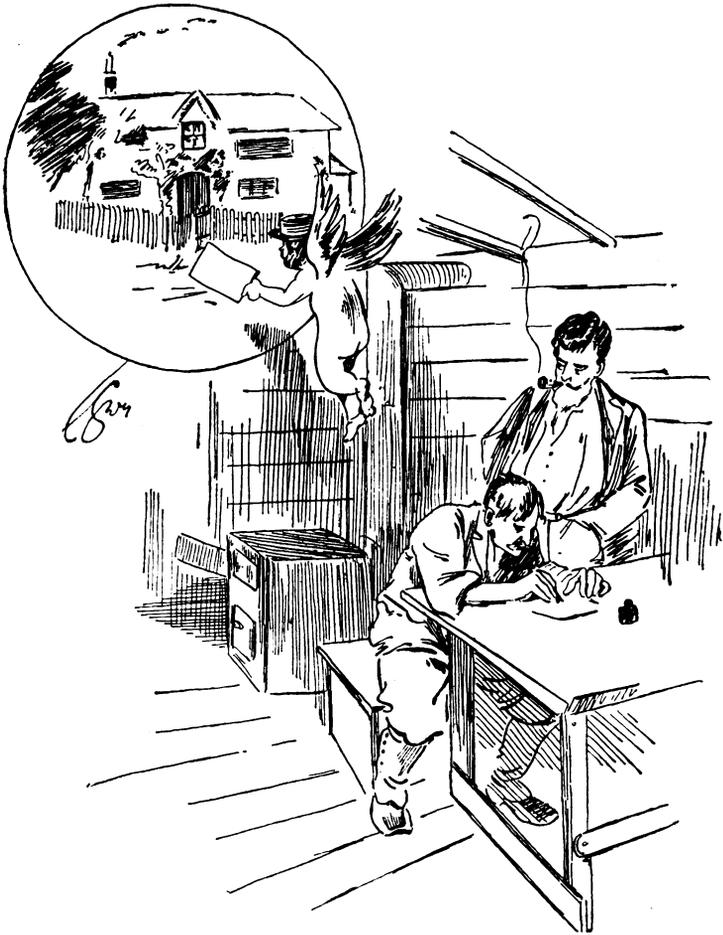
THE advent of Imperial Penny Postage has produced in the newspaper press a number of cartoons which are not without historic interest. We make no apology for reproducing four of the most characteristic specimens.



JOHN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

It spans the sea from coast to coast,
 A bridge across the waters;
 And nearer drawn by Penny Post
 To distant sons and daughters,
 John sees his Empire closer blend
 In firm affection's fetters;—
 But oh, the time he'll have to spend
 In answering his letters!

(From *The Sunday Chronicle*.)



“PENNY ALL THE WAY!”

Penny Postage came into force yesterday; when the Miner Dreams of Home he can write there now and tell them all about it.

(From *The Morning Leader*, 26th December, 1898.)



"PENNY ALL THE WAY!"

(From *News of the World*.)



(From *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*.)

St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

Sir Spencer Walpole's Farewell.

THE following is Sir Spencer Walpole's farewell to the Department. The severe and somewhat formal style is characteristic of the man, as is also the desire to be just to everybody which inspires the whole production and which makes him scrupulously determined to exclude no Chief Officer or Department in his expression of thanks. This most kind and honourable intention has perhaps the effect of suggesting a resemblance between the farewell and "the bidding prayer" one hears before the sermon in Cathedrals, in which everybody is mentioned in particular, down to "the Mayor and Corporation of this most ancient city;" and although this catalogue of high officials and departments may cause a smile, it is but for a moment, for with the two concluding paragraphs of Sir Spencer's letter we find ourselves in warmest sympathy. That he was animated by a desire to be just to all those whose claims came before him we most willingly testify, and that he goes into retirement with the best wishes of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, scarcely needs putting into words. Indeed, we have cause to be grateful to him for much good advice offered at a critical time in our history and for the sympathy he has exhibited more than once in a very practical way with the management of our enterprise.

"Before I finally take leave of the Department with which I have had the honour to be so closely connected during the last five years, I desire to place on record my appreciation of the unfailing assistance which I have received from all those with whom it has been my duty to co-operate.

"The years which I have passed here have witnessed a great development in the labours and the Revenues of the Department. They have been remarkable for large extensions of Postal, as well as of Telegraphic facilities; they have been signalised—I am glad to remember—by liberal concessions, involving considerable expenditure, to our Staff. Yet, notwithstanding these reforms, the Department is contributing a larger Revenue to the Exchequer in my last than in my first year of Service.

"Whatever little share I may have had in promoting these and other changes, I am very conscious that I could not have succeeded either in these respects or in the ordinary administrative functions which it has been my daily duty to discharge, if I had not received the most generous support from my Parliamentary Chiefs, and the most loyal help, on every occasion, from my colleagues in the Service.

"My thanks are especially due to the gentlemen of my own Office

with whom I have been necessarily thrown into the most intimate communication. But I desire also cordially to acknowledge the assistance which I have received from the Secretaries in Edinburgh and Dublin, from the Controller of the London Postal Service, from the Controller of the Central Telegraph Office, from the Surveyors, from the Postmasters, and generally from the Staff engaged under them, in what I may perhaps call the operative duties of the Department.

“My cordial thanks are also due to the Comptroller and Accountant General, whose duties and responsibilities, important as they were, have been so largely increased in the last two years; to the very able staff both male and female under his orders; to the Controller of the Savings Bank, and to the ladies and gentlemen in that Office, as well as to the Controllers and staff of the Money Order Office and of the Returned Letter Office.

“I could not have carried on the work of administration if it had not been for the advice on legal matters which our Solicitor and his Assistants have always been so ready to afford me; and I am equally and similarly indebted to our Engineer-in-Chief and his assistants; to our chief Medical Officers; to the Controllers of Postal and Telegraph Stores, and to the Superintendents of our Factories.

“In carrying on the multifarious duties of this Office, I can hardly hope not to have made mistakes. I may probably have given many decisions, which may have seemed unwise, or even unjust. But I can only say that I have striven to do my duty both to the public and to the staff; and that, if I have unwittingly done any man or woman an injustice, it has not been from any want of effort on my part to arrive at a right decision.

“In conclusion, I can only say that I shall carry with me into my retirement the pleasantest memory both of the work in which I have been engaged, and of the friends whom I am leaving behind me; and that I can express a confident hope, founded on a knowledge of their ability and zeal, that they and our large army of fellow workers may be trusted in the future, as in the past, still further to promote the efficiency and utility of our great service, and to maintain its reputation and its honour.

“S. WALPOLE.”

Our New Secretary.

MR. GEORGE HERBERT MURRAY, C.B., who succeeds Sir Spencer Walpole as Secretary to the Post Office, is in his fiftieth year. He was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford, and he took his B.A. degree in 1873, being then in his twenty-fourth year. In July of that year he was appointed to a clerkship in the Foreign Office. He was secretary to the commission for negotiating a new commercial treaty with France which was appointed in the early weeks of the session of 1877. Three years later he was transferred to the Treasury, and in 1885 he was appointed

Secretary to the Royal Commission on Trade, sharing to a large extent in the preparation of the monumental reports upon almost every branch of our industrial activity. Mr. Murray was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, and he occupied the same position under Lord Rosebery during his Lordship's Premiership. In 1894 he obtained his C.B., and in 1897 he became Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, succeeding Sir Alfred Milner. Like Sir Spencer Walpole, Mr. Murray comes of a family which has produced more than one distinguished public servant. He is the grandson of a Bishop, who was himself the grandson of a duke, his grandfather having been Bishop of Rochester and grandson of a Duke of Atholl. Mr. Murray's uncle is Sir Herbert Murray, K.C.B., who was appointed Governor of Newfoundland after serving some time in the Customs.

The Retirement of Mr. Preece, C.B., F.R.S.

MR. PREECE has retired, under the age-limit regulation, from the post of Engineer-in-Chief of the General Post Office. And yet we think the time has hardly come to write what, in the case of other officials who leave us in similar circumstances, we should call "a farewell notice." He is, we understand, to be retained as Consulting Engineer to the General Post Office, and in these circumstances it would indeed be an anachronism to wish him good-bye. Still, retirement from the position he has occupied with such credit to himself and the department, marks a very important stage in his career, and one which *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, at any rate, cannot afford to overlook. For from the first Mr. Preece has been one of our most valued supporters and contributors. We may remind our readers that *St. Martin's-le-Grand* had a predecessor, which, under the name of *Blackfriars*, lived a precarious existence for the space of five years. To the articles of Mr. Preece, most generously supplied, *Blackfriars* owed most of the small popularity it enjoyed, and by lending his name to the enterprise he helped us to withstand the charge of "amateurishness" which was frequently brought against us. During the nine years that *St. Martin's-le-Grand* has lived and flourished, there have sometimes been moments when we have languished for want of good literary matter, but we have had only to apply to Mr. Preece, and out of the richness of his intellectual resources and prompted by the generosity of his heart, he has given us manuscripts which in the literary market would have commanded first class prices. It is with the greatest reluctance we ask men and women who can obtain good prices for their work to contribute to this magazine; we are always conscious of the demand we are making upon their time, which in such cases is money. But Mr. Preece has always responded to our wishes so cheerily, and with never a word as to the impertinence of the demand we are making, that we have, we fear, sometimes fallen into the habit of taking his good nature for granted. How can we thank him enough? How can we allow him to pass from us in the

capacity of Engineer-in-Chief, without giving him the heartiest of send-offs? Again we say we decline to think that the time has come for us to write an appreciation of his career. He is still in harness, whether he is in the service or out of it, pursuing the investigations which have brought him fame and renown. And we all know his past work. Only last January he contributed to our pages a sketch of his own connection with electrical science during the last forty years, and those of our readers who are anxious to read the story of his life told in a concise and popular manner, may be referred to *Cassier's Magazine* for August last, where they will find an appreciation of him, written by a member of his own staff and containing all the important facts in his career. As for *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, we hold our farewell notice in reserve; we hope we are not even saying good-bye to Mr. Preece as a contributor; we do but note in this paragraph a landmark in a career, which even at the age of 65 may be said to be still full of possibilities for the future.

The late Mr. F. S. Cobb.

THE news of Mr. Cobb's almost sudden death at Constantinople on the 16th February evoked so many obituary notices in the papers that it seems superfluous to publish a recapitulation of what is now so well known of the chief incidents of his life. Yet it would not be right to allow the present number of this magazine to appear without some reference to a man so appreciated and so generally beloved as the late Director of the British Post Office at Constantinople. Readers of these pages, many of them his personal friends, would feel the absence of some tribute to his memory as a grave omission, and, as the Editor has asked me to write some recollections of our friend, I feel under an obligation to do what I can to honour his memory.

My acquaintance with Cobb is of thirty-five years' standing and, since to know him well was to be his friend, I may claim that our friendship was of almost equal length with our acquaintance. How we became intimate I cannot at this distance of time recall, but I well remember that when thirty-three years ago I was planning a short holiday in Belgium he insisted that I must go further afield and see the Rhine, and how much trouble he took in drawing up an itinerary, in which the maximum of sight-seeing was skilfully combined with the minimum of expense. He even prescribed the wine I should drink, the pictures I must admire, and the places I must visit. I followed his directions as far as I could, but failed to do all he had advised, and on my return was somewhat severely censured for my sins of omission and commission as the theologians would say. A few years later I revisited the Rhine in his company, and we went on to Heidelberg and the Black Forest. I think Cobb was always at his best, as regards health and spirits, in "foreign parts," and I am quite sure we thoroughly enjoyed our holiday in 1871. He was full of enthusiasm over the recent German victories and dragged me and another friend who was with us from place to place to see the

Emperor William at the theatre or a review. At a little village in the Black Forest we came upon a small school treat and he made a most eloquent speech to the boys—who were afterwards regaled with cakes and sugar at our cost—on their country and her recent military glories. The speech ended, we shook hands all round—he enthusiastically; we, I fear, coolly, for the day was hot and the hands he clasped so fervently were certainly not as clean as they might have been. How many trains, steamboats, and diligences we missed during our journey need not be told, but once, owing to our having mistaken the hour at which the diligence passed, we arrived at our destination very late and found ourselves compelled to put up at an inn, the landlord of which was, in Cobb's opinion, a man of



MR. F. S. COBB.

most forbidding aspect who would probably attempt to rob, or even murder us in the night; we barred the door of the room; we occupied as a precaution, and were unmolested. Morning brought bright and happier thoughts and the supposed villain of overnight proved himself an excellent and most reasonable host.

Some years later another friend and I accompanied Cobb to Norway, where the chances of travel threw us into the company of a trio of Irishmen from Dublin. Cobb's knowledge of Norse was of great assistance to our joint party and enabled us to move about, as we all felt and acknowledged, with more ease than would have been possible otherwise. We were entertained at Molde at a really sumptuous dinner by the father of one of Cobb's friends, and it was very pleasant to learn how thoroughly Cobb was appreciated so far away from England, and how welcome we were made for his sake.

A little later I had a similar experience in another land. On going to Holland I took with me an introduction from Cobb to a friend of his in Amsterdam, but when I presented the letter the gentleman to whom it was addressed was from home. His father, on learning who had introduced me, insisted on my coming in and gave me an excellent cigar and some capital hollands to while away the time till his son's return. Our conversation was necessarily limited, for we had no common speech, but I was made to understand, by many repetitions of the statement in Dutch, that Mr. Cobb was a very good man.

These stories are, I am afraid, too egotistical, but they will, I think, show how widely my friend was appreciated by those who had the happiness of knowing him. The newspapers have borne ample witness to the esteem and respect he inspired during the last years of his life in his exile—for it was exile to him—in Constantinople. His sympathy with the Armenians, of which much has been rightly said since his death, was but one of many manifestations of his humanity, for like Abou Ben Adhem he might have been written "as one who loves his fellow men." To him every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves, as to David at the Cave Adullam, and found in him a kind friend and a sympathising counsellor. To his mediation was largely due the settlement of the unhappy occurrences of 1851 in the Savings Bank, and in that Department his memory is warmly cherished by men of all ranks.

As I was writing this paper I received a letter from a lady in the country who, in returning a newspaper I had sent her containing a notice of my friend, apologised for having kept it so long because she wished to show it to a cousin, "as she remembers how kind Mr. Cobb was to her, as indeed he was to all children." And quite recently I heard that an English boy, whose home is in Constantinople, but who is now at a school near London, on being asked if he knew Mr. Cobb, the British Postmaster, replied, "Oh yes, everybody knows Mr. Cobb; he is the best and kindest man in Constantinople."—J. A. J. H.

Mr. John Doherty.

THE Engineering Department of the Post Office Telegraphs will lose a notable personality by the retirement, in the course of a few days, of Mr. John Doherty, the Superintending Engineer of the North-Western District.

Mr. Doherty's experience of telegraph engineering commenced in the year 1852, when he became associated with the late Mr. W. T. Henley, who was at the time engaged in laying down an underground line of telegraphs between Liverpool and Manchester. This line was intended for use with his magneto system of signalling—a system that attracted much attention when shown experimentally at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and subsequently used practically with considerable success, but now quite driven out of the field by the

various systems of transmission by battery currents. Later in the same year Mr. Doherty recollects the erection of the first aerial wires of which he has personal knowledge. There were two gutta percha covered wires between the upper windows of the Royal Hotel and the Saracen's Head Hotel, both in Dale Street, Liverpool. These wires were used in connection with the borough elections then proceeding, in which Messrs. W. E. Gladstone and Ewart were defeated by Forbes Mackenzie and Turner. Even in such early days as these it would thus appear the telegraph had laid the



MR. JOHN DOHERTY.

foundation of its present intimate connection with the rapid distribution of political and other intelligence.

In the latter part of 1855 Mr. Doherty crossed the herring pond to Canada on a mission intended to further Mr. Henley's interests. Subsequently he joined the Montreal Telegraph Company, and afterwards the American Telegraph Company of New York. While with the latter company he was engaged in constructing the express wire between Chatham Four Corners and New York City, part of the land connection intended to work between New York and Newfoundland with the first Atlantic submarine cable. Returning to England, Mr. Doherty was engaged for some months on the construction of a cable intended for use in the Red Sea, and in

connection with the laying of this cable he visited Egypt, and assisted in constructing land lines from Alexandria to Cairo, and thence to Suez, and afterwards those connecting the various Red Sea stations.

When this work was completed Mr. Doherty rejoined his old master, Mr. W. T. Henley, at his cable factory at North Woolwich, and no long time thereafter, in the year 1860, he joined the staff of the United Kingdom Telegraph Company and was sent by that company to Manchester for the purpose of constructing lines and arranging for telegraph working in competition with the two great rival companies, the Electric and International, and the Irish Magnetic. The United Kingdom Telegraph Company introduced a universal 1s. tariff for inland telegrams, but owing to the severe competition and other difficulties, it had soon to abandon this tariff and allow its rates to be brought into conformity with those of the other companies.

As is well known, the transfer of the telegraph business from the companies to the State took place in 1870, and since then Mr. Doherty has been in the State service. His first appointment was that of Superintendent in the old North-Western Division under the late Mr. E. Graves, then Divisional Engineer; becoming in 1878, on the reorganization of the Department, Superintending Engineer of the new North-Western District, with headquarters at Manchester. This post he has held down to the present time.

Within this period—1870 to 1899—Mr. Doherty has superintended the erection of many hundreds of miles of new road line, including a very important portion of a new line into Scotland, viâ Wigan, Lancaster, Carlisle, and across the Solway viaduct. His work in connection with the Department's newly acquired trunk telephone service has also been of a most important character, both as regards lines and offices; and it is interesting to note that the exchange in the Manchester H.P.O. is, without exception, absolutely the largest purely trunk telephone exchange in the world.

A stirring episode in his official career was the great fire at the Manchester Head Telegraph Office in York Street, on Sunday night, 24th October, 1880. At the time Mr. Doherty was invalided and forbidden to leave the house. Nevertheless, he considered the call of duty sufficiently peremptory to over-ride mere personal considerations, and he proceeded at once to the scene of the disaster. As a centre of telegraphic communication the office was rendered useless. The instruments had been torn from the tables by the operating staff to save them from fire and water, while the underground connections, battery leads, pneumatic tubes, &c., were all more or less damaged, many of them being fused into shapeless masses of gutta percha and copper, and lead. The task of restoring communication was not a light one, but by 4 a.m. one of the London wires was workable from a makeshift office outside. Working as only men can work, and men only during such times of supreme stress, Mr. Doherty and his staff rapidly brought fresh avenues of communication into use, the operations for the most part being

conducted to the accompaniment of torrents of rain. A few years later, in 1887, Mr. Doherty was called upon to transfer the telegraph business from York Street to the present H.P.O., where it is at present conducted. The transfer was made without a hitch. When it is remembered that the telegraph work at the Manchester office is of greater bulk than that of any other provincial office, the full significance of this removal will be appreciated.

An idea of how the work and responsibility of the Engineering Department has increased during the past 20 years, may be gathered from the fact that when Mr. Doherty became Superintending Engineer in 1878 he had under his care 750 miles of line and 4,748 miles of wire. Last year these mileages had increased to 2,652 and 26,560 respectively, the geographical boundaries of his district remaining practically the same.

In an epoch whose most strongly marked characteristic is a ceaseless strife for place, power, and emolument, when rampant Individualism drives the weak to the wall and expects him apparently to laugh when he gets pinned there, personal enmities of a more or less aggravated form are inevitable; and one would be bold to aver of any man that he was free from them. But those who know John Doherty best know how impossible it would be to entertain other than the kindest thoughts towards him. His uniform urbanity, good nature and British heartiness have won for him the highest regard of his colleagues and friends. When men of the Engineering Department foregather in the future his absence will be keenly felt. An order for superannuation when the age limit is reached, notwithstanding the fact that it breaks many ties and old associations, exhibits Atropos still in a beneficent mood. Aided by a good constitution, active habits of life, and a personal temperament that enables him to regard the little worries of existence with equanimity, "genial John" may hope for many long years to postpone her further visit, when

" Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin spun life."

That he will do so, and add an enjoyable and useful time to the bargain, is the earnest wish of all with whom he has been associated.

The late Mr. Edmund Höhn.

OUR readers will already have heard through the newspapers of the death of Mr. Edmund Höhn, Director of the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union, which took place on the 30th of January last after a lingering illness. In all the countries of the world belonging to the Postal Union, the news of his death will call forth the sincere sympathies of all those who, at the various Congresses, had an opportunity of coming into contact with this distinguished man.

The deceased, who was the son of a schoolmaster (says *L'Union Postale*, the organ of the International Bureau), was born on the 15th July, 1838, at Rehetobel in Switzerland, where he spent

his childhood. In the year 1851 he removed to Berne with his father, to whom an appointment had been offered under the newly organized Federal Administration of Switzerland. He attended the schools of this town until his seventeenth year (1855), when he entered the federal postal service. He began his postal career in Vevey, from where he was transferred to Bellinzona and Neuchâtel, in which places, in addition to his postal education, he had also an opportunity of improving his knowledge of the French and Italian languages. On the 1st December, 1857, he was appointed secretary to the General Post Office. As a result of the zeal and



MR. EDMUND HÖHN.

the aptitude which he here evinced he was, in November, 1868, deputed with two other higher Swiss postal officers to organize the postal service of Roumania on the model of that of Switzerland. Mr. Höhn and his collaborators accomplished their very difficult task successfully and with great skill in a comparatively short time. ::

In 1869 Mr. Höhn returned to Switzerland and resumed his former duties at the Swiss General Post Office. Through his intelligence and his working powers he so succeeded in gaining the confidence of his superiors that on the 5th March, 1875, he was appointed Chief Postal Secretary, and towards the end of 1878, as Director General of Posts, Chief of the Swiss Postal Administration. In these functions Mr. Höhn displayed a great

activity, which was marked by a series of important reforms and relaxations in the postal service, all of which were due to his own initiative, and contributed to give the Swiss posts the place they now occupy among those of other nations.

† The deceased also took a great interest in the international postal relations. He took part as Secretary in the labours of the memorable Congress held in Berne in 1874, and then, in his capacity as Director General of Posts, represented his country as delegate at the Congresses of Paris (1878), Lisbon (1885), and Vienna (1891), and at the Postal Conference of Paris in the year 1880. In



MR. BOREL.
(Mr. Höhn's Predecessor.)

all these meetings he was chosen Reporter, a post of honour for which he was especially fitted through his perfect knowledge of the French language, his remarkable working powers and his technical knowledge.

When in the year 1892 the post of Director of the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union became vacant through the death of Mr. Borel, the Swiss Federal Council did not hesitate to confer it on Mr. Höhn. He entered on his new duties on the 1st January 1893. In this new post he was also indefatigable, although the first symptoms of the serious illness to which he has just succumbed soon became manifest. The eminent part he took in

the deliberations and labours of the Washington Congress, for which he received marks of appreciation from all sides, is well known.

The obsequies, which were attended by representatives of the Swiss Federal Council, the foreign Embassies in Berne, the German Imperial Post Office, as also by functionaries of the International Bureaus in Berne, and by large numbers of Swiss postal officers, members of the local bodies, friends and acquaintances of the deceased, testified to the veneration felt for him in all circles.

The death of Mr. Höhn is a heavy loss to the International Post Office and the Universal Postal Union, and a still heavier one to his family, for whom he evinced a truly touching solicitude and affection. His name will ever be held in honourable remembrance.

Mr. Lewin Hill, C.B.

IN our last number we published "an appreciation" of Mr. Hill by one of his old colleagues, and it now only remains for us to record the fact that on Tuesday, the 10th January last, a farewell took place in the Record Room of the General Post Office between the retiring Assistant Secretary and his friends. Some 300 members of the Post Office and other Government offices were present, including the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Kempe from the Custom House, and Mr. Gleadowe from the Treasury. The parting gifts, subscribed for by 200 friends, were on view. They consisted of a set of silver plate, a bookcase and writing table, two pictures, a cabin trunk, and a pair of binocular glasses. Everybody present wished Mr. Hill long life and happiness in his retirement.

We may, however, be permitted to express our regret that at a time when all his old colleagues, both of the major and minor establishment, were inclined to speak well of him, and to wish him God speed, he should have taken the opportunity in a series of interviews with representatives of the press to repeat in his usual downright manner his peculiar views on the conduct of certain of his colleagues. There was no necessity for Mr. Hill to prove to us that he had the courage to utter these opinions; and we should have thought that a kindly feeling towards men with whom he had worked for so many years would have prevented him doing anything to produce a condition of things which has caused thousands to regard his retirement with rejoicing. Moreover, deliberately to stir up so much mud before quitting office was surely to do a very bad turn to his successors. It is not our province to criticise many of the views Mr. Hill expressed so fully to the representatives of the press—his arguments may have been sound and his statements correct—our object rather is to express our sorrow that an officer full of years and of honourable service, whom his colleagues were preparing to send off with any amount of good cheer, should leave his post full of "threatenings and slaughter" against the vast majority of Postal servants. It is not a judicious action on the part of an Assistant Secretary at any time to talk so recklessly to press representatives; it is surely an error in good feeling as well when the

occasion selected for such utterances is his retirement from the public service. We say all this because of our respect and even affection for Mr. Hill. His heart has ever been in the right place and his individual acts of kindness have been legion. Tennyson said of Gladstone, "I love the man but I abominate his policy." It is our position with regard to Mr. Hill.

On one point only raised in Mr. Hill's interviews shall we express an opinion, and we put it in the form of a question. Supposing Mr. Hill's policy were carried out and Post Office servants were disfranchised, how is he going to meet the agitation which would immediately spring up all over the country for the restitution of electoral privileges? Such an agitation would be of wider scope than any previous movement, and besides, it would have the support of the British public, who, at the present moment, do not give a particularly friendly ear to postal agitators. Everybody knows the result would be that the franchise would be speedily restored to us. So impossible is it to put back the hands of the clock, and it is surely only the weak disciplinarian who relies on coercive measures to control his staff. The great check against the abuse of electoral privileges is, of course, the voice of the British public, and postal agitators will never obtain any concessions which the British public regard as undeserved or excessive.

Mr. J. C. Badcock, C.B.

ABOUT one hundred and forty members of the London Postal Service gave a complimentary dinner to their chief on the 2nd February last at the Holborn Restaurant, in honour of the Companionship of the Bath being conferred upon him. Mr. Robert Bruce, the Vice-Controller, presided, and Mr. T. Briggs occupied the vice-chair. There were several visitors present from other departments. Mr. Bruce made a particularly good chairman, and in proposing the toast of the evening spoke with dignity and grace. His description of Mr. Badcock was excellent: "a man who never fretted or fumed," "who had a saving sense of humour which was an excellent thing in a civil servant." "His geniality and kindly feeling made it a pleasure and privilege to work with him." "He was just and fair to all and was ever willing and anxious to do a good turn for somebody." Mr. Badcock's reply was what one knew it would be, hearty, genuine, and spoken with much feeling. He won golden opinions from everybody present for the way he performed a difficult task. Mr. Briggs, in proposing "The visitors," described their various characters; Mr. H. S. Carey, he said, was animated with a profound scorn which, if expressed in prose, might be objectionable, but which, rendered, as it was frequently in Mr. Carey's case, into beautiful Tennysonian verse, was delightful. Mr. E. Bennett, the Editor of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, he described as the exponent of optimistic pessimism. Mr. Yeld (Assistant Secretary) and Mr. Bennett responded to this toast. Mr. W. J. Cooper proposed the toast of the Chairman. At

an earlier stage of the proceedings Dr. Sinclair proposed the Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces, and Colonel Raffles Thompson replied. The musical arrangements were conducted by Mr. W. Vere Inman, and the performers were all drawn from the Postal Service. They provided an excellent programme. Mr. Cooper, in proposing "The Chairman," drew attention to the fact that the success of the evening was due, in a large measure, to the exertion of their Secretary, Mr. H. C. Somers.

"Ocean Penny Postage."

IN our October issue we drew attention to the writings of Elihu Burritt, the pioneer of Ocean Penny Postage, and we published extracts from an article written by him. In this connection the following letter, which appeared in *The Standard* of the 24th January, will be read with interest. The reference in the introductory sentence to "Ocean or Imperial Penny Postage" is, of course, inexact. "Imperial Penny Postage" is one thing, "Ocean Penny Postage" is another and a very different thing:—

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE STANDARD*.

SIR,

As showing how old is the agitation for Ocean or Imperial Penny Postage, I send you the following extract from a letter—too long to give in its entirety—of Elihu Burritt to my father, Sir Rowland Hill, which Mrs. Hill and I have found among the papers of her husband, the late Mr. Pearson Hill:—

"5, Bishopsgate Without, London, *June 7th*, 1847.

"Rowland Hill, Esq.—Honored and Dear Sir No man in or out of England can comprehend more clearly than yourself the effect of an inland penny postage in America upon the amount of correspondence between that country and this. You are aware that nearly a million of people, born in these realms, are residing far from the seaboard in the United States, and could not, if they were able, pay through to their friends and relatives in their native land. Consequently, a heavy restriction has been imposed upon their correspondence by the American Inland and the English Ocean Postage. Now, we hope soon to remove the American part of this barrier, and enable the emigrants, scattered from the seaboard to the base of the Rocky Mountains, to send their letters to Boston or New York, or to any other seaports at which Her Majesty's steam packets may call, for a penny apiece. And now I am endeavouring to show that the English Government can remove its own portion of this barrier, and extend your noble and beneficent penny post system across the ocean; so that an Irish or English emigrant, living at the head of navigation on the Missouri River, may, with three penny stamps, pay his letter through to his friends in Kilkenny or Bucks; that is, one American penny stamp to pay through to Boston, one English stamp to pay through thence to Liverpool, and another for the inland postage in England or Ireland. I am sanguine that I shall be able

to demonstrate that the English Government may establish an Ocean Penny Postage at least between this country and America, without diminishing its revenue by a farthing. . . .—Your obedient servant, Elihu Burritt.”

How far the United States' borders have expanded and its population has increased since 1847 !

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

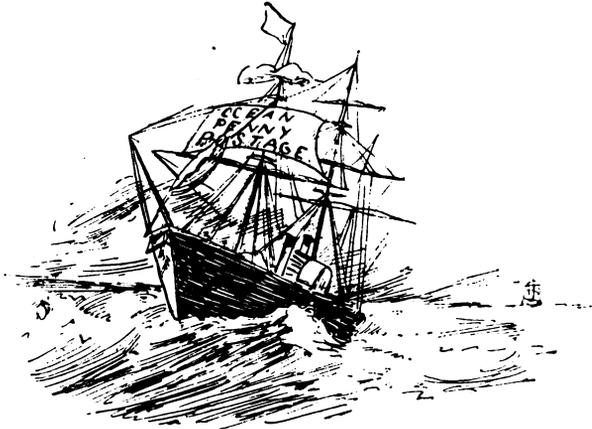
ELEANOR C. FELLOWS.

12, York Street Chambers, W.

January 23rd.

* * *

We are indebted to the *Glasgow Evening Times* for the accompanying illustration and the fac-simile letter of Elihu Burritt. The explanatory note we have taken also from the same journal.



*Full speed the Ship whose signal is unfurled
For OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE for the world*

London, June 27 1853

Mr Editor

You would confer a favour and promote the movement for Ocean Penny Postage by inserting the enclosed paragraphs

Yours Truly
Elihu Burritt

The brief note by Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," of which we give a fac simile, is of some interest at the present time. It was addressed to the editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and accompanied a paragraph for publication on the subject of Ocean Penny Postage, of which Burritt was one of the Pioneers. The paragraph, which appeared in the *Herald* of July 4th, 1853, under the heading, "Postal Anomalies," was as follows:—

"The postage of a letter exceeding an ounce by the smallest scruple transmitted to India via Marseilles is 7s. 9d. This is probably the most expensive route in the world. Still it is not the weight or bulk of the mails conveyed in this direction that makes the exorbitant charge for letter postage necessary. For a copy of the *London Times*, weighing three ounces, is transmitted to India via Marseilles for 3d., or for only 1d. per ounce. Thus manuscript mail matter is charged at the rate of more than £12,000 per ton in this direction, whilst printed matters pay only at the rate of £150 per ton. The postal anomalies in other directions are more striking still. From the Channel Islands to the remotest of the Shetland group, changing from steamer to railway and from railway to steamer for nearly 1,000 miles, the charge of a letter weighing half-an-ounce is a penny. From Dover to Calais—two ports almost within sight of each other—the charge for a letter weighing the same weight is 1s. 3d.! From the western boundary of Texas to the north-eastern boundary of the American union, a distance of 3,000 miles, 1½d. From Dover to San Francisco in California, viâ the United States, involving three ocean transits, each averaging 2,000 miles, besides three inland services, 1s. 2d. From Dover to Calais, a distance of less than 30 miles, 1s. 3d. for a letter weighing half-an-ounce! The charge on a single letter from London to New York is 1s., but from London to San Francisco viâ New York is 1s. 2d., leaving only 2d. for the charge of its transmission from New York to Chagres, thence across the isthmus to Panama, thence by ocean steamer to San Francisco, a voyage of about 15 days. These are some of the postal anomalies which would be removed by the establishment of a universal ocean penny postage."

Volta,—A Centenary.

IN 1799 Alessandro Volta, following the clue given by Galvani's experiments, crowned his discoveries in the field of electrical science by the invention of a wonderful battery, the "Voltaic pile." The present year is thus the centenary of an invention which, above all things, made telegraphy possible.

Volta was born on February 19th, 1745, at Como, the town of the two Plinys, in the midst of a country combining the hardy products of the Alps with the richness of the Lombard plains. The charms of his native land must have left their impress upon Volta the idealist, the poet, and the philosopher. To his poetic instincts he added a love of the exact sciences which guided his imagination and curbed and trained his intelligence. Poet and philosopher, he found delight not only in his laboratory but upon

the green slopes of Camerlata, under the shadow of the vines and among the sweet odours of the olive trees. Surrounded by his pupils, alone in his garden, or under the shady arcades of La Chartreuse, he seems to have been always the gentle poet-philosopher, with ever a smile for the flowers, a voice for the stream, and a gift of life for the blossoms of the wayside.

But our consideration of him is rather as the professor, the discoverer, than the poet. He became known for two scientific treatises published in 1769 and 1771, which awakened the interest of the scientific world and at once established his reputation. He was appointed rector of the public school at Como, and Professor of Physics at the same town, and in conjunction with his duties he continued his investigations in meteorology and upon the nature of gases. Transferred to Pavia, he made numerous experiments in electrical science, and in 1799, ten years after the observations of Galvani, he gave a scientific interpretation to them.

The Voltaic pile or column, in spite of its many imperfections, has been the mother of all batteries which followed. The batteries of Daniell, Meidinger, Smee, Grove, Bunsen, Leclanché, Reynier, C. H. Wolf, Planté, etc., are the lineal descendants of Volta's invention of 100 years ago. With the continuation of his experiments and the production of the first constant current of electricity, the path was opened to all the wonderful developments of electrical science which we see around us to-day. Such striking results followed from his experiments that Napoleon I. summoned him to Paris, where he exhibited his discoveries. Napoleon conferred many honours upon him, and made him large presents of money. Progress was now rapid, and ere Volta's death in 1826, Orsted of Copenhagen had invented the electro-magnet. In 1838 the first electric telegraph was built. Who does not know the remainder of the history?

When we realize that Volta's discoveries were the key that unlocked the secrets of this Aladdin's cave of electrical wonders, can we wonder that his countrymen are asking all the world to share in the fetes which they are organising in his honour? Think of what the world would be to-day without electricity—the motive power which is driving out steam, the illuminant which is overcoming the power of gas, the warming agent which is threatening coal. Electricity is the soul of the commercial world-body of to-day, the vital principle, the guiding and controlling power. And all this wonderful force flows directly from Volta's discoveries. Alessandro Volta is a name which we shall do well to honour.

C.T.O.

C. H. GARLAND.

Mrs. Browning and the Post Office.

THE following is an extract from the "Browning Letters" recently published:—

"I had a newspaper sent to me yesterday from America, addressed to —just my name . . . *poetess, London!* Think of the simplicity of

those wild Amercians in 'calculating' that 'people in general' here in England know what a poetess is! Well, the Post Office authorities, after deep meditation, I do not doubt, on all probable varieties of the chimpanzee, and a glance to the Surrey Gardens on one side, and the Zoological department of Regent's Park on the other, thought of 'Poet's Corner,' perhaps, and wrote at the top of the parcel, 'Enquire at Paternoster Row!' whereupon the Paternoster Row people wrote again, 'go to Mr. Moxon'—and I received my newspaper."—*Letters of R. Browning and E. B. Barrett*, Vol. I., pp. 115-16. July 4th, 1845.

To an ex-Colleague.

WITH conscious pride we read them all—
 The many words which you let fall
 Three months ago,—
 And conned our papers day by day
 To learn what more you had to say.
 Then came the blow!
 Weeping we read our *Daily Graphic*;—
 O where was wisdom less seraphic!
 In truth, you know,
 We could have wished *those* words were fewer.
 Had you but shunned that interviewer,
 Avoided (whatso'er your bent)
 Such use of sweet advertisement,
 And stopped the flow,
 Why then, from out your plenteous store,
 We might perchance have asked for more;
 But now—not so!

A Phenomenal Career.

SIR SPENCER WALPOLE'S retirement has produced a number of press notices, an unusually large proportion of which are full of blunders such as Macaulay's schoolboy would have been ashamed to commit. Let us take *The Graphic*, for instance, and arrange the chief events of Sir Spencer's life under the different dates furnished, and see how the record appears:

1806	Born.	AGK.
1831	Called to the Bar	25
1846	M.P. for Midhurst	40
1852	M.P. for Cambridge	46
1882	Governor of Isle of Man	76
1893	Secretary to the Post Office	87
1899	Retired under age limit	93

All this is solemnly recorded in a very appreciative paragraph. Of course the writer has turned up in his Encyclopædia the name of Walpole, and so has combined the careers of both father and son in a very plausible and interesting manner. The Post Office has often beaten records, but not this time.

A Vision in Spring.

I N dream I wandered through the woodland ways,
 One sweet spring day of sunshine and of song,
 The air was filled with murmurings of praise,
 "No room for sense of wrong."

White may, green trees, beneath a blue, blue sky,
 A thousand springs may go, and these change not,
 Only the distant river, hurrying by,
 Once watered Camelot.

As thus I mused I heard a sudden sigh,
 And saw a form in sable garments clad,
 The pale face raised to Heaven beseechingly,
 Most beautiful, most sad.

The white mayblossom swayed to let her pass,
 But once she shuddered, as in sudden dread
 Or swift remembrance, and "Alas! alas!
 The fateful flower!" she said.

* * * * *

Too soon, too soon, the sweet day paled and died,
 The glory faded into golden mist,
 And silently the cold grey waters glide,
 That late the sunbeams kissed.

But well I knew that I that day had seen—
 While yet the noontide sun was high and clear—
 No living form, but Arthur's erring Queen
 Repentant Guinevere. JESSIE WALTER.

Ask a Postmaster.

MR. W. H. WALTON, the newly-appointed Postmaster of Newton Abbot, has we believe entered upon his new position with an earnest desire to carry out the duties of his office so as to give satisfaction to everybody. But no sooner is he established in his place than he receives the following letter which is too much even for his good nature. He says in a letter to us: "This gentleman wanted a sample of a fibrous peat which apparently I was expected to go out on Dartmoor to cut, and to send it to my client in a *small* square envelope sent to me for reply." We sympathise with Mr. Walton in his indignation, but he has not told us what he did enclose in the stamped envelope. He only says it was not fibrous peat.

"To Postmaster at Newton Abbot, Devon.

"Dear Sir,—For the purpose of establishing a new industry if possible near Newton Abbot, I require a really *fibrous* peat, preferably in the wet state, and I beg you to kindly tell me whether you know or can hear of any such peat deposit near you. If not troubling you too far also, I should like you to enclose me a small

sample of the peat in your reply as all depends on the fibre of the peat. If there is any such peat deposit be good enough to tell me for what purpose is it used or worked? I enclose a stamped envelope for your answer, and thanking you in advance for the same,

"I am yours truly,
"A. H. S——."

We are indebted to Miss Bourdeaux, Postmistress of Stratford-on-Avon, for the following letter, which, as might be expected, has a bearing on Shakespeare:—

"Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.,
"15th January, 1899.

"To the Postmaster, Stratford-on-Avon,
"England.

"Dear Sir,—My wife is making a collection of teapots. She has a goodly number, and has seen one from Stratford-on-Avon, and understands it was purchased by parties visiting Shakespeare's home. You will understand that they are sold there as souvenirs, and must be distinctly Shakespearian in character. They probably have his name and picture on them. We would feel under lasting obligations to you if you would purchase what you can for the money enclosed, using your own judgment in the selection. This may seem a strange proceeding to you from people in far off Oregon, but we are of the same stock and claim fellowship with all that belongs to Shakespeare.

"Enclosed I herewith hand you Post Office Order for 10 shillings, which I presume will cover the outlay. If not, kindly send me a bill for the difference and I will remit on receipt.

"Thanking you in advance, I am,

"Yours, &c.,
"W. S. C——."

The Post Office Savings Bank in Holland.

BY the courtesy of the Director-General of the Post Office Savings Bank of the Low Countries we have been supplied with a copy of his report for the year 1897, and with an extract from the report translated into French for the benefit of those who cannot read Dutch. The Director-General is evidently anxious to secure as many readers as he can, and has printed both report and extract in clear type with figures widely spaced on pages with liberal margins—a pleasant contrast to the official reports with which our readers are familiar.

Founded in 1881 the Dutch Postal Savings Bank, like its British prototype, is a progressive institution, the open accounts having increased from 22,831 to 627,409 in sixteen years. On December 31st, 1897, the amount standing to the credit of the depositors was 61,646,480 florins as compared with 52,863,487 florins at the end of 1896, an increase at the rate of 16.6 per cent. No fewer than 159,403 accounts had one florin or less to their credit; 147,177 had between 1 and 10 florins; 175,222 between 10 and 100 florins; 130,114 between

100 and 800 florins; 12,691 between 800 and 1,200 florins; 2,759 between 1,200 and 2,400 florins; and 43 had 2,400 florins or more to their credit. The proportion of depositors to population was 12.73 per cent. for the whole country, and the proportion for the various provinces varied between 4.56 per cent. in Groningen and 18.39 per cent. in North Holland, which includes the city of Amsterdam. The total deposits in 1897 amounted to 31,736,335 florins, and the withdrawals to 24,407,041 florins.

In connection with the School Banks, it is interesting to notice that there were no fewer than 33,700 deposits of one cent (rather less than a farthing), the minimum deposit, which is almost identical in amount with the minimum deposit received in the School Banks of Belgium. Farthing Banks are not quite unknown in England, though they are very rare, and in the interests of thrift it is to be regretted that in this respect the excellent examples of Holland and Belgium are not more generally followed.

Under the international arrangements with Belgium 24 accounts were transferred from the Belgian Savings Banks to the Dutch Savings Banks, and 47 accounts from the Dutch to the Belgian Banks; and there were 69 withdrawals made in Belgium from accounts opened in Holland, and 128 withdrawals made in Holland from accounts opened in Belgium.

During the year 1897 there were 153 purchases of stock of the nominal value of 119,000 florins by depositors in the Dutch Savings Banks. There were also 701 withdrawals by telegraph in the year, an increase over the number for 1896.

Under the present Electoral Law Savings Bank depositors, natives and inhabitants of Holland of the age of 25 years, who have had to their credit in the Savings Bank at least 50 florins for a year, are entitled to vote at the elections to the Second Chamber of the States General. In 1897, 2306 depositors claimed this franchise and 2,109 made good their claims. It will be remembered that in one of his Reform Bills Mr. Disraeli proposed a somewhat similar franchise for the United Kingdom, but his proposal never became law.

Irish Post Office Annual Dinner.

THE second Annual Dinner of the Major Establishment of the Irish Post Office took place on the 14th January last, at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, and proved an unqualified success. The Secretary for Ireland (Mr. R. A. Egerton) presided, the vice-chaire being occupied by Dr. Henry FitzGibbon and Mr. W. P. Quirke (Controller of the Dublin Sorting Office). Close on seventy officers sat down. The toasts were "The Queen," "The Postmaster General," "The Secretary," "The Health of the Department," and "The Heads of Departments." In proposing the toast of "The Queen," Mr. Egerton made a playful allusion to Her Majesty's immunity from the effects of the "65 rule," and expressed a hope that long and longer might she continue her reign of usefulness and of unselfish devotion to the welfare of her people. The toast was

received with musical honours. The Chairman also proposed the health of the Postmaster General, which was drunk with hearty goodwill. Mr. Evanson (Surveyor) in graceful terms proposed the toast of "The Secretary," and the proposal was supported in excellent terms by Mr. Edward Ellis, the most junior officer present at the dinner. Musical honours were accorded to the toast. With a singular appropriateness Dr. FitzGibbon was entrusted with the toast of "The health of the Department," and the popular medical officer delivered an eloquent and amusing speech. He was supported by Mr. T. B. MacDowell, of the London office, whose speech was liberally interspersed with very diverting anecdotes brimful of fun and wit. "The Heads of Departments" were toasted by Mr. J. M. Stephenson, of the Surveyors' Department, and Mr. G. G. Kent, Assistant Surveyor. With customary eloquence and sparkling humour Mr. Baillie Gage (Solicitor) responded, as did Mr. T. P. Barnard (Surveyor). The Accountant (Mr. Ogilvie), whose name was associated with the toast, and who was unavoidably absent, was represented by Mr. E. Orchard (Examiner). The toast of the Committee followed. The musical entertainment was in keeping with the general success of the evening. The Bohemian Quartette gave some excellent items and were heartily encored. Messrs. G. McAsey, Coonan, Planck, Sanderson, and Smith contributed to the vocal music, and Mr. G. A. Whiteman brought down the house with his recitations. Letters of regret at inability to attend were received from Sir Spencer Walpole, Mr. James J. Cardin, C.B., and Mr. H. L. Creswell (Secretary, Edinburgh). The evening's enjoyment was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." General congratulations were tendered to the Committee (Messrs. Orchard, Stuttard, Kelly, Burckhardt, and Lloyd) for their admirable arrangements.

A Good Record.

IN the year 1840, when the penny post commenced, the inhabitants of Kingham, and several adjacent villages, chose a boy of ten years old, named Thomas Phipps, son of a retired miller, to carry their letters to and from the post town of Chipping Norton, Sundays and week days, a distance of four miles. Phipps has continued to do this from 1840 to nearly the close of 1898, a period of fifty-eight years, and it is computed that he has walked during that period a distance of 440,000 miles. Of this distance he had walked 350,000 miles before the introduction of the parcel post, and some years ago *Tit Bits*, which invited information on the subject, told its readers that Tom Phipps has walked a greater number of miles than any other man who ever lived. Although he has had charge of letters over a distance which equals about eighteen times the earth's circumference, he is said never to have lost a letter, never to have been late, and never to have been reprimanded by his superiors! Truly a unique record! For the first thirty years of service he had to ascertain the time of day as best he could; but in 1870 the inhabitants of Kingham

presented him with a watch, which made him wonder however he had managed to keep up to time without one. Now on retirement, as he sits at home, Tom has only to raise his eyes to see what o'clock it is, for besides the gift of Kingham in his pocket, on one table is a clock and walking-stick (inscribed), which he shows with gratitude and pride, presented by the Chipping Norton Staff, and on another table stands a chimney timepiece, presented by the inhabitants of Westcote, the village at the furthest point of his route.

A New Zealand Post Office.

THE Post and Telegraph Office of Timaru, New Zealand, is one of the strongest and most substantial buildings in the Colony. It was erected in 1879-80 at a cost of over £7,000, and consists of a basement and first and second floors, together with a handsome



GOVERNMENT OFFICES, TIMARU.

clock tower. The building, in addition to housing the Postal and Telegraph staffs, contains accommodation also for the Customs, Education, and Government Life Insurance and Stock Departments.

Timaru, the principal town in the District of South Canterbury, contains a population of between seven and eight thousand, and is a well-built town containing many handsome public and commercial buildings. It is the starting point for tourists who travel inland during the summer months to explore the lake and mountain scenery of the Southern Alps. The coaching service, carrying Her Majesty's mails, runs right to the Hermitage at the base of Mount Cook, known in the Maori language as "Aorangi," or the sky piercer,



J. L. VINEY.
(Warrington.)



J. B. HEGARTY.
(Aberdeen.)



W. DUNN.
(Bournemouth.)



J. W. SHERGOLD.
(Swansea.)



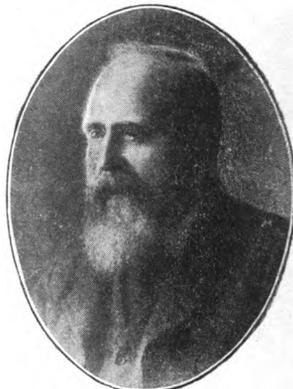
J. MEALS.
(Hull.)



H. DURDEN.
(Swindon.)



O. K. BUTCHER.
(West Hartlepool.)



J. SPELT.
(Ryde, I. of W.)

—:—:— SOME POSTMASTERS. —:—:—

[To face page 229.]

from which point interesting ascents can be made. Timaru also possesses an artificial harbour, capable of accommodating the largest steamers visiting the Colony, and does a large export trade in grain and frozen meat.

E. R. C.

Bournemouth.

BY the Order in Council regulating the retirement of officers of the Service (writes W. T.), we fear that we shall lose very shortly our worthy and much respected Postmaster, Mr. Dunn, who has so ably and successfully held the position since 1873. He has endeared himself to his staff in many ways; and all those serving under him feel keen regret at his pending retirement, and heartily wish that he may live for many years to enjoy his well-earned pension. The marvellous growth of postal work at Bournemouth during Mr. Dunn's tenure of office is indicated by the following statistics:—

Average number of postal packets delivered	1873.	1898.
in one week	29,096	202,085
Total number of telegrams for the twelve months	30,087	469,915
Number of Sub-offices	5	24
„ wall boxes	7	64
Total staff	22	230

Going back to earlier dates we find that in 1858 only two letter carriers were employed, viz., John Elgar and his wife, Charlotte, at wages of 9s. and 6s. per week respectively. In December, 1863, Bournemouth S.O. was transferred from Poole to Ringwood, and on the 1st December, 1864, it was raised to the rank of a Head Office.

Post Office Progress.

ACCORDING to a recent leader in the *Speaker*, the adoption of Imperial Penny Postage has “apparently caused a kind of delirium of progress at St. Martin's-le-Grand, where the officials cannot put their heads together without the flash of a new and spontaneous idea.” Well, the month of February certainly brought with it two postal innovations of considerable importance, and there are rumours that other facilities and improvements are on the way; so, perhaps, the *Speaker* is right!

The private posting box scheme, known to the profane as “Every man his own Post Office,” which was introduced experimentally in London on the 1st February, will doubtless prove a success. Under this scheme the fees for private posting boxes, which have hitherto been available only for large business firms and a few wealthy institutions and householders, have been reduced to a scale enabling the ordinary householder to avail himself of such a box. The fees are as follows:—

1. Initial fee, for which two collections are given (neither of the two being the general post collection), £1.
2. Fee for each additional collection, not being the general post collection, 10s.
3. Fee for general post collection, £2.

There is no necessity to repeat here in detail the regulations which have been laid down for the successful carrying out of a scheme which, as more than one paper wisely observes, tends to make letter writing a luxury.

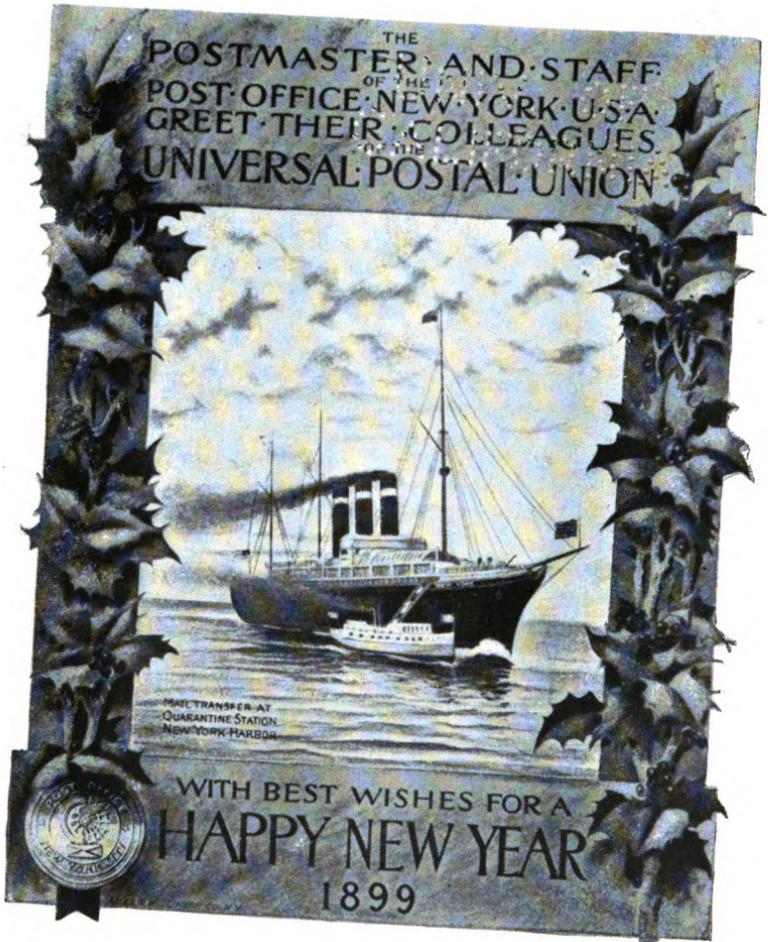
The second innovation, the express delivery of letters in London on Sunday mornings, was introduced on the 11th February. Its object is to remove the inconvenience which has occasionally been felt, in cases of emergency, through the inability of persons in the country to procure the delivery of letters to their London friends between the Saturday evening and the Monday morning, an interval of more than thirty hours. This boon should also prove popular.

Odds and Ends.

WE have great pleasure in publishing the following appeal :—A number of the friends and colleagues of the late Frederick Stewart Cobb, who for the last seven years was Director of the British Post Office at Constantinople and Honorary Correspondent of the Grosvenor House Committee, are anxious to erect in this country a memorial worthy of his name and work ; and a Committee, of which the Duke of Westminster, K.G., has accepted the Presidency, is being formed to consider the most suitable means of carrying out this object. Mr. J. A. J. Housden, of the Savings Bank Department, General Post Office, London, E.C., will act as Treasurer of the Fund, and subscriptions should be sent direct to him. The Hon. Secretaries are Wm. S. Bond, Savings Bank Department, General Post Office, London, E.C., and Edward Atkin, 3, Plowden Buildings, Temple, E.C. At the moment of going to press we understand that the following gentlemen have already joined the Committee :—The Right Hon. Arnold Morley, late Postmaster-General ; Messrs. Edward Compton, late Controller of Post Office Savings Bank ; F. S. Stevenson, M.P. ; W. H. Harrison, of H.M. Stationery Office ; Alfred Vian ; the Very Reverend Archpriest Baronian, D.D. ; Canon Malcolm Maccoll, D.D. ; Professor J. Agar Beet, D.D. ; Rev. W. E. Cockshott, Sir J. W. Whittall, and a large number of officers of the Savings Bank Department and other branches of the General Post Office. When the list is completed it will be published in full.

* * *

WE regret to hear that Mr. W. W. Jacobs, of the Savings Bank Department, and author of *Many Cargoes*, *The Skipper's Wooing*, and *Sea Urchins*, has been compelled to retire from the Service on the grounds of ill-health. Mr. Jacobs has been a martyr to insomnia, and has doubtless found out that the attempt to combine a literary career with a clerkship in so hard-worked a Department as the Savings Bank is a physical impossibility. We hope that now he is released from the cares of office, he will make further advances in the art to which he will now devote himself.



[To face page 230.]

to your
ABSORB

ACCORDING to a Parisian journal, the following peculiar official document is to be seen outside a certain post office in France:

Notice.

Hours of Collection.

First collection. In summer,

Morning at 5 o'clock.

In Winter. The night before,

At nine o'clock.

This notification is in the flowing hand of the postmaster, and has been visible for the past ten years.

* * *

WE omitted to mention in our last number that the Christmas card of the Leeds Postal Staff which we published was designed by Mr. W. H. Bilton of the Leeds Post Office.

* * *

THE postal authorities at Pretoria, says the *Johannesburg Star*, recently received a foreign letter addressed "To the Gentleman who intends starting a Wool Factory in the Transvaal." The letter was placed in the right box five minutes after its arrival at the local office.

* * *

AS others see us. *Le Temps* waxes quite enthusiastic over the new private letter-box scheme. "When," it asks, "when shall we cease to have to cite England as an example of everything that is novel, useful, and practical?"

* * *

MR. G. H. TUCKETT, son of the postmaster of Burnley, has been promoted from the postmastership of Blantyre, British Central Africa, to be postmaster and assistant agent at Chinde, East Coast Africa. The *Central African Times*, published at Blantyre, has the following note on the subject: "Residents of Blantyre will regret to hear that Mr. Tuckett has been transferred from this district to Chinde, and leaves as soon as he has handed the work over to his relief, Mr. Duff. Mr. Tuckett has made himself very popular in the district and will be much missed. Having been trained in the home offices, he knew his work and did it well. His expert services will be of great use in the Chinde office, which is the distributing centre for the whole Protectorate."

* * *

IT is understood that the Prince of Wales has consented to lay the foundation stone of the new Post Office Savings Bank building at West Kensington, and that the ceremony will probably take place some time in June next.

Q

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Office ...	Murray, G. H., C.B.	Secretary	Clk., Foreign Office, '73; Treasury, '80; Chair- man, Inland Revenue, '97
" ...	Biscoe, V. H. ...	Asst. Secretary ...	Clk., '62; 3rd Cl., '64; 2nd Cl., '68; Princ. Clk., Lr. Sec., '80; Upper Sec., '87
" ...	King, A. F. ...	Princ. Clk.	3rd Cl. Clk., '73; 2nd Cl., '81; 1st Cl., '86
" ...	Crabb, E.	"	3rd Cl. Clk., '76; 2nd Cl., '81; 1st Cl., '89
" ...	Ogilvie, A. M. J.	1st Cl. Clk.	3rd Cl. Clk., '81; 2nd Cl., '91
" ...	Kirkwood, W. G. C.	"	3rd Cl. Clk., '79; 2nd Cl., '83
" ...	Heritage, H. E.	2nd Cl. Clk., Supply. Est.	S.C.&T., Birm'ham, '81; Clk., C.E.B., '86
A.G.D.	Maxwell, A.	2nd Div. Clk., Hr. Grade	Boy Clk., Met. Police, Dub., '90; 2nd Div. Clk., A.G.D., '92
" P.O.B.	Miss M. M. Dun- can	1st Cl. Clk.	1890
C.T.O.	Holdsworth, J....	Asst. Super., Hr. Grade	1870; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90
"	Anderson, C. W. M.	" " "	M.T. Co.; G.P.O., '70; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90
"	Peters, W. H. ...	" " 2nd Cl.	Tel., '70; Over. and Senr. Tel., '86
"	White, F.	" " "	Tel., '72; Over. and Senr. Tel., '94
"	Crudge, A. H. ...	Over. and Senr. Tel.	Tel., '76
"	Pusey, T.	" " "	Tel., '76
"	Streeter, J. R. ...	" " "	Tel., Plymouth, '75; C.T.O., '77
"	Johnson, G. J....	" " "	Tel., '77
" Int. Bch.	Howell, J. W. ...	Asst. Super.	News Distributor, '78
E. in C.O. ...	Hookey, J.	Engr. in Chief ...	E.T. Co., '55; G.P.O., '70; Princ. Tech. Offir., '82; Asst. Engr. in Chief, '92
" "	Gavey, J.	Asst. Engr. in Chief and Electrician	E.T. Co., '61; G.P.O., '70; Supp. Engr., '78; Princ. Tech. Offir., '92; 2nd Asst. Engr. in Chief, '97
" "	Roberts, M.	2nd Asst. Engr. in Chief	1870; Super. Genl. Fac- tory, T.S.D., '87
" "	Hartnell, H. ...	1st Cl. Tech. Officer	E.T. Co., '62; G.P.O., '70; E. in C.O., '84

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O.	Slingo, W.	1st Cl. Tech. Officer	Tel., C.T.O., '70; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90
" "	Mountain, W. S.	2nd Cl. Clk.	Tel., Manch'ter, '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '92; Draughtsman & Shorthand Writer, '95
" "	Tandy, F.	1st Cl. Engr.	Tel., C.T.O., '85; Relay Clk., '91; Engr., '94
" "	Thow, J.	2nd "	Tel., Glasgow, '84; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '92
" "	Ritchie, W.	Jr. Clk.	S.C. & T., Edinburgh, '91
" "	Hansard, A.	"	S.C. & T., Belfast, '85
" "	Leigh, J. H.	"	S.C. & T., Manch'ter, '89
" "	Watson, E. W.	"	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '89
" "	Cameron, J.	"	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '90
" "	McCarthy, J.	"	S.C. & T., Belfast, '92
" "	Pink, E. A.	Relay Clk., Lr. Sec. (Hr. Scale)	Tel., C.T.O., '87; Relay Clk., Lr. Sec. (Lr. Scale), '98
" "	Burrow, S. E. J.	" " "	S.C. & T., Exeter, '86
L.P.S.D., E.C.	Woodbridge, E.A.	Insp.	1873; Over., '85
" "	Smith, W. D.	"	1872; Sr., '77; Over., '90
" "	Hay, W. J.	"	1874; Sr., '85; Over., '91
" "	Smith, A. W.	Over.	1879; Sr., '81
" "	Francis, F. G.	"	1876; Sr., '79
" "	Scraffield, W. E.	"	1878; Sr., '81
" W.	Batt, C. A.	"	1877
" "	Cosgrove, J. H.	"	1879
" Paddn.	Miss A. H. Purves	4th Cl. Super.	C.C. & T., '75
" "	Brunswick, W.	Over.	1873
" "	Chiswell, I. J.	"	1872
" "	Bolter, J.	"	1877
" E.	Ward, W. M.	"	1880
" S.W.	Miller, W.	"	1874
" "	Brooker, Z. H. R.	"	1880
" Batts.	Miss S. J. Brinkworth	4th Cl. Super.	C.C. & T., '73
" S.E.	Baden, H.	Over.	1871
" N.	Chapman, E. J.	Over.	1884
" "	Miss M.A. Knight	3rd Cl. Super.	C.C.&T., '77; Super., '92
" N.W.	Williams, A. J.	Insp. in Charge (Lr. Sec.)	L. & P.T. Co., '68; G.P.O., '70; Over. & Senr. Tel., '91
" "	Oakman, T. W.	" " "	C.C. & T., '71; Over. & Senr. Tel., '91
M.O.O.	Welchman, C.W. F.	Asst. Prin. Clk.	Clk., '67; 1st Cl., '91
"	Pearson, H.	" "	Clk., '70; 1st Cl., '93;
"	Frost, R. L.	1st Cl. Clk.	Clk., '74; Sur.'s Clk., '85; Returned to M.O.O., '86
"	Miss C. Milledge	" "	Clk., S.B., '85; C.H.B., '85; M.O.O., '98
"	" H. E. Raisin	" "	Clk., C.H.B., '86; M.O.O., '98

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
R.L.O.	Callender, W. ...	Snr. Asst.	1870; Asst., '77
S.B.D.	Venables, F. J....	1st Cl. Clk.	Clk., '72; Hr. Gr., '90
Sur.'s Dept. ...	Dowling, A. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Sur. ...	1870; Clk., Wolverhampton, '71; Sur. Sta. Clk., '81; Sur.'s Clk., '86
"	Griffith, E. C. ...	" "	2nd Div. Clk., S.B., '82; S.O., '83; Sur.'s Clk., '86
"	Cooper, W. ...	Asst. Hd. Sta. Clk.	S.C. & T., Belfast, '89; Sta. Clk., '93.
"	Atkinson, A. H.	Sta. Clk.	S.C. & T., Maidenhead, '87; Maidstone, '89
"	Macmillan, J. ...	"	S.C. & T., Liverpool, '90; Edinburgh, '91; Pr. Kr., Edinburgh, '94
"	Thomas, W. ...	"	S.C. & T., Leamington Spa, '86
T.S.D.	Ward, C.	1st Cl. Examr.	Tel., W.D.O., '85; Clk. C. of S.O., '89; Examr., '92
"	Pinching, W. R.	Foreman	Asst. Foreman, '92
"	Friend, A. F. ...	"	1880; Asst. Foreman, '92
"	Haigh, J. W. ...	"	Asst. Foreman, '94

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Accrington ...	Graham, J. H. C.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '91
Bath	Watts, M. D. ...	"	1873; S.C. & T., '74
Birkenhead ...	Manley, W. ...	Ch. Clk.	E. T. Co., '61; G. P. O., '70; Asst. Super., '91
"	Thompson, R.W.	Asst. Super.	M. T. Co., '67; G. P. O., '70; Clk., '82
"	Price, H. I. C. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '84
Birmingham ...	Greaney, J. ...	"	S.C. & T., '79
Bradford(Yorks)	Kent, W. R. ...	" (T.)... ..	S.C. & T., '74
Brighton ...	Dennett, W. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	E. T. Co., '63; G. P. O., Dover, '70; Brighton, '80; Clk., '91
Bristol	Pinnell, A. C. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. T. Co., '63; G. P. O., '70; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '86
"	Warburton, J. F.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. T. Co., '68; G. P. O., '70; Clk., '90
"	Cass, A.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. T. Co., '70; G. P. O., '70; Clk., '90
"	Scadding, J. W.	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '73
Bury St. Edmunds	Ramm, A. J. ...	Ch. Clk.	S.C. & T., '79
Cardiff	Wakelin, J. A. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. T. Co., '61; G. P. O., '70; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '87
"	Window, R. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. T. Co., '63; G. P. O., '70; Clk., '87
"	Chaddock, J. J. .	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. T. Co., '64; G. P. O., '70; Clk., '87

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Cardiff	O'Hanlon, J.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. T. Co., '64; G. P. O., '70; Clk., '90
"	Beck, F.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '92.
"	Glover, J. P.	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '73
"	Stacombe, S.	"	S.C. & T., '74
"	Roberts, A.	"	S.C. & T., '74
"	Sloggett, T. J. P.	"	S. C. & T., Pembroke Dock, '72; Cardiff, '86
"	Hcrwood, S. D.	"	M. T. Co., '67; G.P.O., St. Albans, '70; Cardiff, '77
"	Shankland, G. A.	"	S. C. & T., Neath, '75; Cardiff, '77
Carlisle	Lord, H.	Asst. Super. (P.)	S. C. & T., '75; Clk., '91
"	Gibson, J.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '77
"	Proudfoot, W. J.	Super. (T.)	M. T. Co., '79; G P.O., Carlisle, '70; Asst. Super., '97
"	Barnes, J.	Clk. (T.)... ..	S. C. & T., '71
Carnarvon	Parry, E.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '86
Darlington	Richardson, J. R.	Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '73; Clk., '85; Asst. Super., '91
"	Pratt, W. K.	Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '75; Clk., '91
"	Norman, J.	Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91; Asst. Super., '94
"	Lumley, R. J.	Asst. Super. (T.)	M.T. Co., '62; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91
"	Henderson, W.	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '73
Halifax	Clarke, S. D.	Super. (T.)	S.C. & T., Carlisle, '70; Clk., '98; Asst. Super., '98
Hull... ..	Hamilton, T.	Asst. Super. (T.)	U.K. T. Co., '63; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '88
"	Pratt, T.	Clk. (T.)	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70
"	Edwards, A.	"	S.C. & T., '70
Leeds	Graham, R. W.	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	M.T. Co., '60; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '83; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '87
"	Pattison, J.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '90
"	Houlton, H.	Clk. (T.)	M.T. Co., '62; G.P.O., '70
Manchester	Jackson, R. J.	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '76; Clk., '88; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '95
"	Burdekin, G. S.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '74; Clk., '88
"	Price, H. A.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '75
"	Eckersall, G. F.	"	S.C. & T., '80
"	Bown, W.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	S.C. & T., '72; Clk., '96
"	Barlow, M.	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '70
"	Macarthur, A. D.	"	S.C. & T., '81

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Manchester ...	Hanning, A. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '81
Newcastle-on-Tyne	Southern, F. W. B.	Ch. Clk....	S.C. & T., '71; Clk., '77; Asst. Super., '83; 1st Cl., '90
" "	Friedrichs, W. I.	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '73; Clk., '87; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '96
" "	Marshall, J. W.	2nd " "	S.C. & T., '78; Clk., '86
" "	Nicol, J. R. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '78; Clk., '86
" "	Coulson, J. E. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '82
" "	Bainbridge, J. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '82
" "	Nanson, J. G. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	M.T. Co., '68; G.P.O., '70
" "	Errington, J. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '70
Newport, Mon.	Beer, H. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '74; Clk., '93
" "	Little, A. W. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '76; Clk., '93
Normanton ...	Hanby, C. W. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '82
Peterborough ...	Day, E. C. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '71
Plymouth ...	Foot, C. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '73; Clk., '91
" "	Cowan, J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '81
Portsmouth ...	Langer, H. T. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '85
" "	Hardy, F. C. ...	" (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '82
Ramsgate ...	Videau, P. E. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '91
Richmond, Sy.	Bridle, G. D. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '84
Sheffield ...	Fish, W. S. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '65; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Taylor, M. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '67; Clk., '76; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Miller, T. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '80
" ...	Marsden, A. E. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '82
" ...	Croft, G. H. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '82
" ...	Bagshaw, F. W. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '82
" ...	Connolly, F. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	M.T. Co., '61; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '87; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '95
" ...	Northam, F. J. P. H.	Clk. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '72
" ...	Ardron, F. G. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '74
" ...	Wilson, A. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '74
" ...	Miss L. F. Walton	Super. ...	Tel., '95
Stafford ...	Storey, W. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '84; Clk., '96
Swansea ...	Sanders, J. H. ...	Clk. (P.) "	Clk., '68
" ...	Grey, D. ...	" "	1875; S.C. & T., '83
" ...	Beynon, R. ...	" "	1875; S.C. & T., '84
Taunton ...	Searle, G. O. ...	Asst. Super. ...	S.C. & T., '71; Clk., '91
" ...	Culverwell, H. J.	Clk. ...	Sr., '69; S.C. & T., '74
" ...	Lapthorne, T. ...	" "	S.C. & T., '74
W. Hartlepool	Bainbridge, J. ...	Asst. Super. ...	S.C. & T., '70; Clk., '84
Wisbech ...	Aldhous, W. A. ...	Ch. Clk....	S.C. & T., '83; Clk., '91
Woolwich ...	Miss E. Inge ...	Super. ...	S.C. & T., Eastb'rne, '93
York ...	Foster, I. B. ...	Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '62; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '84; Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Catley, J. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '68; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91
" ...	Rutherford, D. C.	Clk. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '71

SCOTLAND.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Dundee	Bell, J.	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '71; Clk., '90
"	Douglas, G.	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '71
Inverness	Young, W. S.	Clk.	Sr., Perth, '73; S.C. & T., Inverness, '83

IRELAND.

Belfast	Kirk, E.	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	1874, S.C.&T., '75; Clk., '85; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '91
"	Nesbitt, W.	" " "	1873; S.C.&T., '74; Clk., '86; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '91
"	Harper, A.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '83
"	McNeil, S. B.	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '87; 2nd Cl. Asst Super., '89
"	Reid, W.	" " "	M.T. Co., '67; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '87; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '91
"	Wilson, S.	2nd " "	S.C. & T., '70; Clk., '90
"	Bradley, J.	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '74
"	O'Hagan, J.	" " "	S.C. & T., '74
"	Reid, A.	" " "	S.C. & T., '71
"	Miss E. M. Little- boy	Asst. Super.	M.T.Co., '67; G.P.O., '70
"	Miss H. Anderson	" " "	Tel., '80
Dublin	Smith, F.	Super. (P.)	1877; Sr., '79; Clk., Dub- lin, '85; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '91; 1st Cl., '94
"	Murphy, J. J.	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	1865; Over., '84; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '91
"	Thornton, J. J. P.	2nd " "	1870; Sr., '83; Over., '90; Clk., '91
"	Patterson, R.	" " "	1878; Sr., '80; Clk., '91
"	McCabe, J. J.	Clk. (P)	1876; S.C. & T., '78
"	Broadway, J.	" " "	1878; S.C. & T., '79
"	O'Toole, M.	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	S.C. & T., '70; Asst. Super., '91
"	Smyth, W.	2nd " "	S.C. & T., '71; Clk., '91
"	Connolly, W. M.	" " "	S.C. & T., '70; Clk., '91
"	McCadden, P. J.	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '70
"	O'Dowd, M.	" " "	S.C. & T., '71
"	Biggs, H. S.	" " "	S.C. & T., '71
"	Delahunty, T.	" " "	S.C. & T., Belfast, '71; Dublin, '81
"	Woodney, C.	" " "	S.C. & T., Kilkenny, '82; Dublin, '82
"	Kenny, J. J.	" " "	S.C. & T., '85

Retirements.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
S.O....	Walpole, Sir Spencer, K.C.B.	Secretary	Clk., War Office, '58; Inspr. of Fisheries, '67; Lieut. Governor of Isle of Man, '82; Secretary, G.F.O., '93
"	Hill, E.B.L., C.B.	Asst. Secretary	Supply. Clk., '55; 3rd Cl. Cl., '58; 2nd Cl., '63; 1st Cl., '67; Princ. Clk., Lr. Sec., '72; Upper Sec., '81; Asst. Sec., '92
"	Oppler, T. A.	3rd Cl. Clk., Supply. Est.	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '83; 3rd Cl. Clk., C.E.B., '86
"	James, G. H.	3rd Cl. Clk., Supply. Est.	Tel., S.W.D.O., '87; Pr. Kr., Regy. (S.O.), '89; 3rd Cl. Clk., S.O., '92
A.G.D.	Smith, C.	2nd Div. Clk.	1872; Hr. Gr., '90
"	Judd, W. B.	" "	Temp. Clk., M.O.O., '70; Est. A.G.D., '70; 2nd Div., '90
"	P.O.B. Miss A. Hamilton	1st Cl. Clk.	2nd Cl. Clk., '81; 1st Cl., '86
C.T.O.	Nettleton, R. M.	Asst. Super.	Junr. Insp., E. in C.O., '70; Tel., '78; Over. & Senr. Tel., '85; Asst. Super., '90
" (Int. Bch.)	Williams, W. deP	News Distributor...	1872
"	Bristow, W. M.	Over. & Senr. Tel.	Tel., '71; Over. and Senr. Tel., 89
"	Poulton, H. T.	" "	Tel., Tunbridge Wells, '70; C.T.O., '74; Over. and Senr. Tel., '78
"	Sul'ey, A.	" "	Tel., '71; Over. and Senr. Tel., '91
"	Baxter, B. J.	Tel.	S.C. & T., Worthing, '94; Tel., C.T.O., '95
"	Clark, F. W.	"	1889
"	Kerr, E. C.	"	1889
"	Moor, E. S.	"	1870
"	Miss K. C. Delby	Asst. Super.	Tel., '70; Asst. Super., '90
"	" A. Nuthall	" "	L. & P.T. Co., '68; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '90
"	" A. M. Baker	Tel.	1876

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
C.T.O.	Miss R. M. Garthwaite	Tel.	1871
E. in C.O. ...	Preece, W. H., C.B.	Engr. in Ch. & Elect.	E. T. Co., '53; Super. Engr., G. P. O., '70; Asst. Engr. & Elect., '78; Engr. in Ch. & Elect., '92
" ...	Roberts, J. J. ...	Jnr. Clk.	S. C. & T., Cork, '92; Jnr. Clk., E. in C.O., '96
" ...	Hoult, W. E. ...	Relay Clk.	Sub. Tel. Co., G. P. O., '89; Relay Clk., '96
L.P.S.D. E.C.	Royd, A. C. ...	Sr.	1868; Sr., '76
" "	Hilbert, N. W. ...	"	1876; Sr., '79
" "	Huggins, C. ...	"	1860; Sr., '61
" "	Labourer, T. W. F.	"	1859; Sr., '73
" "	Lewis, J. R. ...	"	1860; Sr., '73
" "	Milner, R. ...	"	1860
" "	*O'Keeffe, P. J. ...	"	1896
" "	Twyford, D. ...	"	1859; Sr., '71
" "	Webb, G. J. ...	"	1894; Sr., '95
" "	Wright, J. ...	"	1860; Sr., '63
" "	Miss T. Hawke.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super.	C.C. & T., '71; Asst. Super., '90
" "	* " A. J. Warren	C.C. & T.	1882
" W.C.	Smith, F. J. ...	"	1885
" W.	Miss M. Breden.	Super.	E.T. Co., '58; G.P.O., '70; Super., '71
" "	* " A.E. Bygrave	C. C. & T.	1891
" Padd.	Cloke, R. ...	Over.	1870; Over., '91
" "	Weller, F. H. T.	Sr.	Tel., '81; Sr., '90
" S.W.	West, C. A. N.	Insp.	E.T. Co., G.P.O., '70; Over. and Senr. Tel., '84; Insp., '95
" "	Miss E. M. Turnage	C.C. & T.	1885
" S.E.	Mrs. H. E. C. Copp	"	L.P.T. Co.; G.P.O., '70
" "	*Smith, M. F. ...	"	1893
" N.W.	Carver, H. ...	Pmr'	Clk., 61; Asst. Super., '78; Ch. Clk., '84; Pmr., '87
S.B.D.	Bolt, W. S. ...	1st Cl. Clk.	Clk., '65; 1st Cl., '77
"	Bowden, R. W.	2nd Div. Clk.	1888
"	Holliday, J. H.	" "	1881
"	Miss E. Clement.	Clk.	1897

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Ambleside ...	Ewington, W. J.	Pmr.	1876
Barnsley	Flynn, P.	"	Clk., Stockport, '67; Pmr., Sheerness, '79; Luton, '88; Newark, '91; Barrsley, '97

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Birmingham ...	Miss E. E. Lewis	Super.	Ctrwoman & Retr., '34 ; Super., '89
Brighouse ...	Dale, E.	Pmr.	1866
Bristol ...	*Shipway, F. J. ...	S.C. & T.	1895
" ...	*Miss E. M. Turner	Tel.	1894
Chertsey ...	Miss C. F. Fresh- water	Pms.	Pms., Welwyn, '72; Chert- sey, '91
East Grinstead	Whitehead, R. W.	Pmr.	1861; Sr. & Tr., '79 ; Asst. Hd. Mgr., & Pr. Kr., A.G.D., '83; Pmr., East Grinstead, '89
Gainsborough	Miss B. Cockton	Pms.	1876
Hinckley ...	Cotman, J. C. D. D.	Pmr.	1862
Leeds ...	Senior, J.	Asst. Super.	E.T. Co., G.P.O., '70
" ...	Prince, S.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '73; Clk., '87
" ...	Green, J. W.	S.C. & T.	E.T. Co., G.P.O., '70
" ...	Nicholson, T. T.	" "	Durham, '56; Newcastle- on-Tyne, '59
Manchester ...	Dean, W. B. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '66; Clk (P.), '74; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90; 1st Cl., '93
" ...	Clinton, J. H. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '66; Clk., '85
Newcastle-on- Tyne	Clark, H.	S.C. & T.	E.T. Co., G.P.O., '70
" "	Robson, W. ...	" "	B. & I. M. T. Co., G.P.O., '70
Plymouth ...	*Gale, H. A. J. ...	" "	1891
Portmadoc ...	*Miss C. Jones ...	" "	1895
Southampton ...	Percy, E. J.	" "	1881
Watford ...	Denmead, T. ...	Pmr.	E.T. Co, G.P.O., Exeter, '70; Super., '72; Pmr., Watford, '95

IRELAND.

Dublin (Stg. Off.)	Redmond, J. ...	Asst. Super.	1866; Sr., '70; Over., '87; Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Miss K. O'Flaherty	Tel.	1870
Dundalk ...	Lawless, W. M. ...	Pmr.	B. & I. T. Co. ; G.P.O., '70; Super., Queens- town, '71; Pmr., Dun- dalk, '79
Newry ...	Loughran, H. ...	" "	Clk., Newry, '53; Dublin, '64; Pmr., Newry, '67
Thurles ...	Sherlock, E. ...	"	1859; Clk., Kingstown, '66; Pmr., Thurles, '81

* Awarded a Gratuity.

SCOTLAND.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Edinburgh, A.O.	Landale, C. H. .	2nd Div. Clk. ...	Clk., Tel. Acct. Bch., '70; Genl. Body, '78; 2nd Div., '91
,,	Cockburn, J. ...	Super.	Junr. Clk., '53; Supply. Clk., '55; 2nd Cl., '63; Genl. Body, '68; 1st Cl., '71; Super., '91
,,	*Miss W. Carrick.	Tel.	1891
Galashiels	Norrie, A. B. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., Alloa, '82; Clk., Galashiels, '97
Glasgow	Brenan, T. J. ...	S.C. & T.	E.T. Co.; G.P.O., '70
,,	*Leslie, J.	,,	1895
,,	*Lochhead, J. ...	,,	1892
Kirkcaldy	Gray, R.	,,	1882
St. Andrew's ...	*Millar, J. C. ...	,,	1896
Thornhill... ..	Mrs. M. McCaig.	Pms.	1876

* Awarded a Gratuity.

Deaths.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
C.T.O.	Adams, W. S. ...	Tel.	S.C. & T., St. Albans, '88; Tel., C.T.O., '92
"	Miss S. Laker ...	"	1871
"	" E. G. Trough- ton	"	1896
E. in C.O. ...	Miles, J. R. ...	1st Cl. Engr. ...	S.C. & T., Exeter, '70; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '86; 1st Cl. Engr., '97
L.P.S.D., E.C.	Tarpey, J.	Sr.	1877; Sr., '81
" S.E.	Harvey, J.	"	1894
S.B.D.	Buckingham, E. G.	2nd Div. Clk. ...	1892
Bath	Hood, W. H. ...	Clk.	Sr., '69; S.C. & T., '78; Clk., '91
Cardiff	Jones, F.	S.C. & T.	1888
Cricklade ...	Wilkins, J.	Pmr.	1876
Easingwold ...	Smith, G. H.	"	1869
Newc.-on-Tyne	Haddon, G.	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '70; Clk., '92
St. Austell ...	Miss E. Grose ...	S.C. & T.	1895
Shepton Mallet	Taylor, A. A. ...	Pmr.	1878; S.C. & T., Glas- gow, '80; Pmr., Shepton Mallet, '97
Dublin	Moloney, P. C.	Super.	S.C. & T., '75; Super., '91
Galway	Cooley, C.	Pmr.	Pmr., Castlebar, '66; Ball- inasloe, '70; Galway, '76
Larne	Miss C. Mc Mullan	S.C. & T.	1890
Carlisle	Aikman, T. S. ...	Pmr.	1861
Dundee	Hadden, J. K. ...	S.C. & T.	Sr., Cir. Off., '96; S.C. & T., Dundee, '98
Glasgow	Ferguson, A.	"	1881
Hamilton	Jack, D.	"	1888
Oban	McMillan, A. ...	"	1888
Constantinople	Cobb, F. S.	Pmr.	S.B., '62; Princ. Clk., '85; Pmr., Constanti- nople, '92

Postmasters Appointed.

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
Arundel	Gahagan, M. ...	S.C. & T.; Clk., Portsmouth
Diss	Pearce, W. F. ...	S.C. & T., Maidstone; Berwick; Tel., C.T.O.; S.C. & T., Berwick; Clk., Oswestry
East Grinstead	Cleaver, W.	S.C. & T.; Ch. Clk., Rugby
Gillingham	Mrs. A. Samways .	
Hinckley	Herbert, S. H. ...	S.C. & T.; Clk., Burton-on-Trent
Hungerford	Matthews, J. ...	S.C. & T., Hastings; Clk., Ashford
Shepton Mallet	Longstaff, J....	S.C. & T., Stockton-on-Tees
Watford	Thomas, C. F. ...	Inspg. Tel., E.; Sur.'s Clk., S. Mid.; Pmr., Llanely; Chippenham
Dungannon... ..	Creighton, M. ...	M.T. Co.; S.C. & T., Monaghan Belfast; Londonderry; Belfast
Larne	Ferguson, G. ...	S.C. & T., Kilkenny; Belfast
Newry	Wagner, W. H. ...	Clk. Newry; Londonderry; Pmr., Killarney; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., Dublin
Carlisle	Miss E. H. Aikman	S.C. & T.
Maybole	Minto, T.	Sr., Edinburgh; Retr.; Pr. Kr.
Thornhill	Miss J. McCaig ...	S.C. & T.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Asst., Assistant; C.C. & T., Counter Clerk and Telegraphist; Ch., Chief; Cl., Class; Clk., Clerk; Cont., Controller; Div., Division; Engr., Engineer; Gr., Grade; Hd., Head; Hr., Higher; Insp., Inspector; Jr., Junior; Lr., Lower; Offr., Officer; Over., Overseer; P., Postal; Pmr., Postmaster; Pms. Postmistress; Pr.-Kr., Paper-Keeper; Princ., Principal; Retr., Returner; Sec's., Secretary's; Senr., Senior; S.C., Sorting Clerk; S.C. & T., Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist; Sr., Sorter; Stg., Sorting; Sta., Stationary; Supply., Supplementary; Sur., Surveyor; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor; Tech., Technical; Tel., Telegraphist; Tr., Tracer.

St. Martin's-le-Grand.

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EDWARD BENNETT, } c/o MESSRS. GRIFFITH & SONS LD.,
or to } PRUJEAN SQUARE,
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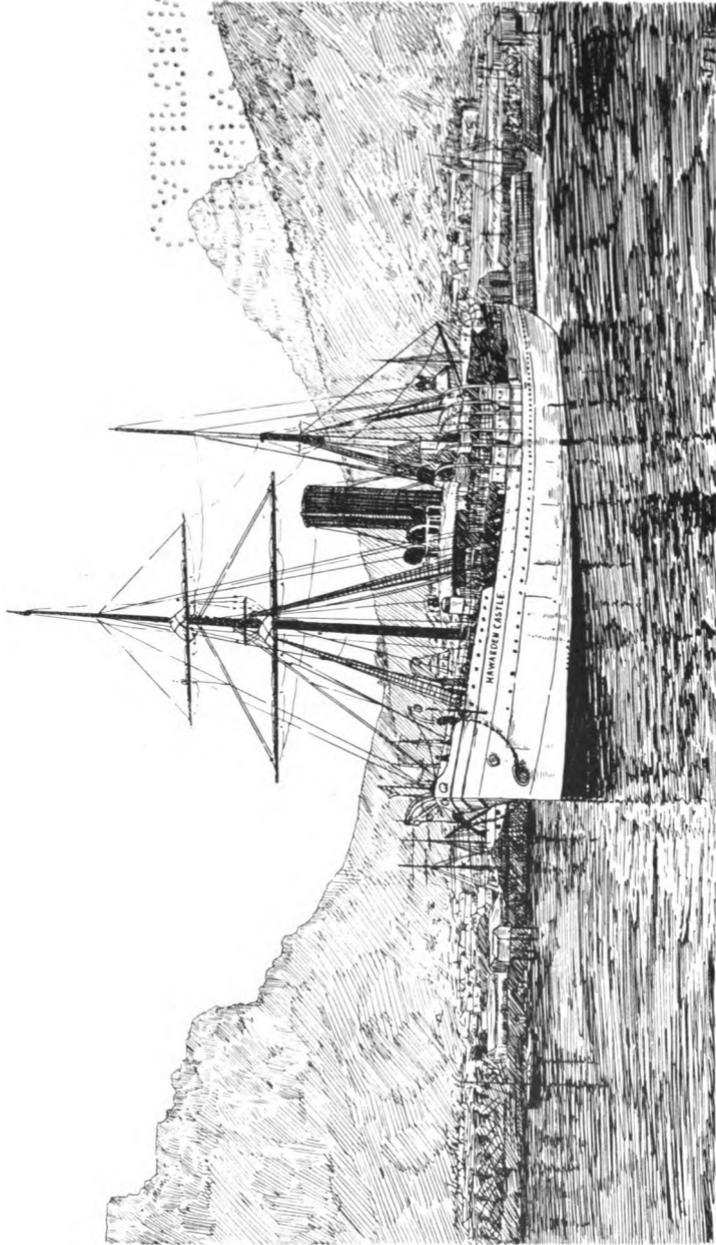
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W. J. ORAMS, *Secretary*.

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(From a photograph by E. W. H. Short.)
THE "HAWARDEN CASTLE" LEAVING CAPE TOWN FOR ENGLAND.

[Frontispiece.]

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND

JULY, 1899.

The Cape Mail.

“**I**S the Mail in?” is the leading question asked in the capital of the Sunny South on Tuesday mornings, and eager are the glances cast in the direction of the mast head on Signal Hill, where once a week the inspiring red white and blue flag, denoting the good ship’s arrival, proudly floats.

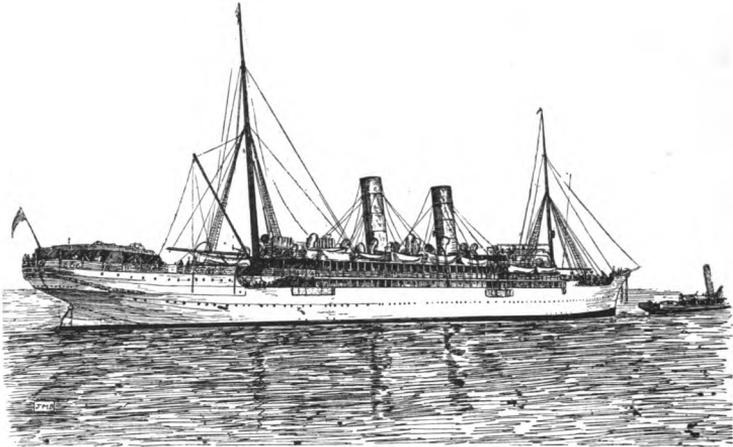
The joint contractors for the Cape Mail Service are the Union Steamship Company of Bishopsgate Street and the Castle Mail Packets Company of Fenchurch Street, London, and each Company despatches a steamer on alternate weeks. The combined fleet at the present time consists of the following steamers:—

Union S.S. Co.	“ Briton ”	Tonnage	10,248 tons.
	“ Scot ”	”	7,815 ”
	“ Norman ”	”	7,537 ”
	“ Mexican ”	”	4,661 ”
	“ Moor ”	”	4,464 ”
Castle Co.	“ Carisbrook Castle ”	”	7,500 ”
	“ Dunvegan Castle ”	”	5,958 ”
	“ Tantallon Castle ”	”	5,636 ”
	“ Dunottar Castle ”	”	5,625 ”
	“ Norham Castle ”	”	4,392 ”
	“ Hawarden Castle ”	”	4,380 ”

All these boats are most luxuriously fitted up for the comfort of passengers, and their postal convenience is catered for by the appointment as Ocean Postmaster of the Purser, who sells stamps and disposes of the letters posted on board immediately the ship makes port. Cape stamps only are purchasable from that officer,

as the ship to all intents and purposes is a Cape Post Office so soon as the shores of Old England are left three miles astern.

The crack vessels of the Service can be relied upon to put in an appearance in Table Bay on Tuesday morning; but when a few of the slower boats such as the "Norham Castle" or the "Mexican" turn up from twenty-four to forty-eight hours later, remarks anything but complimentary are liberally hurled at the heads of the local Agents of the two Companies. As the arrival of the steamer at Cape Town later than daybreak on Wednesday entails a week's delay, so far as the public of Cape Town and its important suburbs is concerned, there is perhaps some excuse for an exhibition



R.M.S. "Scot."

of impatience on such occasions, and for the letters clamouring for a fourteen-day service which appear at regular intervals in the South African press.

The outward-bound mail steamer leaves Southampton at 4 p.m. on Saturdays, and calls at Madeira only en route. Before she enters Table Bay the mails are brought on deck, and immediately the breakwater is rounded and pratique obtained, if she is unable to steam straight into dock, the bags are transferred to the steam tug which is always in attendance. On the quay mail vans of the English pattern painted red and conspicuously lettered "G.P.O." are in readiness to convey the immense array of bags and boxes disgorged from the capacious hold of the vessel to the General Post Office.

A drive of twenty minutes duration and the palatial building in Adderley Street, recently erected at a cost of about £200,000, is reached*; and at the Parade entrance an army of Coolie attendants promptly passes on the mail bags to the electric lift which elevates them to the Circulation Branch on the first floor, where they are placed on a tramway intersecting the sorting rooms and conveyed to the openers' tables, whence the correspondence is in turn transferred to the stampers and sorters. In the Newspaper Branch the mountainous heaps of newspapers and books receiving attention suggest to the initiated that the publishing offices of Great Britain have a big mortgage on the soul of the Cape Postal Service.

The correspondence is rapidly sorted and got ready for despatch up country; and within a few hours after the anchorage of the Mail Steamer in the Bay, the Cape Town letter-carriers are busily engaged delivering to the addressees the letters so eagerly awaited since the moment the liner was observed to be standing in.

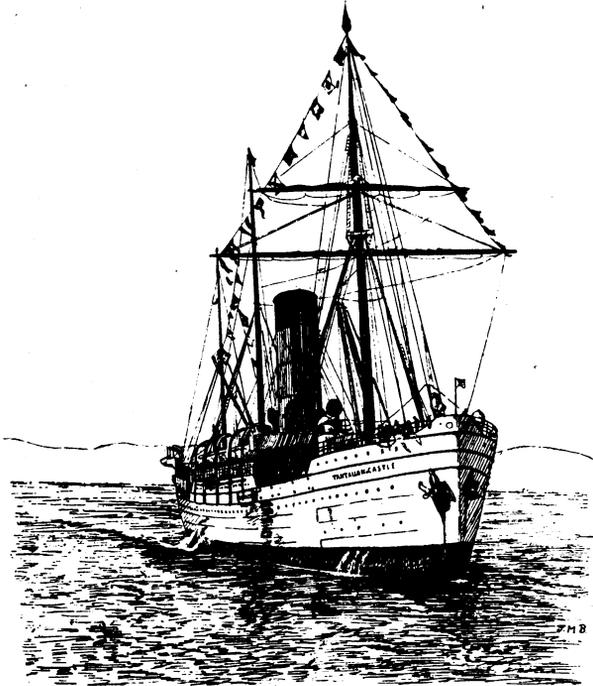
The up country mails are sent forward with the least possible delay, there being no less than four opportunities during the twenty-four hours by which they can be despatched by train from Cape Town. A Travelling Post Office, styled the Western T.P.O., is attached to the train leaving Cape Town at nine in the evening, and the strain on the staff during the long and dreary journey is very heavy. The Western T.P.O. men travel as far as Deaar, a distance of 500 miles, where they are relieved by the Eastern T.P.O. officials working between Deaar and East London, *viâ* Rosmead Junction; and they in turn hand over the Orange Free State and Transvaal mails at Naauwport to the South African Republic T.P.O. running between that point and Johannesburg. The distance by train from Cape Town to Johannesburg is 1,014 miles, and the journey is performed in about 60 hours.

The homeward-bound mail steamer leaves the Cape shortly after half past four on Wednesday afternoon; and the train conveying the mails from up country arrives in Cape Town soon after midday and runs through the metropolitan terminus to the docks alongside the steamer, where the "through" mails from the North are at once put aboard. The last load of mails is dispatched from the General Post Office to the docks soon after 4 p.m. The departure of the mail steamer is usually witnessed by a large crowd of people, many of whom go down to see their friends off by the

* Illustrations of this building appear in Vol. IV. (page 443) and Vol. VII. (pp. 11 and 17) of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.

boat, whilst others, more especially new arrivals from Europe, attend purely to gaze upon the link which connects them with their kith and kin across the sea.

The larger mail steamers, such as the "Dunvegan Castle" and the "Briton," are each capable of carrying 630 odd passengers of all grades and a crew numbering about 200; and during the months of April, May and June, when the rush to Europe is very marked,



THE "TANTALLON CASTLE" ENTERING TABLE BAY.

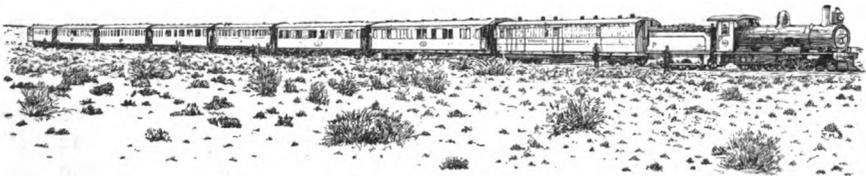
the Companies have as much as they can do to furnish the necessary accommodation. A similar rush sets in in the opposite direction at the end of the English summer, when holiday-makers flock back to South Africa. In addition to the mail steamers the two Companies despatch an intermediate steamer each alternate week; and these boats are largely patronised by passengers, as are the extra-intermediate boats which have to be run at the busier times of the year. These additional steamers call at St. Helena, Ascension,

Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira and Lisbon in turn, and convey mails to these several ports.

The quickest outward passage to Cape Town made by a mail steamer during 1898 was accomplished by the "Dunottar Castle," the time being 16 days 2 hours and 9 minutes, whilst the "Carisbrook Castle" made the fastest homeward trip of the year in 16 days 1 hour and 25 minutes. The subsidy granted to the joint companies performing the Mail Service represented £93,000 for the year 1898, and for 1899 the sum of £94,000 is payable. The existing contract was entered into in 1893 and expires in September 1900; and tenders have already been called in the public press for a Cape Mail Service to run for five or seven years from January 1901. Rumours are afloat that the White Star Line and one or two other powerful companies are tendering; but whether the Castle and Union Companies are the successful tenderers or not, it will, I think, be generally conceded that they have served the Cape well in the past and have been a very important factor in the development of Africa south of the Zambesi.

G.P.O., Cape Town.

E. E. HARRY.



THE MAIL TRAIN ON THE KARROO.

More Recollections.—III.

MY predecessor at Penzance was a lady known far and wide for the sharpness of her tongue, and the temerity with which she defied the public and all their works. Ensnconced behind the small wicket, which then did duty for a counter, she gave everyone who ventured to argue with her a piece of her mind, and closing the wicket with a snap, left the unlucky wight to cool his heels on the pavement. Many are the stories told of Miss Swain—for that was the name of the postmistress—and of her encounters with members of the public. There was a certain Colonel Clutterbuck living in the neighbourhood, who was as choleric and fiery as herself. She had given him a taste of her quality, and left him impotent with rage on the wrong side of the wicket. After demolishing the window with his walking stick, and calling the postmistress everything but a lady, he clinched the argument by threatening to report her to Colonel Maberly. “Oh, will you indeed,” said Miss Swain, “I hope you know where to find him; he has been dead these two years, and perhaps your report will reach him in —, where you ought to be.”

One of Miss Swain’s pet aversions was giving change. It was high treason for anyone to tender a coin in excess of his actual requirements. She did not condescend to argue the point. The offence was too gross to admit of extenuating circumstances. The mere fact of requiring change was Anathema Maranatha, and all the town knew what they had to expect. But it happened upon one occasion that a traveller staying at an hotel in the same street as the office, and who had not been schooled in this unbending reading of the rule, asked for a shilling’s worth of stamps, and, in his innocence, tendered a half-crown in payment. “We don’t give change,” was the curt reply, and withdrawing the stamps, the wicket was unceremoniously slammed in his face. Now we have it on the authority of Lord Byron that “revenge is sweet—especially to women,” and probably it is no less so to a commercial traveller, smarting under what he considered, very properly, an unmerited piece of rudeness. So he cast about him for some means of retaliation. Returning to the hotel, he armed himself with five shillings’ worth of coppers, and marching up and down in front of the Post Office, knocked at the wicket at intervals of five minutes and demanded “one penny stamp.”

There was no getting over this strictly legal demand, and for five mortal hours the postmistress was kept on the dance. It occurred at that witching hour of the day when she was wont to solace herself with the afternoon cup of tea, and every five minutes by the church clock just below, tat, tat, tat, went the wicket, and the courteous demand was made for "one penny stamp." Miss Swain did not forget that traveller in a hurry, but I doubt if it cured her of her inveterate objection to give change.

Like many another needy civil servant, the postmistress was glad to eke out a small income by letting apartments. One of her lodgers for many years was a Doctor Richard Quiller Couch, uncle of Q., the novelist. I need hardly say that Q. is a Cornishman born and bred, and draws most of his inspiration from the "Delectable Duchy." Miss Swain was a masterful sort of woman, and from long practice was as much at home in the doctor's surgery as she was glib with her tongue in her dealings with the public. She could bleed, cup, and leech as well as any sawbones; indeed many of the poorer patients preferred Miss Swain's advice to that of the regular practitioner's. In this double capacity of postmistress and dispenser, she may be said to have combined the pursuit of letters with the teachings of Esculapius.

One day a stalwart miner from the neighbouring parish of Zennor, who was suffering from some derangement of the digestive organs—probably due to his having eaten more than his usual quantity of barley fuggan—came in to consult Miss Swain. After going through the orthodox formula of feeling his pulse and examining his tongue, she prescribed for the man some pills compounded of rhubarb, bitter aloes, and just a grain or so of calomel to act on that obdurate organ, the liver. The box was labelled "Two to be taken at bed time." A day or so afterwards, the man presented himself before the doctor, looking pale as a ghost, and barely able to crawl. The following conversation ensued:—

"Well," said the doctor roughly—for the man was a club patient, and doctors are never very mealy-mouthed in dealing with patients paid for in the lump—"What's the matter now?"

"Aw, mee dear! I'se bra' an bad, sure 'nuf. Wääk as a goslen, ess a'am, and thee cust knack me down long wath a fether."

"You are looking rather washed out. Did you take the pills Miss Swain gave you?"

"'Ess a' tooked 'em."

"Well, you cannot do better. But let me see—they seem to be

punishing you rather. Perhaps you had better reduce the dose, and take two every other night."

"A' cään't do that, Maister Couch. They be äall dun."

"All done! Why you had a dozen."

"Ess, a' knaw. Tes like this 'ere; when a' got hoam, a' thoft to meeself, two o' they there little black seeds like, wadden no good for a great lusty man like me, so a' tooked and clunkied (swallowed) the whole on 'em."

"Good God! you don't mean to say you took the box full?"

"Ess, a' ded."

"Well, what happened?"

"I'll tell ee. A' entied they there little round things out in the päalm o' me 'and, and clapped 'em into me mouth like winkee. Then a' ded chow 'em up, saame as a' wod herts (whortleberries) what do graa over t' Carn Galver. Bra' nasty trade th' wor too, and bitter as gaal. They ded stick 'bout me teaath like birdlime. Howsomever, a' ded wrassle y'em, and a'ter a bit a while, a' clunked 'em. Then a' had a basun of licky braath, and clemmed up into the chaamber, and went to bed. 'Aw, mee dear! I shäänt forget that there night, not if a' do live to be s'ould as Uncle Henny Hoskings parrat. Fust along, a' ded rumble and a' ded grumble 'zackly saam as t'saa baating 'pon the baach down t'cove. Then, semming to me, our booay Jan wor a' tamping o' me, y'a boryer, and every time a' ded scat to 'en, I wor dubbled up like a mabyer (pullet) trying to läay her fust egg. Dost 'na lemme 'ave no more o' that there trade, Maister Couch. I'd raather be blawed up long wath gunpowder. Ess a' wod."

But it is a far cry from 1864 to the end of the century, and the sayings and doings of the late postmistress of Penzance have passed into the limbo of forgotten things. I, as her successor, cannot lay claim to having achieved any such notoriety. It is true that, officially, I have been permitted to outlive nearly all my contemporaries, and can almost realize the saying of Crabbe Robinson that, if one lives long enough, the world becomes a vast cemetery, the grave stones of one's friends marking the flight of years. I believe I am correct in saying that there is not a single postmaster in the West of England whose appointment as such dates back to the early sixties. The only two men who run me at all close are Mr. James, the Postmaster of Taunton, and Mr. Irish, the Postmaster of Exeter, formerly of Newton Abbott and Bridgwater respectively; but they are junior to me both as postmasters and as officers on the Establishment.

Whether this staying power is due to toughness of fibre, or is part of the process under which eels are said to get used to skinning, I will not stop to inquire, especially as a few short months will close the chapter, and write *Finis* on it all.

I go back to the land of "fish, tin, and copper," where, tradition says, they flogged the hake for eating the pilchards, and tried to wall-in the cuckoo. Indeed, unless history belies them, my countrymen were guilty of much more reprehensible practices. It is said that they were wreckers, who held out lanterns along the exposed parts of the coast, to lure mariners to their doom; and when the ship struck the frowning cliffs of Halzafron, or stranded on the thundering shores of Bude and Bos, they stripped her of her freight and tackle, and thrust the hapless crew back into the sea. Those who know the **Cornish**, and have shared their hospitality, will admit that, in preferring this charge, history is more than usually mendacious. But I am not at all sure that my countrymen are quite so clean-handed when charged with having been most daring and inveterate smugglers. Veneration for the laws of the customs and excise was not a cardinal virtue of our seafaring population down to the time of the Georges; and if these poor Cornish fishermen sinned, they sinned in very good company.

The entire coast line of Cornwall, from Widemouth Bay to the Rame Head, is honeycombed with mysterious caves and caverns leading no one knows where. There is a tradition that if you enter the Mouse's Hole in Mounts Bay, and follow your nose, you will come out at the Piper's Hole, Scilly. But like the myth of the submerged district of Lyonesse, and its thirty parish churches, there appears to be no tangible evidence that such means of communication exist. I have explored both caves, and I am bound to say that a considerable strip of terra incognita intervened between them. At any rate there is little doubt that these and similar formations were the resort of bands of smugglers back in the good old days when the sleepy preventive man, like the proverbial policeman, was sure to be everywhere but where he ought to be. Hence, many a keg of cognac, and many a demi john of Hollands, were run across the Channel, and hidden away in some inaccessible cleft or zawn, which never contributed to the King's revenue.

Much of the superstition, too, and belief in the supernatural, which survived in Cornwall up to a comparatively recent date, was fostered and encouraged by the smugglers—formed in fact part of their stock-in-trade. All the stories of haunted houses, and apparitions said to

frequent certain localities, were nothing more than "plants" to scare away the inquisitive. If a contraband cargo had to be run, it was obviously desirable to shroud the thing in as much mystery as possible. I remember one house in particular which had the reputation of being haunted. Mysterious knockings and subterranean noises frightened the inmates out of their wits, until, at length, the place got such an evil name that no one would live in it. It was razed to the ground, and then the secret was out. A natural cave or tunnel ran underneath the foundations, which had been used by the smugglers to stow away the proceeds of a successful haul, and it was their periodical visits which gave the house its ghostly character. When I was a boy, a coach horsed with headless horses, and driven by a headless driver, was popularly supposed to start from Tremough, a gentleman's seat in the neighbourhood of Falmouth, and perambulate the district at a certain hour of the night. If anyone opened a window and looked out, he was caught up by this ghostly Jehu. One can imagine what a clever dodge this was to keep the coast clear, and to prevent prying eyes from intruding on the questionable calling in which these men were engaged.

But wreckers, or smugglers, or whatever you choose to call them, the Cornish possess characteristics which single them out from every other race between the Tamar and the Tweed. Clannish as the Scotch, and as impulsive and impressionable as the Irish, they have all the virtues and all the defects of the Celt grafted upon the ancient Briton. There is hardly any admixture of that Saxon and Norman blood so observable in the natives of the counties exposed to the incursions of these predatory hordes. Cut off, to a great extent, from all intercourse with the rest of the world; reared amidst the stern surroundings of cliff and moorland; burrowing like human moles along the galleries and levels of deep sunken mines; face to face with cairn, cross, and cromlech, which mark the footsteps of a bygone age, until the extension of railways and telegraphs—well within my recollection—the inhabitants of the westernmost county were in a sense as much isolated, and just as primitive, as the Laplander before the days of the ubiquitous tripper. It is not so very long ago that the Cornish had a language all to themselves, and the essence of it still survives in the peculiar intonation and sing-song cadence of the country folk.

It may be thought that, with such uncongenial surroundings, Cornwall is a sort of intellectual desert, where men's minds are as stunted as the vegetation, and as barren as the wind-swept hills which

guard its northern shore. Such, however, is not the case. In proportion to its population—altogether less than one half of the city of Manchester—Cornwall, from time to time, has produced its fair share of men of light and leading, who have left their impress on the age in which they lived. Sydney Godolphin, Admiral Pellew—afterwards Lord Exmouth—Dr. Borlase the antiquary, Richard Trevithick the pioneer of steam locomotion, Humphry Davy the inventor of the safety lamp, and one of the earliest researchers in practical telegraphy, Jonathan Couch the naturalist, Henry Martin the missionary, Landor the explorer, Opie the painter, and Sam Foote the comedian. It is Foote, I believe, who is credited with having been the author of the shortest and most concise correspondence on record. “Dear Mother,” he wrote, “I am in prison.” To which Mrs. Foote replied: “Dear Sam, so am I.”

It is said that had Dr. Nansen succeeded in reaching the North Pole, he would have found that a Scotchman and a Cornishman had been there before him. “D’ ye ken I’m a Mackintosh?” or “I’se bra ’ar glad to see ’e sure nuf!” would have been the first greeting he received, and the standing dishes would have been haggis, and * “star-gazing” pie. Whether this will ever be put to the test by the solution of this geographical problem is a matter of speculation. But it may safely be said that, search the world through, you will not find a more hardy, daring race than the Scotch and the Cornish, nor one in which the love of home and country is more strongly developed. Sandy may bewail the fact that he had not crossed the border long before “Bang went saxpence.” He may come south without a return ticket, having only a light heart, and a still lighter pocket, to pit against all comers. He may subdue the virgin soil of Manitoba, squat on the Australian scrub, till the vast plains of Argentina, prospect for gold on the mountains of Bolivia, or the South African veldt, but wherever he is he never forgets the land of his birth. And so it is with the Cornishman. He is to be found wherever Dame Nature can be coaxed or cudgelled into yielding up her mineral wealth. He has laid bare the deposits of virgin copper at Lake Superior, Burra Burra, Wollaroo, and Namaqualand. He has unearthed the silver lodes of Chili and Peru. He has followed the veins of gold deep down beneath the surface at Geelong and Ballarat. He has washed the alluvial tin of Banka and Perac. In many a mining camp from Coolgardie to Johannesburg; on the slopes of the Andes, and in the

* “Star-gazing” pie is a pie made of the heads of mackerel which, when the crust is removed, have the eyes looking skyward.

jungles of Brazil; on the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, and in the steaming swamps of British Guiana, the Cornish miner toils and sweats. And even as the Scotchman pines for his native hills—for the land of mountain and of flood—and yearns to lay his bones in the old kirk-yard where his forefathers sleep, so the Cornishman turns with longing eyes to the granite tors and sea-girt cliffs of his Mother Land.

And now, being in a state of mental collapse, without another kick left in me, if I have the least regard for any shred of credit which may attach to me as one of your oldest contributors, I think I had better stop. But there's the rub. It is an accepted theory in dynamics that sometimes it is more difficult to stop than to keep in motion. Like the Irishman said to the rider who was pitched over his horse's head into the ditch, "Shure ye've had a quick passage, but a bad landing." In taking leave of the readers of this Magazine, I feel that I am parting with friends, many of whom I have never seen, and can never hope to see, but who are, nevertheless, component parts of that great and complex machine—the Post Office—which ministers to the wants of so many millions of people throughout the world.

And—still harping on the same old string—perhaps I may be allowed to conclude with a story. Among the myths and allegories of western folk-lore, there is a legend, more or less worthy of credence, that the devil was afraid to remain in Cornwall for fear the natives would clap him into a pie. Taking a sweep of his western territories, having bathed off Morwelham rocks—hence their sulphurous character—and slaked his thirst with the dew of Mount Edgcombe—not quite so potent as the "dew of Ben Nevis" obtained from stills—his satanic majesty lighted on the top of Brown Willey, and with a hop, skip and a jump, on to the Cheesewring. There the whole shire was laid out before him like a map, and he observed that although there were more than enough saints to shrive all the souls in Hades, the natives themselves were a rum lot. They were steeped in superstition, believed in ghosts and witchcraft, and that certain old cronies had the power to ill-wish, so that the cows withheld their milk, the ewes were barren, and the sows eat their farrows. As the Norsemen had their Thor and Odin, so the Cornish believed that there was a race of giants who performed all sorts of miracles. Great Tregagle dropped out of his apron all the boulders which now bestrew Gunree Downs. Another giant piled up the sands on Loo Bar to make a basin to wash in, and a third carried the Maenstone—weighing three hundred tons—on his back,

dropped it in the parish of Constantine, and scooping out the top with his knuckles, made it into a parlour to entertain his wives. And, among other peculiarities, the prince of darkness noticed that everything the natives could lay their hands on, they clapped into a pie. There was eel pie, conger pie, mackerel pie, scad pie, squab pie, parsley pie, goosey pie, and, quoth the devil, unless I get out of this pretty sry, there will be devil pie. So he skedaddled across the Tamar, crossing somewhere about where now stands the ancient Borough of Saltash, and alighting on a spot in the parish of East Stonehouse—which is called Devil's Point to this day—he called his imps around him, and bade them find these western barbarians something better to do. And, so the story runs, they did. One was put to dig out Dosmery Pool with a limpet shell; another to count the sands on Perran Beach; a third to put all the boulders he could find into a sack; a fourth to roll St. Agnes Beacon out flat; a fifth to grow oranges on Zennor Downs. And, such is the force of example, it may be said that one native at least is now engaged in just such a bootless task—the attempt to provide the readers of *St. Martin's* with something which may amuse, if not enlighten them.

J. G. UREN.

Maidstone.



GREYMOUTH (N. Z.) POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

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Telephones.

*A Paper read before The Society of Arts on the 12th April, 1899, by
JOHN GAVEY, Assistant Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician to the
Post Office.*



HE invention of the speaking telephone, which was the outcome of the labours of Page, Reis, Graham Bell, Edison, Hughes, and numerous successive inventors, has entirely modified the means of rapid and accurate inter-communication, not only within limited areas, but between cities and towns many hundreds of miles apart, and this method of intercourse, which is proving such a rival to the older form of telegraphy, has aroused such widespread interest that your Council have thought it desirable that a paper on the subject of Telephones and Telephone Exchanges should be laid before you.

THE TELEPHONE RECEIVER.

Although many forms of receiving telephones of varying degrees of merit have been designed, it is only necessary here to refer to the first perfect articulating telephone that was practically used, namely, that invented by Graham Bell. It may be said that not the least remarkable feature of this invention is the fact that since its introduction, in the year 1877, beyond the mere perfection in its manufacture, it has been found impossible to effect any material improvement in the type of instrument then introduced, when used as a receiver. At the present time the original drawings or diagrams, prepared for the first public lecture on the Bell Telephone, still serve for purposes of illustration.

A very brief description only of this receiver is necessary. Bell's telephone, as now used, comprises a permanent magnet, preferably of the horse-shoe type, with a small coil of insulated wire surrounding each pole piece. Opposite these pole pieces is placed a thin diaphragm of soft iron, which is set in vibration when undulating or vibrating currents traverse the coils. This telephone can serve both as a transmitter and as a receiver, but in practice it is now used only for the latter purpose. Fig. 1 illustrates its present form.

THE TELEPHONE TRANSMITTER.

The modern telephone transmitter is based on the discoveries of Hughes and Edison, of the fact that loose or imperfect contacts, preferably of carbon, when subjected to vibrations, vary their resistance to the passage of an electrical current, and that within certain limits this variation bears a direct relation to the amplitude and to the frequency of the disturbing vibrations. Thus, musical or articulate sounds, producing sonorous vibrations in the air, impinge upon a diaphragm and set it in vibration, and if this diaphragm press upon or set in movement loose contacts of a suitable character,

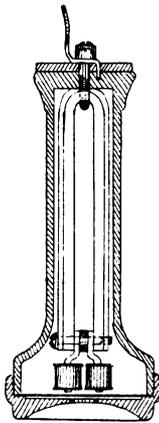


FIG. 1.

BELL'S TELEPHONE.

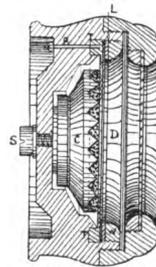


FIG. 2.

DECKERT'S GRANULAR TRANSMITTER.

a corresponding variation arises in the resistance of the circuit of which these contacts form part, and a current of electricity traversing the circuit can be made to describe precisely the same curves as those due to the sound waves. It is the function of the receiver to convert these electrical curves into mechanical vibrations, and thus to reproduce actual sound.

The action of speaking by telephone thus involves a number of successive transformations of energy. The sound waves, which impinge on the diaphragm of the transmitter, set up mechanical vibrations, which give rise to electrical undulations. These undulating currents traverse the connecting wires, causing variations in the magnetic field of the receiving telephone, and setting up vibrations in the diaphragm similar to those which originated the disturbance. In this manner music and speech are reproduced.

Innumerable forms of carbon microphones have been devised. In some cases pencils of hard carbon rest loosely in sockets formed in carbon blocks attached to the diaphragm of the transmitter; in one form—still largely used with single wire circuits—a button of carbon rests against the diaphragm, but the most effective transmitter consists of small granules of carbon enclosed between two carbon discs, one of which is fixed, and the other free to vibrate. Fig. 2 illustrates the form at present used by the Post Office.

In the design of a transmitter care must be taken to provide against the vibrations of the diaphragm causing an actual break of the circuit, as this gives rise to disagreeable sounds, and renders speech inarticulate. The two former types of transmitter are subject to this defect should the speaker shout or approach too closely to the telephone, but with the latter it is possible to speak close to the transmitter, and with considerable force, without rupture of the circuit, so that it is well adapted, not only for intercommunication on short lines, but also for use on long trunk circuits.

The various types of receivers and transmitters are fully described in the text-books, so that it is not necessary to refer to them at large at the present moment.

THE CIRCUIT.

When the telephone was introduced as a practical instrument it was discovered that it formed by far the most delicate detector of alternating or vibratory currents that had been placed in the hands of the scientific investigator or the practical electrician. When joined to a single wire, the circuit of which was completed through the earth, and which was in proximity to other circuits similarly joined up, innumerable noises were heard when the neighbouring wires were worked. Disturbing secondary currents, some due to earth leakage, some to electro-static, and some to electro-magnetic induction, were generated by the adjacent working currents, so that if these were used for telegraphic purposes buzzing and frizzling sounds were heard on the telephones, of such intensity as to render speech impossible. On the other hand, if the neighbouring circuits were used telephonically, and were in excess of a certain length, the conversation held on one circuit could be heard on all the neighbouring ones. When, however, two wires were used to form a complete metallic circuit, and when they were so placed in regard to all neighbouring wires that the average distance between any one of the latter and the two former was the same throughout, then the

electro-motive force due to induction in one of the wires of the circuit was equal to and opposed to that in the other, no disturbing currents circulated, there was no leakage from earth, and a silent circuit was provided, in which nothing interfered with satisfactory speech.

As early as 1881, when the first Post Office telephone exchange was opened, the Department erected metallic circuits, and this policy has been adhered to throughout. Most of the other administrations and companies throughout Europe and America, however, started with single-wire circuits, and this is one of the principal causes of the dissatisfaction which many members of the public have felt with the telephone service. To reduce the overhearing between neighbouring single-wire circuits, it was found necessary to use somewhat imperfect transmitters, which only admitted of good articulation when the users spoke in gentle tones, and even then the circuits were noisy, inefficient, and unsatisfactory. In justice, however, to those who started on these lines, it must be said that in the early days of telephone exchange work there was no form of insulated wire thoroughly adapted for use for underground purposes, and it was practically impossible to erect aerial wires in the enormous numbers that soon became necessary to provide metallic circuits for the large Exchanges that rapidly arose. Gutta-percha and india-rubber insulated wires were very costly, they took up much space, and their static capacity was so high that the limit of distinct speech was soon reached.

The invention of paper insulated air space multiple cables has led to a revolution in telegraphic practice. They are relatively cheap, they take little space, a conduit that would hardly hold 80 gutta-percha wires will accommodate 408 wires insulated with paper, and the static capacity of the latter is but one-fourth that of the former, which practically means a fourfold increase in the range of speech when underground circuits are in use. Specimens of these cables are exhibited.

All European and American administrations and companies have availed themselves of this new form of underground cable, and at present about three-fourths of the Exchange service in these countries is provided by means of complete metallic loops. Their use is being rapidly extended, so that within a relatively short period the single-wire telephone exchange circuit will be a thing of the past.

It may, however, be well to refer to the fact that for long distance speech, over trunk lines connecting distant places, we are still

practically restricted to the use of open wires, for the relatively high static capacity, and the considerable electrical resistance of the small conductors used in these paper cables, although not very detrimental on short lines, would render speech over long distances utterly impracticable under present conditions.

THE SWITCH.

The history of the modern switchboard in its elementary form extends back to the early days of telegraphy, for the most serious problem which has confronted telephone engineers, namely, the ready method of placing a large number of subscribers in rapid and simultaneous intercourse with one another, arose in a minor degree when public telegraphs were first inaugurated. It was obviously impossible to erect wires between every two individual towns throughout any country, and in order to avoid re-transmission of messages at intermediate points, *i.e.*, the writing down of a message received at B, from Station A on one wire, and the sending of it to Station C on another wire, a system was devised by means of which all the circuits in a central office were terminated on a series of brass bars fixed horizontally on a suitable base, and a second series of similar bars was fixed at right angles to and insulated from the former. The two lots of bars were pierced with holes and provided with pegs, and it was possible to make direct connection between any two of the horizontal bars on which the telegraph circuits were connected by inserting pegs through these into one and the same vertical bar. An old-type switch is exhibited.

This was termed an Umschalter switch, but it gradually fell into disuse, as it was soon found to be more speedy and more economical to transmit the messages by writing them down at one instrument, and handing them to another operator to send over the second instrument, rather than to wait till both circuits were free and ready to be connected through direct.

In the year 1864, the Universal Private Telegraph Company re-introduced the use of these switches for providing connection between subscribers to their private-wire telegraph system so as to place them in direct communication with each other, and what was virtually a telegraph exchange was established by them. The system was subsequently extended by the Post Office to several towns in Great Britain.

On the establishment of the first telephone exchanges in this country the Edison Company started with a switch of the fixed bar

and plug type just referred to, whilst the Bell Company introduced a board in which flexible cords, connected to plugs, were used for joining through the circuits. This was the direct progenitor of the modern system of switching.

A telephone switching installation comprises the following apparatus at the Exchange:—

1. *An Indicator*, by means of which the attention of the operator is called when a subscriber desires to communicate.

2. *A Jack*, or switch spring, to which a subscriber's line wires are connected.

3. *Plugs*, for insertion in the jacks, and connecting cords, containing conductors, by means of which connection is established between any two subscribers.

4. *Speaking and Ringing Keys* and other subsidiary apparatus, the use of which appears in the description of a modern switchboard. Specimens of each class of instrument are exhibited.

Each subscriber is, of course, provided with a complete telephone, an electric bell, by means of which he can be called, and some means of actuating the Exchange indicator (1) when he desires to communicate.

The operation of telephone switching on small Exchanges is a simple one. When the shutter of an indicator drops, the operator inserts one plug of a connecting cord into the corresponding jack, and by depressing a speaking key brings her telephone into the circuit. She ascertains the requirement, inserts the second plug of the cord into the jack of the subscriber who is wanted, depresses a ringing key which actuates the bell of the second subscriber, and the latter, on answering, finds himself in communication with his correspondent. The apparatus is exhibited. The calling up of the Exchange has been effected in various ways. In one, the most common, the subscribers are provided with a small magneto-machine, set in motion by a cranked handle. The turning of this handle drops the Exchange indicator. In others, primary batteries have been used.

Again, a system known as the "Law" or "Call wire" system has been tried. In this an independent circuit extends from the Exchange to a certain number of subscribers, each call circuit serving from 40 to 60 persons. It terminates in a telephone at the Exchange, at which an operator is listening continually. To obtain attention a subscriber depresses a special key on his local telephone, which switches it into the call circuit, and if no one is speaking, he

makes his wants known. If another subscriber be using the call circuit, the former waits his turn. The operator, on hearing his requirements, makes the necessary connections as before, the subscriber releases the "Call key," and his telephone is thereby cut out of the call circuit and restored to his speaking circuit, on which he listens till he hears his correspondent answer.

Finally, in the Post Office, a system was designed, under the instructions of Mr. Preece, by which the removal of the telephone from its suspending hook actuated the indicator at the Exchange, and this method has now been adopted, and, with certain modifications—which will be described later—it promises to become the standard type of working in the United States.

When the conversation is finished, the reverse operations are performed. If the call is originated by ringing, a brief ring is repeated, and this drops a second indicator shutter which is bridged in the connecting cords, and which is an instruction to the operator to disconnect the two circuits. With the "Call" system, instructions to sever the connection are conveyed on the call wire, and finally, with the Post Office system, the restoration of the telephone to the hook sends an automatic signal to the Exchange, which indicates the close of the conversation.

Where a special operation is necessary to insure the severance of a connection, much difficulty occasionally arises through a subscriber omitting to ring or call off; under these conditions, other subscribers who wish to speak to either of the two who are joined through, are told that he is engaged, and much discontent and trouble have arisen from this cause. The advantage of a system which abolishes this special operation and substitutes an automatic signal on the hanging up of the telephone is obvious.

So long as Exchanges were of limited size, these simple types of switching readily met all requirements; but as the number of subscribers increased, and the switchboards grew to such dimensions that several operators had to be employed, a difficulty arose in making connections between circuits beyond the reach of a single operator. This was at first met by providing what are termed office junction circuits between each operator and all the others; but as the system became more extensive, the number of these junctions and the difficulty of manipulation increased to such an extent as to render this method of working impossible.

To meet this difficulty the multiple board was designed. This board is divided into sections, usually of such a size as to provide

space for seating three operators, and on each section appear the local jacks and indicators of a number of subscribers, varying from 200 upwards, according to the average number of calls dealt with daily. In addition, however, to these local jacks and indicators, all the circuits of the whole of the remainder of the subscribers to the Exchange are attached to a series of jacks fixed on the upper panels of the section, so that each operator is in a position to connect any one of the local subscribers, for whose calls she is responsible, directly to any other subscriber on the Exchange. It is, however, evident that before a subscriber connected to a local section is joined through to any other subscriber, it is necessary to ascertain that the latter is not connected through at another section of the board to a third subscriber, and this is ascertained in a very ingenious manner. On the face of each jack is a metallic socket, and resting on this socket is one of the springs of the jack itself. These springs and sockets are so connected that on the insertion of a plug into a subscriber's jack, at any section of the board, the socket spring is moved into contact with a stud that connects a battery with the whole of the sockets of the jacks which serve that particular circuit. If a subscriber who is wanted is engaged, the fact is indicated to any operator in the Exchange by a click in her telephone when she touches, with the tip of the plug to which her telephone is for the time being connected, the socket of his jack on her section. If she hears no click, she assumes that the subscriber is disengaged, and connects him through to the calling subscriber.

The early types of multiple boards were extremely costly, and they were subject to many defects which led to the introduction of other systems which were designed to cheapen the service and to improve the working. This again put the advocates of the multiple system on their mettle, with the result that the modern multiple board, as at present manufactured, appears to meet, within its capacity, most of the requirements of a thoroughly efficient telephone system.

I propose to describe briefly the latest form of multiple board, designed by the Western Electric Company, which embodies the most recent developments of American practice.

First, the Post Office system of automatic "calling" by the removal of the telephone from its hook, and automatic "clearing" by its restoration to the position of rest have been adopted: but the progress of modern discovery has placed at the command of telephone experts improved methods of which they have availed themselves.

Thus, small electric glow-lamps, worked by relays, have been substituted for the necessarily somewhat cumbersome drop indicators previously used in most Exchanges. These glow-lamps can be placed in any position, vertical or horizontal, and they take up such little space that they can be fixed in the exact localities in which their indications are most readily observed, instead of having to be placed, as in the older boards, at a considerable distance from the jacks or plugs with which they are worked. Thus there is no need for hesitation or thought on the part of the operator, whilst trying to connect in her mind a distant signal with the particular operation to be performed, for each lamp indicator is in immediate proximity to the jack or plug, as the case may be, which has to be used.

Under each subscriber's local jack at the Exchange is placed one of these glow-lamps, which is normally dark, but which acts as the subscriber's calling signal. On the keyboard, and close to each of the connecting cords and plugs, are two similar lamps, the use of which is indicated in the following description of the *modus operandi* :—

On the removal of the subscriber's telephone from the hook the calling lamp immediately under his jack at the Exchange lights, and the operator, without a moment's hesitation, inserts a disengaged plug into the jack. The insertion of this plug extinguishes the "calling lamp," and the operator presses the speaking key forward and simply says, "Number." On receipt of the reply from the calling subscriber the second plug of the pair is used, in the first place, to test the line on the multiple of the subscriber wanted, and then, if the latter be disengaged, for insertion in that subscriber's jack. This action lights the lamp nearest the operator on the keyboard. She reverses the speaking key for a brief interval, and this has the effect of ringing the bell of the subscriber wanted. On his removing the telephone from its hook the front lamp is extinguished, the two subscribers are in correspondence, and the operator is made aware, by the lamps ceasing to glow, of the fact that her work for the time being is complete. Should either subscriber hang up his telephone, as is sometimes done while searching for information, one only of the keyboard lamps lights, but no notice is taken of this, unless it should remain in that position for an undue period. When, however, the conversation is really finished, and both subscribers restore their telephones, both keyboard lamps light, and this is an absolute signal to withdraw the connecting plugs, which action is followed by the extinction of the

keyboard lamps. If the subscriber wanted is engaged or fails to answer, the operator says to the originating subscriber, either "busy" or "does not answer," and on the latter restoring his telephone, the lamp on the keyboard furthest from the operator lights, and she withdraws the plug. It will be observed that the speaking in the course of manipulation is reduced to a minimum. When there is nothing to prevent an immediate connection, only one word is uttered by the operator, and this is increased to two when the connection cannot be made. Switches illustrating the series of operations are exhibited in work.

One great advantage of the automatic method of signalling, whether Post Office or Western Electric, is the fact that it maintains the line under a constant test; for should a fault arise on the wires at any time, the signals give warning of the fact by indicating a call to which no answer can be obtained. A lineman is at once despatched to remedy the defect before a subscriber has learnt that anything is wrong.

In the Western Electric system also the individual primary batteries at each subscriber's office are replaced by central storage batteries at the Exchange, which are used both for speaking and signalling purposes. The process of replacing primary by secondary batteries at all large telegraph offices in this country has been in progress for some years, and these batteries also have been in use on the Department's trunk lines for automatic signalling purposes for a considerable period, but their use for speaking purposes also is a promising innovation.

Of course, various types of modern switchboards exist, most of which have some advantage to recommend their use, but I have thought the description of the above would have particular interest as being the outcome of the general experience in the United States, which may be termed the home of telephony.

If the capacity of a multiple switch were unlimited, and the telephoning of large cities could be effected by concentrating the whole of the circuits in one exchange, the problem would be easily met by the use of a switch of the above, or of some similar type. Unfortunately, the number of subscribers who can with advantage be served on one switch is limited, the largest now in use providing only for 10,000 subscribers. The limit is due to various causes. The range of an operator's reach is not great, and it is obviously useless to extend the multiple jacks beyond her reach. There is also a limit to reduction which can be effected in the size of jacks, so that it is impossible to crowd more than a certain number within

a given space. There are also other objections to which specific reference need not be made, but the result is that to deal with a large number of subscribers it is necessary to establish several Exchanges, and these are connected together by junction circuits. These circuits are virtually the equivalent, in a certain degree, of the trunk circuits connecting the larger cities and towns, and they are now almost universally worked by means of automatic signals, but a detailed description of the methods in use would scarcely have sufficient interest to justify further explanation here.

It will be interesting to quote certain figures relative to the Central Exchange belonging to the French Government in Paris.

It is at present fitted for 15,000 subscribers, and to provide for this number no less than 702,000 jacks are joined up. To connect these within the interior of the building, there are 118 miles of 40-wire cable, giving an aggregate of 4,720 miles of wire in the switch-room. These cables are cut and jointed to the jacks at intervals of about 12 inches, and this has involved the making of 2,500,000 soldered joints.

I mention these figures because it has become the fashion to under-estimate the work of constructing a modern telephone system.

To take an analogy. It is a simple matter to provide the catering for a single establishment, but there are few problems of greater magnitude than the provisioning of an army of, say, 100,000 men. In the same way, any plumber-electrician can run up a few score wires and connect them to a switch, but when the wires grow from scores to thousands, and tens of thousands, spread over an area of some hundreds of square miles, the problem becomes as intricate as that involved in any other type of heavy electrical engineering.

The telephone trunk service of Great Britain, in other words, the system which provides intercommunication between the principal towns in the country, was fully described in a paper I had the honour of reading before the Institution of Electrical Engineers, in November, 1896, and there has been no material modification in the methods then described. On the 31st March, 1898, the Post Office plant comprised 56,373 miles of wire at work, and in course of construction, and 269 towns were connected with trunk circuits, by means of which any one of them could be placed in direct connection with any of the others. The system is being rapidly extended.

The following table, which shows the mileage of the telegraphic and telephonic systems throughout the world at the end of the year 1898, will be of interest. It is compiled from official documents supplied to the Bureau International de Berne.

APPROXIMATE MILEAGE OF THE TELEGRAPHIC AND TELEPHONIC
SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD, JANUARY, 1899.

	LINES.			
	Telegraph Lines.		Telephone Lines of States and Private Companies.	Totals.
	State Administrations and Private Companies.	Railway Companies.		
	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.
<i>I.—Countries subject to the International Telegraphic Convention :—</i>				
European	490,200	179,570	169,300	839,070
Extra-European	167,300	64,620	14,290	246,410
<i>II.—Countries not subject to the Convention :—</i>				
North America—				
Western Union Co.	233,000	233,000
Postal Telegraph Co.	18,640	18,640
Other offices	248,500	186,400	434,900
South America	15,533	9,300	3,107	27,940
Africa, Asia, and Australia ...	24,853	27,959	9,320	62,133
<i>III.—Submarine Cable Companies</i>	167,800	167,800
	1,117,526	529,950	382,417	2,029,893

	WIRE.			
	Telegraph Lines.		Telephone Lines of States and Private Companies.	Totals.
	State Administrations and Private Companies.	Railway Companies.		
	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.
<i>I.—Countries subject to the International Telegraphic Convention :—</i>				
European.....	1,604,300	623,200	852,800	3,080,300
Extra-European	406,100	205,300	119,230	730,630
<i>II.—Countries not subject to the Convention :—</i>				
North America—				
Western Union Co.	1,003,400	1,003,400
Postal Telegraph Co.....	108,730	108,730
Other offices	745,600	2,175,000	2,920,600
South America	29,820	27,960	31,070	88,850
Africa, Asia, and Australia ...	74,560	83,880	24,850	183,290
<i>III.—Submarine Cable Companies</i>	169,600	169,600
	3,396,510	1,685,940	3,202,950	8,285,400

Finally, I may venture to say that it is almost impossible to predict the future of the telephone. There is room for unlimited growth, and great as have been the developments of the ordinary methods of telegraphy, they are probably destined to be entirely eclipsed by the telephone, which may before long be the principal channel through which both business and social intercourse of the country will be carried on.



GENERAL POST OFFICE, DUNEDIN, N. Z.

An Unfortunate Deal in Government Stock.

FOR the benefit of those readers who, like myself, prefer the light side of this Magazine and "skip" those articles which their conscience tells them they ought to read, let me say at once that there is nothing Economistic in the tendency of this article, that any remote connection it may have with "Bulls" and "Bears" will be in a real animal sense, and that, as the sequel will show, no excursions will be made into the realms of the Stock Exchange. The story hangs simply upon an advertisement in a journal devoted to the interests of those concerned in the raising of *live* stock, coupled with the gullibility of a farmer and a certain precipitancy of action on the part of a counter-clerk in the Midlands. Now, I have not the gift of an imaginative faculty so necessary to the truthful story-teller, and I must ask that any shortcomings on my part in this respect may be overlooked, and that this narrative may be regarded merely as a relation of facts without the addition of any artistic embellishments.

A few years ago the eye of a farmer who occupied a small holding in an almost unexplored district in the South-West Riding of Yorkshire was struck by an announcement in the journal already referred to, that the owner of a litter of twelve young pigs, of a Bedfordshire pattern, having no further use for them, was prepared to sacrifice himself for the benefit of the purchaser by disposing of them in one lot at a price far below productive cost. Anyone who knows a Yorkshireman is aware that the opportunity of "makking a bit o' brass" is irresistible to him, and this particular farmer was no exception. He rose to the bait at the first throw, and with the feverish haste of a feminine bargain hunter, sent off a money order for an amount covering the sacrifice; but, with the caution ever associated with his countrymen, he post-dated the payment of the money order for ten days, which stroke of diplomacy caused the upshot of the whole matter herein recorded.

In the course of about three days the whole of the twelve young porkers turned up at the nearest wayside railway station, and it was apparent that the owner had made a further sacrifice of himself and his family by enclosing the pigs in one small American bacon box, which was presumably thrown in as an auxiliary bargain.

(If someone possessing a poetical tendency or an artistic temperament had been writing this narrative, he would have worked in just here a poetical allusion to the "Irony of Fate," which decreed that the advent of these young things should be in a casement which had held the dead and salted remains of their progenitors, and it would have been interesting to see how he would bring about the assimilation of pigs with poetry.)

My farmer—I use the expression for convenience—hastily responded to his invoice note from the railway company, yolked his limited team to his strongest cart, and wended his way to the railway station. On hearing that his consignment consisted solely of "one box" he was staggered (this is a woefully inexpressive way of putting it, as would be gathered if I were allowed to repeat the observations which, rumour says, fell from his lips). He found that he certainly had acquired a round dozen of pigs, but that they were of so fine a breed and of such slender proportions that two persons could not look at one and the same pig at the same time. His disgust at the "sell" rendered him unequal to the task of saddling himself with the responsibilities associated with such tiny atoms of porcine creation, and he absolutely refused to remove the consignment, washing his hands then and there of any responsibility as to the future of these porkers in embryo.

An argumentative correspondence thereupon ensued between the consigner and consignee as to the wrongs and rights of things, and, in the meantime, the gulf of time dividing the period of the issuing and the payment of the money order was being bridged over. That the argument was futile is shown by the fact that my farmer further enriched the revenue by sending on the ninth day an imperiously worded telegram to the Postmaster General commanding him to stop payment of the order, and demanding an instant return of the money. Of course, the necessary machinery was at once put in motion to give effect to the mandate, but, unfortunately, the motion commenced too late, for, on the paying office being consulted, it was found that the paying officer had just paid the order. He had thus, by his unseemly haste, compromised the Department to the extent of my farmer's speculation.

The consigner was at once applied to, but he refused to disgorge, the consignee sheltered himself behind his rights, and thus was Her Majesty's Government burdened with a new class of stock, for which it had no marketable quotation. All this time this newly

acquired Government stock was enjoying unlicensed liberty in a far away railway station yard. The piglets were being fed and generally cared for by the stationmaster, but his morals got severely damaged about this time. He found that the early morning appeals of his charges for refreshment dispelled all opportunities for beauty sleep, and I understand that for ten clear consecutive days in his official career that stationmaster can claim that he was in personal attendance to discharge his functions in connection with the earliest arriving trains. He naturally began to foster yearnings for a termination of matters, and this no doubt led him to incite his company to step in as a third party with a claim for demurrage, and many other considerations.

It was at this point that my services were called into requisition, and my respect for my chief's discriminative powers in selecting me specially to negotiate a transaction of this character took an upward direction. I had never had cause to experience the adage that fools rush in, &c., &c., but I was young, untried, and consequently egotistical in those days. I accepted my instructions with confidence, and set out on my mission with never a doubt as to its successful issue. I had already studied to acquire the trick of manner, the expressionless glare, and the I-am-a-Government-servant demeanour always in evidence in the practised hand, and these qualities I had no doubt would serve me in good stead.

I found, on my arrival at the railway station nearest to my ultimate destination, that I should have a prolonged and unanticipated opportunity of rehearsing my part, for, between the two points, there were three miles to be traversed over a country as uncertain in its physical features as the temper of an ultra "livery" controlling officer. Over some portions of the journey the acclivities to be negotiated gave promise of Savage Landor-like altitudes, over others the declivities suggested that the base of geological formation would be reached before touching bottom. Conveyances had been unprocurable, and I was thus robbed of the opportunity of making a sensational state-like approach, which is always impressive in remote localities, the result being that when I earthed my quarry, my composition was largely wanting the true proportion of liquid elements which physiologists and doctors tell us is necessary to complete man.

I was received with much suspicion by the lady of the house, and it was only on learning that my visit had its origin in the Post Office that she ventured to remove her clog-shodden foot from behind the

door. In response to my enquiry as to the whereabouts of her husband, she replied monosyllabically, "He's yon," and indicated by a gesture a person in the distance occupying himself, apparently, in the pursuit of storing nutriment for future crops, of which there was no doubt on a nearer approach, and if any subsequent failure of crops was experienced, I do not think it was traced to the weakly quality of the stimulant employed.

There was nothing Chesterfieldian in our meeting—nor could there be under the circumstances, as one felt at the outset that a certain distance must be observed between us. A remark by me as to the suitability of the present weather for outdoor occupations was treated as a superfluity calling for no response and as having no bearing on the prospective matter in hand. I had thus wasted time in opening up the campaign which gave him the chance of firing the first shot which played havoc with my ground works. He volleyed forth, "Well, it taks yo Pooast Offis foalk a heck ov a looang toime ta mak oop yer moind ta gi aw chaap he's brass back, but aw reckon tha's browt it neaw, so coom i' th' hawse an' wa'll sattel th' matter "

The proposal to remove ourselves from our present surroundings was entirely agreeable to me, but when instructions were sent forth for the preparation of a feast suggestive of a thanksgiving offering, I at once recognized what a false claim I had to such treatment, and how unworthily I should be looked upon presently. I began to wonder of what advantage my fondest speciality—the trick of manner—would prove to be when the subject to be operated upon had early shown an imperviousness to its influence. How could an official glare be used to success on a person so cross-eyed that his optics were normally and habitually engaged in piercing each other's depths? Of what import was a heaven-sent specimen of a Government servant to this man, who gave one the impression that to him all men—excepting the land agents—were equal?

I found myself, in the interval occupied by Mr. Farmer "washing hissell," forming schemes for a graceful retreat instead of planning means for forcing a successful attack, which goes to show how rapid had been my fall from high estate. On Mr. Farmer's return with features rendered fiercer from the "high lights" brought out by the polish they had received, I suggested as a tentative measure, and in as airy a manner as the conditions would admit, that, perhaps, after all, his speculation would not turn out so badly, and hinted that the Department would on my representations be not unwilling to entertain any claim from him for any incidental expenses which he might

have incurred, and, as he seemed to be giving me a favourable hearing, I waxed eloquent on the fair treatment always accorded by Government Departments generally, and ours in particular, to all legitimate claimants. The situation seemed to dawn upon him suddenly, for he blurted in an ominously concentrated tone, "An dooas tha meean ta say that theyn nobbut sent thee ta taalk, an that tha'rt noan gooin to paay me mi brass back"? I gave an answer which for its drawn-out character and diplomatic obscurity could not, I am satisfied, even now be beaten.

There is always a marked suspension in the operations of nature immediately preceding a storm, and the symptoms were not wanting in this instance. The air was thick and heavy with the fumes of fried ham and eggs, and I was conscious of a feeling of heavy depression at the thought that I must now give up all hope of joining in a feast for which for some time I had been in a state of preparation. The next moment the storm burst with cyclonic fury. Without a full description—which is again denied me—of what really happened, I cannot bring the reader's imagination into full play, and I leave the subject with the remark that if the then Postmaster-General has, like me, been bearing crosses ever since, he should put it down to the curses heaped upon us by this modern north country Hecate.

When I came to myself I was retracing my steps, and I found myself inconsequently wondering how on earth the Ordnance Survey Office could allow such gross mis-statements to appear year after year in their maps as to the heights of the mountains thereabouts, and incidentally speculating what I was going to do with twelve sucking pigs in a distant land. I was conscious also that the sun was in sympathy with me—we were both sinking—only he had done his day's work and was going to rest.

Later on a dejected-looking but respectably dressed pilgrim presented himself at a butcher's shop, which a kindly disposed Providence had dumped down in a benighted region. The pilgrim approached the proprietor with offers of an unheard-of sacrifice in the sucking pig line. I was the pilgrim. That butcher was born with a commercial instinct, and I have never since been fool enough to assert that there is nothing in birth—it had its advantage over me!

It soon became evident that it was useless to try a deal in this direction, for the taste in sucking pigs was "off" in that district (if ever it had become acquired), and, besides, I had enough stock on

hand apparently to serve out one article for each householder and yet leave me with a surplus to dispose of afterwards as travellers' samples.

But to whom was I to look now? For a moment my thoughts turned towards the stationmaster, but any hopes that I had in that direction were damped by the recollection that on stepping out of the train I had noticed numerous specimens of budding stationmasters playing about, and it was to my mind conclusive that he had his hands full already, and he would not, I assumed, wish to vary his occupation in this line by rearing another kind of family. How true it is though that succour comes from unexpected sources, for on seeking his permission to view my charges, which had by this time become white elephants, so to speak, he graciously assented, and gave me the benefit of his companionship. We commenced to discuss the situation, and I discovered that he would be not averse to being lured to another place, the precincts of which are abjured by servants of the Department, but which for both of us was a neutral ground removed from official surroundings. Before I had expended eighteenpence, the man discovered himself, and by the time my expenditure on "incidents" had reached two shillings, that stationmaster was my bounden ally and had sworn to see me out of my difficulty. In the intervals between the recurring visits of the attending Phyllis, I was entertained by a recital of the woes, disappointments, and lost hopes of a provincial stationmaster, coupled with a disquisition on the iniquity of a system known as "passing over," which accompanies servitude to a railway company; and as the recital stirred corresponding chords in my breast, I was able to assume a sympathising attitude that went far to secure my success.

It appeared that the stationmaster had found it not at all unlikely that he would be called upon to stand in my shoes in regard to the disposal of the stock, as the demurrage charges were assuming proportions which looked like very soon exceeding the value of the perishable goods on hand. He had, therefore, already prosecuted enquiries, following the lines which I had up to now so unsuccessfully pursued, and he made it known to me that he possessed the prospects of a purchaser, and the only point that needed consideration was the trivial one of price. Together we set out to find this benefactor, which we did at a far less physical expenditure than I had already experienced. He was a Yorkshireman also possessing all the characteristics of a hard bargain driver, and I am much afraid that the stationmaster was of the same county. He shared all the instincts bred in people brought up in the broadacre district.

Apparently all that was expected or required of me was that I should acquiesce to the terms laid down, which had in them a suggestion that any ultimate profit was a matter of future understanding, and which in comparison with the producer's valuation showed a wide and alarming discrepancy. I was certainly not very well versed in what constitutes good points in a pig, and what little I knew was not considered by these conspirators to be worth much, for I could not succeed in getting any advance on the original offer. There were, however, other considerations for me, mainly arising from a desire to sleep under my own roof that night, which were largely instrumental in inducing me to close the transaction and effect a sale, which I did with a sigh of relief. True, I had the consciousness that my chief would probably consider that my official qualifications should in future be gauged by my commercial disabilities, but present peace was more to me just then than the thought of possible future trouble. The last train carried me away from those regions, which have never known me since, and, I assume, by this time my charges have gone the way of all pork. Possibly some portions of the bulwarks of the British Empire have been built up on their remains!

I had no desire to present my report in person; in fact, I deliberately sought to avoid a personal interview with my chief, trusting that lapse of time would lead to forgetfulness on his part; but there was, evidently, no luck for me connected with this deal. I was sent for and subjected to a series of cool—very cool—questioning, and I failed utterly to enlist any sympathy as I recited such plaintive details as had not been permissible in my report. Consequently, I came away with the conviction that I should not secure honourable mention in whatever official despatches followed. There was, however, melancholy satisfaction in the thought that there was another actor in this episode who would be penalised for playing the principal character.—I have often wondered whether that counter clerk had the effrontery to protest against the fine and admonition which followed!

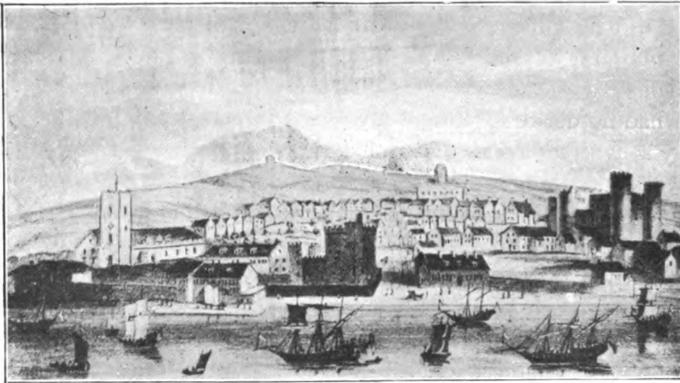
Surveying Branch, Manchester.

G. HARRIS.

The Liverpool Post Office—Past and Present.

AS a new and handsome Head Post Office is about to be occupied in Liverpool, some account of the stages through which the business has grown to its present volume, and of the persons by whom and the places in which it has been carried on, may be of interest to the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.

The special importance and interest of Liverpool is due to its position as a seaport and to its relations with every corner of the globe. Its geographical fitness for this position appears to have become evident at a very early date. King John was a patron of "Liverpool,"



LIVERPOOL IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(Photographed by John Higginson from an old view.)

and granted it all the privileges of a "Free Harbour," and he also enclosed as a deer forest "Toxteth Park," which still retains its name, although it was disparked in 1604, and is now covered with bricks and mortar. For many generations "Liverpool" played a subordinate part to Chester, as the small vessels then used could equally well sail up the Dee or enter the Mersey, and Chester, as commanding the approaches to North Wales, had from the time of the Romans possessed exceptional importance as a military station. It was not until the year 1660 that Liverpool was declared an

independent port for Customs purposes, although its revenue had been greater than that of Chester for nearly a century. Liverpool had some military history, for stirring events centred round its Castle (built by King John in 1208, and finally destroyed by order of Charles the Second between 1662 and 1676), which was taken and retaken three times during the Civil War.

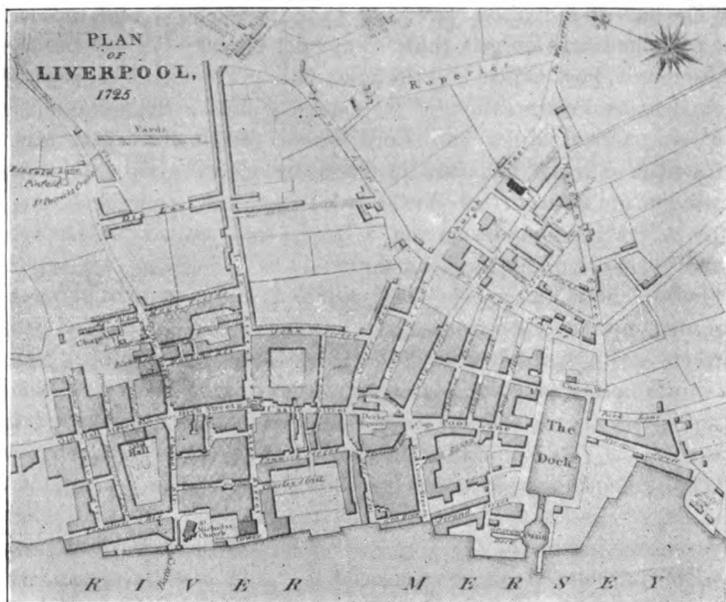
The misfortunes of London in 1666 resulted in benefit to Liverpool, for after the Plague and the Great Fire many merchants removed their families and establishments permanently from the Thames to the Mersey.

The site of the castle was given to the town by George the First in 1714, and St. George's church was built upon it, midway between the present Post Office and the town hall. The city has grown so fast that the congregation of St. George's church has gone farther out, and Castle Street and Lord Street (originally called "Lord Molyneux Street," laid out in 1668 by Caryl, Lord Molyneux, Hereditary Governor of the Castle) are now entirely business streets, the corporation having acquired and closed St. George's church and are about to pull it down.

In a plan of Liverpool, dated 1670, a creek or pool is shown running up in a north-easterly direction. The dock (now the present Post Office, Custom House, and Dock Board Office), which is shown in a later plan of 1725, was a portion of this creek, which also covered a part of the site of the new building, bounded by Sir Thomas's Buildings and Frog Lane (now Whitechapel). "The Dock" was authorised by Queen Anne, to accommodate the larger vessels then coming into the Mersey, but was delayed by the opposition of the London cheesemongers, who feared the loss of business if ships were able to trade with Liverpool with greater safety, but in 1709 the corporation gave £500 to assist the promoters, and the dock was finally opened in 1720. At this time Liverpool had not more than 10,000 inhabitants.

Mr. Jas. Wilson Hyde says that down to the year 1673 Liverpool was without a horse post, but correspondence on the subject took place in that year between Colonel Roger Whitley (Deputy Postmaster-General) and the Mayor of Liverpool. Colonel Whitley wrote: "I agree with you that the trade of that industrious place ought to have a quicker despatch in its correspondence, and may deserve a horse post, as well for expedition of letters as conveniency of travellers; but if the charge be imposed on the Office the benefit will not balance the expense." The rulers of the Post Office were

cautious and would risk nothing, but negotiations were afterwards carried on with Alderman Chamber of Liverpool, who proposed to take up the work. The proposal was "to carry the Preston Mail from Warrington to Wigan (as it is now done), to send to Liverpool by a horse post, also to Prescot and Ormskirk (if a foot post will not be as convenient to this latter), and to carry the mail back again to Knutsford; and I hope you will do this for forty pounds per annum." Apparently nothing came of this proposal, for the Liverpool Post Office was only officially established about the year



LIVERPOOL, 1725.

(The Post Office is shown in an opening off Church Street, now known as "Old Post Office Place.")

1691. John Crowther was appointed the first Postmaster, with a salary of £25 a year.

Liverpool was served by a "Bye Post," which left the main post road from London to Chester at Lichfield, and went through Brereton Green and Knutsford to Warrington. Liverpool was served from Warrington by a separate stage, the regular "Bye Post" proceeding from Warrington through Preston and Lancaster to Kendal.

Robert Stubbs was appointed Postmaster in April 1702, John Seacomb in April 1715, Sylvester Moorcroft in November 1724, Robert Orrett in January 1743, and Samuel Street in August 1746.

The last-named, Samuel Street, kept the Post Office at the "Wool Pack," near the Exchange in Water Street," and is believed to have been the person of that name who was sent to Edinburgh in 1745 to watch the movements of the "Young Pretender." Probably his appointment as Postmaster of Liverpool was the reward of successful "Secret Service." Street was succeeded on the 1st May 1753 by Mr. Thomas Statham, whose term of office was remarkable for its length (it lasted until 1798), for the development of the postal service that took place while it continued, and for the sturdy resistance he offered to changes, especially if he considered they "would be a loss to him financially." He was evidently a man of considerable ability, and is believed to have retired with a large fortune.

About the middle of the last century the Post Office was at the north end of John Street, between Dale Street and the opening to Princes Street, about two hundred yards from the site to which it is about to be moved. On the map bearing date 1725 the Post Office is marked as standing in the opening off Church Street, now known as "Old Post Office Place." In 1781 it was in Lord Street, and remained there until 1800, when it returned to Old Post Office Place. Picton describes Statham's office in North John Street as "a simple dwelling, in which lived the Postmaster . . . with a little hole in the window for the delivery of letters."

In 1753 the Postmaster's salary was £95, and at that time apparently there were only three Posts a week, for an old notice records that:—"The London and Foreign Post comes in every Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday morning; goes out every evening about 12 o'clock the same day it comes in.

"The Post Office shuts up before 11 o'clock."

At that time no stage coaches worked to Liverpool, but a "gang of horses" left the "Swan with Two Necks" in London every Friday morning and reached Liverpool (about 212 miles) on Monday evening. On the 9th of June, 1757, "flying" stage coaches commenced to run twice a week between Warrington and London, passengers from Liverpool riding over to Warrington the day before.

Mail coaches were introduced in the year 1784, and the time occupied in the journey between Liverpool and London was then reduced from 48 to 36 hours.

In July, 1766, Mr. Statham was warned by the then Secretary to the Post Office (Henry Potts) against forwarding mails and expresses by post-chaises, stage coaches, or other irregular methods, and desiring him always to use a "horse or carriage and messenger on purpose." In the same year, 1766, an Act was passed by Parliament, fixing the rates of postage between Great Britain and the Isle of Man, and directing that "any deputy, clerk, agent, or letter carrier who shall steal a letter or its contents shall be guilty of felony and suffer death without benefit of clergy."

In 1775 there was only one postman in Liverpool, but even then the early distribution of letters was appreciated, and a petition was sent up asking for more men. The petitioners were, however, refused on the ground that "no more than one letter carrier has yet been allowed to any one town in England."



LIVERPOOL POST OFFICE
ABOUT 1760.

In 1782 the Postmaster's salary was raised to £100, with an additional £100 as "Bye-Post Salary." As the "Riding work" (the conveyance of the mails between Warrington and Liverpool) cost £138 a year, and the one letter carrier was paid £28 12s. od. a year, the whole expense of the office to the Crown amounted to £366 12s. od. The Postmaster's emoluments were, however, considerable; they included charges for delivering letters beyond the free or town boundary, "late fees" on letters posted after closing time, and the "newspaper privilege" (an arrangement between the "Clerks of the Road," in London, and the Postmasters), which was a kind of news agency for the circulation of newspapers and gazettes. Mr. Statham took but a small share in the management of the office, and the authorities were content that he should farm the allowances as long as the revenue was secure. In 1782 he engaged Thos. Banning, afterwards Postmaster, as his chief clerk, to manage the business.

In 1784 Acts of Parliament were passed for establishing a General Post Office in Dublin, and for regulating the rates of postage, which were according to distance, between England and Ireland. It was provided that in case of error or dispute new "Surveys" should be made. Probably this was the origin of the title "Surveyor," which

has survived for over a century, and was perhaps more appropriate in 1784 than it is now.

In 1784 Palmer, the actor and proprietor of the Bath Theatre, was establishing his famous system of coaches, and in 1785 a coach commenced to run from London to Liverpool by way of Coventry and Lichfield. This increased the business but injured Statham, who lost fees which he estimated to amount to £250 a year. He also had to employ three letter carriers at his own expense, for four men were necessary, but the authorities still refused to allow more than one to any provincial town.

On the 22nd July, 1785, a notice appeared in *Gore's Advertiser*, Liverpool:—"Golden Lion, Dale Sq.—The original mail coach, with guard all the way, will set off on Monday next, the 25th July, at 4 o'clock in the morning, and so continue every day. To go in 30 hours. Fare £3 13s. 6d.

"Notice is hereby given that all carters, chaise boys, &c., between Liverpool and London are to observe that when they hear the horn of the guard of the mail coach they are immediately to turn out of the road and make way for the same. If this caution is not strictly attended to by the parties above mentioned they will assuredly be prosecuted as the law in that case directs." It is interesting to compare the fare and the time occupied with the £1 9s. now charged for the four hours' journey by express train.

In July, 1787, an advertisement appeared in a Chester paper as to the running of a mail coach from Birmingham to Bristol, and a connecting coach from Chester to Shrewsbury, Wolverhampton, &c., by which Liverpool letters for the West of England were sent.

In May, 1788, a notice was issued from the Post Office, Liverpool, giving an "account of the Posts coming in and going out."

"The London Post goes out every night (except Friday).

"The London Post comes in every morning (except Tuesday) at an uncertain hour.

"The same coach takes the bags for Prescot, Warrington, Knutsford, Congleton, Newcastle, Stone, Litchfield, Chester, Manchester, and Rochdale, every night, and brings the same in every morning.

"The Ormskirk Post goes out every morning about six o'clock, and returns between seven and eight."

The parcel coach established between Liverpool and Manchester takes the same route, through Prescot and Warrington.

In 1788 various instructions to alter circulation show that the surveyors were active in developing their districts, and a "Reminder"

sent to Mr. Statham in March, 1788, and calling upon him to “examine guards, fire-arms once a week, and please to give orders to fire them and observe if they go clearly off,” remind one of the dangers of the time.

A MS. addition to the instructions for mail guards says that:—

“If he is detected in smuggling parcels upon the road, he will be taken before a Justice of Peace and committed to hard labour and imprisonment.” They are also warned against “slovenly and dirty appearance,” and are told to “keep themselves and their uniform very clean, and their hair powdered—equal to a soldier on duty.” Also to provide themselves with new boots and leather breeches. Great things were expected of the guards in those days, although their official pay appears to have been only 10/- a week; no doubt however this was supplemented by considerable “tips” from passengers.

In May, 1788, an important ride through Ormskirk to Wigan was established, connecting at Wigan with a ride from Warrington to Chorley and Preston. Letters for the North were sent by this rider, who started at 5.30 p.m., and returned with the letters from the North about 7.0 a.m. the next morning.

In July, 1788, a new regulation was issued as to the treatment of letter containing money, prophetic of the present registered letter system; it required the Postmaster to copy the direction of such letters on the face of the Letter Bill, “without noticing any that include bank notes or bills”—as if those articles were not considered to require protection.

In 1788 an Act was passed which did not specially affect the Post Office, but which it is interesting to find among the records of the Liverpool Office. Its object was to secure the humane treatment of slaves during their conveyance from the West Coast of Africa to the West Indies, and after enacting stringent regulations against overcrowding or other ill-treatment, it directed that if the mortality among the slaves did not exceed 2 per cent. the captain was to receive a bonus of £100, and the surgeon £50; if the mortality exceeded 2 but not 3 per cent. half those amounts were to be paid. Elaborate returns were to be kept and verified, and these premiums on humanity were to be paid out of the national revenue by the collector of customs of the nearest British port. The Act was apparently sent to the Postmaster of Liverpool to explain its provisions to the masters of ships trading

with West Africa, a trade then as now largely in the hands of Liverpool shipowners.

In 1789 the communication between Liverpool and Dublin is described as "almost perfect," no less than three packets having sailed in two days. A journey from London to Dublin, and back via Liverpool, would be made in a week.

In October, 1791, notice was given of a mail for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, by packet boat to New York, and thence to Halifax "by one of His Majesty's schooners under Admiral Sir Richard Hughes." This is an interesting reminder of the important part played by the Navy in carrying foreign mails in the old war days, a part that lasted well into the present century.

In 1792 the first "Money Order plan" received the sanction of the Postmaster General. It was to be carried on by three officers of the Inland Branch, who found the capital and were allowed free postage, and this arrangement lasted until December, 1838, when the Money Order Office became an official establishment.

The considerable amount of foreign letters passing through Liverpool more than 100 years ago is shown by the enclosed statement, sent by Mr. Statham to his surveyor Mr. Saverland, in February, 1792:—

"I paid for 34,557 ship letters from 5th January, 1791, to 5th January, 1792, viz.:—

	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
In Quarter ending 5th April, 1791 ... 7,114 at 1d. ...	29	13	0
" " " 5th July, 1791 ... 9,499 " ...	39	11	9
" " " 10th Oct., 1791 ... 8,528 " ...	35	10	10
" " " 5th Jan., 1792 ... 9,416 " ...	39	4	10
34,557	£144	0	5

"The amount of letters charged upon me from 5th January, 1791, to 5th January, 1792, are £12,441 11s. 5d."

In August, 1792, a mail coach to York seems to have been established, the postage to Yarm, Guisborough, Darlington, and Robin Hood's Bay having previously been raised from 5d. to 6d. About the same time the postage was also raised to Ashborn, Leicester and Malton, Chorley and Preston.

In 1792 the salary of the Postmaster at Liverpool and Manchester was still £100 a year, but at Bristol it was £140, and at Bath £150, the highest salary then paid to any provincial Postmaster. Bristol in 1793 was considered so much more important than

Liverpool that it was granted a "Penny Post," which was then refused to Liverpool, and not established there until 1794. London had enjoyed the "Penny Post" since it was established by Docwra, a private merchant, in the seventeenth century, and taken over by the Government when it was found to be profitable. The "Penny Posts" covered an area outside the free delivery of each town (then very restricted), and within this area the Postmaster was authorised to effect a delivery and to make a charge of 1d. a letter. The Postmaster engaged and paid the Penny Post letter carriers, and made what he could out of the service. A "Penny Post" was established in Dublin in 1760 or 1770, in Edinburgh in 1792, and at Birmingham, Bristol and Manchester in 1793.

In 1792 complaints from the public in Liverpool became somewhat general, most of them referring to the want of better accommodation and larger premises, but some were personal to the Postmaster. In this year the attention of the authorities was directed to frauds on the revenue in connection with ship letters. There was at this time no settled service of packets from Liverpool, but many letters reached the port in ships not only from foreign ports, but from Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man. An "informer" alleged that the letter carriers habitually boarded the ships as soon as they arrived in port and collected the letters, which they then taxed and delivered. They were said to pocket the sums collected, however, instead of accounting for them, and it was suspected that Mr. Statham was aware of the frauds. Another complaint against the Postmaster was that he closed his office before the proper time in order to swell his receipts from "Late Fee Pennies," and that letters received in time for the morning free delivery were kept back for an extra delivery, for which a special charge of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. was made. Three clerks were then employed in the office, named Leigh, Twemlow and Hughes, and at the investigation the two latter came forward and said that Leigh, who occupied the position of first clerk, was in the habit of raising surcharges on letters without bringing to account the money so collected, thereby defrauding the revenue to a considerable extent. Leigh was arrested, but the evidence was insufficient to convict him, and he was released. Twemlow and Hughes received a reward of £5 each, but their triumph was short lived, for no sooner was Leigh liberated than Mr. Statham reinstated him and dismissed his accusers. It was then suggested that the Postmaster should be pensioned, but as for a long time he had done

little or no work, and had good private means, it was not thought right to charge the public funds with a pension, and he managed to retain his position.

In 1794 the press gang was at work at Liverpool as elsewhere, and the search for sailors was very keen. In May of that year the gang stopped the Warrington and York coach at Low Hill, then a rural suburb, but now the site of the Eastern District Post Office, to look for sailors. During the scuffle the horses took fright, bolted, and upset the coach, two of the passengers being seriously injured.

In 1794 a Penny Post was at last established and led to a considerable increase of business, but the Liverpool merchants again complained of imperfect postal facilities and inadequate premises. The then Surveyor, Mr. Saverland, reported that the office was on a very bad footing, that there was no accommodation for persons calling for their letters, that the system of delivery was bad, and that in his opinion the inhabitants should receive their letters without charge in addition to the postage. He suggested that eight letter carriers should be employed instead of one, and that two deliveries a day should be arranged, one for the General and one for the Penny Post. Mr. Saverland said that all the official duties were much underpaid, but he feared that little improvement could be hoped for until a proper establishment was sanctioned and a new Postmaster appointed, for if the arrangements he recommended were carried out the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. fees for extra delivery must be abolished, and Mr. Statham would lose a profit of over £100 a year that remained to him after paying assistants and letter carriers. The question of pensioning him was again considered, but the Postmaster-General was still averse to granting a pension to an individual who already possessed a large fortune. The merchants continued to grumble about the lateness of the delivery, which as a rule was not finished before three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and the Surveyor said this no doubt induced many people to send their letters by private carrier in order to secure an earlier delivery. Mr. Banning, who had then practically managed the office for some years, suggested several improvements, and was supported by Mr. Saverland, but Mr. Statham steadily refused to do anything that might cause him financial loss. The Surveyor stated: "That the internal business of the office was as well conducted by the principal clerk (Mr. Banning) as was possible under the circumstances of his situation with Mr. Statham. Yet a vast deal remained to be done to accommodate the merchants, which Mr. Statham

would not listen to, and which can only be attributed to the natural infirmities of age, and an aversion to alteration of any kind."

In 1796 the Money Order system had become sufficiently well known to invite fraud, and a circular was received by Mr. Statham warning him against a Jew who was obtaining orders and paying for them with counterfeit silver.

In this year four coaches ran to London daily, as well as two to Manchester, and one each to York, Bristol, Bolton and Lancaster. Two coaches also ran every morning to Warrington, in connection with the packet boats on the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, between Liverpool and Manchester. In 1805 the mail coaches leaving Liverpool had increased to 50 a day, and in 1832 to 100 a day.

In 1797 Mr. Statham received a formal "Deputation," as it was called, from Lords Chesterfield and Leicester, who were then joint Postmasters General, authorising him to act as their Deputy in Liverpool, but at length, on the 29th March, 1798, he wrote the following letter of resignation:—

"My Lords,—After having had the honour of being forty-five years the Deputy Postmaster for the town of Liverpool, and finding my health and strength much affected by my advance in age, I take the liberty of surrendering to you the enclosed deputation, which I received in the year 1797, with my best thanks for the appointment, and have the honour to be,

"With great respect,

"My Lords, your Lordships'

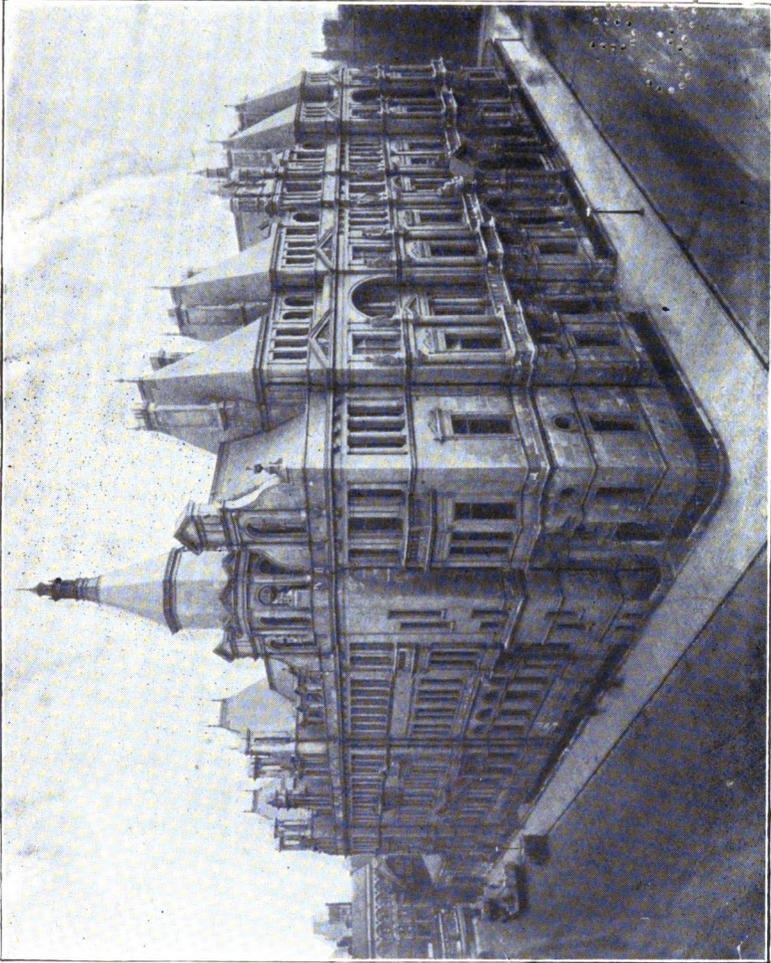
"Most obedient and humble servant,

"THOS. STATHAM."

"Liverpool, 29th March, 1798."

Mr. Statham's brother William was an attorney-at-law, who lived at the north-west corner of John Street and Matthew Street. His son Richard, and his grandson William successively filled the office of town clerk, which was continued for another generation in the family by the marriage of his great grand daughter to Mr. Wm. Shuttleworth, town clerk from 1844 to 1867.

Some time before Mr. Statham sent in his resignation a memorial was signed by all the leading merchants of the town, and supported by Lord Liverpool and Colonel Gascoyne, M.P. for the borough, was forwarded to the Postmaster General, praying for the appointment of Thos. Banning as successor to Mr. Statham. The reply to the memorialists was that "if Mr. Statham's was a *bonâ fide* resignation, and not made under any stipulation whatever with Mr. Banning,



THE NEW POST OFFICE, LIVERPOOL.

[To face page 288.]



that the question of the latter being appointed should receive favourable consideration." Apparently "My Lords" were satisfied on the point, for when Mr. Statham resigned Mr. Thos. Banning was appointed Postmaster on the 1st April, 1798, and the office remained in his family for over three quarters of a century.

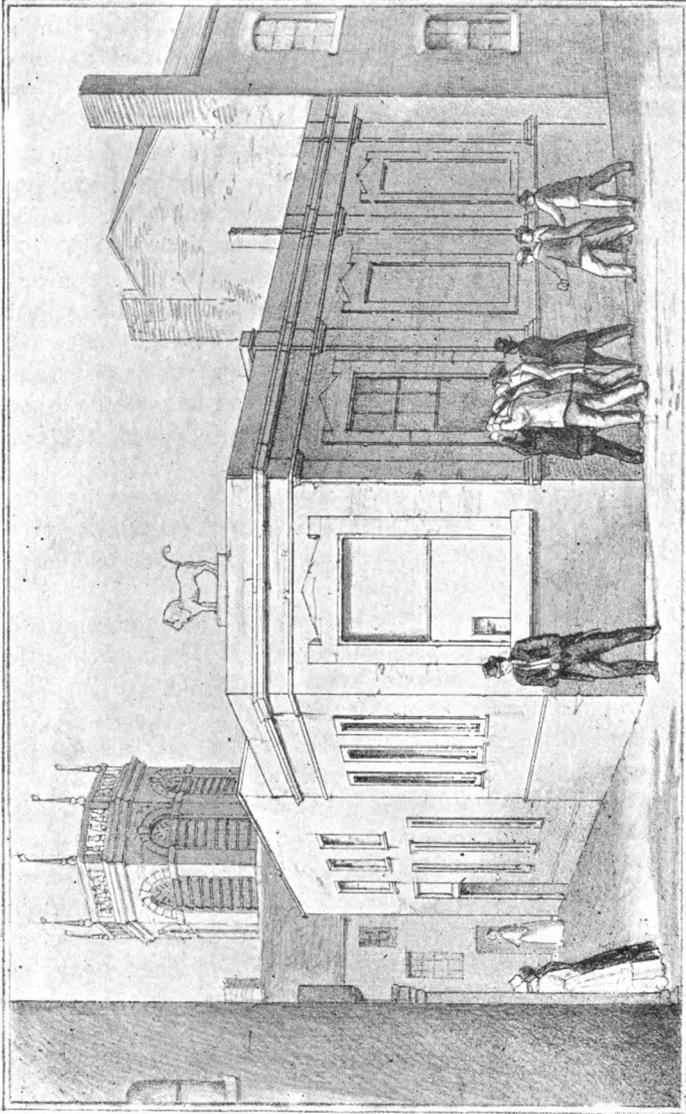
In July, 1799, a curious circular was received from Mr. Freeling, then Secretary to the Post Office, explaining that, by the solicitor's advice, a letter written on the same sheet as a stamped "Policy of Insurance," was liable to double postage, but that a letter written on the same sheet as a "Price Current" was not so liable.

In the same year fresh instructions were issued for the mail guards, who were not to deliver or collect letters on the road, and might be fined 10/- for every letter so treated. They were also liable to be fined £2 2s. for wantonly discharging blunderbuss or pistols, and "will not be paid if anything is not clean and in perfect repair at weekly examination." This stringent order is signed, "Thomas Hasker, Surveyor and Superintendent of Mails."

In this year 1800 the Liverpool Post Office was removed from Lord Street, to the site off Church Street, called to this day, "Old Post Office Place," and it remained until 1839 in this building, of which an illustration is given overleaf.

The growth of the Post Office business had hitherto been steady, if slow, but under the vigorous management of Thos. Banning, and in consequence of the growing trade of the town, a period of progress was now commencing, that led up to the occupation of the present large office in 1839, and prepared the way for Rowland Hill's great scheme of Penny Postage in 1840.

A practice that seems to have given the acute and vigilant Thos. Banning much trouble and anxiety was the persistent smuggling in of "Ship Letters," by ship owners and merchants, and the consequent serious loss to the revenue. The dispute came to a head on the 5th September, 1805, when Mr. Banning sent a letter-carrier named Joshua Walmsley, on board a vessel called "The Liberty," just arrived in the George's Dock from New Providence, with instructions to collect from the master all letters brought by the vessel. The master handed Walmsley the letter bag, but it was at once snatched from him by a clerk named J. P. Wilson, sent by Messrs. Moss, the owners of the vessel, with instructions to take out of the bag all letters addressed to them. A struggle ensued, in which Walmsley received "a severe punch on the head," and had his hat knocked off. Wilson carried off seven letters in triumph, telling Walmsley he



THE OLD POST OFFICE OFF CHURCH STREET.
(From a sketch taken by W. G. Herdman about 1838.)

could have the rest. There were 180 of them and Walmsley paid the captain two-pence each for these, 30 shillings in all.

Mr. Banning reported that Messrs. Moss were supported by all the other merchants, and that many thousands of pounds were lost to the revenue annually by their action. The solicitor to the Post Office, Mr. Parkin, recommended a prosecution unless Wilson apologised, which he refused to do, and he was accordingly indicted, but the grand jury, who were all Liverpool merchants, refused to find a bill against him.

The case was then taken to the County Quarter Sessions, and a true bill found against Wilson, but the case was removed by a writ of certiorari to the king's bench. The judge, Mr. Baron Sutton, commented severely on the contention of the merchants, and the case was decided in favour of the Post Office. The following notice was then issued at all the outports, and the customs authorities were appealed to, and promised to assist the Post Office in enforcing the law :—

“General Post Office.

“November 28th, 1806.

“The Court of King's Bench, having, in a Case which lately came before it (the King against Wilson), declared the Law, relating to Letters brought by Ships to Post Towns, to be, that all such Letters, as well for the Consignee and Owners of the Ships, as for all other Persons, are to be sent immediately to the Post Office, in order to be delivered under the Authority and Protection of the Post Office Laws.”

“It is, therefore, hoped that all Persons will conform thereto, to prevent the Necessity of enforcing the Penalties imposed by the said Laws.

“By Command of His Majesty's Postmaster-General.

(signed) “F. Freeling,

“Secretary.”

The Liverpool merchants, however, continued to ignore the notice, and early in 1807 a further action was brought against John Bunce, the master of the “Brutus,” and a penalty of £20 recovered, the prosecutor in this case also being Joshua Walmsley.

The illicit carrying of letters, however, still went on, and in 1814 had become so flagrant that it was proposed to employ the revenue cutter “Viper” to board and search for letters all vessels entering or leaving the port of Liverpool.

This proposal was not entertained, but the Government determined to bring in a "Ship Letter Act," giving Post Officers power to search all merchant vessels for letters and parcels. The Act came into force early in 1815, for vessels from foreign ports, and under it postage was first levied on letters to and from the East Indies. The passing of the Act necessitated the formation of a separate "Ship Letters Branch" in the Liverpool Post Office, and from 1815 to the present time the "Packet Office" has been an important and interesting part of the Liverpool establishment. On its formation two clerks were employed in it, raising the total number in the office to six, and from this small beginning the work and force have grown until now 20 persons are wholly, and 100 partially employed in the Packet Office.

In 1815 it was estimated that 6,000 vessels entered the port of Liverpool annually. Under the new Act the penalty for allowing an inward letter bag to be opened and letters taken out was £500, and an outward vessel was liable to a fine of £5 for every letter found which did not bear the ship letter mark. The customs officers were the searchers and were entitled to half the penalties recovered.

For a time ship letters reached the Liverpool office in larger quantities, but apparently the smuggling of letters was too profitable to be given up, and the numbers again fell off. In September, 1815, Mr. Banning wrote to the Secretary, Mr. Freeling: "That although ship letters were sent to the Liverpool office in greater quantities than previous to the passing of the Ship Letter Act, yet there is reason to believe a number are delivered illegally, and that bags are frequently carried to the merchants' country houses." Again on the 1st June, 1816, he reported that: "There has lately arrived here four large East Indiamen, and two more are daily expected. Sacks of pretended ships letters are taken to the counting houses of the consignees unexamined. Since the arrival of these Indiamen, articles of dress are now common in Liverpool upon such people as could hardly get them in a regular way."

Most of the provisions of George III. Act 55 were re-enacted in the 1st of Victoria, Cap. 36, and the 3 and 4 Victoria, Cap. 96, and are still operative to-day. Cheap postage and a regular service seem, however, to have effected what was impossible in 1815, and no irregular conveyance of "owners' or charterers'" letters has been known in Liverpool for years. I have known one or two cases only in which Customs officers have detected letters sent in

considerable quantities to be posted in this country to save postage, but such cases are now most rare.

The interest felt in Liverpool in mail communication with foreign countries was shown by a public meeting held on the 2nd October, 1818, under the presidency of the Mayor, at which a memorial to the Government was adopted, complaining that letters for the continent despatched from Liverpool on Saturday did not leave London until the following Wednesday morning, but I have found no evidence that the agitation was immediately successful.

The year 1819 was memorable for the first trip made by a steamer across the Atlantic, the "Savannah" having reached Liverpool in June from Savannah after a passage of twenty-six days.

From 1818 to 1821 much attention was given to a plan proposed by Mr. Burgess, of Miles Lane, London, for establishing an "Extra Post" to places from 160 to 230 miles from London. His object was to "accelerate the delivery and exchange of letters—especially with Liverpool, Manchester and Yorkshire," and he proposed to effect it by making use of the rapid private coaches that had been established, or to establish light carriages conveying no passengers specially, if necessary, to carry "Extra," or, as we might now call them, "Express" Mails. He pointed out that it then took four days to obtain a reply to a letter from Liverpool or Manchester to London, whereas under his plan a reply to a letter leaving London at 6.0 p.m. on Monday will reach London at 10.0 a.m. on Wednesday.

He suggested that letters sent by the extra post should pay "double postage." Burgess mentioned in support of his proposal that the population within a radius of 70 miles of Manchester exceeded 2,000,000, and that a similar radius from London, even including the metropolis, did not contain so large a population, and he remarked that the district between Liverpool and Leeds "includes the most extensive mercantile area in the Kingdom."

The scheme was supported by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. John Gladstone, and by many in Liverpool, but the Bill embodying it was rejected by the House of Commons on the 3rd July, 1821, by 39 votes to 31. The Parliamentary papers relating to the scheme, with the criticism upon it of the Postmasters General (the Earl of Chichester and the Marquess of Salisbury), are interesting. It appears from them that the total number of letters passing daily between Manchester and Liverpool in both directions did not then reach 2,000 a day, and this would include many for smaller towns

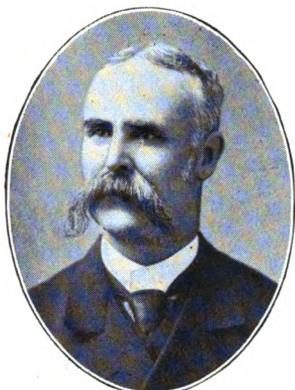
sent to Liverpool and Manchester respectively, and the total number passing between London and Manchester was only 784 a day.

Early in February, 1819, George Canning, who was then M.P. for Liverpool, forwarded and strongly supported a memorial from the merchants of Liverpool praying that Mr. Thos. Banning might be permitted to retire from the Postmastership in favour of his son. The request was granted, and Wm. Banning became Postmaster on the 6th April, 1819, and continued to conduct the business in the building adjoining Church Street.

A few years later the committee of the Liverpool Dispensaries asked the Secretary to the Post Office to buy their Church Street Dispensary, which was close to the Post Office, and although the offer was refused on the ground that the Office was provided by the Postmaster and was not Crown property, the building appears eventually to have been enlarged, if not rebuilt, during the thirty-nine years it was used as a Post Office, for two sketches in existence of the Post Office in Church Street represent practically two different buildings.

That gentle autocrat, the Editor of this Magazine, reminds me that I have overstepped my limit, so the story of the Liverpool Post Office from 1820 onwards, as well as some earlier matters now unavoidably crowded out, must wait for the October number.

F. SALISBURY.



C. J. BERRY.
(Chief Postmaster, Greymouth.)



J. F. MCBETH.
(Chief Postmaster, Wanganui.)



J. HOGGARD.
(Chief Clerk, Circulation
Branch, G.P.O., Wellington.)



R. J. GOODMAN.
(Late Chief Postmaster,
Timaru.)



J. W. MASON.
(Officer in Charge, Telegraph
Office, Christchurch.)

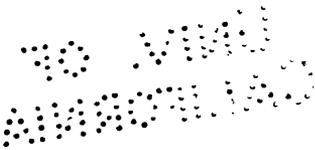


J. H. SHEATH.
(Chief Postmaster, Westport.)



H. CALLERS.
(Chief Postmaster, Nelson.)

→ SOME NEW ZEALAND OFFICERS. ←



From St. Malo to Monte Carlo.—IV.

“**T**HE General Post Office,” said a gentlewoman, a thoughtful friend of my wife’s and an esteemed colleague of my own, “contains thirty thousand women clerks and Mr. Archibald Granger Bowie.”

This being so, I am given courage to proceed and make my humble confession. It is to the thirty thousand (and Mr. Bowie) that I venture to appeal. They will know and sympathise with all the shortcomings involved in the keeping of a diary. They will remember the plethoric fulness of detail of those first days of January, the rich promises of the well kept squares of February, the thin performance of March and the white wan pages of April. I may therefore hope to be forgiven if I plead guilty to some human weakness of this kind. My notebook on leaving Brittany was a model of exquisite neatness, and almost hour by hour I find my journey described. But as we sloped slowly to the south the diary fizzled out. First the ink in the stylographic pen was expended, and the French substitute for blue-black choked the Swan with a muddy metallic crust. Then came a regime of pencil and scribbling done with more energy than clearness. Finally the diary, which began so well, petered out into a mere pothouse record of odd foods and drinks, redeemed only from utter barbarity by truncated half allusions to mountain forest and river. I do not believe that any one of the thirty thousand ladies—or my old friend Bowie—ever kept a diary which ran to such utter waste as mine. But I am sure that a fair proportion of these thirty thousand and one volumes, in a literary sense, died young. Their fair authors will understand and feel for a brother sinner.

* * * * *

Little wonder then that as my diary notes petered out the information gets scantier and scantier. From Monday, 27th September, to the following Wednesday, the original MS. of the tour would be a hard puzzle even to the blind readers of the G.P.O. My own remembrance of the road is vague and dreamy, so that I suppose we must have been supremely happy. In a haze I see the *Soleil d’Or*, at Buzançais, but it would be ungrateful to forget the admirable *omelette aux champignons* which mine hostess built for us with her own skilful hands, and that bottle of kindly suggestive wine which mine host felt sure would soothe the tired limbs of the dusty

hungry Englishmen. It did soothe them, and we drank a modest measure in thine honour, gracious landlord of the "Golden Sun!" There was a baby about, but whether a child of the Sun I know not. The little maid who dandled it told it we were two Englishmen, whereat it roared and clenched its plump fists: "*Toujours, Messieurs, quand il voit des Anglais, il est comme ça. C'est drôle n'est-ce pas?*" quoth the little maid, adding slyly, "*C'est un Français, voyez vous: et solide.*" They begin young, do these Anglophobes.

Nérondes, too, cannot be all forgotten. Was not mine host of the *Hotel de la Poste* formerly cook in the house of one Princess Metternich, of Third Empire fame? We listened, open-mouthed, in more senses than one, to many yarns about past splendours from this eloquent village Prosper Merimée. We listened to some purpose to a discourse that was not all dry, for I find the following note in the now disgraced diary: "Landlord insisted on standing bottle of *Vieux Sancerre* of 1893, a helpful talkative red wine. *Du vrai Marc.*" The last allusion, I need hardly say, is not to the old Sancerre.

* * * * *

The days followed, each unlike the other save that the diary gets paler and paler. The last hours of the last day of September brought us to Paray-le-Monial. For a mile or two before entering the village we rode along the canal bank, and it was so dark as we neared the houses that we put up at a little inn outside, where the bicycles lived for the night in a cellar deep down under the living rooms. Mine rested, sleepily, against a huge barrel of wine. In the morning William paid a long visit to the bicycle doctor; for his mount had been showing signs of some complicated disease, of which the most awkward symptoms were that the nuts kept dropping off. If you are an amateur, not a competent engineer, and are continually "adjusting" your bicycle, you will find this autumn tendency to shed nuts set in very badly. If you only "adjust" a bicycle sufficiently you can utterly destroy it as a means of motion. Yet the Philosopher's pleasure in tinkering was so great that I had not the heart to interfere. It is an open question how far one has a right to interfere with a man who is beating his wife: it is, too, by no means clear whether a wise man ever steps in between the amateur and his bicycle. He had better not. So William went off, nutless and unashamed, to the bicycle doctor, and for hours I saw him not.

* * * * *

Outside, the market place—crowded, full of bright colour and cheery sounds. It was the weekly market day. Then a few yards down a narrow street: a peaceful, solemn *Place*; an air of extreme quiet and repose. The beautiful Chapel of the Visitation which stands there is open to all in trouble or pain, and the whole day long they pour in and out, these pilgrims—earnest, silent. Some of the faces are radiant with gratitude; on others sorrow has chiselled deep lines, and we bow our heads, remembering dark days. The memory of this great sanctuary is very sacred to me; so much so that the clumsy hand of the tourist must not, and will not, disturb it. Only this may I ask leave to say. I think that no man—whatever his creed or no creed—could watch this mass of human sorrow unmoved. There the mother bends in prayer for the dying child, the husband pleads for the one life which is all to him. From all parts of France and other lands come daily, hourly, those who are weary yet will not despair. For me, an unworthy son of the Church, this shrine of Our Lady had deepest meaning. For all men and women with hearts—whether they be as yet children of the Church or not—it is a sanctuary to be approached with that deep reverence due to the mysteries of pain and prayer.

* * * * * *

On leaving Paray-le-Monial we journeyed many paraşangs, as Xenophon has it, through Charolles to Mâcon and then along the river through Villefranche and Lyons to Bourgoin (3rd October). I had a quiet bathe in the river a little south of Mâcon, but it was rather a tricky business as the stream ran unpleasantly strong. We made the mistake here of keeping to the great Route Nationale, whereas I now find there are many by-roads and shady lanes by which we might have sauntered instead of doing penance on the dusty straight high road. This was the result of pure laziness on my part. The road was so excellent that the bicycle went with the slightest effort: and there lies the one real danger of a bicycle tour. Of accident in the way of "going bom," as Dorothy has it, there is precious little chance. There are far more dangers to life and happiness in the cryptic entrées of the Refreshment Club than in any bicycle ride across Europe. The real risk is in the good roads which tempt men into becoming mere mechanical turners of wheels along perfect surfaces instead of human beings with eyes and the remnants of right reason.

At Lyons came an unpleasant surprise. News arrived from England that Harold Frederic thought of flying off again, and that I

must stand by ready to take up the *New York Times* job again. The thought made me very sick, and I heartily cursed the (then shadowy) Anglo-American Alliance. During the whole spring and summer of 1897 I had written two thousand words a week of cable matter for that distinguished journal, and there wasn't an unbruised adjective left in me. Luckily, the immediate danger blew over, and the Anglo-American Alliance did for once what it certainly will not do in the long run—it spared the Englishman.

* * * * *

Soon after leaving Lyons we took to the hills, and we lived among hills right away to the Mediterranean. On the evening of the 5th October we reached St. Laurent du Pont and, dropping our bicycles at the Inn, made our way on foot through the gorges of the *Désert* to the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. Some day, if the Editor of this Magazine still pursues towards me the policy of the open door, I may tell of the simple things which happened to us at the Grande Chartreuse. But now space and time are short and there are three pairs of little feet in the nursery all clamouring for new shoes. There is nothing like leather, true, but you have to pay for it. And men must work or children will weep.

To be brief, then. The sixth of October saw us leave the Monastery; the seventh took us over an icy pass in the hills with a plunge down to the beautiful city of Grenoble; the eighth found us again breasting an icy wind and snowstorm in the mountain pass leading to Luz la Croix Haute. After that came three days of mountains, torrents and beautiful visions of great hills; then the ancient city of Castellane; then a swoop down on Grasse with the fairy vision of the Esterel Mountains to the right and—wonder of wonders—the Mediterranean we had longed for during eight hundred miles. Quickly—for all roads are downhill to Monte Carlo from the north—the rapidly disappearing fortified walls of Antibes appeared; then, after much bumping, Nice and Monte Carlo. For the benefit of those who are interested in the most savoury of all forbidden fruits I will just say that I didn't "put anything on" at Monte Carlo. I had no pennies left: only just enough to get home third class by train—a very grubby and grimy and suffocating experience.

They say that when a man has once been to Norway, or a first night at the Lyceum, or once lunched with an Assistant Secretary, he cannot be happy till he tastes the same joy again. It may be so. True, I have been to Norway and also to Lyceum premières, though as to the lunch I "leave to be desired." *Non cuivis contigit*: and

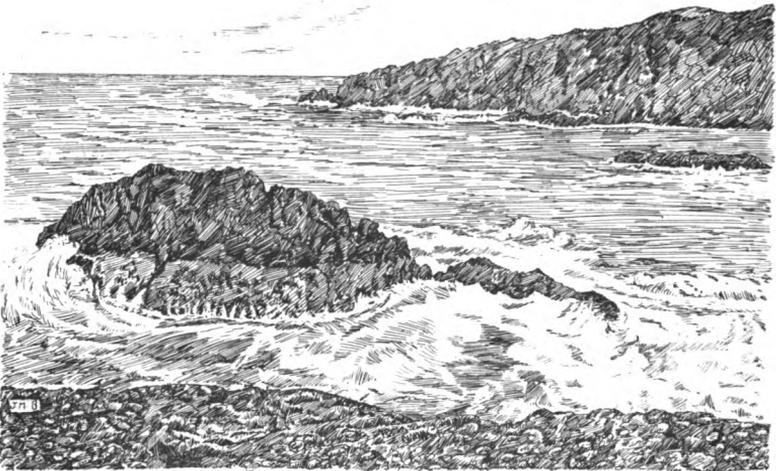
Corinth is so far off, so very far. But one thing I have done which perforce I must do again. I have bicycled in France and Italy, and when the days of freedom come I must again lose myself among the land and the people for whom I have that affection that all feel who have really mingled with the French people. Wiseacres tell me critically of their faults, but I am getting too old to listen to yarns about the shortcomings of my chums. Deep down the French character is very generous: its very faults are the "*défauts de ses qualités.*" Alas, I am getting prosy! It is time to say *au revoir* to you, good people, and to buy a repairing outfit. For on the evening of the day on which these hospitable pages are published I cross to Dieppe with my bicycle. If we both last we shall get somewhere: probably North Italy, possibly only a few miles. We will forget all about newspapers and post offices. In bicycling is all wisdom. I give him a little oil, dispensed in small but carefully chosen doses. He in return is good to me, bears me and bears with me. Something there is in this of the true philosophy of life: only we don't all learn it in time.

J. SCOTT STOKES.

Secretary's Office, G.P.O.

Some Scottish Cable Huts.

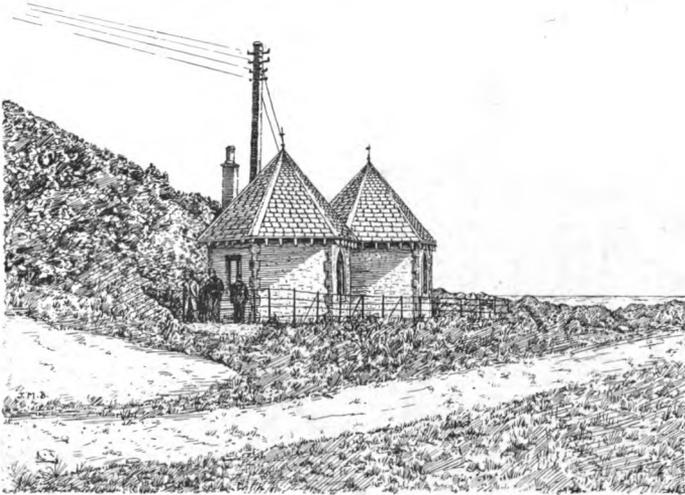
IT would be difficult to find a more picturesque situation for a cable hut than Port Kail Bay, between Port Patrick and Corsewall Point, on the Wigtownshire coast of the Irish Channel. This bay forms the approach to the well known and much admired Dunskey Glen, and it appears tolerably clear that those responsible for the landing of the first successful cable across the Channel from Ireland had an eye to the scenic beauty of the place. Standing on the high and precipitous cliffs on either side of the bay, a magnificent view is obtained of the whole Channel, with the outline of the Irish coast clearly discernible for a great distance.



PORT-OF-SPITTAL BAY.

The initial attempt at telegraphic intercourse between the mainlands of Scotland and Ireland was made eight years previous to the laying of the first Atlantic cable between England and America, the points of landing selected being Port-of-Spittal Bay, on the Wigtownshire coast of Scotland, and Donaghadee on the Irish side. Viewed from the present-time efficiency which has been attained in the manufacture of submarine cables, this early effort appears to

have been somewhat crude. The value of a cable depends on its mechanical strength, as well as on its speed or capability of doing work, so that an outer covering of hemp was hardly the best material to use as a means of providing against the heavy strain on the conductors. It is with small wonder, then, we learn that the cable parted when within five miles of the Scotch shore, owing to the heavy strain on the hemp covering compelling it to stretch so much that the wires broke. A second attempt with an iron wire-bound cable some time later also proved futile, and it was not until 1854 that the first cable was successfully laid from Black Head, at the



PORT KAIL HUTS.

entrance to Belfast Lough, to Sandeel Bay, about one and a-quarter miles north of Port Patrick Harbour, and some two hundred yards from the present site of Port Kail cable station. A portion of this cable is still to be seen lying on the shingly beach. It does not appear to have been a telegraphic success, for in 1857 another cable was laid to March Howe, a point further north. This has also disappeared, for the piles of the wooden hut are all that now remain to mark the spot of its utility. The disused whinstone hut at Killantringan also points to one of the early triumphs in marine telegraphy. All further trace of the first attempts to bridge the Irish Channel have disappeared, however, save for the disused cables to be seen lying at various points along the shore.

Previous to the purchase of the telephones by the State, one hut

was found to be sufficient for the accommodation of the two four-wire telegraph cables stretching from Donaghadee, and Whitehead in Belfast Lough, to Port Kail, the distances being twenty-three and a-half knots and twenty-five and a-half knots respectively. The laying of a four-wire telephone cable in 1893 rendered additional accommodation necessary, however, and this was furnished by the erection of a second hut, which has been joined to the first in a neat form, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The two huts are substantially built, and, as will be readily seen, are also of an attractive appearance and in harmony with their charming



KNOCK HUT.

surroundings. The lines passing through these huts consist of the following, viz. :—

Telegraph—	LV BE 1 ;
„	MR BE 1 ;
„	GW BE 2 ;
„	GW DN ;
„	GW LD ;
„	LS BE ;
„	TS BE 135 ;
„	TS BE 207 ;
Telephone—	CE BE ;
„	GW BE ;

Knock Hut stands three miles to the north of Port Patrick, and is somewhat difficult of approach, being situated at the base of a precipitous cliff, the foothold on which in frosty weather is rendered very unsafe. This hut is hardly so ornamental as its neighbours, but it is nevertheless a substantial structure, and well adapted to withstand the great storms which sometimes rage along these shores. It is a very imposing sight during these storms to watch the huge waves being churned into mountains of foam as they hurl themselves upon the rocks with all the force of their seemingly resistless fury. Some years ago a quarter of a million of money was spent by the Government in an attempt to erect suitable harbourage at Port Patrick with a view to shorten the sea route to Ireland, but the idea had to be abandoned, as it was found impracticable. Huge blocks of masonry, weighing several tons, with ponderous iron stanchions all twisted and broken, is an evidence of the severity of the awful tempests with which our gallant little craft, the Civil Service Life-boat, has sometimes to contend, for many an unhappy bark has foundered on these shores.

Dumfries.

JOHN G. BELL.

Two Post Office Gatherings.

I.—A LEEDS CONFERENCE.

THE United Kingdom Postal and Telegraphic Service Benevolent Society held its Biennial Meeting at Leeds this year, and as no special leave was granted for the occasion, and as it appeared from the agenda paper that some serious business was to be transacted, there was no competition for the post of delegate in my department. Very few subscribers attended the election meeting; indeed, a much larger number than those present have since assured me that had they remembered to attend, they would have voted against my election. The friend, however, who proposed me carefully packed the meeting, and it was deemed inadvisable, taking into account my habitual ignorance of anything in the nature of a business transaction, that I should attend in person. Enemies of the Society, on the other hand, regard me as a fitting representative of an institution which has no actuarial basis, and which, if the laws of political economy were not so distressingly uncertain and unreliable in their action, would have died a violent and ignoble death years ago. The greatest offence the Society has, I believe, committed is that it neither took into account those laws when it started, nor does it now suffer the penalty supposed to attend those who do such things. No wonder political economy is called a dismal science when even the "half educated" are allowed to score victories against it.

I have attended ten of these Conferences, and I am beginning to find it a little difficult to say anything fresh about them. The only really important matter before the Leeds meeting was the formal establishment of the Gratuity Branch. A sub-committee, elected two years ago by the Society, submitted a scheme, which, with a few modifications, was passed, and for good or for evil the Society is now committed to a really interesting experiment, viz., the provision of a benefit to members on retirement as well as at death. Great has been the opposition to this proposal in past years, and wild have been the schemes which have been suggested for adoption, but the carefully thought-out proposals of the sub-committee met with almost universal approval, and it was generally thought that if a Gratuity Branch is inevitable, the parent Society was well protected by the new rules. The unanimity which prevailed as to the wisdom

of the new rules did not however prevent certain members of the Conference from raising trivial objections on minor points and discussing them with a heat and malignity which were ludicrously out of proportion to the importance of the subject. Most of the scenes, however, of the Leeds meeting took place in the morning over a discussion on the conduct of the parent Society, and when the members returned from lunch to discuss the Gratuity Branch they were in a more reasonable frame of mind. Mr. Belcher, who was unfortunately absent from this year's meeting, is an experienced hand at dealing with men who have come to obstruct and not to do business, and his policy has been in past years to allow as much opposition and uproar as is practicable during the morning. I have heard him say that he is not greatly concerned even if no business is done at all in the morning. When the obstruction and ill feeling are at their height, Mr. Belcher rises, at as early an hour as possible, and in his most persuasive and soothing manner suggests an adjournment of an hour for lunch. This is excellent policy, because lunch always demoralises the forces of the obstructionists: they come back to a certain extent humanized; their forces are scattered, and a taste of the fresh air and new scenes waiting to be explored outside, incline them to now assist in the forwarding of the necessary business. In justice to one of the old masters I ought to say that no lunch, fresh air, or weariness of the flesh ever broke the spirit of Maggs of Bristol, but the few younger members of the Service who now habitually trouble us have evidently less staying power. They are certainly never the same men after lunch, whereas Maggs was always as fresh at the close as he was at the beginning. Certain members of the Inland Branch were the offenders on this occasion, and I can only say of their conduct what I have said before in relation to similar offenders and offences, that persistent defiance of a chairman whom the obstructives themselves have had a share in electing is a discreditable proceeding, and is a disgrace to the Service. There is I regret to say, from a pretty wide experience of Post Office meetings, a very bad spirit growing in certain quarters which induces men to attend Service gatherings simply for the opportunity they afford to bait and to annoy those who are placed in a position of authority. It seems to me an extremely foolish policy, because in any quarrel with the Chair, the sympathies and traditions of Englishmen are against the disturbers and with the chairman, and Post Office men by such conduct alienate the sympathies of those who, if only the obstructives knew how to behave themselves, would be their best friends. I have no objection to seeing

the authorities annoyed if the result is to bring them to repentance, but I don't understand the policy which suggests the annoyance of Jones who, though delivered into our hands, has not hurt us in any way, merely because he is of the same rank as Smith who *has* injured us but is not get-at-able. Surely the only policy in such circumstances is to concentrate all our energies in getting Smith into a position where he can be fired at. It seems so idiotic to waste one's powder on the wrong man, merely because we feel irritated and want to go for somebody. In the present instance such conduct was singularly unjust to Mr. Holliday, Superintendent of Telegraphs, who was chairman of the meeting, and who throughout showed a forbearance and anxiety to be just to everybody that deserved better treatment. This was Mr. Treble's first meeting in the capacity of central secretary, and he went through the ordeal with great credit, and secured his own re-election without a dissentient voice. Two years ago, at the time of his election, I confess I felt grave doubts as to whether his military bearing would not stand in his way in his dealings with members, but he has upset my fears by developing great easiness of manner and much readiness to deal with the various points raised in debate. Once during the meeting a member of the Inland Branch saw fit to ask the Chairman whether he or the Central Secretary were presiding over the meeting, but that question was usually asked in the time of all Mr. Treble's predecessors and sometimes with far greater provocation. At the banquet in the evening, presided over by the Lord Mayor of Leeds, there was an extremely demonstrative Toast Master, and once or twice I really feared that a member of the Inland Branch would put a somewhat similar enquiry to the Lord Mayor.

The old faces one missed at the Conference included, besides Mr. Belcher, Mr. Braid of Glasgow, Mr. Fawcett of Leeds, and Mr. Asher of Carmarthen, the founder of the Society. But there were still many old friends present whom I remember at all the previous Conferences I have attended. Mr. Sutch of London, Mr. Cox of Newark, Mr. Stone of Leeds, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Heritage of Birmingham, Mr. Summerfield of Aberdeen, Mr. Pounds of London, were all at Leeds in good form, and not one of them looked any older than when I first met them eleven or twelve years ago.

The banquet was a great success, and I never remember a more excellent chairman. I had spent a portion of the afternoon in walking about the town enquiring of various people what sort of a

man the Lord Mayor was, and what were the special frailties and virtues of the Leeds Corporation, having been told earlier in the day by the secretary of the reception committee that I was to propose the health of these worthy gentlemen. My speech consisted simply of the various replies I had received to my questions, and they were honest but amusing tributes to the popularity of the Lord Mayor. "He's a fine, dapper little man," was the best description of him as he appeared to us, and I think I may fairly say that he showed a grasp of the Society's principles and work which is not excelled by the Central Secretary.

The Lord Mayor spoke of Leeds as "our dear and dirty old city," and I have certainly been in cleaner places. But there is a "go" and enterprise about the Leeds people which even as a result of only two days' sojourn among them becomes infectious. At some towns, such as Edinburgh and Oxford, it has always been a perfectly easy matter to pick out our delegates in the street from the rest of the passers-by. At Leeds every citizen might have been mistaken for a delegate; there was a certain undefinable something about their appearance which showed that here at any rate we mixed well with the rest of the population. I certainly felt "among my own people," and it was a relief to know that nobody was mistaking me for a College don or an Edinburgh professor. It is quite work enough for me to do to pass myself off as a Sub-Controller with the delegates from the remoter country districts.

I did not leave Leeds before I had visited both Roundhay Park and Kirkstall Abbey, and on the day following the banquet I joined a large party of my colleagues on a visit to Ilkley. Here we had an excellent lunch, more speeches, more and more puns from Mr. Cox of Newark, and a farewell to the Society from Mr. Lewis of Birmingham, who has now retired from the Service. Then the merry party went on to Bolton Abbey, and I returned to Leeds with Mr. Walker of the Money Order Office, to catch the dining car train to London.

The hospitality of the Leeds men knew no bounds. Mr. Stones was indefatigable, and was exceptionally kind to me as a guide and counsellor; Mr. Peel had worked for us, we were told, "until his wife was sick of the Society," and the Postmaster, Mr. Wilson, gave us the warmest of welcomes. Even the waitress at the hotel—but I forget. Times have altered since I was a delegate at Oxford and Belfast. There is now Angelina to reckon with on my return, and the rest shall therefore be silence.

EDWARD BENNETT.

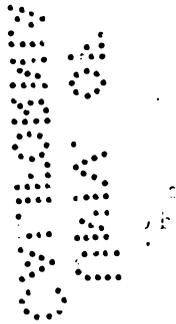
II.—A SCOTTISH POSTMASTERS' DINNER.

AN event unique in the history of the Post Office took place at Edinburgh on Friday the 26th May last—namely, the first annual dinner of the Head Postmasters of Scotland. For years the desirability of holding such a function had occasionally been mentioned when small numbers of postmasters met at the opening of a new Post Office, or some other local gathering, but the idea never became an actuality. The reasons seemed to be want of cohesion, and an ill-defined fear that somehow or other such a meeting might be a menace to the peace of the Service, or even result in some undesirable combination for the personal advantage of the diners. There were perhaps some grounds for the misgiving, for it would appear that at one time a number of very respectable elderly gentlemen occupying positions as postmasters in several parts of the Kingdom were induced to band themselves together (very probably unknown to their wives) for some common purpose, and to style themselves an “association.” The secrets of the little band were so well kept that no mere outsider seemed to know what its objects were, who were its members, or leaders, where the conferences were held, or, in short, what it was all about. Whether it is still in existence, even as a vapid force, the writer is unable to say, but from a remark made by one of the oldest postmasters in Scotland at the conclusion of the dinner, there is ground for suspecting that if the association is still in life it has lost its potency. “Association be blowed,” said the veteran in question, “this is the kind of Association we want.” There is no desire to detract from any good the little band may have accomplished, nor to write reproachfully of its members, several of whom are doubtless the personal friends of the writer, and by him held in high esteem. It is necessary, however, to state that the organisers of the event forming the subject of this notice requested the support of the postmasters on the distinct understanding that the meeting was to be of a purely social character from start to finish. This was the secret of the unqualified success of the dinner, and of the cordiality, confidence, and mutual respect which prevailed amongst the postmasters and their welcome guests, the latter representing the Scottish head quarters. The Committee appointed Mr. MacPherson, Postmaster of Falkirk, Secretary, and a better appointment could not have been made. The Secretary commenced operations by sending out a printed circular-letter to all head postmasters in Scotland



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 THE POSTMASTERS OF SCOTLAND AT THE FIRST ANNUAL DINNER, 26TH MAY, 1899.

- W. Munro. J. Macdonald. T. Smith. D. Macintyre. I. Campbell. D. MacPherson. J. Smith.
 J. Anderson. G. Murray. J. Kinneir. J. Bell. J. Hunter. H. J. J. Melville. G. A. Fullerton. E. Lang. J. R. Learmont.
 H. Little. W. M. G. Weir. D. A. Miller. Francis Braid. J. Macmaster. R. Ramsay. J. Murray.
 W. Richardson. D. A. Miller. H. Roberts. A. Duncan.



asking whether a dinner should be held, and if so where, and at what price per ticket. The replies were "Yes; Edinburgh; 7s. 6d." Arrangements were thereupon made with the proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, Princes Street, Edinburgh, and on the evening of the date before mentioned representatives of the Post Office from John o' Groats to Maidenkirke, and from the Dee to Loch Linnhe, might have been seen strolling along the superb street of the ancient city in the best of spirits. A very good dinner was provided, for the Windsor is well-known as one of the best places in the Scottish capital for good cooking; and when Mr. Braid rose to perform his duties as Chairman there was great cheering, the company seeming to feel that the occasion was one which marked an immense advance in the right direction.

The following is the toast list:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| "The Queen" | } The Chairman. |
| "The Postmaster General" | |
| "The Post Office Service and
Departmental Secretary for Scot-
land." | } Mr. J. B. Hegarty,
Postmaster of Aberdeen. |
| Response. | |
| | Mr. E. D. Thomson,
Chief Clerk, Edinburgh. |
| "The Principal Departments" | Mr. W. E. Reeves,
Postmaster of Inverness. |
| Response. | Mr. Gibb, Mr. Newlands,
Edinburgh. |
| "The Postmasters" | Major Mahon, Surveyor. |
| Response. | Mr. H. J. J. Melsom,
Postmaster of Greenock. |
| "The Ladies" | Response Mr. J. B. Hegarty. |
- "The Visitors," "The Committee," and "The Chairman" followed.

Next morning the postmasters were photographed at Moffat's, Princes Street, and at half-past eleven o'clock they were received at the General Post Office by Mr. Creswell, the Secretary for Scotland. The introductions were made by Mr. Braid and Mr. Thomson, and when all the visitors had assembled in the Secretary's room Mr. Braid delivered a short speech, to which Mr. Creswell replied; and, wonderful to relate, the postmasters there and then, within the almost sacred precincts of the Secretary's apartments, gave Mr. Creswell three hearty cheers, in order to testify their appreciation of the Secretary's rule. Mr. Creswell then shook hands with each

of his visitors, and it was interesting to notice that whenever the name of the individual was mentioned, he had something to say about the business of the office represented by the postmaster.

The success of the gathering was due in a large measure to the efforts of Mr. Hegarty, the Postmaster of Aberdeen, who threw himself into the business with characteristic energy; and that his work has been appreciated is abundantly evident in the fact that we have received separate and enthusiastic accounts of the dinner from two different postmasters. We regret that the great pressure on our space this quarter precludes us from publishing these accounts, and we can only thank the authors for the trouble they have taken in writing on the subject. We heartily congratulate the Scottish postmasters on the good precedent that has been set, and we hope that many successful meetings will follow. The dinner was well reported in the Scottish papers.

The Property Master's Table.



HE sparkling overture is played, the lights in the auditorium are lowered, and that hideous abomination, the advertisement curtain, which has ousted from our midst the old green cloth of long ago, commences to ascend. And as "Sanders for Sausages," "Collins for Coals—hot, cheap and clean," "Foolem's Headache Powders," and the proclaimed blessings of a dozen other philanthropists make their way heavenwards, our offended eyes gaze fondly on the loveliness of an Italian landscape, the pride and masterpiece of the scenic-artist.

In its turn the act-drop follows its ugly companion, and we see standing before us, on the "O.P." side, an old acquaintance, whose nightly appearance is received with chilling indifference. Sometimes attired in the richest habiliments, at others in all the wretchedness of bare and dirty legs, our friend comes in for no word of approval, nor is the slightest acknowledgment shown to one who has rendered the profession and the public so many services. But the property master loves it, for he knows its worth. It is his stage table, and a most wonderful relic, too, not yet snapped up by the lean and crabby connoisseur.

We playgoers may pooh-pooh the old table and treat it with callous neglect; the stage carpenter may thrust it aside and turn it upside down in a temper; but the property master must ever regard it as the most treasured of the thousand and one articles in his possession. Take it from him, and his occupation is gone indeed. We have heard of other celebrated tables, and of the competition which always takes place for their possession when they find their way to the auction room; but when their history and associations are compared with those of their worm-eaten and splintered relative that went on the stage, their importance pales into insignificance.

Do you not know that this old piece of furniture, in company with the property steps, has, under practised hands, been converted into the judgment seat of Appius Claudius? Is not this fact alone sufficient to justify its being for ever kept in an hermetically sealed glass case? Was it not placed in the pulpit of the Forum, and did not Brutus, and Mark Antony, too, stand upon it to deliver their orations over the mangled remains of Imperial Cæsar? And

down through all the centuries there has been no event of importance in which it has not played its part. In gloomy dungeons, or at country revels, it has been ever present, and draped with a suitable cloth it has formed the altar table for cathedral or village church. No less a person than Charley's Aunt has served tea from it, and it was used by proud Elizabeth when she signed the death warrant of hapless Marie Stuart. Beneath it, hidden by a two-and-elevenpenny table cloth of wonderful colours (purchased by the careful directorate at a "Premises Coming Down" sale at a sensational reduction), the Rev. Robert Spalding (who does not like London), has repeatedly sought a hasty and undignified retreat. It has served in many a brilliant banquetting hall, and, standing upon it in calico robes and fifteen button boots, the most substantial of angels have watched over the deaths of little Willie Carlyle, the unhappy Marguerite, and poor old Uncle Tom.

At other times, with its well-known features carefully disguised, it has appeared in the ancestral tomb of the Capulets, and upon it, bedecked with flowers, has reclined the peaceful form of the immortal Juliet, as she longed for the fall of the curtain, and the nice, hot supper that her landlady promised to provide.

At Christmas-time it rises nightly, at the bidding of Aladdin, from the cobwebby regions beneath the stage, to bewilder the Widow Twankey with its load of extraordinary jewels; or Friday and the monkey prepare dinner upon it in Crusoe's hut, as tears course down the cheeks of the delighted children.

Here, then, is a treasure for the anxious antiquary. An article that has been used by emperors and sultans of the glorious Orient, as well as by the starving poor in crumbling East End garrets. Holy priests have prayed before it; gangs of thieves have cast lots and divided their swag upon it; Napoleon and his generals have spread their maps over its surface; many a blackguard has been strangled across it; the hero, dropping from ivy-mantled battlements, has pitched upon it as it stood in awful dizziness, eight feet below; and on stormy nights it has been the welcome rock in mid-ocean to many a shipwrecked mariner. In every country, from the dark wilds of Siberia to the realms of Fairyland, from the kitchens in Giantland to the land of the Boer, amid the snows of Alaska or the sunshine of Far Cathay, this same old table has played its part.

Truly this old board is a wonderful relic put to some extraordinary uses; but notwithstanding its all-round utility, nobody has ever been known to utter a word in its favour, and if it were to find

its way to a furniture sale, nobody would be prepared to pay a man to carry it home.

But this is the way of the world! When next we see the old table we shall feel kindly towards it and sorry that we overlooked its virtues so long. It will make us, who strut and flutter in the public lime-light, give a thought to our less fortunate fellows who play well their humble parts only to be thrust aside into the dark and dirty corners of the world's stage, and we shall be the better able to understand that it is not necessary for all to "wear robes and furr'd gowns," and to put on "a swashing and martial outside" in order to score a success.

When the lights are out and the Thespian rats come forth to eat the remains of the stage carpenter's supper and to gambol round his table; when we are away from the din of "Box o' lights sir," "Evenin' News Speshul," "Mr. Slocom's Cab," "Lord Foodleum's Carriage," "Nice Sweet Oranges," "All the Songs and Words of the Pantomime," et cetera, fifty times over, we shall perchance remember the property master's table, and feel conscious that it is but one of many little things full of interest lying by the wayside which we have hitherto passed unheeded.

Leeds,

S. THEO. JAMES.

The Telephone Bill and the Treasury Minute.

[We print below the full text of the Treasury Minute of the 8th of May upon the proposals for the development of the telephone system in the United Kingdom. The Bill now before Parliament, which passed its second reading on the 21st of last month, is to give effect to the main provision of the Minute (clause 4), under which local authorities will be enabled to borrow money for the establishment of telephone exchanges on their obtaining a licence from the Postmaster-General. The Bill is meeting with strenuous opposition from more quarters than one; and although some important changes have already been promised, with the view, no doubt, of getting the measure passed this session, there are many who think that it will not emerge alive from the Grand Committee on Trade to which it has been referred.]

It must not be concluded that the opposition springs entirely, or even chiefly, from the friends of the National Telephone Company. These latter have no reason to love the Bill; but a few graceful concessions may silence them. The concessions, to be acceptable, must of necessity strengthen the Company, and may thus entail the sacrifice of the main object of the measure—effective *bonâ fide* competition. The attitude of those who believe that local authorities are unfitted to compete with the Company, and should not be invited to embark in what may prove to be a very risky business will not be affected by these changes. They will continue to oppose the measure on purely public grounds, as they believe that what is called “nationalization” of the telephone—that is to say complete absorption in the Post Office system—is the only true remedy, and that it is better that such absorption should take place now than later. “Nationalization,” not “municipalization,” is, indeed, the only satisfactory solution of a difficult problem; and when the Government have decided to buy out the Telephone Company and to assume control of the entire system, the Post Office will be found able and ready to “run the show.”]

1. My Lords have before them the Treasury Minute of the 23rd May, 1892, the several agreements made between the Postmaster-General and the National Telephone Company, and the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed last session to consider the condition of the Telephone Service.

2. The Committee find—

- (i) that the existing exchange service is not of general benefit to the country, and that it is not likely to become of general benefit so long as the present practical monopoly in the hands of a private company shall continue;
- (ii) that competition by either the Post Office or the local authority is necessary in the public interest, and that the Post Office is not prevented either by legal agreement or by good faith from competing in any areas either by itself or by means of licensees.

3. My Lords agree generally in this conclusion and approve of the proposals of the Postmaster-General—(i) that licenses should be granted to certain local authorities to transact telephone business within appropriate areas; and (ii) that the Post Office should itself open telephone exchanges in London, as soon as Parliament has provided the necessary funds.

4. Local authorities cannot, without the sanction of Parliament, borrow on the security of their rates or use their funds to establish a telephone service. My Lords are of opinion that this sanction may be most conveniently given by a general Enabling Act, and a Bill containing the necessary provision on the subject has been introduced.

5. The licenses to local authorities will be of the same general character as that held by the National Telephone Company, and will contain a provision that the local authorities licensed by the Postmaster-General shall connect their exchanges with Post Offices in order that persons using their telephones may, on payment of the usual charges,

- (a) speak over the trunk lines of the Postmaster-General;
- (b) speak messages to a Post Office for delivery as telegrams, express letters or ordinary letters; and
- (c) call for the services of express messengers.

My Lords propose that messages which are to be delivered as express letters should be spoken for that purpose, not only as at present to a Post Office in the same town, but to any Post Office connected with an exchange. Thus, any person using a call office will be able to secure the delivery of his message in any part of the country where an exchange is established.

6. In order to ensure that telephonic communication shall be open as far as possible to persons who do not rent a telephone, the Postmaster-General will require licensed local authorities to open call offices at Post Offices, and will confine the charges at such offices within reasonable limits; while the restriction hitherto imposed upon renters of telephones, that they shall not allow their telephones to be used by persons outside their own households, will be removed in all cases where messages are paid for on the "toll" system, whether the telephones are rented from the local authority or from the National Telephone Company. Thus it is anticipated that some classes of subscribers will be ready to offer to the public the use of their telephones either gratuitously or for a small fee.

7. It will be a condition of the licenses granted to local authorities that no terminal charge shall be levied by the licensee upon trunk-wire messages originating in an exchange of the Post Office, or of any other local authority, or of the National Telephone Company, if (in the latter case) the Company cease to levy such charges on trunk-wire messages originating in the exchange of the local authority.

8. The following conditions will also be attached to a license to a local authority:—

- (a) That the plant shall be of such character and so constructed as the Postmaster-General may from time to time direct or approve.
- (b) That there shall be no preferential treatment as between one subscriber and another.
- (c) That the system of charge and the maximum and minimum sums to be charged shall be subject to the Postmaster-General's approval and (if necessary) revision; and that yearly accounts shall be submitted to him of the revenue and expenditure of the service.
- (d) That neither the license nor any of the powers conferred by it shall be assigned or sub-let, and that no plant shall be sold to, and no working agreement made with, another licensee without the sanction of the Postmaster-General.
- (e) That the license shall be subject to determination if the local authority does not *bonà fide* establish a telephone exchange system within a reasonable time and maintain such system in effective working.

9. The royalties payable to the State will be the same as those specified in the National Telephone Company's license.

10. All licenses will be terminable on the 31st December, 1911.

11. With respect to the purchase of plant whether of the local authority or of the Company, my Lords agree with the conclusion of the Select Committee "that the Postmaster-General should in no case undertake to buy useless or antiquated plant." Single wire circuits, for example, fall into this category. Subject to this consideration, it will be a condition of the license to a local authority, that on the termination by the Postmaster-General of such license the local authority shall sell, and the Postmaster-General shall purchase, all plant then in use in the telephone service of the local

authority which is suitable for the actual requirements at the time of the local service of the Post Office. The question of suitability will be left, if the parties differ, to the decision of an arbitrator, subject to the provision that no plant shall in any case be considered suitable which has been brought into use without the sanction of the Postmaster-General. The plant will be taken at its fair market value at the time of the purchase without any addition in respect of compulsory purchase or good-will or profits, the value to be ascertained by arbitration if necessary.

12. My Lords propose that where, within a reasonable period, *bonâ fide* competition between the National Telephone Company and any local authority is established in any area where the Company are now working, similar treatment should be applied to so much of the plant of the Company in such area as existed at the time when the competition was inaugurated. Further, if the Company within a reasonable period give intercommunication in such area between their exchanges and the exchanges of the local authority, on conditions approved by the Postmaster-General, the purchase will extend (on the same terms) to the plant of the Company constructed (with the sanction of the Postmaster-General) after the commencement of the competition.

13. The Postmaster-General will consider all applications for licenses by local authorities with reference to the circumstances of each case, and will exercise a discretion both as to the grant of the license and as to any modification of its terms (not inconsistent with the principles indicated in this Minute) which he may think desirable.

14. The right of the Post Office to establish telephone exchanges, and to license persons, companies and other bodies, to establish such exchanges—a right implicitly reserved in every license and agreement with the National Telephone Company—will remain intact; and should Her Majesty's Government at any time see fit to exercise this right in a manner different from that indicated in this Minute, neither the Company nor any local authority will have any ground to complain of breach of contract or want of good faith on the part of the Postmaster-General.

My Lords concur.

Let a copy of this Minute be laid before Parliament.

Our Library Table.

[We draw no hard-and-fast line as to the kind of books we notice, but, of course, we give the preference to those written by Civil Servants.]

THE OPEN ROAD, a Little Book for Wayfarers, compiled by E. V. Lucas. Price 5s. London: Grant Richards, 1899.

A FEW months ago a literary journal started a discussion under the not very inspiring heading, "The best bed books," and various ladies and gentlemen of more or less note in the world of letters proceeded to give their views on what were the most desirable volumes to have within reach of their bedside when suffering from insomnia or pure laziness. As a means of revealing some curious individual tastes the discussion was interesting, but in other respects, like so many of these worked-up controversies, it was unprofitable. The little volume before us is perhaps a better "bed book" than any of those which figured so largely in the various lie-a-beds' letters. For its aim is thus modestly described by the compiler: "It is just a garland of good and enkindling poetry and prose fitted to urge folk into the open air, and, once there, to keep them glad they came." In other words, it takes us out of bed with a resounding cry, "Awake thou that sleepest," and who can want a more inspiring bed-room companion than such a work! The motto is Jasper Petulengro's most excellent apology for enjoying himself, "Life is sweet, brother. . . . There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath." And under such headings as "Spring and the Beauty of the Earth," "Sun, Cloud, and the Windy Hills," "Refreshment and the Inn," "Music Beneath a Tree," "The Reddening Leaf," "Night and the Stars," "A Little Company of Good People," Mr. Lucas introduces us to gems of poetry and prose, some very familiar but never stale, and others quite new and breathing an up-to-datedness which charms by its very freshness. In prose we have Charles Lamb and Izaak Walton, but we also have Mrs. Meynell and Kenneth Grahame, both prose poets of the present day whose work will live. In poetry there is, of course, Mr. William Wordsworth, but there is also Mr. A. E. Housman. Whether Mrs. Meynell is talking to us of "The Clouds," "The Horizon," or "The South West Wind," or Mr. Housman is

singing to us "The Power of Malt," or Charles Lamb is explaining to us "The Glamour of the Town," they one and all assist in the aim and inspiration of the compiler, viz., to drive us into the open air, and when there to keep us there. Most people, no doubt, think it an easy matter to edit a collection of poems and prose extracts. Every year such compilations, indiscriminate and commonplace in character, are published in bewildering numbers. But to take a certain mood or sentiment and to build up around it in beautiful order the various experiences and utterances of singers and prophets in such a way as to make the book an artistic whole demands a knowledge of English literature that few possess, and the temperament and sensibility of a poet. Mr. Lucas has, on previous occasions, rendered good service to "letters," and in the book before us both he and his publisher have combined together to produce a thing of beauty. When you have read and digested the contents you can allow the book to remain on your knee, and merely to look at the binding will be rest and refreshment to the eye.

We have one more word to say. Mr. Lucas, not very long ago, edited some freshly-discovered letters of Charles Lamb, and one of his best finds was a letter he might have included in *The Open Road*. It is a tonic for the weak-minded; an aperient for the cynic and the pessimist. It is Jasper Petulengro's philosophy over again, but the difference in the voice of Borrow and of Lamb gives freshness to the old thought:—

"One passage in your letter a little displeas'd me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are ever brimful of. You say that 'this world to you seems drain'd of all its sweets!' At first I had hoped you only meant to intimate the high price of sugar! but I am afraid you meant more. O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements have all a sweetness by turns. Good humour and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you—you possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything; but do not go a-gathering after gall. The bees are wiser in their generation than the race of sonnet writers and complainers, Bowles's and Charlotte Smiths, and all that tribe, who can see no joys but what are passed and fill

people's heads with notions of the unsatisfying nature of earthly comforts. I assure you I find this world a very pretty place."

Surely it was this letter which inspired Mr. Lucas to compile *The Open Road*.

The Economic Journal, September, 1896, and March, 1899.
 DIFFICULTIES ATTENDING THE REDUCTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT; THE INVESTMENT OF SURPLUS REVENUE, by Dougal Renton.

MR. DOUGAL RENTON, of the Accountant-General's Department, General Post Office, who, in September, 1896, wrote a paper in the *Economic Journal* on "Difficulties attending the reduction of the National Debt," has published in the March number of the same magazine a continuation of his former article under the title of "The Investment of Surplus Revenue." Questions of high finance are not easily understood of the people, and few of us have the modesty of Mr. Bright, who admitted that he did not understand the Gold Question, though, as he added, "some people think they do." The labour of students of Economics is often increased by the obscurely written sentences and sesquipedalian words of those who think themselves authorities on the subject. From such defects Mr. Renton's papers are entirely free. We may not agree with his proposals, but we can hardly miss his meaning, and in dealing with confessedly complicated subjects his course is so clear that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein.

There are three distinct sources from which money is applied to the reduction of the National Debt, viz.:—The margin of revenue over expenditure, which, as Mr. Renton says, the Chancellor of the Exchequer tries to keep as close as possible; the difference between the actual amount of interest on the Debt with the cost of management, and the fixed charge for the Debt recently reduced to £23,000,000; and the amount derived from the Terminable Annuities. The product of each source is devoted to buying and cancelling Government stock, and the price of consols is run up by this action of the Government so that it now costs £111 (*i.e.*, at the date of Mr. Renton's second paper) to pay off £100 of debt. Mr. Renton holds that this is an extravagant proceeding, and until the price has fallen to or below par Government should refrain from buying consols, not only in connection with the reduction of the Debt, but also for the Savings Banks, on account of which in recent years large amounts of consols have been bought at prices so high as to involve an annual loss.

Mr. Renton does not approve of the proposal that Savings Bank moneys should be lent to municipal corporations and other local authorities, but suggests that the ordinary stocks of home railway companies would form a suitable investment. We are very doubtful if he will be able to persuade the present or any future Chancellor of the Exchequer to concur in this opinion. The powers of ordinary trustees as regards investments have been so far extended in recent years as to include railway debentures and preference stocks, and certain classes of corporation stocks, and there might be no great harm in investing a moderate proportion of the Savings Bank moneys in such securities, though the return on the best of them would not be sufficient to admit of a long continuance of the present rate of interest to depositors. But to invest Savings Bank moneys, or any other moneys of which the State is trustee, in ordinary railway stock would be a dangerous departure from the cautious methods hitherto followed, and is open to other objections than the insufficiency of the security. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would become a large shareholder in many of our railway companies, and in that capacity would perhaps be held to incur a certain amount of responsibility for their management. In making his investments he would necessarily choose some and reject other shares, and as it is admitted the selection of the shares of a railway company by the Chancellor of the Exchequer would tend to raise their price, would he not be forced, however unwillingly, into the position of a speculator in the railway market, sometimes as a bull and sometimes as a bear, just like an ordinary jobber in Throgmorton Street?

It is rash to prophesy, and Mr. Renton has himself furnished another warning in this respect; for he assumed in 1896 that consols would not fall below their value at that time, yet their present price is 109. In estimating their future value those who believe in the continuance of present prices are too apt to overlook the fact that in less than four years the interest will be reduced to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and that in 1923 they will be redeemable at par. It may therefore be safely assumed that in 1923 the price will not be above par, and although that date is somewhat remote, the coming redemption will for some years previously have an effect on the value of consols. The questions with which Mr. Renton has dealt affect other interests than those of the Savings Banks, but the inevitable reduction of interest on Savings Bank deposits will possibly remove some of the other difficulties he has so clearly described.

J. A. J. H.

After Office Hours.

At West Kensington with the Prince of Wales.

AT the time that it was first whispered that the Prince of Wales had consented to lay the foundation stone of the new Post Office Savings Bank buildings at West Kensington, I was one of those who laughed at the idea as an idle rumour. Force of habit has, I suppose, brought me to regard with suspicion all rumours which are in any way favourable to my Department, while those which bode ill to us seem, if precedent is any guide in these matters, so much more likely to be realised. But in this particular instance my usual habit of mind led me astray, and during one short hour on the 24th June the Post Office Savings Bank was being smiled upon by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, and by Cabinet Ministers, ex-Postmasters General, and distinguished Civil Servants. The scene was both impressive and picturesque. Everything went off without a hitch or *contretemps* of any kind; there was not even, so far as I could see, one of the little accidents which occasionally occur at such ceremonies, when a nervous official, unused to uniform, falls over his sword, or turns his back on the Royal Party.

When the rumour was confirmed that the Prince of Wales was to perform the ceremony, the Cassandras of the Department at once said: "Then of course the Savings Bank will only obtain about twenty seats, and the rest will be given to the high and mighty, the Treasury officials, and the clerks in the Secretary's Office." And of course we said: "*We shall go to the wall as usual.*" Indeed, I was quite prepared to take up my position upon the kerb in the Blythe Road, and to report the proceedings from the point of view of a Savings Bank man who had not been fortunate enough to secure a ticket. I have no doubt that the result in this case would have been more entertaining for my readers, and that much good copy has been lost to the magazine owing to my appointment as a steward at the ceremony. Having harboured these gloomy thoughts, I think it only common fairness to admit that the distribution of tickets was managed throughout in a way that silenced the most inveterate of grumblers. Some of us were, I think, just a little aggrieved because we had no grievance; it seemed the last injustice to the Savings Bank that we were deprived even of our grievances. The result was that the gathering was attended by a very large number of both the male and female establishments and their friends, and the thought of the coming move, which is an unpopular one, I believe, with all classes, has been made a little more tolerable by the brilliant scene at which so many of us assisted.

Wherever I looked I saw the familiar faces of my male colleagues, while the presence of a large number of female clerks was brought home to me by the fact that so many carried their tickets enclosed in official wrappers. We had strict orders as stewards not to admit

anybody who was without a ticket, and I only broke down once in the performance of my duties. I was placed at the top of a staircase, while another steward was placed at the foot, at the entrance to the pavilion. The positions should have been reversed, as this particular steward is an unusually susceptible man, and I knew I should have trouble with him. He came rushing up the stairs, just when there was a little lull in the arrivals, and said to me breathlessly, "Here," pointing just behind him, "is an awfully stylish and pretty American; she hasn't got a ticket; but she says she wishes to see the show. I say, old man, let her in." I said, severely, to the pretty American, "Do you come with an introduction?" "No," she said, flashing her eyes cruelly at both of us. I went on, "Do you know anybody here?" "Only the Duke," she replied, with charming effrontery. We looked, but did not say "We don't believe you," and she evidently rejoiced that we disbelieved her. It appealed to her sense of humour. But I gave her the best empty seat I could find, and when that was claimed by somebody else, I found her a better one still. Every now and then the other steward rushed up to ask me, "Have you got her a good seat? I know she's a liar; she's an American, you know, but we can't help it, can we? Do you think she can see well where she is?" It seems a pity that a man like this was ever appointed to a post where strict impartiality is the first requisite. For the mere suspicion of a job is particularly distasteful to all Post Office officials.

The ceremony has been so fully described in the daily and weekly papers that there is no need for me to give the details of the function. Nor are we able in this number, owing to the small amount of time at our disposal, to give any portraits of the scene, or pictures of the building which is to be erected. We hope, however, to do so in our next number. It only remains for us to congratulate the Postmaster-General on the great success which attended the ceremony, and to thank Mr. Lang for the arrangements he made and the trouble he took to enable his own staff to participate in the proceedings. We were all pleased to see present some of our former political and permanent masters. The Duke of Rutland was there to represent the "Young England" party, and his snow-white hair and erect bearing gave him a real note of distinction. Then there was Mr. Shaw Lefevre, a little more portly of figure, so it seemed to me, than when he was at St. Martin's-le-Grand. And Mr. Arnold Morley, looking as if his exile from office agreed with him, walked about in a most becoming uniform. Sir Spencer Walpole, who confessed the other day at the Authors' Club that he was too old to be a Civil Servant and too young to be a Bishop or Prime Minister and so had taken to literature, was again among us in the midst of officials with whom we should think he is more in sympathy than he is with Mark Twain, who, by a strange conjunction of planets, was his companion guest at the Authors'. Mr. Algernon Turnor, who has read and replied to many memorials from the Savings Bank staff, came to join us in our hour of rejoicing, and although we are aware that he used to regard those

of us who are males as redundant and regretted that we could not accept the fact as a part of the fortune of life and make the best of it, we were glad to see an old enemy restored to health and bearing no signs of his recent illness.

As to the officials in harness who were present they acquitted themselves admirably, and they all looked very proud and very happy. And so did the stewards.

"The Federations of the Half-Educated."

I HAVE been attacked in several quarters for having permitted a contributor to our last number to use the phrase "the federations of the half-educated" when speaking of Sir Spencer Walpole's attitude towards postal servants who have grievances. In fact, the editor of *The Post* has, in a very bright and amusing article, implied throughout his criticisms that the obnoxious opinions expressed by "Z" are those of our own editorial staff. Such an attitude is wholly unjustifiable, and I take this opportunity to say that our columns are open to all parties, so long as the writers conform to our literary standard, and refrain from personalities or discussions on questions of discipline. The editor's opinions are not necessarily those of his contributors; and when he himself wishes to say anything particularly nasty or severe he does so invariably over his own initials, or by means of that journalistic fiction "the editorial we."

Remembering Burke's immortal saying that you cannot bring an indictment against a whole nation, I regarded the opinion expressed by "Z" as a little harmless perkishness of his own, which, in fact, stood condemned by its own inherent absurdity. However, it has created offence, and I am bound to say that if you read the sentence seriously it is unkind, and, if "Z" will forgive me for saying so, in not the best taste. Moreover, such an expression of opinion goes a long way towards disproving the very point "Z" is labouring to establish, viz., that the officials at headquarters are never unjust or unsympathetic towards men who are endeavouring to better their position. If he represents them he shows that they may be wanting in that knowledge which is the parent of sympathy.

It is ridiculous to say, as some correspondents have done, that I have shown hostility to the federationists, or that I sympathise with any attempt to discredit their organisations. In the course of my official career I have joined in similar movements, in company with men who are now head postmasters, sub-controllers and principal clerks, who are also, I am confident, not ashamed of the part they played in days when they were young and interesting, and I owe much to the education I gained while combining with these gentlemen and others in a common cause. In combination a man learns the great lesson of unselfishness, of subordinating his own personal interests to the common good, and I fail to see anything but gain to the men and to the department in the growth of the federation movement so long as it is conducted honourably and according to the rules of the game.

But don't let any of us be too thin-skinned, and in seeking for justice for ourselves don't let us be unjust towards our opponents. In this particular instance I would earnestly ask my friends the federationists to make allowances for the many disadvantages under which so-called educated men labour. Education in far too many instances is simply a process of imbibing a mass of prejudices and *ex parte* views of life, the knocking into a uniform shape of men who are not labelled cultured until they attain a given standard of knowledge. Such men, unless they be born intellectual rebels or they join a federation, look necessarily at all subjects outside the sphere of their own interests through a thick film, and we who owe any education we possess to what we have picked up in a haphazard kind of way in the battle of life, and who are consequently less affected by the prejudices of teachers, should make every allowance for men who have been so handicapped by their early training and who are perhaps overloaded with the ideas of others.

There is, too, a humorous side to this business. The term half-educated is purely relative, and if it were possible to find a man with exactly double the quantity of information and culture that "Z" possesses, "Z" would have to consent to be tarred by his own brush. A whole-educated man on the other hand would be omniscient, and though I am quite aware that many of my colleagues see nothing ludicrous in appearing in even that rôle, they are really quite harmless, and instead of being irritated with their arrogance we ought to be grateful to them for the abiding source of merriment they become to the vast ranks to which we ourselves belong, of the half-educated, the quarter-educated, and the fools of this world.

In what I have said I have not touched on the question whether half-educated men are really in a position to know when they are unhappy or hungry, or whether they should not, when conscious of discomfort of any kind, distrust their own instincts and rely entirely on the verdict and judgment of those who are well-fed and well-informed. This would be a fit subject for a Savoy Opera, but as a serious argument in the mouth of "Z" or anybody else it calls for no reply. Besides, it touches on matters of discipline and they do not concern us here. Following the excellent precept we have set ourselves not to discuss such questions, we can only deal with "Z's" statement from the literary point of view. He says that Sir Spencer Walpole "knew how the federations of the half-educated taught themselves and their representatives to believe the thing that was not." This is very neatly put, and so artistically that we say as we do before all artistic work, "If this is not true in fact, it ought to be." We are carried away by the form and style, and not by the germ of truth that may be contained therein. Let us now take at random one of the epigrams of the half-educated and see what is its effect upon us. "It is better not to know too much than to know the things that ain't so." We at once forgive the form because of the way the sentence grips the situation. It closes with the truth; there is nothing to be said in opposition to it; but its form is the form of

the half educated. "Z's" epigram provokes while this one silences argument. "Z" sees the truth through a film; the half-educated phrase-maker sees it as it is. Who shall then sneer at the half-educated? The 'bus conductor and the street arab often put to blush the efforts of the educated to find out the truth, even concerning themselves.

But I don't believe "Z" himself is quite serious in the matter; like so many other writers he is led away by his love of epigram. In these dull days his is a temperament to be encouraged, and I for one am only too pleased to be insulted if it is done with a sense for style. When the Bishop of Wakefield was censured the other day for speaking of a play he had never seen or read as immoral, he merely replied that if you didn't exaggerate people would not listen to you. Doubtless "Z" finds himself in the same difficulty, and I am quite sure that the editors of the Service journals often find it necessary to use the same means as the Bishop, to insure attention. We of all men should be the last persons to condemn "Z." Look at what he has done for us. If people were not obliging enough to misrepresent us sometimes we should often have trouble to find suitable copy. We get quite tired of misrepresenting one another, and so when an outside critic steps in with a few wholesome untruths we are all in high feather. The pulling to pieces of "Z," combined with some vigorous stabs at *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, fills several columns of *The Post*; the same subject provides the editor of *The Postal Journal* with an opportunity for a return fire beside which the shots of "Z" seem poor and ineffectual, while *St. Martin's-le-Grand* at a very dull time of the literary year is glad to have the opportunity provided to fire indiscriminately at both friend and foe. This is the special function of all impartial journals and persons, and the judicial and superior attitude it is necessary, in such circumstances, to assume, compels the perpetration of the very offences we have accused "Z" of committing. This is a disadvantage always attending the profession of preacher, and the difficulty can only be reasonably surmounted by investing the preacher with special gifts and a kind of odour of sanctity. We predicate in our readers the possession of this faith. And that is why "an editorial we" is so much more impressive than the first person singular. Conceit and arrogance are robbed of all their offensiveness when "the ego" is not visible. National pride and the consciousness of Empire in a nation are exactly the same thing as pride and arrogance in an individual. We call it, however, by the big name Imperialism, and prime ministers, bishops, and even working men members of Parliament speak of its glories, and fail to see that it is the name for what in an individual we consider to be most offensive and unbearable. So it comes to this that sentiments signed by "Z" or any individual in his private capacity may appear in very bad taste and as suggestive of arrogance and even bumptiousness, while given as the opinion of a journal or of a federation in the first person plural, they may be words of wisdom and of understanding. Anyhow, I am quite sure that I am expressing the opinion of all my official contemporaries when I ask "Z" to oblige again. His short sentence has had a magnificent run.

E. B.





T. P. BROWN.
(Southport.)



W. J. GOULDING.
(Dover.)



D. R. NOBLE.
(Red Hill.)



W. M. FRANCE.
(Salisbury.)



G. J. DAVIS.
(Wolverhampton.)



W. M. BOGUE.
(Weymouth.)



W. H. HARPHAM.
(Bridlington.)



E. W. J. ARMAN.
(Tunbridge Wells.)

—≡— **SOME POSTMASTERS.** ≡—

St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

Report of the Cape Post Office.

THE report of the Postmaster-General of the Cape of Good Hope for 1898 is largely occupied with a statement of the position taken up by the Colonial Government in the important controversies with the Imperial Government which are now in progress, namely, the apportionment of the Mail Packet subsidy, the proposed new contract for the Ocean Mail Service, Imperial Penny Postage, and the proposed All-British Cable between this country and the Cape. The case for the Colony on these subjects is fully and ably stated, though there is, of course, much to be said on the other side.

The year does not seem to have been a prosperous one from a postal point of view. More work for less money appears to have been the rule. But the postal deficit of £2,000 was swallowed up in a handsome telegraph surplus of £10,000. The progress which is being made in telegraph development in South Africa is remarkable. The report contains an interesting sketch of the progress of the Cape to Cairo telegraph, which Mr. French expects to be completed in a comparatively short period. The uncompleted portion is, it appears, not so long as the existing line across the Australian Continent, which thirty years ago was finished in twenty-two months.

The rate for telegrams within the territory formed by the Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State has been reduced to 1d. a word, with a minimum of 1s.; and the loss of revenue has already been made good by the growth of the traffic.

The following paragraphs show that the life of our Cape colleagues has its special dangers:—

“A lengthy detention of the mails on one of the branch routes in the Prieska Division occurred under somewhat peculiar circumstances. On his return journey to the head Post Office the post runner was attacked by two ostriches. He had to take refuge in a small bush, which the ostriches guarded all day, and it was not until the night had set in that he effected his escape in the dark.”

“An officer opening a mail from Palapye, one of the offices in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, discovered and killed a very large scorpion measuring seven inches in length, which fortunately fell from the bag when the correspondence was emptied out. It was evident that the insect had crept into the bag when lying empty at Palapye.”

The Straits Settlements.

THE lot of the officers of the General Post Office at Singapore appears not to be an enviable one. The office is undermanned and, as a consequence, the men are overworked. In his report for the year 1898 the Postmaster-General of the Straits Settlements draws pointed attention to this state of affairs. "Frequently the hours of attendance of the clerks in three days exceed those of clerks in other departments in a whole week. On one occasion, in a solid period of 38 and a quarter consecutive hours, a clerk attended office for 28 hours 40 minutes, that is to say in $38\frac{1}{4}$ hours he had about $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours to get to and from his work and for rest, &c. ; and on the same occasion, the attendance of 15 clerks averaged 24 hours and 42 minutes in a period which for the whole of those clerks averaged 35 hours 36 minutes from beginning to end. It is a common occurrence for the attendance to exceed 12 hours at a stretch."

Regular annual leave appears, also, to be out of the question. In this connection Mr. Noel Trotter makes a telling quotation from the report, dated 1854, of a committee of enquiry into the British Post Office, and proceeds thus: "If such an announcement was necessary in a temperate climate, in a country where Sunday work is reduced to a minimum, how much more essential is it in an enervating tropical climate like ours, and where the Post Office works most Sundays and holidays, that provision should be made to enable officers to avail themselves of the leave the rules of the service contemplate they shall be able to obtain. Annual leave is not thought of by Europeans in this department, but they should, at least, be able to enjoy such leave as is ordinarily considered, by the medical profession, necessary for the preservation of health." We trust our colleagues will obtain speedy redress of their grievances.

In view of the treatment of the staff it is surprising to find that the finances of the department are in a flourishing condition. The revenue exceeded the expenditure by 29,874 dols., as compared with a nett surplus of 17,110 dols. in 1897.

The First Savings Bank.

THE following article appeared in the *Daily News* of the 6th May last:—

Of the eight or nine millions of depositors in the savings banks of the United Kingdom few are aware that this is the centenary year of those useful institutions. On Sunday, May 7th, 1799, the Rev. Joseph Smith, Vicar of Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, began to receive deposits from his parishioners, and undertook to repay the money with interest. He described his bank as a "Society for encouraging prudence and industry." Savings banks had been proposed by Daniel Defoe in 1697, and frugality banks by Jeremy Bentham a hundred years later, and such banks had actually been founded in Hamburg, Berne, Basel, and in other towns on the Continent long before Mr. Smith started his Society at Wendover.

But it does not appear that he had ever heard of the suggestions of Defoe and Bentham, or that he knew of the savings banks already established on the Continent. He derived his idea from a different and a native source.

Mr. Smith was a member of the "Society for Bettering the Condition and increasing the Comforts of the Poor," which had been founded at a meeting held in December, 1796, at the house of William Wilberforce in Old Palace Yard, Westminster. The Society published monthly reports of the efforts made in different parts of the country to give effect to the good intentions of the members, and in trying to carry out at Wendover a plan which had been very successful at Winstone, in Durham, Mr. Smith lighted upon the idea of his savings bank. He decided to invite the people of Wendover to deposit their savings and to promise repayment at any time on demand, or, if allowed to remain undisturbed until Christmas, with interest. A notice to the parishioners was accordingly drawn up, copied by the boys of the parish school in their best writing, and posted on the church door and in other suitable places. It was headed by a quotation from St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store," which, as deposits were to be received on Sunday mornings, was quite appropriate. Sums of twopence, or more, weekly might be paid at the Vicarage or at the houses of Mr. Lovell or Mr. Bingham (the names of the first managers of the first savings bank ought to be remembered), and "exact account" would be kept in a book. Deposits allowed to remain undisturbed until Christmas would then be repaid with an addition of one shilling for every three shillings deposited, and, according to the notice, "further attention and consideration will be paid to those who have made their payments regularly and who have been regular in their duties at church."

In recording the circumstances in which he decided to transact the business of his Society on Sunday morning, the good Vicar of Wendover seems to have thought some apology was needed. He gives, therefore, as a reason for the selection of Sunday that "among the other duties of that day the labourer can best spare time to look forward for the future comfort of his family, and because they who have attended their duty at church, after having paid in their weekly sixpence to accumulate for their families, will feel the less inclination to spend another sixpence idly at the ale-house."

A year or two after the Wendover Society was founded, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, a well-known member of the Society of Friends, began to receive deposits in connection with a friendly society at Tottenham, for the benefit of women and children, and in 1804 the Tottenham Savings Bank was placed on a surer basis under the direction of trustees. In 1808 a savings bank was founded at Bath, of which the Marquis of Lansdowne was president, and these examples were followed in other places, so that when in 1817 Acts of Parliament were passed for "encouraging the establishment of banks for Savings" in Ireland and England, 70 English, 4 Welsh,

and 4 Irish savings banks, with an aggregate liability to depositors of £250,000, were ready to avail themselves of the new laws.

A hundred years ago the solitary savings bank at Wendover had sixty depositors. There are now nearly nine million depositors in the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks of the United Kingdom, and the accumulated savings amount to £186,000,000. The centenary of these useful and prosperous institutions ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed, and the laying of the foundation stone of the new Post Office Savings Bank offices at Kensington by the Prince of Wales during next month would afford an opportunity for an appropriate celebration of the work of the hundred years that have elapsed since the Vicar of Wendover began to receive deposits on the 7th May, 1799.

From the Record Room.

A WARRANT FOR THE PAYM^t. TO MRS. REBECCA OATES
300^l ANN DURING HER LIFE.

AFTER My hearty Commendacons. Whereas His late Majesty King William the Third (of Glorious Memory) by Letters Patents under the Greate Seale of England bearing date the 30th day of July 1698 did give and grant unto Titus Oates Doctor in Divinity his Executors Administrators and Assignes, One Annuity or Yearely Pencon of Three hundred Pounds payable out of the Revenue or Proffitts arising within the General Letter Office or Post Office to commence from Lady-day 1698 for the terme of Ninety-nine years if the said Titus Oates Doctor in Divinity and Rebecca his wife or either of them should so long live. These are by Virtue of the said Letters Patents to authorise and require you out of the Revenue or Proffitts arising within the said Generall Letter Office or Post Office to make payment unto the executors administrators or assignes of the said Titus Oates lately deceased of all such sume and sumes of money as are and shall from time to time become due and payable on the said Annuity or Yearly Pencon of Three hundred Pounds according to the directions of the said Letters Patents. And this shall be as well to you for Payment as to the Auditor for allowing thereof from time to time on your Accounts a Sufficient Warrant.

Whitehall Treasury Chambers 24th Octob. 1705.

GODOLPHIN.

To my very loving Friends S^r Robert Cotton Kn^t and
S^r Thos. Frankland Barr^t Her Maj^{ty}s Postm^r Gen^{ll}

Let the within Warrant be executed White Hall Treary-
Chambers the 22nd of November 1710.

Poulet, Ro. Harley, J. Pagett, T. Mansell.

Picture Telegraphy.

LAST year the *New York Herald* experimented with the Hummell system of picture telegraphy, and recently the same journal has been making experiments with an improved form of the Hummell apparatus, in connection with the Chicago *Times-Herald*, the St. Louis *Republic*, and the Boston *Herald*.

The apparatus consists of a receiver and transmitter, similar in appearance and in mechanism. The picture to be transmitted is drawn on a heavy piece of metal foil, the lines of the drawing being made with an insulating ink. The foil is then secured on the circumference of a horizontal cylinder on the transmitter, the cylinder being of about the size of a typewriter rubber roller. There is a similar cylinder on the receiver, on whose surface is clamped the paper upon which the drawing is to be reproduced; over this is superposed carbon paper, which is covered in turn by a sheet of thin paper. A stylus actuated by an electromagnet is adjusted close to the surface of the latter, and each time a current is passed through the electromagnet the stylus is forcibly pressed against the moving



FACSIMILE OF RECORD.

surface of the cylinder, and a corresponding mark is made on the two sheets in contact with the carbon paper; the outer sheet serves merely to offer a smooth surface to the stylus and to enable the operator to see that the picture is being properly reproduced.

The transmitting cylinder passes under a similar stylus, which latter closes the circuit between the receiving and transmitting ends when it rests upon the foil, and opens the circuit when it passes over the lines drawn with insulating ink, in the latter case actuating the stylus magnet at the receiving end, which leaves a mark on the paper of the receiving cylinder in the form of a line corresponding to the width of the insulation over which the transmitting stylus is passing. The stylus at each end of the line is simultaneously advanced at the end of each revolution of the cylinders by a screw of small pitch.

The two cylinders have synchronous motion, so that all the marks or lines on the receiving cylinder correspond to widths of insulating

ink traced over on the transmitting cylinder. Synchronism is obtained as follows: Connected with both receiver and transmitter is an electric motor which, at the end of every revolution of the cylinder, raises a weight, which acts on a clock train when falling and thus gives motion to the cylinder. At the end of each revolution of the transmitting cylinder, a contact is made which locks for an instant the receiving cylinder when it arrives in a position corresponding to a similar position of the transmitting cylinder. Thus it will be seen that each cylinder begins its revolution from identical positions and at the same instant, and as the clockwork of both receiver and transmitter are duplicates, approximate synchronism is maintained during a revolution.

We give on the previous page a facsimile of a picture transmitted by the Hummell apparatus, which is reproduced from the original sheet without retouching.

Early Notions of Wireless Telegraphy.

IT is well known to students of the history of telegraphy (writes S. R.) that many suggestions have been made as to the possibility of making one magnetic needle affect another at a distance, and it has been recently pointed out that in the *Spectator*, No. 241, published in 1711, there is the following passage:—

“Strada, in one of his Prolusions (*‘Prolusiones Academicæ,’* Lib. ii. prolog. 6), gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain load-stone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend in the meanwhile saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.”

“Strada’s” note was itself only a reference to what Cardinal Bembo (*obit.* about 1547) had said.

Remarkable Cures.

WE take this letter from *Light* of the 22nd April last:—
As the late head of the General Post Office for the Northern District of Scotland I had frequent opportunities of exercising my curative powers (of course without charge) in serious cases of rheumatism, insomnia, sciatica and paralysis, and was uniformly successful. A case of the last mentioned distressing type was brought under my notice early in January. It was that of Mr. Purcy, jun., 5, Riversdale Road, an intelligent young man of good physique, who had been suffering for five years from paralysis, accompanied by almost unceasing pain day and night. After paying him four or five visits I succeeded in restoring him to health by the usual passes, and it was these passes which led me to attribute my success to physical rather than to spiritual agency. But now comes a case of a totally different character.

In about a week after curing Mr. Purcy I found that, owing to my not having used water promptly for washing my hands after treatment, I had imbibed the following symptoms: My memory and power of concentration had left me. I dragged my left foot, and I was absolutely physically and mentally unable to write legibly, or spell, or do the most trifling sum in arithmetic. I placed myself under the care of two physicians, but after taking no end of medicine I found after a month that I was no better. Then I called on Dr. Mack, of Brighton, who informed me that I had imbibed an injurious influence from my last case. I had not the least expectation of his being able to cure me, but I sat down, and he raised his hand over my head, and a beautiful and refreshing breeze seemed to flow from it, and then his spirit control lifted the disease away and I was well! Every faculty was instantly restored to me, and in a few hours I was joyfully speeding back to London as well as ever I was in my life, thankful to God, I hope, and His ministering angels, who had restored me practically from a mental death to life.

It is painful for me to write of the ordeal through which I have passed, but I feel bound to place this great miracle before the readers of *Light*.

C. A. MAITLAND,
J.P. for Aberdeenshire.

135, Highbury Hill,
London, N.

"The G.P.O."

'TIS always the same at the G.P.O.,
There's no one to blame at the G.P.O.
My letters are late,
And are marked "OVER WEIGHT,"
But that is their game at the G.P.O.

Full three times a-week at the G.P.O.
 For justice I seek at the G.P.O.,
 And when I wax warm
 They hand me a form,
 Through which I must speak at the G.P.O.

My cheques are oft lost through the G.P.O.,
 Whether opened or crossed, through the G.P.O.
 They cannot be traced,
 They're cashed in such haste
 By Old Nick or Faust in the G.P.O.

Her Majesty's Chief in the G.P.O.
 Can't find out the thief in the G.P.O.,
 But hopes he'll soon trap
 The light-fingered chap
 That's causing such grief in the G.P.O.

Still covers drop off in the G.P.O.,
 Nor Cocker nor Gough in the G.P.O.
 Can count how much stamps
 Are filched by the scamps
 In the service thereof of the G.P.O.

And still I may swear at the G.P.O.,
 But still they declare at the G.P.O.
 They suffer no pause
 In search for the cause
 Of loss that I bear through the G.P.O.

'Tis certain folks rob in the G.P.O.
 By day and by job in the G.P.O. ;
 But thief or the thieves
 Still laugh in their sleeves,
 And 'scape to the mob from the G.P.O.

The service is grand of the G.P.O.,
 The best in the land is the G.P.O.,
 Then "God save the Queen,"
 Though robbed I have been
 By "Her's to command" in the G.P.O.

Over the Water, Nov. 25, 1879.

H. C.

[This spirited ballad may be regarded as "genuine Irish," as it first appeared in the Dublin *Irish Builder*, of the 1st December, 1879.]

Ask a Postmaster.

MR. E. W. ARMAN, the Postmaster of Tunbridge Wells, has received the following communication, and if after the circumstantial account which has been given of the missing gentleman success has not attended the search for him, we can only say

the Post Office should hide its head. Certainly Tunbridge Wells should be a proud town to possess so gifted a citizen as the one described:—

“J——, Florida, U.S.A.

“April 15th, 1899.

“To the Honourable Postmaster,

“Tunbridge Wells, England.

“Esteemed Sir,—Will you kindly inform me if one G—— F—— lives in your vicinity, and if so can you give me his present address. It is important that I communicate with him direct, and I ask that you reply at your early convenience. It may be possible that I am in error as to his name, and in order to give you more definite information, beg to give the following description:—

“He is rather tall, of dark complexion, with grey hair, showing that it was once very dark brown or black. His eyes very piercing, and one has a tendency to water freely, and on which lid there are no lashes. He is very erect in his bearing, and always *well dressed*. He is a brilliant conversationalist, has a bright mind, &c. He wears on the small finger of each hand a gold ring bearing resemblance to a coiled snake, diamond set, one ring somewhat larger than the other.

“I regret having thus taken so much of your most valuable time, and trust you can assist me in locating the above party.

“Thanking you in advance for your trouble,

“I am, yours, &c.,

“S. H. B——.”

A Novel Theft.

STEALING a Post Office constitutes the latest example of American enterprise. It appears, from a statement by the New York correspondent of the *Morning Post*, that the citizens of Mountain View, Oklahoma, who some time ago built that town in three days, have added to their exploits by stealing the Post Office from a neighbouring village. The Mountain View Post Office has been in a grocery store, and the local paper of a town not far distant, which had a separate Post Office building of its own, had been twitting Mountain View that it had no Post Office building because of its unimportance. Recently some of the more impetuous spirits of Mountain View secretly resolved to turn the tables on their tormentors by stealing their Post Office. They hitched three teams of strong horses to a low waggon, and started for the rival village late at night. Arriving at their destination they lifted the Post Office bodily on to the waggon, the operation being made easy, as the Post Office was but a small box-like building. Then, without arousing any of the townspeople, they started back for Mountain View. They were met by practically the entire population, who had been informed of the proceedings after the men had set out on their errand. The Post Office was placed in the centre of the town, gaily decorated with flags, while the jubilant victors were overwhelmed with congratulations. The people of the village, bereft of its Post

Office, are in a terrible rage over the trick that has been played them, and they threaten to have everybody in Mountain View arrested for interfering with the mails.

A Resourceful Postmistress.

MR. W. BOYS of Eudunda, South Australia, sends us the following particulars which he has taken from *The Argus*, an Australian newspaper :—

“Love may be blind, but lovers are sometimes far-sighted enough to acquit themselves well in a business deal, as the Postmaster-General has learned to his amusement.

“A Postmistress in the country determined, doubtless after due deliberation, to marry a local townsman, and being aware that she would have, after the ceremony, to cleave to her husband and resign from the Postal department, no married women being eligible for office, she cast round her for some way out of the difficulty.

“She found one. In a business-like letter to the deputy Postmaster-General she suggested that the management of the post and telegraph office over which she presided might, with advantage to the department, be let by tender.

“The suggestion was accepted ; the position was offered by public tender, and in due course the successful tenderer was announced. Then the lady resigned her position, married the new Postmaster, and—walked back to her old position, which she now enjoys despite the marriage ceremony and its supposed disqualification.”

“Candidates” for the Civil Service.

A POSTMASTER, who desires to be anonymous, writes as follows :—

I sometimes am able to extract considerable amusement from the performances of the candidates in the Civil Service Examinations ; and, in the belief and wish that the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* may share my amusement, I append some recent specimens of candidates' work.

Here is an essay on a given subject, “The Dangers of the Sea.”

“A passenger ship from the Isle of Wight to Land's End had on board more than one hundred passengers. In the darkness of the night a storm arose, the winds and the waves tossed the ship in all directions, and the man at the wheel spent all his strength to keep the water out, but it was impossible ; the waves rolled on the deck, and men, women, and children were tossed in the angry sea. In the distance we could see Eddystone Lighthouse, the flash of light showing quite clearly the rocks were in sight. It was quite early in the morning when the storm lessened, and the people who were saved were shivering with cold and hunger. The few men who were saved made up large fires for the women and gave them food. They were so engrossed with this that they did not notice a large barrel of powder that was standing by, and all of a sudden it caught light and all was confusion. They were rounding Eddystone Lighthouse, and

Grace Darling, looking from her window, saw what happened, and at once mentioned it to her father. Grace Darling could not rest, but got a small boat and went in rescue of them, but they did not happen to see, and they ran into one another and all were drowned."

Geography, of course, is a puzzling subject. For instance, I am told that "Lough Foyle is in Ireland, in the Providence of Ulster." "Lough Foyle is on the north coast of Scotland, between Caithness and Sunderland." "The Firth of Tay is on the east of England, bordering the coast of the Wash, and is noted for herring and salmon." "The Firth of Tay is an opening on the west coast of Scotland, between the counties of Stirling and Dumbarton; the chief town on its banks is Stirling, noted for its famous castle mentioned in history."

"Icebergs are formed by frozen snow on fresh water; salt lakes never freeze." "Icebergs are large pieces of ice which float about in the water, thus making it very dangerous for ships to go too near. The Suez Canal is blocked from December to March, thus making it almost impossible for ships to pass through."

How Sick Notes are written in India.

WE think the following specimens of Baboo English will amuse our readers. The letters were recently addressed to a practitioner in India and sent by him to the *Indian Medical Record*. The second epistle seems to us a graphic description of the Influenza in some of its many manifestations:—

I.

To ————— Esq. Medl. Practr. Respected Sir,—I am sorry that I am badly suffering by cold fever and therefore cannot come to work for 2, 3, days for which I pray your honor will not cut my pay and will excuse. I am poor man, but if you do, then I must be damn and come to work at once. Reply by bearer my maternal uncle will oblige.—Your obedient servant N. K.

II.

To Mr. Dr. ————— Esq. My dear doctor saheb,—I am sorry to inform you that I am suffering from fever and coldness coming upon me like hot sun's rays falling upon a man's eyes balls. By this I am cannot attend my duty, feeling very giddy and my headache is too much paining, feeling my body all paining. Vomitions by mouth are too many, and by this I am feeling too much hungry and weakness and cannot take food because every food I take becomes just like a rheumatism. Something is also rising upon my whole body like bowels. Please send effective medicine, etc.—Your, respected sir obedient servant V. V.—

Mr. H. T. Tijou.

MR. H. T. TIJOU, who during the last twenty-four years has held the post of Assistant Inspector in the Savings Bank Department, is retiring under the age limit, having completed thirty-eight years service. His service covers the whole period during which the Savings Bank has been in existence. He served under Mr. Chetwynd, the first Controller, and when he entered upon his career in 1861 Sir Rowland Hill was Secretary of the Post Office and Lord Stanley of Alderley was the Postmaster-General. On Tuesday, the 13th June, a large number of his past and present colleagues assembled to say good-bye to him and to present him with some substantial token of their goodwill. Over 150 of the



Mr. H. T. Tijou.

members of the minor establishment had subscribed to purchase for him a handsome clock and a pair of ornamental vases. In addition the porters gave a cigar case and an illuminated address, the work of Mr. R. Thompson, one of their number, and a large number of Mr. Tijou's old colleagues, who are now in the Registry Branch, Secretary's Office, brought for his acceptance a short address, a walking stick, and a case of pipes.

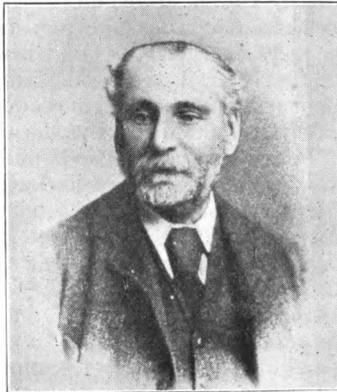
It was most pleasant to notice how genuine the feeling was that found expression in this way. Perhaps the porters in their address put the prevailing sentiment in the best form. They "cannot bid good-bye without placing on record their heartfelt regret on losing a chief whose sense of duty never prevented him from acting with courtesy and kindness to those under his control. In losing him to whom they always looked up with confidence and pleasure they feel that they are losing a true friend."

But it is not only the minor establishment, as it is curiously called, that feels the parting from Mr. Tijou. He has always been a great

favourite with the clerical staff, and has in all his dealings with them been honest in action and conciliatory in manner. Everybody respects him and wishes him long life and happiness. He occupied one post for a great many years, a fact which is explained by the great development of the female staff that has taken place in the department, and Mr. Tijou has doubtless for a very long time had to exercise all his Christian charity and philosophy to reconcile him to conditions which can scarcely fail to work hardly on individuals, however great may be the benefit to the department and to our sisters. But he has had a good send off, and no man more thoroughly deserved it.

The late Mr. Charles Bennett.

THERE has recently gone from our midst (writes Mr. T. E. Pengelley, Postmaster of Fakenham) a gentleman who in the course of his official career passed through some most exciting times, and on more than one occasion was the hero of adventures such as seldom fall to the lot of a postal official. I will do my best,



MR. CHARLES BENNETT.

in the space allotted to me, to give an interesting resumé of the official life of the late Mr. Charles Bennett, who entered the service on the 5th August, 1842, being attached to the General Post Office, London. Here he remained for nearly four years. Mr. Bennett, with that love of travel and possessing the adventurous spirit so characteristic of Englishmen, applied for foreign service, volunteering to go anywhere the Department thought fit to send him. He had not long to wait, for his ambition was partially satisfied by an order to proceed to the West Indies on 14th June, 1846, as an Assistant

Surveyor, in which capacity he acted until 1860, when he was promoted to a Surveyorship, and given charge of a large district.

Until 1849 the postal arrangements in the West Indian Colonies were controlled by the chief office in London, but the British Post Office maintained agencies at all the principal ports in the foreign West Indies and on the eastern and western coasts of South America. As all these agencies came under Mr. Bennett's supervision, including important establishments at St. Thomas, Panama, and Colon, his travelling in the New World was of necessity very extensive. At this time Mr. Bennett laid the basis for the free interchange of correspondence between the different colonies in North America and the West Indies. In 1864 he was instructed to report on the British Packet Service and the working of the British Postal Agencies on the western coast of South America, as well as on the arrangements for the transmission and interchange of mails passing across the Isthmus of Panama. Mr. Bennett used to relate an interesting story in connection with one of the agencies referred to. José Gonzales, an officer of the Department attached to a line of Spanish steamers plying between St. Thomas and Havana, was unjustly suspected of conveying illicit correspondence between the disaffected Spaniards in Puerto Rico and Cuba. Upon his arrival at S. Juan de Puerto Rico, Gonzales, although an agent for British mails, was seized by the authorities, deported in chains to Havana, thrown into the condemned cell of the now famous fortress, Morro Castle, and there remained, without accusation or trial, for six weary months. After Mr. Bennett quitted Havana, during his return voyage from Mexico but before his arrival in London, Gonzales was tried by a military tribunal and sentenced to death; but the sentence was not to be carried out, for every subsequent event seemed to favour the preservation of his life. Mr. Bennett landed at Plymouth, went on to London by night mail, and presented himself at the General Post Office at 10 o'clock on the following morning. The then Secretary, Sir John Tilley, arrived at 11, and on being brought acquainted with the circumstances, sought an early interview with the Postmaster-General for the purpose of getting him to intercede, if possible, on behalf of the unfortunate prisoner Gonzales.

The Postmaster-General, impressed with the necessity for prompt action, directed that the case should immediately be brought under the notice of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who the same day wired to Mr. Layard, British Minister at Madrid. Mr. Layard lost no time in seeing the Spanish Colonial Minister, who at once cabled to the Captain General at Cuba to "suspend the trial of José Gonzales." This telegram reached Havana at 6 a.m., and Gonzales' execution had been fixed for 8 o'clock that same morning. Needless to relate the telegram was effectual, and poor innocent Gonzales was eventually released from prison and returned to Europe. When last heard of he was enjoying a peaceful retirement in Paris.

In 1865, after his return to England on other business, Mr. Bennett proceeded on special service to Brazil and the Argentine and Uruguay Republics. Returning to England again in 1867, he paid a third visit to the Indies during the following year. In 1869 he was sent on special service to Columbia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chili, and after performing some arduous duties of a more or less exciting character, returned to England once more in 1870, and was appointed Postmaster of Carlisle, holding the dual appointments of Postmaster and Surveyor for Foreign Service. Mr. Bennett was not to have much rest, however, for in 1872 he was again required for foreign service at 48 hours notice, but before leaving was appointed Postmaster of Exeter. In 1875 he paid his fifth and, as it subsequently proved, final visit to the West Indies and South American Republics on particular service. He was instructed to pay a special visit to St. Kitts to place the Service there on a proper footing, and for his successful efforts received the thanks of the Colonial Secretary (Lord Kimberley) and of the Governor-General of the Leeward Islands.

Having completed his duties abroad, and being on "active service" so long, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Bennett looked forward to resuming his position as Postmaster at Exeter with peculiar interest and pleasure; for during his hazardous career he passed through many perils in the fulfilment of his duty. He had been laid low with malarial fever, smallpox, and other maladies prevalent in equatorial climes. Many men possessed of less physical strength would have succumbed to the ravages of such serious illnesses, but Mr. Bennett came through them all, and apparently not much the worse. Mr. Bennett's life was constantly in danger from other causes. In Rio de Janeiro, for instance, he was robbed of all his official papers and personal property, the latter being valued at £200. At Lima he had an exceedingly warm time during one of the periodical revolutions then in full swing. In their efforts to suppress it, the Government troops fired volley upon volley into the hotel where Mr. Bennett was staying, which unfortunately for him had become the rendezvous of the revolutionists. Mr. Bennett was engaged with his official correspondence, and pursued the even tenor of his way whilst the room was riddled with bullets. It is not every official who could keep as cool as the proverbial cucumber under such "fiery" circumstances. Thirty-four visitors to the hotel were bayoneted by the troops. It was then that Mr. Bennett saved the lives of two Cholos (Indians), who, as is often the case, sought the protection of an Englishman. Mr. Bennett hid the refugees in his rooms, and facilitated their escape early the following morning.

In the execution of his duties, carried out in so many places and under such varied circumstances, Mr. Bennett was eminently successful, his services being highly valued at headquarters. Few men, in the service or out, have had more thrilling experiences, and the exciting incidents of his career, if given in detail with all the

colour which a master of fiction could furnish, would make an extremely interesting volume.

Mr. Bennett held the position of Postmaster of Exeter for many years after leading such an eventful life abroad, and the peaceful surroundings of the grand old city must have been a welcome relief to the much-travelled official. That he succeeded in winning the approval of his Department, although called upon so frequently to act according to his own judgment, redounds to his credit, and should prove an incentive to those embarking on a career of intended usefulness to the service. While the service possesses men imbued with the spirit and loyalty shown by our late colleague (and I believe there are many), we shall never lose that confidence and reputation which the critical British public consider we deserve.

Mr. Ralph E. Unwin.

IN the current number of the *Wadham College Gazette* there is an appreciatory notice of Ralph Edward Unwin, scholar of the college, who died after a short and sudden illness on the 7th June, aged 23. He was the son of Mr. J. W. Unwin, a Principal Clerk in the Savings Bank Department, and at the time of his death was on the threshold of what appeared to be a very brilliant career. He was elected scholar of Wadham in December, 1894, from King's College School; he obtained his first class in Classical Moderations in March, 1897, and was considered to be certain to get a good first in "Greats" this year. But the day before the examination he caught a chill, the result it is supposed of bathing after lunch, and internal inflammation ensued from which he never recovered. "He had been rowing in the Torpid and the Eight only this year," and was one of the best lawn tennis players at Oxford. The *Gazette* further says that his record in the College was "one of stainless character, of good work, of successes won in a variety of fields." We offer his family our sincerest sympathy.

The Portsmouth Post Office Recreation Society.

THIS Society, which was established by Mr. F. E. Adams when he took up his appointment as Postmaster in 1896, has been a marked success. It was formed on the same lines as the Society started by Mr. Adams at Shrewsbury, and now consists of 150 members drawn from every department of the Portsmouth office. It has undoubtedly been the means of bringing together the staff and creating amongst them a friendly feeling, this being the chief object Mr. Adams had in view in starting the Society. During the summer, in addition to cricket and other outdoor games, pleasant outings both by sea and land are arranged, as well as athletic sports, and in the winter "At Homes" and smoking concerts are organised, the talent being secured as far as possible from the staff.

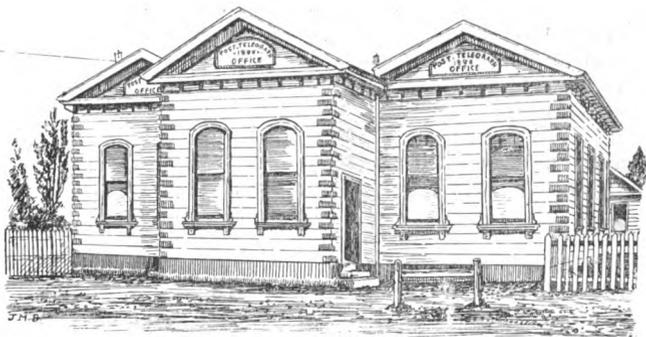
Until within the past few months the Society had no proper head quarters, but in December last suitable premises were obtained within a few minutes walk of the head post office, and these have been

furnished with a billiard table, chess tables, and other indoor games. A refreshment bar has been fitted and newspapers, &c., are provided. The rooms are always well patronised, and the meeting of all members on common ground has done much to strengthen the good feeling which is now a marked feature of the Portsmouth indoor and outdoor staffs. The Society is entirely self-supporting, and has no outside help.

In addition to the Recreation Society for the adult staff, the Postmaster takes a keen interest in the 'Telegraph Messengers' Institute, and upon the same premises two rooms have been furnished for the boys for reading and games. The messengers' drum and fife band also has its practices in one of the rooms.

A Typical New Zealand Sub-Office.

PALMERSTON NORTH is the largest inland town in the north island of New Zealand. From its quick growth it was christened "the Chicago of New Zealand," a name it retains to this day. It has a population of about 6,000. The staff of the Post Office, though only a sub-office of the Wellington district, numbers all told 22 hands, and the Postmaster, Mr. George Innes, has



PALMERSTON NORTH POST OFFICE.

been in his present position since the start of the township, 25 years ago. Connected with the office is a telephone exchange of over 100 subscribers. Being centrally situated, trains from Wellington, Napier, and New Plymouth connect at the township, which has one of the largest railway stations in New Zealand. The soil of the Marawatu district is of very good quality, and the numerous farms scattered all within a few miles of the town give evidence that the prosperity of Palmerston North will be of a permanent nature.

Civil Service Insurance Society.

AT the annual general meeting of this Society, held on the 28th April last, at the War Office (Sir R. H. Knox, K.C.B., in the chair), the Committee of Management reported with pleasure that satisfactory progress continued to be made in each branch of insurance business connected with the Society.

During the year which ended on the 31st December last, 827 new insurances were effected, assuring the sum of £225,217 as compared with 895 policies for £236,755 during 1897. The total number of life policies issued through the medium of the Society since its formation is shown in the following table:—

Year.	No. of Policies Issued.	Sum Assured.
1890 to 1892	... 11,475 ...	£3,086,117
1893	... 542 ...	129,842
1894	... 581 ...	146,290
1895	... 780 ...	210,103
1896	... 947 ...	233,592
1897	... 895 ...	236,755
1898	... 827 ...	225,217
Total	... 16,047	£4,267,916

The life insurances in force on the 31st December, 1898, were as under:—

Number of policies	14,952
Total sum assured (excluding bonus additions),	£3,955,351	
Annual premium (gross)	£147,137

The steady improvement in Fire, Accident, and Burglary Insurances which has been reported in previous years was fully maintained during 1898. As compared with the year 1897, the rate of increase under each head was as follows:—

Fire,	about 17 per cent.
Accident,	about 12 per cent.
Burglary,	about 17 per cent.

The total sum that had accrued to the Widows and Orphans Supplemental Fund up to the end of 1898 was £5,213 14s. 8d., being an increase during the year of £1,208 10s. 6d.

Messrs. V. Corry and G. S. Edwards (Secretary's Office, G.P.O.), L. Halcrow (C.T.O.), and C. S. Keen have been elected to seats on the Management Committee.

Subscriptions from Abroad.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscriptions from abroad:—

Amsterdam, Bombay, Blantyre (B.C.A.), Christiania, Cologne, Chicago, Constantinople, Johannesburg, Old Calabar, Quetta, Rangoon, Alexandria (2), Holbok (Denmark) (2), Malmo-Nassjo T.O. (2), Singapore (3), Brisbane (27), Cape (205), Ottawa (20), Natal (45), Sydney, N.S.W. (35), Wellington, N.Z. (49).

Odds and Ends.

MR. EDWARD A. MARTIN, F.G.S., informs us that he has secured the remaining 100 volumes of his *Bibliography of Gilbert White* (now out of print), and will supply them at 2s. 3d. a copy (published at 3s. 6d.). We reviewed the book in our columns in October, 1897, at the time of its appearance. Mr. Martin is now Departmental Editor for Geology of our contemporary *Science Gossip*.

* *

WE congratulate Sir George Murray, K.C.B., and Sir William Preece, K.C.B., on their newly-acquired Honours.

* *

IN our last number we stated that Mr. W. W. Jacobs, author of *Many Cargoes, Sea Urchins, etc.*, had retired from the Service. The statement met at the time with many indignant denials, and in view of the fact that Mr. Jacobs continued to attend at the Department in spite of the announcement, our credit certainly appeared for a time to be at stake. We expostulated with Mr. Jacobs for not acting in the manner we had described, and we are now glad to be able to announce that in order to save the credit of *St. Martin's* and to promote the interests of literature he has definitely left the Service. His departure, while it is most certainly a gain to the world of letters, is a serious loss to the Department, for he is a man quite unspoiled by success, and his modesty and total absence of "side" have endeared him to all his old colleagues.

* *

THE Editor has in his possession a number of most excellent portraits of the late Mr. F. S. Cobb, and he will be glad to present copies to any of Mr. Cobb's friends. The portrait was taken quite recently and is a much better likeness than the one that appeared in our last number.

* *

AT a recent Conference of Postal servants one of the delegates, in an impassioned speech, said, "If we could gain access to certain documents at the G.P.O. our eyes would be opened to such an extent that we should be nearly blinded."

* *

FROM the *Post Office Bulletin*, Chicago:—

FROM THE POSTMASTER'S MAIL.

_____, OHIO,
POSTMASTER, Chicago

May 23rd, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—I wish you to send me the names of welthy Society Ladies of Chicago as tis your buisness to know that I do not abuse or misuse the mails. I will tell you something of my work. I have written several beautifull storys in rhyme (Poems if you please)

beautifull Poems, and I know the Ladies that entertain would like a Booklet for each guest as a souvenir. I have tried to get the names of your Sosiety Ladies, especially the welthy, the ones that do not count expense. our P. M. told me to write to the P. M. of your city and you would send me a list. Should like the name of buisness men for the same purpose as tis a beautifull custom among them to give souvenirs. I have war Poems, new and beautifull for the buisness men, please answer at your earliest convenience, & oblige,

MRS. _____, Ohio.

Authoress & Poetess.

* * *

WE take the following from an old work entitled *Falconer's Survey of Ireland, 1734*: "PLOUGH.—An agricultural implement first invented by Triptolemos, a near relative of the goddess Ceres, and lately much improved by Mr. Michael Wynne, baker, of Dublin." We admire the ease with which the interval which exists between the time of the goddess Ceres and that of Mr. Michael Wynne is spanned.

* * *

THE following communication received in the Returned Letter Office explains itself:—

"To the Dead Office,
London.

" Gentlemen,

"I do send you these few lines to inquire for my brother David Evans I don't know where his about's and I do send to inquire with you. Hieght 5 ft. 7 in., grey eyes. Wearing slite dark mostach. Trousers he wore, grey strip. A wollen knitted vest. Black coat. Bowler Hat, name of the Tailor on the coat John Williams. I should like for you to send by return at once for to let us know.

" Evan Evans,
" Tinker.

" to be left at
" Eagle Inn."

* * *

A DOCUMENT bearing a depositor's mark, apparently properly witnessed, was recently received in the Savings Bank, but as it was irregular in other respects, enquiry was made of the witness, who said that as he was not present when the mark was made he could give no information. On being asked why, if he did not see the mark made, he wrote his own name as witness, he said the paper was brought to him and he signed it as a responsible person. It is only right to mention that this "responsible gentleman" was neither an Irishman nor a clergyman.

[NOTE.—It should be clearly understood that these lists are unofficial; but every effort is, of course, made to render them accurate and complete.]

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Office ...	Phillips, F. W. ...	3rd Cl. Clk., Supply. Est.	Tel., C.T.O., '95; Jr. Exr., T.S.D., '97; 2nd Cl., '98
" ...	Austen, H. E. ...	" "	Tel., C.T.O., '96; 2nd Cl. Exr., T.S.D., '98
" ...	Orr, P. ...	" "	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '95
" ...	Gordon, A. ...	" "	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '95
" ...	Tillott, A. ...	" "	Clk., 2nd Div., A.G.D., '94; M.O.O., '94
" ...	Bailey, G. W. ...	" "	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '96
" ...	Salmon, B. ...	" "	Tel., C.T.O., '90
" ...	Harrison, J. H. ...	" "	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '96; 2nd Cl. Exr., T.S.D., '98
" ...	Nash, W. S. L. ...	" "	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '95; Clk., N.D.O., '98
" ...	Cobb, R. B. ...	" "	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '96
A.G.D., P.O.B.	Miss A. Holmes.	1st Cl. Clk.	1883
C.T.O. ...	Brown, J. H. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl.	M.T. Co., 69; G.P.O., Preston, '70; C.T.O., '82; Over., '94
" ...	Pearce, W. E. ...	" "	Tel. Clk., Admiralty, '68; G.P.O., Devonport, '74; C.T.O., '84; Over., '94
" ...	Hill, W. J. ...	Over. and Senr. Tel.	Tel., '76
" ...	King, P. J. ...	" "	Tel., '76
" ...	Adams, H. E. ...	" "	Tel., '77
E. in C.O.	Haskayne, H. ...	Super. Engr. ...	U.K.T. Co., '69; Tel., Leeds, '70; Insp., E. in C.O., '74; Asst. Super. Engr., '92
" "	West, T. J. ...	Asst. Super. Engr.	E.T. Co., '65; Tel., Hull, '70; Insp., E. in C.O., '83
" "	Herbert, T. E. ...	Engr., 2nd Cl. ...	Tel., Manchester, '91; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '95; Sub.-Engr., '96
" "	Walby, W. F. ...	Senr. Clk. (Prov.)	Tel., Belfast, '88; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '91
L.P.S.D. (Contr.'s Off.)	Ardern, A. J. ...	3rd Cl. Clk. ...	1894; Asst. Clk., S.B., '96
" "	Howard, T. ...	" "	Sr., Cir. Off., '94
" "	Delaney, M. ...	" "	Sr., Cir. Off., '96
" E.C.	Kay, W. ...	Insp. ...	1872; Sr., '75; 1st Cl., '77; Over., '92

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D., E.C.	Seaman, J. R. E.	Over.	1882; Sr., '84
"	James, W. H. ...	"	Sr., '85
"	Langford, D. ...	"	1879; Sr., '82
"	Miss C. M. A. Mays	Super., 2nd Cl. ...	Tel., '71; Super., 4th Cl., '94; 3rd Cl., '96
"	" C. M. Rolt	" 3rd Cl. ...	Tel., '76; Super., 4th Cl., '94
"	" M. J. Crocker	" 4th Cl. ...	C.C. & T., '80
"	W.C. Crothers, W. J....	Clerk	Tel., C.T.O., '94
"	" Gilbert, J....	Over. & Senr. Tel.	C.C. & T., '73
"	N. Hey, W. M. ...	Clerk	Clk., 2nd Div., M.O.O., '96
"	" Cannon, H. H....	"	Tel., C.T.O., '95; 2nd Cl. Exr., T.S.D., '98
"	" Miss E. A. Broers	Super., 4th Cl. ...	Tel., '75
"	W. Webb, W. J. ...	Over. & Senr. Tel.	C.C. & T., '73
"	S.W. Comber, C. A....	Ch. Clk....	S.C. & T., Birmingham, '81; Clk., '90; N.D.O., '91
"	" Brown, H. ...	Insp., Lr. Sec. ...	Tel., '70; Over. & Senr. Tel., '91
"	" Bradford, M. ...	"	Tel., '70; Over. & Senr. Tel., '94
"	" Miss E. A. Reader	Super., 3rd Cl. ...	L.P.T.Co., '67; G.P.O., '70; Super., '92; 4th Cl., '93
M.O.O.	" N. Lankester	Super.	Clk., C.H.B., '75; P.O.B., '81; Princ. Clk., '86; Asst. Super., M.O.O., '98
"	" M. H. Renwick	Asst. Super.	Clk., C.H.B., '80; 1st Cl., '86; Princ. Clk., M.O.O., '98
"	" A. E. K. Fowler	Princ. Clk.	Clk., C.H.B., '83; 1st Cl., M.O.O., '98
"	" N. M. King	1st Cl. Clk.	C.H.B., '83; M.O.O., '98
P.S.D.	Marsh, A....	1st Cl. Storeman ...	1876
Sur.'s Off. ...	Skakle, G. W. ...	Inspg. Tel.	Tel., Aberdeen, '78; Glasgow, '80
"	" Oakey, J. W. ...	Sta. Clk.	S.C. & T., Shrewsbury, '89
"	" McFadzen, T. J.	"	S.C. & T., Mullingar, '92; Portadown, '97
T.S.D.	Bosomworth, W.	Super. (Genl. Fact.)	E.T.Co., '63; G.P.O., Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '70; Senr. Clk., '78; Insp., '87; Asst. Super., T.S.D., '88
"	" Rylands, W. A.	Asst. Super.	E.T.Co., '61; G.P.O., '70; Jr. Clk., T.S.D., '80; Senr. Clk., '88; Supervisor, '92
"	" Mansbridge, G. F.	Supervisor	Tel., T.S., '82; Test Clk., T.S.D., '95

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Aldershot ...	Cottle, A. E. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '84
Andover ...	Colebrook, F. ...	"	S.C. & T., '92
Ashford (Kent)	Pritchard, C. ...	"	S.C. & T., Dover, '71 ; Ashford, '90
Bangor	Jones, W.... ...	"	S.C. & T., '76
Berwick ...	Menin, J.	"	S.C. & T., '81
Birmingham ...	Miss E. Shearman	Super.	Counterwoman & Retr., '90
Brighton ...	Agate, W. D. ...	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '86
Bromley ...	Hulbert, A. F....	Ch. Clk.... ..	S.C. & T., '82 ; Clk., '92
Camberley ...	Kingston, W. T.	Clk.	S.C. & T., Ramsgate, '87 ; Gravesend, '88 ; Ports- mouth, '92
Goole	Steel, T.	"	S.C. & T., '84
Harrow	Wise, C. H. ...	"	S.C. & T., '82
Haverfordwest	Rogers, J.... ..	"	S.C. & T., '74
Leeds	Hart, A. H. ...	" (P.)	S.C. & T., '82
Manchester ...	Miss S. W. Coppock	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	Tel., '75
Newport, Mon.	Miss E. M. Ventom	Asst. Super.	Tel., '89
Norwich	Bocking, G. M.	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '87 ; Clk., '94
"	Hartley, H. O.	Clk. (P.) '... ..	1884 ; S.C. & T., '85
"	Carter, W. G. ...	"	S.C. & T., Oxford, '83 ; Norwich, '87
"	Parsons, G. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '74 ; Clk., '94
"	Miss E. E. K. Laight	Super.	S.C. & T., '95 (Previously appd. at Cromer in '92)
"	Miss M. Papworth	"	S.C. & T., Brentwood, '92 ; Norwich, '95
Oswestry ...	Tudor, R. E. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '88
Oxford	Baylis, R.... ..	Asst. Super.	S.C. & T., Worcester, '82 ; Clk., '91
"	Lucas, A. C. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '80
Plymouth ...	Cook, A. J. ...	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '83
Rugby	Packwood, C. J.	Ch. Clk.... ..	S.C. & T., '76 ; Clk., '87
Sheffield ...	Smith, S.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '85
"	Blagg, J. W. ...	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '75
Shrewsbury ...	Thomas, C. R....	Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '81 ; Clk., '91 ; Asst. Super., '96 ;
"	Hunt, M.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '69
Southampton ...	Male, G. H. ...	"	S.C. & T., '87
Stafford	Elton, F.	Ch. Clk.	S.C. & T., '75 ; Clk., '87 ; Asst. Super., '91
"	Webb, C. L. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '85 ; Clk., '97
Wellington (Salop)	Hammond, A. C.	Ch. Clk.... ..	1882 ; S.C. & T., Shrews- bury, '82 ; Clk., '94
Wigan	Heaton, R. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '81
Worthing ...	Shorten, F. ...	"	S.C. & T., '82

IRELAND.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Dublin	Conran, P. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl.	1866; Sr., '71; Over., '84; Clk., '91; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '94
„	Miss J. E. V. McCullagh	Asst. Super.	Clk., '79; 1st Cl., '86
„	Miss M. I. Unkles	Clk., 1st Cl.	S.B.D., '82; Dublin, '85

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh (Acct.'s Off.)	Somerville, H. ...	Clk., 2nd Div., Hr. Grade	E.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; A.O., Edinburgh, '82
„	Macdonald, J. ...	„ „ „	U.K.T. Co., '67; Tel., G.P.O., Aberdeen, '70; Edinburgh, '71; Inspecting Tel., '73; A.O., Edinburgh, '83
„	Jope, R.	„ „ „	M.T. Co., '62; G.P.O., '70; A.O., Edinburgh, '83
„	Grubb, A. A. B.	Registrar	1873; Retr., '77; Pr. Kr., '92
„	Ross, G.	Pr. Kr., 1st Cl. ...	1890; Tr., 2nd Cl., '91; Pr. Kr., 2nd Cl., '92
„	Kay, J.	Counterman	1877; Sr. Tr., '78; Tr., '87
„	McNab, R. S. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl.	S.C. & T., '70; Clk., '91
„	Armstrong, C. G.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '71
„	Blackie, J.	„	1876; S.C. & T., '80

Retirements.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Off. ...	Johnson, W. H. G.	Clk., 2nd Cl., Old Est.	Temp. Clk., '63; Est., '63; 4th Cl., '65; 3rd Cl., '66; 2nd Cl., '71
A.G.D.	Howard, J. B. ...	Clk., 2nd Div. ...	Temp. Clk., S.B., '67; M.O.O., '69; Tr. Clk., A.G.D., '70; Clk., 3rd Cl., '75; 2nd Div., '90
C.T.O.	*Crease, G. J. ...	Tel.	1896
"	Miss E. A. Sandland	Asst. Super.	E.T. Co., '70; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '90
"	" C. I. Cope...	Tel.	1871
"	" F. L. Coulshaw	"	1873
"	* " M. M. Dickerson	"	1896
"	* " A. B. Richman	"	1894
E. in C.O. ...	Doherty, J. ...	Super. Engr.	U. K. T., Co., '60; G.P.O. '70; Super. Engr., '78
L.P.S.D. E.C.	Fairbanks, W. ...	Over.	1856; Sr., '57; Over., '74
" "	Sutton, E.	"	1866; Sr., '71; Over., '81
" "	King, W.	"	1857; Sr., '60; Over., '84
" "	Martyn, W. H. ...	Sr.	1871; Sr., '73
" "	May, W. E.	"	1875; Sr., '79
" "	Mann, W. J.	"	1861; Sr., '73
" "	Bartlett, T.	"	1870; Sr., '72
" "	*Cookson, A. B. ...	"	S.C. & T., Halifax, '92 Sr., Cir. Off., '98
" "	*Mason, T. J.	"	1887; Sr., '89
" W.C.	Cary, C. H.	Clk.	Clk., Lr. Div., '80; Clk., L.P.S., W.C., '92
" W.	Miss E. Ampleford	C.C. & T.	1873
" E.	Batterbury, W. ...	Clk.	E.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., E.D.O., '88
" "	Chevalier, W. D. ...	C.C. & T.	1873
" "	Evans, T. H.	Sr.	1879; Sr., '83
" S.W.	Brewster, A.	Over.	1868; Over., '77
" "	Miss J. E. Masters	C.C. & T.	1874
" "	* " N. L. Miller	"	1892
" N.W.	Taylor, J.	Sr.	1892; Sr., '94
" S.E.	*Miss K. A. Green	C.C. & T.	1893
" "	Shaw, W.	Super.	1858; Sr., '65; Over., '74; Super., '86

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D. S.E.	*Norris, F. J. ...	Sr.	1890
M.O.O.	Perring, R. J. ...	Clk.	Extra Clk., S. B.D., '66; Genl. Body, '67; Sur.'s Clk., '83; Clk., M.O.O., '97
S.B.D.	Blake, S. J. ...	Clk., 2nd Div., Hr. Grade	1872; Clk., 3rd Cl., '73; 2nd Cl., '86; 2nd Div., '90; Hr. Gr., '90
"	Beaman, F. T. H.	Clk., 2nd Div. ...	Clk., '62; 2nd Div., '90
"	*Miss A. A. Millar	Clk.	1894
"	" , E. H. A. Watt	"	1893
"	" , B. R.	"	1896
"	Harwood	"	
"	" , E. Burfield. .	"	1891
PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.			
Alford	Lowans, J. ...	Pmr.	1868; Pmr., Alford, '93
Birmingham ...	Whale, W. H. ...	S.C. & T.	E.T. Co., '60; G.P.O., '70
"	*Freeman, W. H.	" , "	1889
Bournemouth ...	Dunn, W....	Pmr.	1861; S.C. & T., Taun- ton, '66; Clk., '67; Pmr., Bournem'th, '73
Bristol	Toleman, S. J....	Asst. Super. (P) ...	1859; S.C. & T., '64; Clk., '86; Asst. Super., '90
Carlisle	Cubby, W. ...	S.C. & T.	1878
Cockermouth ...	*Miss A. M. Allison	" , "	1896
Derby	Stenson, J. ...	" , "	1874; S.C. & T., '75
Hastings	Mitchell, J. R....	Ch. Clk....	Clk., '61; Ch. Clk., '88
Huddersfield ...	Nicholson, M. J.	Super. (T)	B. & I. M. T. Co., '55; G.P.O., Accrington, '70; Huddersfield, '73; Clk., '80; Super., T., '91
Hull... ..	Staves, E. E. ...	Asst. Super. (P) ...	S.C. & T., '62; Clk., '71; Asst. Super., '91
Leeds	Such, P.	Clk. (P)... ..	S.C. & T., '64; Clk., '90
Liverpool	Miss A. Kinsella	Tel.	E.T. Co., '58; G.P.O., '70
Manchester ...	Leahair, W. ...	Asst. Super. (P) ...	S.C. & T., '58; Clk., '85; Asst. Super., '92
"	Cooke, F....	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T)	E.T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70; Clk., 87; Asst. Super., '93
"	Asquith, W. C....	S.C. & T.	1867
"	Miss E. W. Watt	Asst. Super.	Tel., '74; Asst. Super., '83
Norwich	Snelling, W. ...	Clk. (P)... ..	S.C. & T., '55; Clk., '86
"	Patrick, J....	"	1860; S.C. & T., '71; Clk., '77
Oxford	Warwick, W. H.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '59; Clk., '81
Redcar	Teggin, E. R. W.	Pmr.	1864; S.C. & T., Scar- boro', '72; Pmr., Red- car, '88
Stoke-on-Trent	Baker, J.	Ch. Clk....	S.C. & T., '59; Clk., '71; Ch. Clk., '77
Tavistock	Miss E. H. Straker	Pms.	C.C. & T., S.W., '84; Retr., R.L.O., '86; Pms., Tavistock, '94

* Awarded a Gratuity.

IRELAND.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Dublin	Kelleher, M. ...	S.C. & T.	1863; S.C. & T., Cork, '75; Dublin, '85

SCOTLAND.

Glasgow	Miss J. A. Smitl	Tel.	1892
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Deaths.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
A.G.D.	Turner, W. ...	Tracer	1873; Tracer, '77
"	Miss E. J. Boome	Sr.	1898
C.T.O.	Newbury, G. C.	Super.	U.K.T.Co., '66; G.P.O., '70 (Inspr. Met. Divn. Office, E. in C.O.); Asst. Super. C.T.O., '77; Super., '92
E. in C.O. ..	Hurley, J.	Senr. Clk.	Writing Clk., E. in C.O., '70, afterwards Jr. Clk., Senr. Clk., '85
L.P.S.D., Cir.	Broom, F.	Insp. of Stg.	1867; Over., '76; Insp., '90
" "	Colegate, A. H.	Sr.	Gravesend, '91; Sr., '92
" "	Hull, H. R. ...	"	1890; Sr., '92
" "	Mills, E. T. ...	"	1894
" "	Morris, J.	"	1890
" "	Mower, C. H. ...	"	1879; Sr., '84
" "	Sillence, H. ...	"	1879; Sr., '88
" E.	Orwin, D.	C.C. & T.	1898
" "	Lefever, W. ...	"	1878; Sr., '81; C.C. & T., '82
" N.W.	Brown, W.	"	1883
M.O.O.	Bowley, E. J. ...	Clk., 2nd Div. ...	1883
S.B.D.	Farrow, A. E. ...	"	1883
"	Miss E. M. Griffiths	Clk.	1889
T.S.D.	Chadwick, S. ...	2nd Cl. Examr. ...	Asst. Clk., S.B., '97; 2nd Cl. Examr., '98
Accrington ...	Waller, W. H. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '89; Clk., '98
Birmingham ...	Hedges, T. E. ...	S.C. & T.	1886
Brighton	Weller, C.	Asst. Super.	S.C. & T., '78; Clk., '91; Asst. Super., '94
Grimsby	Miss N. C. Howard	S.C. & T.	1895
Ipswich	Alexander, G. O.	"	1876
Manchester ...	Priestnall, G. B.	"	1873
" "	Miss E. Arlom ...	Tel.	1879
Middlesbro' ...	Middlehurst, W.	S.C. & T.	1863
Newc.-on-Tyne	Buddle, C.	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	E.T.Co., '68; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '90; Asst. Super., '98
Norwich	Dennington, G. ...	S.C. & T.	1887
Peterboro' ...	Baker, A.	"	S.C. & T., York, '84; Gt. Yarmouth, '88; Peterboro', '95
Southampton ...	Peckham, H. J. C.	"	Tel. C.T.O., 92; S.C. & T., Southampton, '99

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Swansea	Hewett, J. W. ...	S.C. & T.	1890
Dublin	O'Neill, J.	,,	1889
,,	Roche, G.	,,	1893
Monaghan ...	Miss A. O'Neill...	,,	1895
Edinburgh ...	Davidson, J. ...	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '73; Clk., '98
,,	Bryden, T. R. ...	S.C. & T.	1884
,,	Miss E. W. Barnard	Tel.	S.C. & T., Dunkeld, '93; Tel., Edinburgh, '96
Glasgow	Taylor, J.	Super. (P.)	Clk., '66; Asst. Super., '87; 1st Cl., 90; Super., '92
,,	Brown, J.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '60; Clk., '85
,,	Russell, A.	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	E.T.Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., 87; Asst. Super., '94

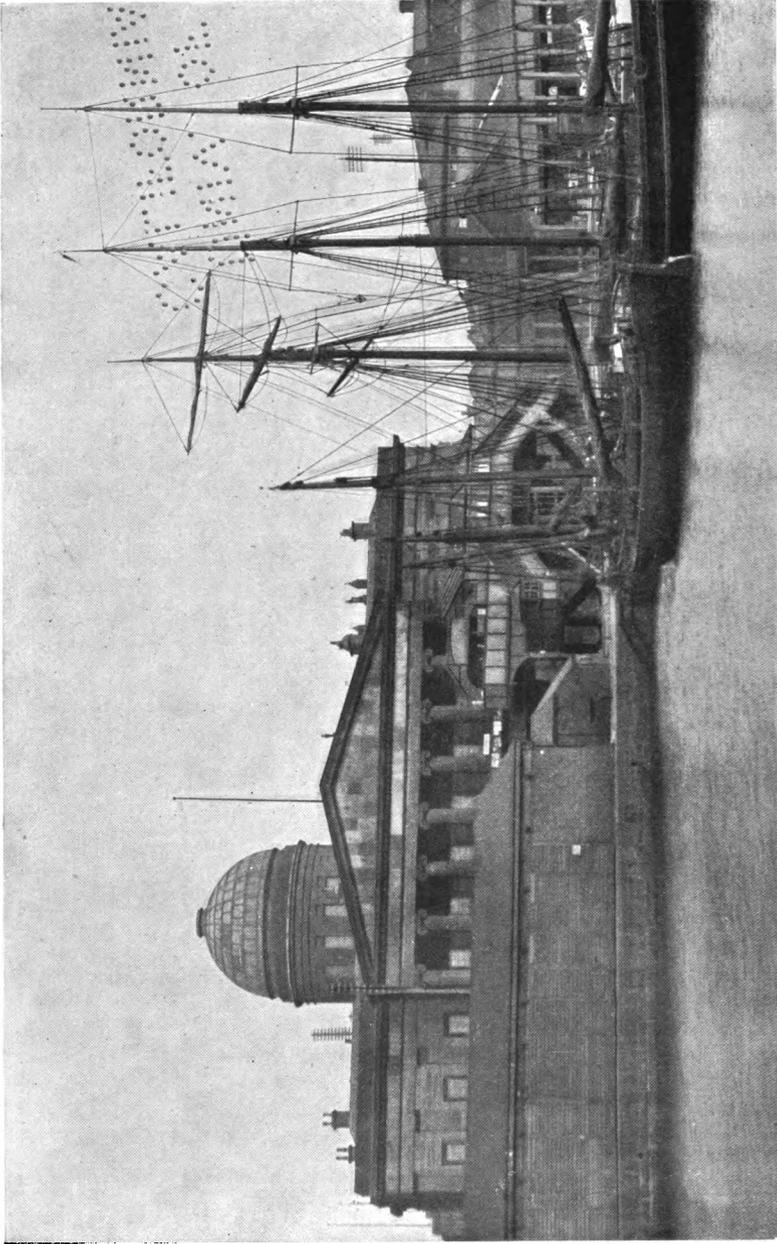
Postmasters Appointed.

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
London, N.	Greer, J.	Clk. for Tels., S.W.D.O.; Clk.; Ch. Offr. of Stg. Office; Ch. Clk., E.D.O.; S.W.D.O.
Burton-on-Trent	Gibson, J.	Clk., Carlisle; Ch. Clk., Sunderland; Pmr., Stockton-on-Tees, Woolwich
Chertsey	Pridgeon, T. W. A.	Asst. Clk., S.O.; Pmr., Witham
Chippenham	Lucas, J. W.	E.T. Co., G.P.O., West Hartlep'l; Tel.; Clk.; Super; Ch. Clk.; Pmr., Bletchley
Easingwold... ..	Mrs. B. Smith	—
Fakenham	Pengelley, T. E.	S.C. & T., Exeter; Tiverton
Halifax	Gregson, J. W. P.	M.T. Co.; Tel., G.P.O., Bury; Rochdale; Pmr., Workington; Barnsley; Burton-on-Trent
Hinckley	Herbert, S. H.	S.C. & T., Clk.; Burton-on-Trent
Patricroft, S.O. (Eccles)	Guest, T.	S.C. & T., Tipton; Stafford; Tipton; Manchester
Witham	Gallop, T.	Pmr., Tetsworth
Woolwich	Grindley, J.	S.C. & T.; Clk.; Ch. Clk., Crewe; Ch. Clk., Shrewsbury Pmr., Crewe
Curragh Camp	Mason, O. R.	Pmr., Tralee
Enniskillen	Murray, J.	Pmr. Bagenalstown; Curragh Camp
Galway	Cornwall, W.	Tel.; Clk., Dublin; Pmr., Enniskillen
Thurles	Mulcahy, P.	S.C. & T.; Clk., Waterford
Tralee	Briggs, A.	S.C. & T., Parsonstown Ballybrophy; Pmr., Tipperary
Grantown	Thomson, D.	S.C. & T., Inverness

ABBREVIATIONS.

Asst., Assistant; C.C. & T., Counter Clerk and Telegraphist; Ch., Chief; Cl., Class; Clk., Clerk; Cont., Controller; Div., Division; Engr., Engineer; Exr., Examiner; Gr., Grade; Hd., Head; Hr., Higher; Insp., Inspector; Jr., Junior; Lr., Lower; Offr., Officer; Over., Overseer; P., Postal; Pmr., Postmaster; Pms., Postmistress; Pr.-Kr., Paper-Keeper; Princ., Principal; Retr., Returner; Sec's., Secretary's; Senr., Senior; S.C. & T., Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist; Sr., Sorter; Stg., Sorting; Sta., Stationary; Supply., Supplementary; Sur., Surveyor; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor; Tech., Technical; Tel., Telegraphist; Tr., Tracer.





From a photograph by H. W. Cooper, Telegraph Branch, Liverpool.

OLD POST OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE, LIVERPOOL, FROM CANNING DOCK.

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND

OCTOBER, 1899.

The Unearned Increment and other Stories.

“Until this question of the unearned increment is disposed of no real advance can be made.” *Henry George.*

REMEMBER being much impressed some time ago with an article written by an eminent statistician on the waste of time which must be laid at the door of almost every human being, and one of his most effective illustrations was an estimate of the hours that are spent on the ridiculous and unnecessary operation of shaving. By an easy method of computation he showed very clearly that every beardless man wilfully shortens his life by his use of the razor, and that the hours, weeks, months and even years which are consumed in scraping his chin, and which might have been devoted to furthering the cause of humanity, must, in the mind of every sensible person, be regarded as so much lost time, and the labour involved as so much unproductive expenditure. I read the article aloud to Angelina, but she only remarked that if I threw my razor away, it would have the effect of releasing considerably more of my time than the small amount per diem consumed in shaving, because she would at once leave me, and my evenings, Saturday afternoons and Sundays would henceforth be at the disposal of suffering humanity. Eminent statisticians, I observe, never make any allowances for disturbing factors of this kind in their reasoning, and I am therefore still wasting the precious morning hours. It is a portion of the price I have to pay for Angelina's company.

When a man has arrived at the age of forty, he is naturally attracted to any suggestions likely to result in economies of time, for he is only too conscious of the waste of which he has been guilty in the past. There is still so much to do, and the hours pass more rapidly in middle life than they do at twenty-one. And with these thoughts in my mind I have been estimating what the removal of my Department to West Kensington will do for me in this respect. I have computed that at the very least it will mean

the gain of one hour per diem to my "After Office Hours." I live so much nearer to West Kensington than I do to the City that I shall have practically the same amount of time to myself that I had when I was a six hour officer. For a large number of my colleagues the situation, however, is reversed. Indeed the Treasury have practically admitted that for most suburban residents it is impossible to reach West Kensington, even by a series of workman's trains judiciously connected at Willesden or Clapham Junction, in time for official work, and so they have made a most generous offer in lieu of compensation for disturbance. As the *Times* put it when describing the benefits to be derived by depositors from the removal of headquarters, "nor have the interests of the staff been neglected. There will be storage on the premises for 500 bicycles." Arrangements will as a natural consequence be made, I hope, with Scotland Yard to have a policeman stationed on the Hammersmith Road at 9.30 and at 4.30 to control the traffic. And there are other questions which occur at once to the mind in view of this recognition of bicycling as the official means of transit.

Will the sexes be separated by the policeman controlling the traffic, or will this process be left to the hall porter? How, if, as at present, males and females are not permitted to pass each other on the staircases, is it possible to prevent collisions between them in the public thoroughfare? If the ordinary law and official regulations cannot be relied on to prevent breaches of the peace within office walls, can the ordinary law be regarded as sufficient to deal with accidental encounters in the Hammersmith Road on bicycles officially recognised by the Treasury?

May not the approach to Olympia become in time like the historical entry into Noah's Ark, where "the animals went in two by two"?

Most important of all questions to us, however, is, "Will the policeman on duty be instructed to wink at scorching, if conscientiously practised in order to save the attendance book?"

On this point we should have the clearest understanding from the Treasury.

For years men and women have been privileged to run at 9.30 or thereabouts as fast as their legs or skirts will permit up Ludgate Hill, Cannon Street, Queen Victoria Street and the Thames Embankment, and if any stranger has been inclined to call out "Stop Thief" when some principal clerk or boy copyist—for our pride is that we are all treated alike—has rushed by him scattering

his papers to the winds, the policeman on duty has been able to explain to him that they were only Savings Bank officials endeavouring to save their increments.

One of the benefits which have accrued to us as the result of the long deliberations of the Tweedmouth Commission is that before our annual increments can be allowed we must be able to show not more than a given number of late attendances. What the given number may be is hidden in the *secret dossier* in the possession of the authorities, but in order to be on the safe side zealous men and women think it desirable to run rather than walk when in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. Now if we shall not be permitted to scorch at West Kensington will not this be another injustice to the Savings Bank? May not the action of the Treasury be described as giving money away with the one hand what they will save in the shape of unearned increments with the other? I foresee grave difficulties in accepting the Treasury grant of storage room.

I have mentioned the Tweedmouth Commission as responsible for the regulations which lie hidden in the *secret dossier*, but the fact is Savings Bank men had been well trained in this matter of attendance long before the Commission was ever heard of. Most of my contemporaries will remember one chief in particular who certainly regarded punctuality as the most important element in the day's work. He was the man into whose presence I was ushered on my taking up my appointment in the Department. His wise words still ring in my ears. "Your first duty on arriving at the Department each morning will be to sign on in a book specially provided for the purpose. You are a boy fresh from school and I need not impress upon you the extreme importance of punctuality. Because your hours are advertised as from ten to four I must caution you against taking such a statement of facts too literally, and I advise you to be here at least by 9.45 every morning. Never forget to sign on! Try and impress the fact upon your mind that the official work of the day cannot legitimately be commenced unless you have registered in the books of the department the fact that you are on the premises. If you don't sign on, officially you must be regarded as absent, of course, until your presence is discovered, and that may involve time and labour for other people. Say to yourself as you approach the office, 'What is it I am expected to do on entering the door?' And see that you do it."

He extracted from me a promise I would not take the ten to four legend too seriously, but there was little need for any effort on my

part to achieve this result. I used frequently to be thankful if I were able to get away from my work to catch the 9.15 p.m. train rather than the 4.15, and as a consequence I admit I ran the attendance book somewhat close in the mornings.

There is a certain school of religious thought which holds good works without faith to be useless: there is another school which holds that good works performed in an unbaptised or unregenerate state are of no avail. And so with this good man, if you arrived at the office two minutes late, or omitted to sign on, all your subsequent good work during the day counted for nothing, because of the unregenerate condition you were necessarily in when performing it. Every morning on the stroke of ten all the attendance books of the Department were carried into the Chief's room by the hall porter, and this meant every morning what almost amounted to a free fight in the passages between the porter and the men. He was a tall, powerful man, however, and was usually able to fight his way into the Chief's room before St. Paul's clock had ceased chiming the hour. Then his beaten and bruised antagonists followed into the sanctum, ready or unready, as the case may have been, with excuses for their late attendance. A fixed incredulity was usually the Chief's state of mind towards all explanations, especially those which in the bye laws of railway companies are described as "Acts of God," such as fogs, floods, and failure of the heart's action. "Train late" always evoked his most contemptuous smile. I believe he would have respected you more if you had simply said "Late train."

I remember well one morning on the District Railway when there happened to be some considerable delay in the progress of a train from Victoria to Blackfriars. At the Temple Station the train seemed to be blocked entirely, and as there were a large number of Savings Bank men on board, considerable agitation was experienced by them. What was their duty in the circumstances? Should they cut and run and perhaps save the attendance book, after a sprint along the Embankment? Or should they remain and trust to their numbers to be believed? One man with a late attendance of three minutes already against him that year went so far as to leave the carriage preparatory to a run, but on his way down the platform he espied in the further corner of a first class compartment, reading the *Times* newspaper, no less a person than the Chief himself, who on that particular morning was travelling that way to town. Immediately the subordinate passed the information down the train, in every compartment where sat a Savings Bank man—there were, with the

exception of those employed in the work of charing, no Savings Bank women in those days—and all but the self-appointed sentry resumed reading their newspapers, following the august example in the first class carriage. At last the Chief seemed to realise that something was wrong; he put down his paper, looked at his watch, then at the name of the station, and finally decided that to walk was his imperative duty. And at a respectful distance behind him, but with the same measured steps, making a most imposing sight, followed down the Embankment a procession made up of his subordinates, who after the Chief had had time to take off his hat, followed him into his room and “all with one consent began to make excuse”—“Block on District Railway.” Others coming late from different parts of London that morning were glad also to join the procession and avail themselves of what they knew would be an accepted excuse. Not a word of censure or suggestion of incredulity escaped the old man’s lips, although the way in which he snapped out “Seems to have been a Savings Bank special that has been wrecked,” when the fifteenth man gaily signed on, was to say the least disquieting. It showed that he as usual “smelt a rat.”

It is recorded of an old Savings Bank man, now a respected Member of Parliament, that he arrived one morning a minute or two late, after the book had been dragged rather than carried into the Chief’s room. Perfect self-possession, and a manner which many might call pompous and others simply formal, were the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. P——— when a Savings Bank clerk, and he entered the Chief’s room in no way disturbed by the situation. The book lay open on a table near the door, but the Chief was at the other end of the room deep in the perusal of the morning paper. He had, like the rest of us, his humane moments, when his usual habits relaxed a little; and most men in such circumstances were glad to sign on and pass out, thankful that their presence had been unnoticed. Not so the budding Member of Parliament. He was not to be let off his usual caution. After signing on slowly and deliberately and in his best handwriting, he turned to where the Chief was sitting, waited, then, as he was still unnoticed, walked gravely across the room and in a tone of remonstrance said: “Sir, you have not asked me my reasons for being late.” Here was a query without a precedent, and the Chief, surprised, looked up at his singular subordinate and said: “And what *are* your reasons, Mr. P———?” With a bow and in a tone indicating profound reverence—which those of my readers who have had the privilege of hearing him address the

Speaker of the House of Commons will at once recognise—Mr. P—— said: “I have none, Sir,” and with another bow sailed out of the room before the Chief was ready with his impromptu. The story if not true is at least *ben trovato*.

In those days if you stayed away ill it was not so bad for your reputation as to arrive late or to forget to sign on, and I have known men so upset on arriving within sight of the office and hearing the clock strike ten that they have been seized with temporary heart failure or some subtle form of neurasthenia, and have returned to their homes with just sufficient spirit left to subscribe themselves “Your obedient servant” in the letter to the Chief explaining the cause of their absence.

Yes, we have been well trained, we old Savings Bank men; we wanted no Tweedmouth Commission to get us into good habits. In those days, however, we stood to lose everything by unpunctuality or forgetfulness, and we have much to be thankful for that under the present state of things we know exactly where we are. There is no longer danger of “total disablement.” Loss of increment only follows an excess of late attendances over those mentioned in the *secret dossier*. Discipline must be maintained in a large department, and I am the last person in the world to jib at regulations of this kind. Rather do I wish to impress upon my readers the extreme reasonableness of the position of the authorities, and the foolishness of many subordinates in regarding the regulations on this matter as trivial and of no importance. Many men’s official ambitions overleap themselves. You may for instance devote all your energies inside the office to become a Sub-Controller, and yet on the Thames Embankment lose your increment as a Second Division Clerk. It is the old story: “If the prophet had bid thee to do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it, how much rather when he saith to thee, ‘Wash and be clean?’”

For many years I walked and sometimes ran to town viâ the Thames Embankment in the company of a colleague who usually met me in the neighbourhood of Westminster. During these years he advanced considerably in official rank, while I remained steadfast to one simple ideal, viz., that of saving my annual increment. I never realised the relative change in our positions until, on a certain date, owing to the temporary absence of my own Chief, my friend was appointed the acting Chief of my branch. A day or two after he had taken up this post I missed him on the Embankment, and whether it was the heat, or the fact that I had no one to make the

pace for me, I was a little behind time when I arrived at the office. There sat my friend in the Chief's seat with the attendance book in front of him, about to draw the line. The question he ought to have put to me was in his countenance, "Your reason for being late?" The true explanation is often the most effective, and when I simply said "Waiting for you on the Thames Embankment," he was genuinely startled. That morning he thought out the new position. "How was he to reconcile in future the exigencies of discipline with the obligations of ancient friendship?" Late in the afternoon he made up his mind and gravely informed me that he was moving to Wimbledon for a short time, and should not be on the Embankment any more that month. In this delicate and considerate manner he kept a friend and complied with the regulations. Many men, alas! in similar circumstances cheerfully sacrifice the friend. They jib at the trouble and expense the removal to Wimbledon involves. But surely friendship demands sacrifices.

I know what I shall be told, that I am cynical and disaffected. Indeed last year a gentleman withdrew his support to the Magazine on the ground that since his marriage the Editor had become so cynical and was always sneering at his superior officers. As this gentleman was a superior officer himself he wished to be spared these periodical or perhaps, I should say, quarterly, pains.

Another man said, "I don't like you when you are so cynical: and the reason why you are becoming so objectionable is that you are always preaching the gospel of contentment. You can't preach contentment with things as they are unless you are cynical. Of course you can't console the unpromoted without destroying the halo which surrounds the heads of the promoted. You are naturally well-intentioned, but you have got hold of a wrong gospel. Look at our new Secretary. He said to the telegraph messengers that the beauty of the Post Office service was that everybody, if he set his mind on it, could rise to the top of the tree. Is not that a different atmosphere? Why not breathe in it?" I reminded him on the other hand of some words used by Sir Spencer Walpole to illustrate his position in the Post Office. His testimony should be conclusive because "Z" in our April number proved that Sir Spencer was not a cynic. Sir Spencer said he felt in the position of a certain character in the New Testament, "There is a lad here who hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?" Now Sir Spencer had been four years in the Post Office when he began to apply these words of Holy Scripture to himself,

while our new Secretary had only been a few days in harness when he spoke as he did. And he himself, it must be remembered, began at the top of the tree. Anyhow I write for the million, and the million don't get near the top of the tree. You have only to look in Kelly's Directory to realise that fact, and it is cruelty to animals to paint in glowing colours for the benefit of the unpromoted the extreme happiness, the spotless virtues and the high attainments of superior officers. I simply can't do it, even to save our circulation. In pursuance of my purpose I must, sometimes, though I lose them as subscribers, point out that these men do not represent the highest ideals in official life. The authorities often lament the discontent in the Service, but they surely go the wrong way to work to promote contentment. The simplest way—my way—is to show that they also are discontented and disappointed and therefore, *cui bono?* Who can resist that argument? "It is only the case of the fox and the grapes over again," says an indignant reader. Now this fable has been flung at all preachers of contentment from the earliest ages until now, and without the glimmer of a perception that its applicability depends upon whether the grapes were or were not sour. Perhaps after all the fox was right: his superior insight or scent may have detected the absence of sweetness in the fruit and so he relinquished his efforts. If so, what becomes of the story as an illustration?

There is another aspect of the matter not sufficiently realised by those who think that ceaseless competition and the struggle to better oneself commercially should be our rule of life. Success and official distinction to hundreds of men come too late in life to be either appreciated or very much sought after. We may, for instance, have lost the companion with whom we should have wished to share our prosperity; our family may be educated or have been put out in the world, or we find that the energy and enthusiasm which belong to youth and which would have enabled us to distinguish ourselves had opportunity offered earlier in life, are no longer with us, or, if existing, are now applied in quarters where they are more fully appreciated. However this may be, it is absurd for any man in these over-crowded days to count on official advancement: there is no reason why he should not be ambitious, but if he values his own peace of mind and happiness he will be content to do his duty, save his increment and wait on events rather than attempt feverishly to control them. In the end he will probably get as much out of the Treasury as the ambitious man, as he will live longer and draw more deferred pay.

Still youth is naturally ambitious, and it is pleasant to see that illusion has just as much power as ever. I went to an official function not long ago, and I noticed that while assistant secretaries, sub-controllers, principal clerks, chief clerks, with the crocks of all classes, were bundled together in third class smoking compartments, three assistant clerks recently appointed, attired in faultless costume, were seated in a first class carriage. It was the triumph of hope over experience. The sight touched us all: we remembered our youth, the belief we cherished in our prospects, and the dreams of what we should do when we got into a good position: even the man with a four-figured salary looked envious, not at the first class carriage, but at the thought of the state of mind of its occupants. Moreover the attendance book possessed no terrors for these youngsters: they have little or no increment to lose. To some of us, on the other hand, the thought of it means meat and drink.

In that third class carriage most of us had found out I believe that the grapes were really sour. The discovery had, perhaps, made some of us cynical, while to others the revelation had long since been a blessing in disguise. At any rate let us give the fox the benefit of the doubt until better evidence is forthcoming that he was wrong. Dear old Jeremy Taylor is with us in this matter. He says "All our trouble is from within us, and if a dish of lettuce and a clear fountain can cool all my heats so that I shall have neither thirst nor pride, lust nor revenge, envy nor ambition, I am lodged in the bosom of felicity." Lettuce and water versus a C.B. or a K.C.B.: is that cynicism?

Last year I was staying at Great Malvern, and was one day driving in the neighbourhood of Eastnor Castle. I talked to my driver, of the virtues of its distinguished occupant, Lady Henry Somerset, and he said he knew her well. "She often comes into Malvern and talks to us cabbies, on the rank—goody-goody sort of stuff and teetotalism." And then he heaved a sigh, but it was not the expression of an envious spirit. "Ah! Sir," he said, "I s'pose she does it 'cos she's un'appy at 'ome." Now the cabman on the other hand, as he himself informed me over a glass of the national beverage, was in extremely comfortable circumstances. Is this cynicism?

And now for the Thames Embankment, not with the object of suicide, but in order to capture that "unearned increment" we had for the moment lost sight of.

EDWARD BENNETT.

The Liverpool Post Office—Past and Present.—II.

I MUST hark back to the end of the last century to mention one or two matters crowded out of the July number.

The "Penny Post" was, I find, only established in Liverpool in 1795, and not 1794, as stated on page 286. Nine town receiving offices were opened in connection with it, with two collections a day, and the letters increased considerably in consequence.

In many cases during the closing years of the century, however, the growth of business was checked by an increase in the rates of postage. In one instance the Surveyor's letter reads as follows:—

"The town of Prescot being a stage, you are allowed from the 1st of August to tax letters for Warrington 3d., and not 2d. This increase of tax ought to have been made long ago, but the Comptroller-General was unwilling it should take place till he had established the several accomadation (*sic*) of Liverpool with Manchester, Sheffield, and other places."

This has an odd sound in days when we are accustomed to give increased "accomadation" and reduced rates simultaneously.

In 1797 a letter weighing an ounce sent from Liverpool to London cost 2s. 8d., exactly 100 years before the postage was reduced to four ounces for a penny throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles. At that time postage was still charged according to distance, but the lowest charge for an ounce letter for a distance not exceeding 15 miles was 1s.

The duty of a post boy at the end of the last century was not without danger; the Warrington and Wigan mail was robbed no less than four times in five months, viz., on the 6th October and the 28th December, 1799, the 15th February and the 1st March, 1800. The first two robberies were committed by a man named "Butcher" living at Wigan, and a very interesting account of them was given by Mr. Carey in Vol. VII. of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, page 155. The robberies remained undiscovered until 1801, when

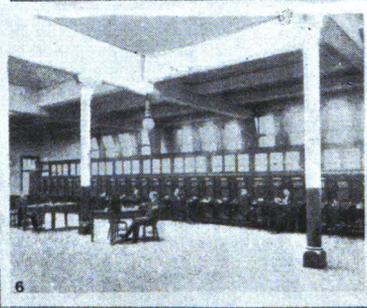
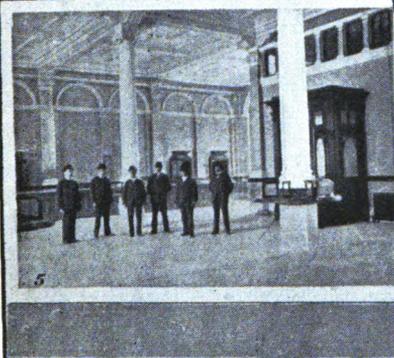
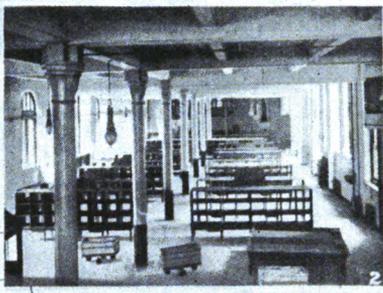
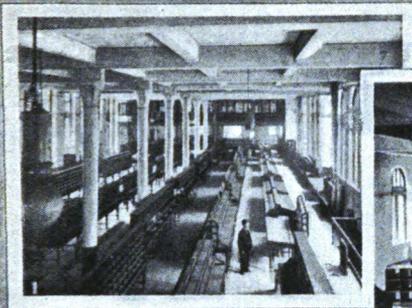
“Butcher” was betrayed by his father and mother, owing to a family quarrel. He was finally hanged at Lancaster in April, 1802, being then only 24 years of age, and his mother received her share of a reward of £200 paid by the Post Office.

The victim of the robbery on the 15th February, 1800, was a post boy called Edward Birrell, who was stopped about 2.0 a.m., between Ashton and Wigan, by three men wearing blue jackets and trousers, who dragged him off his horse and left him bound hand and foot and gagged at the edge of a pit. Birrell struggled and cried “murder!” but was roughly told he would be shot if he made any more noise, and the men got safely away with sixteen bags, including one for Wigan from London. As soon as the robbers were out of sight Birrell managed to loosen the cords which bound him and ran to a farm house, where he raised an alarm and tried to persuade the occupants to follow the robbers with him, but they declined. Fortunately, however, he found his horse quietly browsing on the roadside, so he remounted and rode off to Liverpool to report the robbery. This led to an official notice, issued by Mr. Banning, on the 18th February, offering the £200 reward already referred to. The robbers had evidently made for Liverpool, because a number of letters were found on the 16th February in a field near the Infirmary in Lime Kiln Lane. On Monday, the 17th May, Mr. Samuel Joseph, a silversmith carrying on business in Castle Street, Liverpool, called at the Post Office and showed Mr. Banning a bill for £27 14s. 6d., which had been tendered to him by three men to pay for a watch. Suspecting that it might be part of the proceeds of the robbery he refused to change it and questioned the men, one of whom said he had found it. The man gave his name as John Ready and his address at a common lodging house in Hackins Hey, but when the house was visited by a constable Ready and the two other men had left. Mr. Banning’s reward notice was circulated in all directions, and in a short time the postmaster of Conway (Mr. Reed) and an Excise officer named Slater succeeded in arresting Ready and two other men named Burns and McGuirk. They were removed to Chester, where McGuirk turned informer. Ready tried to commit suicide by opening an artery in his arm, but recovered. McGuirk said that the robbery was actually committed by John Ready, John Burns, and a man named John Weldon alias Donald McDevatt. The two former were committed at Liverpool to the Spring Assizes at Lancaster.

In the meantime a strict watch was being kept for Weldon, but for a short time without success. On the 1st March, however, about 2 a.m., the mail was again robbed at Longford Bridge, about a mile from Warrington, but the post boy, Michael Motler, seems to have been a less sturdy "Guard" than Birrell, and the robber, who was alone, succeeded in taking his bags and leaving him bound and helpless. From Motler's description it was clear that his assailant was the third man, Weldon, concerned in the attack on Birrell. The Postmaster of Warrington promptly despatched two men on horseback, who traced Weldon through Knutsford to Holmes Chapel, thence to Talk-o'-th'-Hill, and finally to the Roebuck Inn at Newcastle-under-Lyme, then an important coaching town. The pursuers reached the inn about midnight, and found that Weldon was in bed with his door locked. When a constable had been fetched the waiter called out to Weldon that "the coach was ready," whereupon he jumped up, opened the door, and was secured. He was identified by both post boys, and also committed to the Lancaster Assizes. The three men were all found guilty, sentenced to death, and their bodies subsequently hanged in chains.

In 1798, although Liverpool was then a considerable town of over 70,000 inhabitants, the means of communication were very imperfect, particularly with Scotland and places in the North and North-West. Letters for and from those districts, and even for Whitehaven and the Isle of Man, were sent through Knutsford and Manchester into Yorkshire to connect with the main coach running between London and Edinburgh. The delay due to this very circuitous route caused much dissatisfaction, and on the 27th May, 1798, a memorial was forwarded by the "merchants of Liverpool" drawing attention to "the necessity of establishing a mail coach between Liverpool and Carlisle," stating that the correspondence with Preston, Lancaster, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Scotland has experienced "a most amazing increase," and complaining that the letters are sent by "a circuitous route . . . through Borough-bridge to Carlisle, where they arrive on the third day, and are forwarded to Scotland by the mail from London." The memorial also complained of the delay to Whitehaven, the Isle of Man, and the North of Ireland, as the letters only reach Penrith "about seven o'clock in the evening, which is too late for their being forwarded that day . . . in consequence of which a letter from Liverpool for Whitehaven does not arrive till the third day."

The remedy proposed was a direct mail coach from Liverpool to



From a photograph by Priestley & Son, Liverpool.]

VIEWS IN LIVERPOOL'S NEW POST OFFICE.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. LETTER SORTING OFFICE. | 4. REGISTERED LETTER OFFICE. |
| 2. PARCEL SORTING OFFICE. | 5. PUBLIC OFFICE. |
| 3. PACKET OFFICE (FOREIGN BRANCH). | 6. TELEPHONE SWITCH ROOM. |

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70 1911
1911 1911

Carlisle, where it would "arrive in time to meet the mails from London, so as that they might be immediately forwarded to their respective places, where they would arrive twenty-four hours sooner."

The memorial suggested that the proposed coach "might return from Carlisle and bring the mails from all Scotland for Liverpool in one whole day of business considerably sooner so that this alteration would effect a daily communication with Whitehaven and save two days in the return of answers from Scotland."

Among the signatures were many names known and honoured in Liverpool to-day. The first was that of "T. Staniforth, Mayor," and I also notice those of "John Gladstone," and "William Ewart," father and godfather of "Liverpool's greatest citizen," William Ewart Gladstone.

Mr. Freeling's answer, dated the 2nd August, 1798, expressed the regret of "My Lords, the Post Masters General," that there are "the most important reasons why the object of the memorial cannot be consented to," as it would involve a detention of the coach for Glasgow at Carlisle, and "would most materially derange the very great bulk of the correspondence between England and Scotland, and the whole correspondence between Scotland and Ireland would, in fifteen instances out of twenty, suffer a detention of a whole day."

Mayor Staniforth, however, was not satisfied, and returned to the charge on the 14th September, 1798, with a fresh appeal. For the time he was unsuccessful, but the agitation was continued for nine years, and in May, 1807, a conference of all the surveyors concerned was held at Carlisle. Up to that time there was only the one mail route from England to Scotland, through Doncaster and York and along the east coast to Edinburgh, and through Doncaster, Boroughbridge, and Carlisle, to Glasgow. Lancashire and the west coast were entirely ignored. The defects of this service were obvious to the assembled surveyors, and in their report they supported all the contentions of the Liverpool memorial of nine years before, recommending a new mail coach from Liverpool to Carlisle, with a branch from Manchester joining it at Preston, to connect with the existing coach from Carlisle to Glasgow. A new "horse ride" was proposed from Penrith to Whitehaven, to connect with a packet service to the Isle of Man, a new coach from Carlisle to Edinburgh, and a new "horse ride" from Carlisle to Portpatrick, to connect with a packet service to Donaghadee in the north of Ireland.

The report states that no less than 226,900 letters a year then delayed would be accelerated by the proposed arrangements, and estimated that this number would be increased at least one sixth by the recovery of letters illegally conveyed by private coaches which travelled more directly and quickly than the slow, official east coast route.

An interesting paragraph in the report points out that although the expenses of the proposed mail coaches would be considerable, there would be, "in fact, an actual gain to the revenue to the country, for although the Post Master General pays 3d. a mile to the mail coaches, these very coaches pay 4d. a mile to the Stamp Office." This admirable report was signed by "Geo. Hodgson, C. Saverland, George Western, Tho. Hasker, Francis Ronaldson," and "James Shearer," and its arguments were so convincing that the improvements were authorised without further delay, and carried out on the 20th June, 1807. The new coaches left Liverpool and Manchester at 5 p.m., and arrived at Carlisle at 9 a.m. the next morning, in time to catch the London coach to Glasgow, and the new coach to Edinburgh.

About the year 1820 an agitation commenced for the extension of the Liverpool town delivery boundary, which had not been altered since 1801, although the population of Liverpool had increased by over 50,000 in the interval.

In 1823 Mr. Churchill, then the Surveyor, reported that an extension of the boundary would be reasonable, but he feared that the revenue would suffer in consequence. Mr. Freeling, the Secretary, opposed the extension, remarking that the "law officers advise that the Postmaster General is not compelled to deliver letters at the ordinary rate of postage beyond the limits of the post town at houses which have been recently built on ground formerly vacant." He added that "similar applications were always resisted in London." The application, however, was pressed and supported by the member, Mr. Huskisson, and in March, 1825, Mr. Freeling laid a further report of Mr. Churchill's before the Postmaster General with the remark that:—

"The comparative view as given by Mr. Churchill of the Post Office revenue, ship letters, inhabitants, streets, dock duties, and duties on customs at Liverpool, is a striking illustration of the increase of that astonishing place." The Secretary added that the case of Brighton was "analogous," but with the marked difference that Liverpool was "purely commercial, its extensions have arisen

from the wants of its extraordinarily increased trade and activity." The revision proposed would seem a very small one at the present time, as it only involved the employment of four additional postmen, whose wages amounted to £187 4s. a year, but in 1825 it was evidently regarded as a great and serious step in advance. The "general post" boundary was to be divided into twelve districts instead of seven, the delivery was to be finished between 12 noon and 1 p.m., instead of not until nearly 3 p.m., and a second delivery was to be established commencing at 2 p.m. The extension was eventually carried out on the 6th April, 1825, but the intention to make it had apparently become generally known, owing to the publication in the Liverpool newspapers of Mr. Freeling's letter to Mr. Huskisson announcing it, and on the 2nd April the Postmaster General was informed that in consequence of his decision as regards Liverpool, application for similar extensions had been made by persons living in Manchester and Leeds. A prominent citizen—Mr. George Forwood—applied in May of the same year, through Mr. Huskisson, for the opening of some additional town receiving offices. These were at first refused, but six were eventually opened, and it was found at the end of three months that no less than 10,722 letters had been posted in them.

In the previous year, 1824, Mr. Churchill had recommended two additional postmen to deliver a large district beyond the town boundary extending for 5 or 6 miles from the head office, and including Aintree, Garston, Crosby, Walton, West Derby, Wavertree, and other places now included in the town delivery. In 1825 a foot post was established to Bootle and Crosby, the former now an independent Borough with over 50,000 inhabitants and including some of the principal Docks on the Mersey. It is amusing to read of this neighbourhood, now so populous and so busy, that in 1825 "visitors go for bathing in summer, and the Earls of Derby and Sefton are making roads and dividing lands into lots for building leases."

The introduction of steam vessels brought about changes of great importance to the Liverpool Post Office. A considerable coasting trade and passenger traffic sprang up between Liverpool, Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man. Up to 1822 the Isle of Man, which only contained one post office at Douglas, but called "Isle of Man," was a sub-office to Whitehaven, from which it was served by a sailing vessel which made two trips a week in summer and one a week in winter; but in that year a Bill was passed through Parliament to authorise the change of ports from Whitehaven to Liverpool, and to

raise the minimum postage rate by the packet boat from 2d. to 6d. The service from Liverpool to the Isle of Man—which was at the same time raised to a head office—commenced on the 7th August, 1822. Mr. John Richardson was the contractor and received £300 a year for two mails a week from the 1st April to the 1st November, and one mail a week during the remainder of the year. One of the first boats employed was called “The Majestic,” a name still familiar and popular in Liverpool from the magnificent White Star Liner. The service to the Isle of Man was for some years carried on by vessels trading between Liverpool and Glasgow, and calling at Douglas on the way, but in 1829 a contract was made for a service three days a week in each direction by vessels employed solely in the service of the Post Office, and plying only between Liverpool and Douglas. These vessels were allowed to carry passengers, of whom it is stated that “over one hundred each trip” were carried during the season. At the present time the Isle of Man Steam Packet Co., which was founded in 1833, have one steamer licensed to carry 2,000 passengers, and on one busy Saturday this summer they conveyed 17,000 persons to the Island.

Between 1820 and 1830 the mail service to Ireland also passed through changes. In 1821 I find it recorded that the Irish Mail from Liverpool and Manchester, containing all the letters for Ireland from Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North of England, was still conveyed from Chester to Holyhead by a boy in a little cart, and from Holyhead to Dublin in a sailing vessel. Early in 1823 the “St. George Steam Packet Co.” was established, and a few months later the “City of Dublin Steam Packet Co.,” and the first vessel of the latter company, the “City of Dublin,” started from Liverpool on the 27th March, 1824. Both companies offered to convey the mails between Liverpool and Dublin, but their offers were refused on the ground that such an arrangement would seriously interfere with the Post Office packets plying between Holyhead and Howth. The merchants of Liverpool and Dublin however petitioned for a direct mail service between the two ports, and were supported by the Chambers of Commerce. The direct steamers took less than 14 hours on the voyage, but a letter sent to Holyhead by the coach—which had apparently succeeded the “boy with a little cart”—and thence by Post Office packet, took 24 hours to reach Dublin, and a reply could not reach Liverpool in less than 65 hours. The natural result was that a large number of merchants’ letters were illegally conveyed by the companies’ vessels, and this was observed and reported by

Mr. Banning. The Government were determined not to send the mails by the vessels of any private company, but the continued complaints of the merchants could not be ignored, and it was finally decided to establish a Packet station at Liverpool, with Post Office packets sailing direct to Dublin, which were to be finer and faster boats than those of the companies. The Government boats commenced running on the 29th August, 1826, but the enterprise was marred by a terrible disaster, the fine packet "Francis Freeling" foundering in a heavy gale; all her crew and passengers were drowned. The packets left Liverpool at 4.0 p.m., called at Holyhead about 1.0 a.m., to pick up the London mail for Ireland, and were due at Kingstown about 8.0 a.m. This was an improvement on the previous arrangement, under which the Irish mail left Liverpool at 3.0 p.m. (before the Exchange closed) and only reached Dublin the following afternoon, but it did not satisfy the merchants and only lasted about a twelvemonth, when it was decided to give up the call at Holyhead and proceed direct to Kingstown, in order to compete more successfully with the ships of the private companies. This competition was so severe that none of the vessels paid their way. The regular fare for a cabin passage from Liverpool to Dublin was £1 7s. 6d., but the companies lowered their fares to attract passengers, and the Post Office retaliated by lowering theirs. The public of course got the benefit, and the fares are said to have fluctuated from £1 7s. 6d. one day to 10s. the next. Finally a compromise was agreed to, the Post Office taking all the cabin passengers, and the companies all the deck passengers and goods. Even then however there was a loss upon the Post Office service, which, at the end of four years, amounted to £32,000, and the deficiency increased year by year until 1837, when the packet service was transferred to the Admiralty.

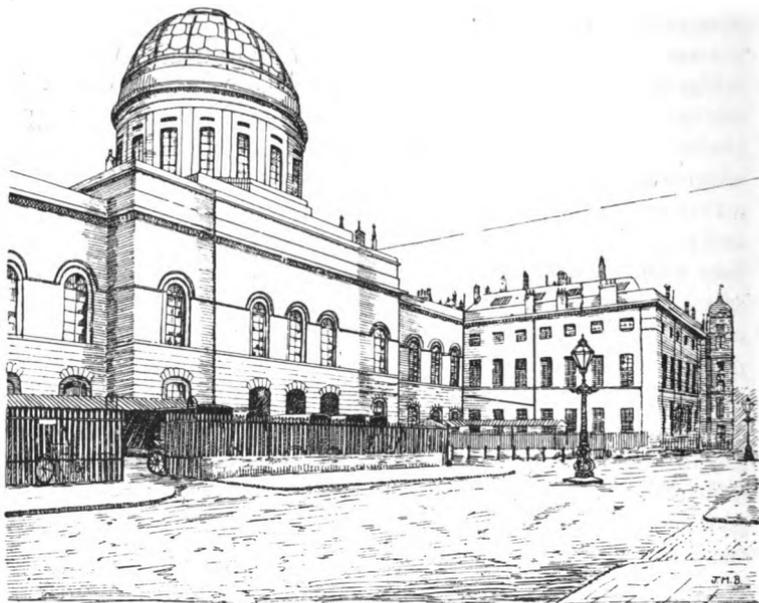
Before the establishment of railways the competition between coaches was very keen, and in 1822 those between Liverpool and Manchester ran at the rate of 12 miles an hour.

In 1822 there were four lines of packets running between Liverpool and New York, but the service cannot have been considered satisfactory, for the intervals without any communication were irregular and sometimes long; owing to easterly winds no packet reached Liverpool from the middle of August until early in October, 1822.

In this same year only eight inland bags were received at and eight were despatched from Liverpool daily. The London Mail left at 10.0 p.m., and arrived at 10.8 p.m. The letter box was closed at

9.0 p.m. for the despatch, but letters were accepted until 9.15 p.m., with a late fee of 3d., and until 9.20 p.m. with a late fee of 6d., these fees being a perquisite of the Postmaster.

In 1824 a line of packets was established between Liverpool and Kingston, Jamaica, sailing from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each month. Mails were not conveyed by these boats under contract, but ship letters were received and forwarded by the consignees "free of postage."



From a photograph by H. W. Cooper.

OLD POST OFFICE, LIVERPOOL (1828—1899).

In July, 1825, a direct weekly mail was commenced between Liverpool and Belfast by a private ship called the "Shamrock." The letters were sent as "ship letters," and the captain was paid 2d. for each letter, which was charged in addition to the official postage of 11d.

Early in 1825 a proposal was pressed upon the Postmaster-General by Mr. John Gladstone for accelerating the London mail by building a bridge across the Mersey at Runcorn, thus shortening the distance by 12 miles, and making it possible to deliver London letters in

Liverpool the same evening instead of the following morning. Mr. Gladstone only asked the Government to undertake the survey of the proposed road from Coventry to Liverpool, remarking that the money for the proposed bridge would be "raised speedily and cheerfully at Liverpool." The idea seems to have been favourably received by the Government, but nothing came of it. The proposed route has since been adopted by the London and North-Western Railway, whose fine high level bridge—with a pathway for foot passengers—between Runcorn and Widnes is familiar to all travellers to Liverpool by that line.

About this time the question of providing new public offices began to be discussed, and the scheme which resulted in the present head office in Canning Place gradually took shape. The one dock had gradually become inadequate and unsuitable, and the proposal of the Committee of the Corporation that then acted as Dock Trustees was to fill in "The Dock," shown in the plan on page 280, and build thereon offices for the Customs, Excise, Post Office, and Stamp Office, with offices for the Dock Trustees. The Corporation undertook to give the site, valued at £30,000, and to erect the buildings, which were to cost not less than £175,000. The Treasury were to pay £150,000 by instalments extending over six years, and the Corporation were to keep the building in repair for ten years. The Lords of the Treasury approved these proposals on the 26th June, 1827, and agreed to the "plans, elevations, and specifications" in February, 1828.

F. SALISBURY.

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—The Illustrations published in this number are from blocks kindly lent by Mr. Sydney W. Wood, Lithographer, of 62, Dale Street, Liverpool, and are reproduced from an interesting Souvenir issued by Mr. Wood and Mr. Jas. Hewson in commemoration of the opening of the new office on the 19th July last by H.R.H. the Duke of York.—F.S.

Fontainebleau.

TALL tree stems that tower on high,
 Perfume of pines in the warm night air,
 A slow moon sailing athwart the sky,
 Glamour of silence everywhere.

Mystic shadows that steal and stray,
 Mournful music that rises and falls,
 White paths glistening far away,
 Twitter and ripple of clear bird-calls.

Rock-crowned summits and gorges deep,
 Soft blue haze where the fir-tops wave,
 Mossy mounds whereon moonbeams sleep,
 Weird black shadows in thicket and cave.

Under our feet the crackling cones,
 High in the branches overhead
 Leaves a-murmur with voiceless tones,
 Telling strange tales of the days long dead.

The hush'd air throbs with a sudden thrill,
 And night holds its breath—for to and fro
 The pale ghosts silently wander still
 Through the forest footpaths of Fontainebleau.

Barbizon.

HENRY F. SMART.

The Passing Fever of France.

(*Stray Notes after a Thousand Miles in France.*)

“*LE FRANÇAIS a bon cœur, mais tous les Français sont fous dans ce moment.*” The words are not mine, they were said by a great Frenchman. An Englishman, I take it, would not have put the second half of the sentence so strongly, while he might, in all grateful sincerity, have acknowledged the goodness of the heart of France when beating under normal circumstances. It needs no tall words to proclaim it. All who have studied France or Frenchmen closely know the generous, chivalrous side of the French character. The greatest of Englishmen have owned it in noble words; it needs not the double knock of a Postman to emphasise the fact. And without putting the case so strongly as the bold lawyer who holds his countrymen to have gone off their heads for the time being, I, who have twice crossed France this summer, am forced to own that since the far-off days of 1871 there has been no such ferment and fever as I saw a few weeks ago. That it will pass is certain. Already the thermometer is lowering, and the patient able to take strong food again. *Le Français a bon cœur*; but it somewhat puzzles him to see on the windows of his sick room the dabs of mud slung up by English able editors and others, darkening the daylight. It saddens thinking men across the Channel, for the best Frenchmen know there has been sickness in the land.

* * * * *

Certainly it was France: there was no doubt about it. The same great crucifix at the entrance of Dieppe Harbour; the same *douaniers*, toy soldiers, gendarmes, market women, *curés*, Cook's tourists—everything. All the same: and yet, not quite the same. This was the France that I had crossed over and over again on foot or wheel during the last quarter of a century, yet without ever seeing this side of it. Something had happened to work a wicked change, which at first I tried hard not to see; but there it was. Yes; at first I laughed at myself as an ignorant ass with no ideas beyond the pale greenish-gray covers of the Post Office Guide. I even hunted among my kit for a stray hank of stolen red tape, which might be coiling its slow lengths round my luck. No, there was nothing to throw overboard. Was I getting old, and was this

incipient senile decay? Possibly. I opened my box of *médicaments* and spread them on my bed one depressing evening: Chlorodyne, Quinine, Lanoline, and Blank's famous Supplementary Pills. All failed, even those pearls of small price.

* * * * *

In the Consulship of Plancus, long ago, in times so remote that the young bloods of the Post Office, sending up *ballons d'essai* to catch the popular wind, cursed the name of Henniker Heaton even as the Drumont of to-day curses his Dreyfus—in those days I potted for a short spell among the quaint old Grecian towns of Southern Italy, where drains are few and marshes are many. The man with me, half poet, half pressman, and wholly British, gazed open-mouth at sunset effects, courting inspiration. He wrote one sonnet which cost him fifteen days of fever, and, for the first day or two before help came, I stood between him and the lancet of the good village doctor. I can still hear the wild ravings of the sick man when the fever had got him well by the throat. It was mighty eloquent stuff at times, with rhymes floating here and there like driftwood on a torrent. Blasphemy, religion, politics, hatred of this or that person, anger, envy, malice, and all the rest of the brew. They were all there tossing together in a fine hot bubbling blaze of words; yet the speaker of them was a gentle soul, a delicate artist in word-building, with an ear sensitive to fine shades, and an imagination as yet unblurred by the "clichés" of journalism. I can hear the crackling of his fire-words now, even after all these days, as I sit looking out on the Surrey Hills. But I may not put these utterances, even coldly, on this white paper before me. For now we are all so good, so very good, thanking Heaven we are not as those sinners across Channel. Time was, if my memory serves me rightly, when a brave thumping Minute could'n't be written without having its commas and colons rivetted by big, big D——, but now not even a "Hang it" breaks the purring silence of these marble halls. Oh, we *are* good! If we go on at this pace we shall have a pulpit in our Club refectory and select portions of the P.O.G. read to us at meal times over our beans and barley water. We are the salt of the earth, "*not like those d——d Frenchmen.*"

These words are not mine, but they lead to far different words, which I wish I could say well, but cannot. France, our France, the France that so many of us love and honour, has been ill, very ill. There have been bad days, such as the man had with the Taranto fever. And one must not sit by the hot bedside, notebook in hand,

taking all the wild spoken things for sober logical utterances. It's just fever, that's all. *Mais ça va passer, mes bons amis*; provided the lancet doesn't cut too deep, and there is some skilful healer in the land who understands and loves France enough to save her without shedding life-blood.

* * * * *

It is said that all cyclometers are liars. This is true to a certain extent, for cyclometers are very human. But as in the case of any one given man you have only to get at the man's or the machine's "coefficient of mendacity" and, remembering this, to work out a most simple sum in moral arithmetic, which gets you down to what highly-paid journalists call the bed-rock of truth. Discounting then this purely human tendency of my many cyclometers—and each one appeared to have a coefficient of mendacity which increased with age—I find that I have bicycled some eleven thousand miles in France. Not a bad percentage, this, of a total of some fifty-three thousand. This summer I have just crossed France again twice: from Dieppe to Geneva and Geneva to Bordeaux, riding as usual at a snail's pace, but adding some thousand and odd *alleged* miles to my record.

A friendly Fellow of the Statistical Society, whom I meet occasionally on the confines of Bohemia, informs me with a grave face that during the year of grace 1898 no less than 3989 English tourists bicycled from Dieppe to Geneva: that, of this number, 3900 wrote accounts of their explorations to various friends and friendly publications; and, finally, that no less than 39 of these yarns found their way into print. This being so, there is, it would seem, nothing to add to this flood of information. Clearly, the man who has bicycled from Battersea Park to Brixton has gone through a less familiar land: the Dieppe-Geneva route is as well known as the line from Charing Cross to Cannon Street, the only difference being that the bicyclist when under way cannot compete with the South-Eastern in negative speed.

As to the Geneva-Bordeaux part my learned friend was not so primed with figures. He took it that the route lay through the land of Perigord pies and fine wines: with few exceptions, all statisticians (what a mouthful of a word!) know all there is to be learned by practical experience in the matter of pies and wines. He spotted Clermont-Ferrand on the map, and reeled off some instructive calculations on the numerical strength of the Boulangist conspiracy, the exact height (in metres) of the Puy-de-Dôme, and the money

loss per acre and hectare due to the ravages of the *phylloxera* and other plagues in the vineyards of the Gironde. But of the men of Auvergne, of the Limousin, the Lyonnais, and the Gironde, the good man spoke only as of so many cultivating units, capable of squirting so many grammes per hour of sulphur and sulphate of copper (in a powdered form) on the upper and under surfaces of so many thousand vine leaves without poisoning the grape itself.

* * * * *

It was in that last five hundred miles that I learned many things : and again and again I find myself wishing that I had either stopped at home or taken refuge in that chalet in the Val d'Illiez some five thousand feet above the sea and the storm. From the bedroom that kind Madame H—— offered me I should have looked out on the slopes of the Dent du Midi. All would have been cool, calm, quiet. As it is, all was very hot : in more senses than one. I had often in former wanderings had to do with Anglophobes and knew by heart the many funny things fine fellows across the Channel say of this our country. The *Perfide Albion* tune with its endless variations was a very old friend : quite harmless, to be met with good nature. But here, unmistakably, was a different spirit. Definite charges were in the air against Englishmen and Jews : bitter allusions to the *Syndicat* and the *Affaire*. The Fashoda fever, too, had not died out. It seemed as if these good people had discovered that at the bottom of every treachery and dirty doing in the world there was an Englishman, with money-bags complete, working hand in hand with some Hebrew outsider. Undoubtedly the feeling against England was very bitter indeed. I do not wish to be misunderstood. With the exception of the bagmen, of whom more anon, all these dear folk showed me personal courtesy as ever, and put themselves out to do the tired rider no end of kindly turns : but it was impossible to ignore that they were not happy in their minds as regards the race to which I belonged. They showed their old-world courtesy to their enemy till the expected fighting should actually begin. I thought at first, as I have suggested, that the fault lay in some crotchety cantankerousness of my own, some English "spleen" that, unawares, I had brought with me as a home industry. But when, one evening, I had talk with a peasant landlord whom I had known for many years I found how little my own personal equation had to do with it. He owned to me, did the man in the blouse, that the feeling in his country against England was more bitter even than that against Germany : *revanche* to-day meant wiping out Egyptian scores, not

dreamy longings for lost provinces of thirty years ago. I said to him, "What have we done now: in heaven's name let us have the full tale of our iniquities. What is it?" 'The answer of the French peasant was to point to the *Petit Journal*!

* * * * *

This is the true ruling power of rural France, the *Petit Journal*. The voices of President, ministers, statesmen, and men of letters are heard comparatively by the few, but the *Petit Journal* goes everywhere. There is no village or hamlet in France where it does not penetrate. I have been in strange desolate places among the mountains of Auvergne, in the Cevennes, in the wildest part of the Jura—everywhere you find the *Petit Journal*. Its astounding circulation of one million four hundred thousand daily but poorly represents the number of hands it passes through or the pairs of eyes that eagerly scan its columns. A marvellous power, but how has it been used of late? Practically it has had a triple bill, playing the same pieces over and over again with infinite variety of inuendo and insult against those whom it holds to be its mission to destroy. Nothing of late months has happened in the world of fact or imagination that could in any way damage the name or fame of England that this paper has not placed in the worst possible light before the whole of France day after day. It has irritated old sores, kept open fresh wounds, and brought the policy of pin-pricks to almost a science. It is not for me to impute motives to M. Ernest Judet, but he has done his best to make the French people hate us. Then when Briton-baiting tires him Jew-baiting takes its place, the foremost among the victims being the brave-hearted French soldier whose name is on every man's lips to-day, and whom no amount of torture could bring to curse the fatherland that so hated him, or the army which clamoured for his ruin.

* * * * *

I am getting abominably serious when, truth to tell, there is no need for it. For my dear friend the *Petit Journal* has had the grace to overdo it considerably. Week after week and month after month it has painted us in the blackest colours, and laid it on so thick that the cautious French peasant is beginning to smile. My hope is that M. Judet may go on emptying bucket after bucket of boiling ink on perfidious Albion; he will assuredly end by being laughed at, and that is quite fatal in France. But in those days before Dreyfus was "pardoned," the laugh had not yet begun and Englishmen shared with Jews the honour of being the villains of the piece. Now

the great disciple of M. Judet is the French bagman. This inferior sample of a most worthy body of men, the French commercial travellers, is (quâ bagman and politician) a most unsavoury person. He thinks he represents France and French public opinion, but I'm hanged if he does. He reads his "largest circulation," assimilates its fiction and distorted fact, then spouts it out to all and sundry at the lunch table, dinner table, in the *cafés* and (on hot evenings) outside them over thousands of marble tables. Inspired by the fumes of his third *absinthe*, he will demonstrate the cursed perfidy of England, fight Fashoda as it should have been fought, and (when there are thirty of him present and only one or two Englishmen) he is even bold enough to say foul things of England's greatest Lady. Ugh! *c'est une sale race*, as a French gentleman explained to me with kindly scorn. I have reason for not loving him, the bagman, though he did not speak much *to* me but *at* me many a time and oft. He only drew me once, and that was when thirty of him at an inn-table talked of Her Most Gracious as "*cette sale gueuse*." I protested: not wisely, I own. I said things (it was a blazing hot day) for which they ought to have punched my head. They didn't. But in the quiet gloom of the inn stable they passed sentence on the perfidious Englishman, and *sliced five foul cuts in his cycle tyres*. The bicycle gasped, looked for its absent master, and sighed out its soul. Fashoda was avenged!

* * * * *

I heard much about my country, as portrayed in the gutter Press, which made me sit up considerably. We are desperate ruffians, slimy, sneaking, subsidising ruffians! We poured out our gold to feed that Syndicate, we crush the simple Dutch peasant across the Vaal, we funked Marchand and bought him off. As to our Kitchener, doesn't every honest man know of the three bags of gold on the eve of Omdurman, and how the Mahdi fled the next morning with, strange to say, three bags on his camel? And so on, and so on.

Something there was in the air of France in those sick days which favoured the growth of these fables: the *Bacillus Mendacii*, maybe. Whatever the poison or microbe may have been, one thing certain is that few people escaped inoculation. Luckily the disease is temporary, and common-sense returns with a low temperature, political and physical. Even an Englishman, when the fit is on, can no more fight against it than he can keep measles out of his nursery at home. I myself, *horresco referens*, fell a victim to the bacillus.

It came about this way. After dinner at P—— I was good-naturedly cornered in a *café* by a posse of bagmen, soldiers, and sturdy gentlemen in blouses. The atmosphere reeked of caporal, absinthe, and the *Petit Journal*: I hardly know which flavour prevailed. All, from bagmen to blouses, quoted Judet of the *P.J.* Dreyfus the traitor, England the Jew-ridden and perfidious: that was the song. Ernest Judet said this, said that, and proved conclusively that. . . . It was all Judet with his astounding circulation and sublime contempt for logic and fact. Then the *Bacillus Mendacii* worked in me badly and, hand on heart, I assured the audience that I desired nothing better than to be confronted with Ernest himself, for I, too, had a revelation. “*Tenez*,” I cried, with gestures borrowed from the illustrated Sunday edition of the *P.J.* itself, “I, as an Englishman, will explode the bomb, the secret dossier which burns my breast. I make a revelation, I, even I. *Ecoutez*. Judet, the man who curses the Jew once a day in a million and a half *exemplaires*—Judet, the Jew baiter, is a Jew himself!”

“*Cristi*,” yelled a dozen voices, “*C'est épatant. Expliquez nous ça, l'Anglais*.”

“*Messieurs*,” I hastened to put in, “do you not, can you not see? Ah! it is your happiness not to know the Latin tongue. Judet is but bastard French for the Latin *Judæus*: Judet: *Juif*. Do you not see? The man himself is but a masked Israelite, and he has a secret Semite dossier all his own.” And having, to my utter shame be it said, delivered myself of this astounding piece of false evidence I bolted to mine inn, leaving the microbe to wriggle its way through the village. *Meâ maximâ culpâ*.

* * * * *

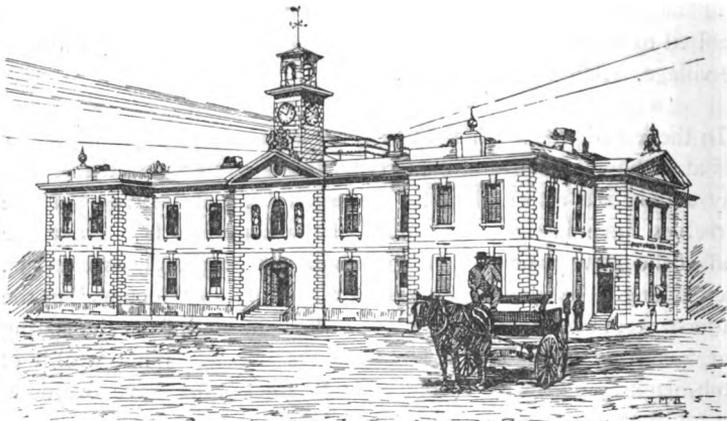
In these bad times, when their fever which is now passing away was at its height, men said many cruel things of us “over there,” but why should we return them? Unless, indeed, it be true that we ourselves have lately had a touch of the same hot fit. Have the staff of the *Petit Journal*, as a French friend laughingly assures me, been taking a holiday in England and acting as “locums” to the leader-writers of our stately organs? 'Pon my soul, from the slating that has been going on, it almost looks like it. What wealth or pitch-black epithet, what noble scorn! Luckily we have overdone it a bit, me-seems, and *solvuntur risu tabule*.

Now, seriously, is that great France dead that so many of us have honoured and loved? Is she so changed that we English have

nothing better to do than hold a brutalised Commination service over a whole people? *Gott bewahr.* If she has sheltered in her fair land puny idiots like the bagmen, or forgers and scoundrels like Blank and Blank, what of that, my dear people? She is the mother of children of whom history will be proud. To her belong the two men of marvellous courage who at Rennes faced worse than death itself for the sake of truth and honour, the honour of France. To her belong the noble Picquart and Labori, the man of law, true soldiers both. She it is who, in this time of cruel doubt and danger, has produced men like Anatole France and Zola and Cornely to take gravest risks of loss of fame and name in a noble cause. She had Scheurer-Kestner, dying at the very moment when the hounded Jew he had been the first to protect was set free. France ever had a wealth of generous and heroic souls: she has them still. The roll-call of heroes above will not be wholly British, or the roll-call of forgers below entirely French. France has been ill, very ill, but the fever days are nearly over and the patient needs brotherly treatment. I believe that what is best and noblest in France looks to England for that generous help so sorely needed, and certainly will not look in vain.

J. SCOTT STOKES.

S.O., G.P.O.



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, BLENHEIM (N.Z.).



A. BOLDUC.
(*Quebec Division.*)



J. HENDERSON.
(*Toronto Division.*)



N. R. COLTER.
(*New Brunswick Division.*)



F. HAWKEN.
(*Ottawa Division.*)

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



H. G. HOPKIRK.
(*London Division.*)



W. W. MCLEOD.
(*Manitoba Division.*)

SOME CANADIAN POST OFFICE INSPECTORS.

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Old Age Pay Abroad.

THE subject of old age pay has long occupied the serious attention of statesmen and others interested in the welfare of the lower classes in this country, but so far no practicable scheme has been evolved. Committees and Royal Commissions have inquired into the matter, but a really workable system of provision for old age appears to be almost as far off as ever. Meanwhile other countries have got ahead of us in this respect, and have actually systems in operation for the providing of pensions to the poorer classes in old age. A report has recently been prepared and presented to the Board of Trade showing to what extent such provision has been made in certain European countries, and it may not be without profit to narrate briefly here the principal features of the various old age pay systems which are now in existence abroad.

It appears from the report referred to, that there are now eleven countries in Europe in which systematic State provision for old age pay exists, but only in two of these does any complete or general system obtain. These countries are Germany and Denmark. In Germany, under the law of 1889, modified by subsequent enactments, there is a general system of compulsory insurance against old age and invalidity. In the year 1897, we are told, over 400,000 pensioners drew pensions amounting to no less than £2,750,531, of which £1,079,823 was provided by the State. Of these amounts about half was expended on old age and half on invalid pensions. The persons who are included in the provisions of the German system are workmen, assistants, journeymen, apprentices (excepting assistants and apprentices of apothecaries), sailors, domestic servants, clerks, &c., above the age of 16 years and earning not more than £100 a year. Where only free maintenance is given in lieu of wages insurance is not compulsory. As to those who are not under compulsion to insure, or are exempt from the obligation, it is not necessary to trouble here; it need only be added that voluntary insurance is permitted in the case of small employers, and persons working on their own account who have not completed their fortieth year. According to the most recent available figures, namely those

relating to the year 1895, the number of persons insured under the law was 11,585,000.

The system under which the German Insurance Law is carried out may be briefly described as follows :—

The administration is carried out by institutions which are formed by the Government with the consent of the Federal Council. For this purpose Germany is now divided into 31 districts, each under an insurance office. Here all persons are insured who work in such districts. The offices have the rights of legal persons, and are administered according to statutes that must be approved by the Imperial Insurance Department. There are representative committees for each office, and there may also be supervisory councils. Every office must accumulate a reserve fund, the maximum and minimum of which is fixed by the law, and each office must have at least one Board of Arbitration. The funds for the purposes of the Insurance Law are contributed (1) by the Empire, (2) by the employer, and (3) by the insured person. The Empire pays £2 10s. yearly to each pensioner, and pays the contribution of the workmen whilst they are serving in the Army or Navy. The other contributions are paid by employers and employed in equal shares. The contributions are so fixed—at first for ten years, afterwards for every five years—that they shall cover all expenses of administration, the prescribed contribution to a reserve fund, the sums necessary for the repayment of contributions as above mentioned, and the capitalised value of the pensions accruing in the period for which the contributions are fixed. The contributions are paid by buying special stamps at the Post Office and affixing them to cards used by the insured person for this purpose. The card has spaces for 52 weeks of the year, and when the spaces are all filled up the card must be given up at a specified office. The insured then receives a certificate for his contribution and a new card. The affixing of the stamps has to be done by the employers, who have to see that all the stamps due are on the card. Pensions must be claimed. The person claiming a pension either for invalidity or old age must do so before the lower administrative authorities in his place of residence. If the claim is allowed notice has to be sent to the accountant's office, where the pensions are apportioned between the Empire and the respective insurance offices, in proportion to the contributions received. When the pension is granted, the claimant receives a certificate of the sum payable to him, and a designation of the post office which must pay the pension. For this extra work the Post

Office receives no compensation. In cases of invalidity the insurance office can take in hand members who are not adequately provided for by the sick insurance, and put them under more favourable conditions, with the object of preventing permanent disability. Besides the regular insurance offices other institutions, such as the State Railways' and Miners' Provident Societies, are admitted as co-equal on condition that they provide for their members with equal care and efficiency. As regards Germany it may be added that a Bill to amend the Old Age and Invalidity Laws was passed by the Reichstag on the 13th June last with the object of effecting a more even distribution over the various parts of the Empire of the burdens entailed by the payment of the pensions prescribed by the law.

In Denmark, which is the other European country where a general system of pensions or relief in old age has been adopted, the system pursued is very different from that of the German Empire. In that country a special form of old-age relief was established by a law of April 9th, 1891. The relief is given to necessitous persons of good character. There are no direct contributions by the recipient, and the amount of the pension is not fixed by the law, though it must be sufficient for the needs of the applicant and his family. Application for this relief is made in the first instance to the communal authorities (in Copenhagen to the Town Council), who decide whether the applicant is entitled to relief, and determine its nature and amount. An applicant must be over 60 and unable to provide the necessaries of life, or proper treatment in case of sickness for himself or his dependents. He must "not have undergone sentence for any transaction generally accounted dishonourable, and in respect to which he has not received re-habilitation." His poverty must not be due to his own fault. He must for ten years have had a fixed residence; not have been sentenced for vagrancy or begging; and not have received poor relief. Persons who were over 60 years of age when the law came into operation are, however, entitled to old-age relief, even if they have received poor relief, provided that the relief began after the 60th year. The recipient of old-age relief under this law retains all his electoral rights, whereas the recipient of ordinary poor relief is deprived of his vote for all state, municipal, or communal elections, unless he repay the sum he has paid as relief. The relief is not fixed in amount, but "must be sufficient for the support of the person relieved and of his family, and for their treatment in case of sickness; but it may be given in money or kind,

as circumstances require, or consist in free admission to a suitable asylum or other establishment intended for that purpose."

As already stated the recipients of the relief make no contributions to the relief funds. The expenses of the relief are, by law, defrayed by the communes, one-half of these expenses being refunded to them by the State. According to the most recent statistics there are 36,246 persons, with 14,223 dependents, receiving pensions in Denmark to the amount of £216,317, of which, roughly, half is paid by the State and half by the Communes.

While Germany and Denmark appear to be the only countries in which general State schemes for old-age pensions are in force, there are several other countries in which what may be described as partial schemes are in operation.

In France provision for old age is encouraged by the State in several ways. Seamen and miners are under obligation to make such provision, the Government granting £440,000 annually to the fund from which seamen's pensions are paid. Subventions are also given by the State to the pension funds of Friendly Societies. The State also subsidises the funds of the "Caisse Nationale des Retraites pour la Vieillesse," and gives a grant in aid of pensions established for necessitous persons by Departments and Communes. Altogether France expends annually not less, probably, than £600,000 a year.

Somewhat less is done by the State in other countries. In Belgium the Government and certain provincial authorities make grants to encourage Friendly Societies to induce their members to subscribe to the "Caisse Générale d'Epargne et de Retraite" through their medium. In some districts of Belgium old-age pensions are granted to persons formerly engaged in mines, out of the funds to which mine-owners are compelled to subscribe. In Austria mine-owners and miners are obliged to contribute to the funds from which pensions are granted to aged workmen. In Russia old-age insurance only extends to Government mining establishments, and in Roumania, where compulsory insurance in mines and quarries was enacted by a law of 1895, the law is not yet operative owing to the fact that no enterprises to which it applies have been started. The question of Government aid in the matter of old-age pensions has, in Sweden, Norway, and Holland, not yet gone beyond the stage of projects, whilst in Italy a system of national pensions will shortly be established under the law of 1898. It will be seen from the foregoing that, whilst in this country we are still

without any system whatever for old-age pensions, European countries have for the most part got beyond the stage of mere agitation and are actually doing something towards so desirable an object. I do not pretend to have done more here than give a resumé of Mr. Llewellyn Smith's interesting report, and in doing so I hope I may have conveyed some idea of what is being done in the matter of old-age pensions abroad. It will be seen that in Germany, where the most perfect system exists, the Post Office is a prominent feature of the scheme, and there is little doubt that our own Department will be called into requisition in any system of old-age pay that may be established. These few words may, therefore, not be without interest to the general reader of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.

ARCHIBALD GRANGER BOWIE.

A.G.D., G.P.O.



DR. VON STEPHAN'S MONUMENT IN THE CHURCHYARD, TRINITY CHURCH, BERLIN.

Without a Civil Service Certificate.

“**N**O person . . . shall be deemed to have served in the permanent Civil Service of the State unless such person holds his appointment directly from the Crown, or has been admitted into the Civil Service with a certificate from the Civil Service Commissioners.”

Thus states the Superannuation Act of 1859, Clause XVII.; and yet the Post Office employs an army of persons who do not hold a Civil Service certificate.

In the rural districts the schoolmaster is very much abroad, and if a Civil Service certificate were obligatory upon every person employed in the Post Office service, the present easy examination papers set for postmen would have to be made easier, otherwise the present narrow field from which letter deliverers are recruited would be narrower, and the “delivery of letters at every house in the country” would be in danger of becoming a non-delivery by reason of the available candidates not being able to satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners that they possessed the necessary educational qualifications.

Certainly, under such conditions, many of the present employés would not be employed, if their general educational abilities may be fairly judged by their orthography.

The following specimens emanating from persons now employed without a Civil Service certificate might be largely multiplied, but they are sufficient for the purpose.

The Department wisely deprecates the employment of young persons after 9.0 p.m., and adults are employed in place of boys for the delivery of telegrams after that hour. One man, who had been employed upon such duties for a considerable period, was offered promotion to an “established” situation, whereupon he replied:—

Sir,—I wish to stop at my work as i am well usted to at preasent.

Sir, I am your obeident servient, —.

As the new situation would have necessitated a Civil Service certificate, the contentment thus expressed was probably safer than

ambition. But all auxiliaries are not so content, as the following letter will indicate :—

Dear Sir,—I inform you that my son the outbye post cant go the posting under 2s. 6d. per day it is such a rough road unless he cant get the 2s. 6d. he will go no longing than a 14 days notice no good offring no less money address —.

Two shillings and sixpence is not a sum which could be said to constitute a “living wage,” but the work required was a short delivery on two days a week only.

Another had a grievance against a local landowner, and looked to the Department for compensation :—

Will you be as good as to inform the Surveyor that Mr. — as put up a notice to the public that he will percecute any person travling acros the fiels it will make above 2 miles more for me to go and it makes more walking than I agreed for if I have the distance to travil I shal want more money for it and PS to let me know as soon as posible.

Sub-postmasters may be expected to be of a better class than the rustic who is usually employed to deliver letters, and no doubt the great majority are, but some are little better in educational abilities. One sub-postmaster resigned because he could not carry on money order business, and when it was decided to transfer the business to a neighbouring office, he wrote as follows :—

Dear Sir,—In Accordance with the alterations of money orders I offer myself for the same hoping my Application may be successful from yours obedent servant, —.

This could hardly be understood as a request to withdraw his resignation and continue in office under the altered conditions, but such it was. The request was granted, and the work of correction in the Money Order and Savings Bank Departments is lessened.

Not every sub-postmaster, however, desires to remain in the service of the Postmaster-General, but it is rare that one will not give some aid in finding a successor when there is a dearth of candidates, and it would probably grieve the sub-postmaster of — to write :—

Ser we have not herd of any one wantes this office.

The applications from would-be sub-postmasters may be included within the scope of this paper. One candidate wrote :—

Dear Sir,—I rite to aplie for the applacation for the Post

Office seeing the Bill out an I have sold the stampes know as good 5 years now an I should be please to take the Office up for you from your truly —.

As the sale of stamps alone is a business which brings no remuneration from the Department, it is hoped that the applicant got the appointment as a reward for his unofficial services to the public.

Another seeks the influence of the local Vicar, for—unlike head postmasterships—applications through Members of Parliament and others are *not* calculated to defeat rather than promote the object in view:—

Sir,—i here that E— T— is done with the care of the Post Office and i ofer myself as a candate for the Office thrue the Rev. — i am a widow and as a shop and I have a grand daughter stoping with me a good scolar.

I remain your obedent servent, —.

An applicant who hails from near the banks of the Tweed is naturally cautious:—

Sir,—i make aply for the Post Office at — for my daughter i wish you to let me no the averige in the weak as i want to be very causes as regards the averige and the rent i will be the responsibel party myself and daughter.

The close proximity of the shop and Post Office cash is a frequent cause of discrepancies in official accounts, and the explanations are often more ingenious than probable, generally indicating that all was right on the day prior to the visit of the surveying officer, and that the deficiency in the Post Office cash was caused “this morning by taking money for change and not putting in the gold, which would have been made right to-night.” In these cases the orthography is not so mixed as was the cash.

On some occasions, however, a satisfactory explanation is not forthcoming, and the sub-postmaster has to dip into his pockets for money to make the account balance. It must have been a heavy heart which prompted such a one to write:—

I searioussally note this deficiency wich means a seariouss matter to me. Yours, —.

But the care of the cash is not the only obligation upon a sub-postmaster. He must keep in safe custody the date stamp, which in the hands of certain persons could be used fraudulently; yet one sub-postmaster, who left a date stamp lying on the counter, whence it was stolen, quieted his conscience by stating:—

In refrance to your dissension regarding date stamp alou

me to say I am not as careless as you suppose and the evinced of the thift is not to be relided upon.

Persons who contract for the conveyance of mails are also in the employ of the Post Office. The following offer indicates that the applicant was more adapted for conveying the Queen's mails than writing the Queen's English:—

Sir,—the male will require A fowr wele wan fitted up purpest coved in and run tow horses A brest. I under stand the work. A cart swags to mutch with the wit. I have grown up sons that conn manage it who under stand posting bisen. Sir, I remanes your fatful —.

This is, perhaps, the choicest specimen I have quoted, and is deserving of translation:—

Sir,—The mail will require a four-wheeled van, fitted up on purpose, covered in, and run two horses abreast. I understand the work. A cart swags too much with the weight. I have grown-up sons that can manage it. We understand posting business.

Sir, I remain, yours faithfully, —

But to put jesting aside, the army of auxiliaries, &c., is indispensable; and the requirement of a Civil Service certificate would necessitate the employment of persons with a higher standard of education, and, consequently, at a higher rate of payment, which would lessen the contribution to the Treasury—a matter of more concern to the British taxpayer than the delivery of his letters by a person who may have the educational acquirements to administer the law of the land.

T. H.

*The Great Barrier Island Pigeon Post.**

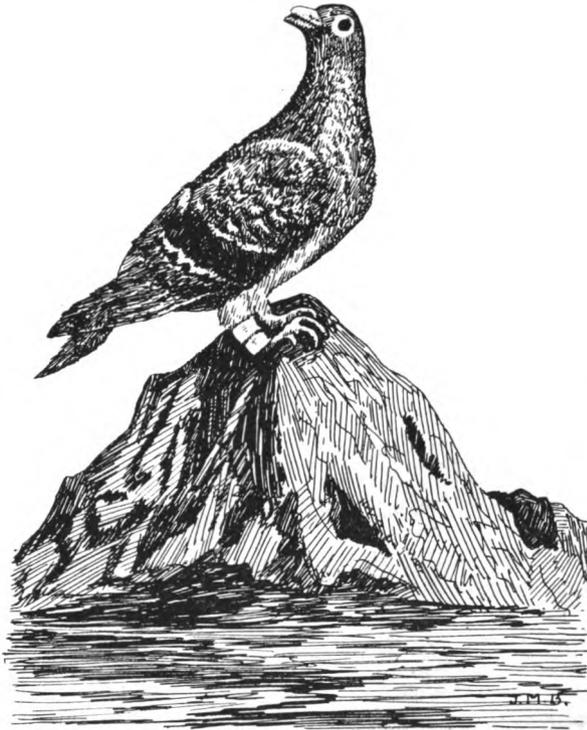
[The Editor of the *St. James's Budget* has kindly given us permission to reprint this interesting article. He has also lent us the blocks of the illustrations from which our sketches have been taken.]

THE brief descriptions which have appeared in the daily press in reference to the pigeon post which is now in working order between Auckland, New Zealand, and Great Barrier Island, have given the public some intimation of this striking example of natural difficulties being overcome by pluck and perseverance. Our fuller description will, therefore, prove of interest to those whose curiosity has been aroused over these little feathered postmen of the Antipodes. The idea of establishing a Pigeon Mail Service between the Great Barrier Island, which is sixty miles by water from the city of Auckland, was originated by Mr. Walter Fricker of that city, after the wreck of the steamship "Wairarapa." It was on this occasion that birds were used to carry despatches from the wreck to Auckland, there being no cable communication, and a steamer only once a week. The population at that time was limited to about 100 residents. Then came the opening up of the gold, silver, and copper mines, which industries getting into full swing were responsible for the increase in the population to six or seven hundred. It was soon found necessary to obtain some better means of communicating with the manland, and the Government failing to establish cable communication, the Great Barrier Pigeon Post was inaugurated. At the outset each bird carried one message only at the cost of two shillings, but subsequent experiments proved the birds could carry four sheets of tissue paper of quarto size, and the rate was reduced to sixpence per message of one sheet.

The training of birds from Auckland to the island, which is low lying and often enveloped in haze, seemed to present insurmountable difficulties, the birds being reluctant to leave the mainland on their long journey across the sixty miles of Hauraki Gulf, but with patience and perseverance this was overcome. The service now has

* Reprinted from the *St. James's Budget*, of the 15th September, 1899.

a large number of these diminutive messengers travelling both ways daily. On account of extra risk and trouble the charge from Auckland to the island is one shilling per sheet. Correspondence is despatched daily from the island as required between the hours of 9 a.m. and 3 p.m., and from Auckland up to 12 noon daily. The time of closing is earlier from the city owing to the difficulty experienced by the birds in picking up the island on account of the



PIGEON WITH SPECIAL DESPATCH.

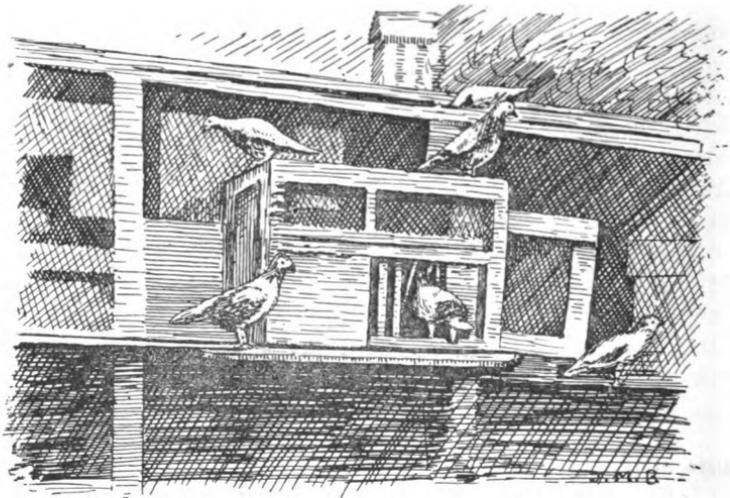
mists in the afternoon. The birds are trained so that on arrival at either terminus they place their necks between two wires, raise these on their shoulders and walk forward into a box two foot square. The wires then fall back against a piece of metal which rings an indicator bell, and notifies an attendant, who removes the message and permits the bird to enter the loft. The messages are folded, sealed with a stamp similar to the one reproduced, and are then

attached to the pigeon's leg. Around the outside of the message is placed a waterproof legging to insure it from wet, should the bird meet with bad weather.



A PIGEONGRAM STAMP.

One of our photographs shows some of the bird postmen waiting in readiness for the despatch of a mail. Another shows the "mail" arriving on the little landing platform and thrusting its head and



ARRIVAL OF MAIL. PIGEON PUSHING ASIDE THE BELL RODS.

shoulders through the bars which ring the bell. We also reproduce one of the triangular stamps which have just been issued by the Great Barrier Pigeon Agency. The sixpenny stamp is the same

in design, the figure on the apex being the only variation. If you have friends on Great Barrier Island and wish at times to correspond with them without delay, a stock of these pigeon stamps should be procured. Then you can post your message from any part of the world to the Great Barrier Pigeon Agency, Auckland, N.Z. who will tie the copied message upon the leg of "Hauraki," or another of their swift messengers, and away it will go over the treacherous sea which separates Great Barrier Island from the mainland. If you enclose a sixpenny return journey stamp the reply will come winging its way back to Auckland without further trouble to you. From thence, of course, the message would reach you by the ordinary post.

The Sunday Express Delivery of Letters in London.



ON the 12th of February last a delivery of letters was, for the first time for many years, made in London on Sunday. It was restricted to letters posted in London late on Saturday night, or arriving from the Provinces by the night mails on Sunday morning, marked for "Express Delivery on Sunday," and prepaid, in addition to the ordinary postage, an express fee at the rate of threepence a mile according to the distance of the address from the General Post Office. The arrangement was made, in the words of the public notice, "to remedy the inconvenience which, in cases of emergency or illness, is caused by the inability of persons in the country to procure the delivery of letters to their friends in London on Sunday," but it was considered by many to be the thin end of the wedge for securing a general delivery of letters in London on that day, and accordingly to be deprecated as likely to lead to increased Sunday labour. Others thought that it was calculated to prevent such a contingency, as people would no longer be able to say that they could not get an important letter delivered in London on Sunday, and urge this fact as a reason why a general delivery should be granted.

The present generation of Londoners is accustomed to do without the morning post on Sunday, and there are probably but very few of them who wish to hear the postman's knock at their doors on that day of the week, and perhaps to be reminded the first thing in the morning of the business they want to forget. It would be sufficient to drive many from sheer force of habit to reach at once for their hats, and make a rush to the railway station to catch the usual train to the City. It has been argued that because Liverpool, Manchester, and other large towns have a delivery of letters on Sunday mornings, the metropolis should not be deprived of such a convenience; but we do not miss what we have never had, and there is no reason to believe that the public in London regard this matter as a serious grievance; at any rate, if they do, they keep very quiet about it, and it is but seldom that there is any reference to it in the public press. In any case an opportunity is now given to any persons in the London District to obtain letters on Sunday if they wish to do so, but up to the present the number who have taken advantage of the arrangement is comparatively small, and as might be expected, they are to be found principally in the West End of London.

The letters are all delivered from the General Post Office by special messengers, who start about 8.30 a.m. and usually finish the delivery before church-time. Most of the messengers are mounted on bicycles, which not only accelerates their movements, but renders them independent of trains and omnibuses, which do not run very frequently or very early on Sunday mornings.

On the first Sunday the number of letters delivered was 147, which is the highest number that has yet been reached, but what were they divided amongst about six millions of people, who on ordinary mornings receive on the average about one and a half millions of letters? For the first few weeks there were always over a hundred letters per Sunday, but during the summer months they have gradually been decreasing, and the average for August and September has been less than fifty. The total number delivered during the first three months was 1,401, on an average of 108 per Sunday, and during the second three months the total number was 786, or an average of only about 60 per Sunday. The average for the six months was 84. Whether the decrease is owing to the fact that when the new delivery was started many people tried the arrangement out of curiosity, and that the novelty has now worn off, or whether it is the comparatively high fee which is charged, or that folks don't trouble to avail themselves of it during the holiday season, are matters of conjecture, but probably all these reasons have had something to do with the decline in the numbers, which, if it proves nothing else, shows that there is no great public demand for a Sunday delivery of letters in London. It takes time, however, for people to get acquainted with any new facilities afforded them by the Post Office; they are, perhaps, still slower in taking advantage of them when discovered, and it is probable that when the public generally, and particularly the well-to-do classes, realise that there is a way of getting an important letter delivered in London on Sunday morning, the number of letters will increase, although on present lines it is hardly likely that it will ever be very large, or give rise to much additional Sunday labour. The letters have mostly been addressed to private houses, hotels, clubs, etc., and judging from this it would seem that but very few, if any, of them are business letters.

After the first Sunday the arrangement was extended to letters arriving from abroad, but this did not swell the numbers to any extent. A few are posted in London, but the great bulk of them come from the provinces, Scotland and Ireland contributing their share. The Express fee ranges from 3d. for letters addressed to the

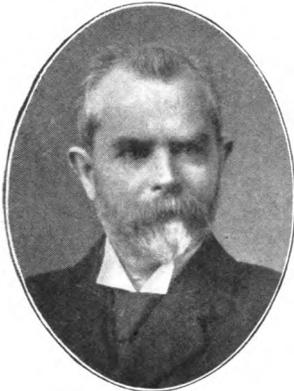
City, to 2s. 3d. for those addressed to such suburban districts as Ealing, Wimbledon, Lower Edmonton, and the Hyde, which are nine miles from the General Post Office, For the outlying districts of Ealing Dean and Mill Hill, the express fee is 2s. 6d., and for Hanwell 2s. 9d., which is the highest charge levied for any part of the London District. With most people it would have to be a very important letter indeed (for instance, one containing news of a good legacy, or of an addition to the family circle) which would induce them to pay 2s. or 2s. 6d. for its delivery on Sunday morning, but in spite of the high fee, letters have been received for even the most distant suburbs. The average distance of the addresses of the letters from the General Post Office has, however, been about three miles, and the express fee 9d. The average number delivered in each District of London during the first seven weeks was as under:—

E.C. ...	20	W. ...	21	Paddington .	12
N. ...	8	W.C. ...	17	Norwood ...	2
E. ...	5	S.W. ...	27	Battersea ...	1
S.E. ...	5	N.W. ...	11		
				Total ...	129

Speaking of the slowness of people in becoming acquainted with any new facilities offered by the Department, it was only the other day that one of the daily papers, in reviewing the Postmaster General's last annual report, remarked on the ignorance of the British public as to the multifarious business which is now undertaken on their behalf by the Post Office, and the reviewer suggested the distribution of a small leaflet setting forth in the briefest terms what the Department is now prepared to do for the public. There is, perhaps, something in this, for few people will take the trouble to read the penny handbook, much less the sixpenny Post Office Guide, while one's own experience goes to show how little, generally speaking, folks know of the many facilities which are offered by the Post Office to assist them in the transaction of their business, and to minister to their needs. There are many things which the Department does for the benefit of the public which only require to be better known to be more appreciated, and this will no doubt prove true as regards the delivery of letters by special messengers in London on Sundays; and, although the new service may at first only appeal to comparatively few people, there is no doubt that at times it will prove a great convenience to large numbers of London residents.

W. HOWSON.

London Postal Service, G.P.O.



T. FREEMAN.
(Whitehaven.)



J. S. ILSLEY.
(Gravesend.)



W. W. SMITH.
(Gosport.)



H. J. J. MELSOM.
(Greenock.)



W. F. WEST
(Sunderland.)



I. POOLE.
(Hersham.)



C. S. CHAPMAN.
(Kendal.)



W. H. BARTLETT.
(Staines.)

→→→ SOME POSTMASTERS. ←←←

[To face page 400.]

THE
MUSEUM OF
ART AND HISTORY

In the Early Seventies.

N article called "Shadows of the Past," by "Hors de Combat," in a recent issue of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, memory-kindling to past shadows, was read with interest by the present writer, who, at the time the telegraphs were taken over by the State, was employed in the Vale of White Horse, at an office whose service on the northern side extended for something like twenty miles. We were not, however, when made an additional intermediate station on the already filled wire, left quite to our own resources, for an individual called an instructor was sent to convey to us the little knowledge he possessed of the D.C. marker.

The local Postmaster, whose fine agricultural district contained many seats of the nobility and gentry, had but little idea of the probable amount of telegraph work which would be received for delivery; though, having regard to what was known to have previously been done by hotel keepers for the old Telegraph Company from the railway station, he was sufficiently astute to purchase a horse for prospective portorage fees. When all was in readiness the fullest measure of expectation was soon realized. Telegrams began to pour in apace. Rule 67 had not been established, and senders apparently opined that delivery from the post town was essential or even imperative. The result was, that with the exception of the few received for the town itself, all that were addressed to our fox-hunting centre were sent out by man and horse. We thus not infrequently delivered to places 15 and 18 miles away, and to within a mile or two of another telegraph office, charging the authorised rate of a shilling a mile. The postal stables soon required an addition in horseflesh, as £3 a week and upwards with three horses frequently out at one time was readily secured in portorage. The varying fortunes, too, of the Franco-German war, which raged soon after our installation, afforded satisfaction or concern to some of the local shareholders, who, when in London, wired results of successes and reverses and the state of the market to their friends in the country. Hired horses had also to be requisitioned at times for auxiliary purposes. One gentleman's

residence, four miles away, was occasionally visited as many as seven times a day with telegrams, but by and by the addressee had a private wire erected.

Here, perhaps, a little digression may be allowed. The gentleman just referred to, who was probably of an inventive turn of mind, cultivated upon his large estate many hundreds of acres of beetroot, ploughing and otherwise operating the land by machinery. A large factory, wherewith to extract the spirit from the beet, was constructed, the whole of the heavy machinery being conveyed from a station ten miles away by road. The locomotives were run on sections of rails, relays of men taking the rails from behind and placing them before the engines by stages. Passing the machinery with a restive horse was invariably a more or less difficult feat. Many years later the manufacture was discontinued, and the whole concern razed to the ground.

To resume the narration of my early telegraph experiences. My wages for services rendered were at the time £1 a calendar month! Naturally, every part of the large neighbourhood soon became known, and with a change of steeds the saddle has frequently been occupied from 8 a.m., or even earlier, until long after midnight; and so fatiguing has it been that sleep has been indulged in on the horse's back. Nowadays if boys are required to go a mile or so out after dark, they ask for a companion. After a year or two's monopoly, however, additional stations were established, and the rides abroad were curtailed and mainly confined to six or seven mile distances. When the innovation was first introduced, the majority of the telegrams received were for the well-to-do classes, who almost invariably paid the charge levied, however much, without a murmur. Only one refusal was met with. Man and beast were usually well entertained and cared for whilst waiting for portorage and possible replies.

I remember one time writing down and subsequently delivering a telegram for a place some six miles distant; and upon the addressee, a cottager who had been wired to by his son, being informed of the six shillings charge, he demurred to taking the message, observing that it could not be for him. He was eventually induced to open it, upon my saying the money need not necessarily be paid beforehand. After the contents were read and understood, the man still remained in doubt and hesitated to pay, until informed by his daughter, who was looking on, that she recognized the handwriting as that of her brother!

When telegram deliveries were commenced for the Department, toll-keepers demanded payment for the horse (the toll was frequently evaded, though, in one way and another), but later on, rule 173 was introduced, and horses used for the conveyance of telegrams were, much to the disgust of the man at the turnpike bar, exempt.

Incidents of the road, interesting and otherwise, were common, and during the first winter or two, long journeys of exploration were made after nightfall through darkness and fogs which almost obscured the horse's head. At times, with the temperature below freezing point, the icy roads were worn as slippery as a surface of burnished steel, hill descents being made with the horse down on its haunches, and its four feet bunched together. Upon one occasion, when starting out after dark upon a thirty miles to and fro ride, it was found, after getting well outside into the country, that the roads were too ice-bound and the fog too dense for anything more than a walking pace, and upon reaching a forge eleven miles distant and rousing up a blacksmith to rough the horse's shoes, the remainder of the journey was no sooner commenced than a sudden thaw set in and rain came on in torrents. At another time, on proceeding at night time across country to an unknown address some twelve miles outwards during severe weather, the way became completely lost on account of the snowdrifts having covered the hedges. When eventually the cross roads were reached, just before getting to the desired destination, the horse had to be ridden up a mound upon which stood the handpost, in order that the snow might be brushed away from the arms and thus our whereabouts be ascertained from the directions indicated.

During the rainy season at another time in endeavouring to reach a farmhouse on the banks of the Thames, both horse and rider, whilst wading through the flood, suddenly found themselves in deep water, and it was only with the greatest difficulty and much floundering about the extrication was effected. The return journey was made by a more circuitous but safer route. The falling in with a pack of hounds in full cry now and again was more appreciated.

Sunday, the 10th December, 1871, was a momentous day. After a number of copies of the prayer for the recovery of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had been prepared, I was selected to deliver one to each of the churches around. Some chapels were also supplied, as well as a number of gentlemen's residences, and those whom the prayer did not reach in time for the morning

Service received it for the afternoon or evening Service, as the case might be.

Harking back to the French war, it is of interest to note that a number of the wounded were supplied by a Dorcas Society with beds filled with old morse paper, which was broken off into two or three inch lengths, and curled up with the edge of a knife like shavings. When, later on, additional offices were opened up and the work of delivery was materially reduced, I was confined more to inside office work, and with short intervals for meals, was generally on duty from 4 a.m. till 9 p.m., and at the expiration of four years' service was receiving the magnificent wages of 9s. 3d. a week.

S. STANCOMBE.

Cardiff.



ANOTHER LINEMAN'S GRIEVANCE.

"I suppose that affair wi' Jim Lineman and your Maggie is noo off?"

"It is, and no wonder; the postman tells me that the mon's chief business in life is 'finding faults.' Noo, a sneaking, particular, prying mon like that wud never dae for oor Meg. Never! Never!"

The Head Postmasters' Association.

[We have been asked to publish the following communication, and we do so on account of the special circumstances of the case. It is, of course, contrary to our custom to publish anything relating to matters of the kind dealt with here, but we admit that in allowing, quite innocently on our part, a contributor to make the observations complained of we were the first sinners, and in common fairness we can but allow a reply. Our action is therefore not to be taken as a precedent, and to use the words of many editors, "This correspondence must now cease."—*Editor.*]

IN the last issue of this magazine (at page 308) an article appeared headed "A Scotch Postmaster's Dinner."— Now there is no desire to deal with some of the statements contained in the article, or to offer any remarks depreciating it or the subject matter to which it primarily referred. On the contrary, it is thought that social gatherings of Postmasters are commendable, and calculated to produce a good effect on those who meet together in this way. Nor is there any reason why such gentlemen should not praise themselves and magnify their office if this course should be pleasing to them, but there is a very decided objection to any member or members of such gatherings making invidious and unjustifiable remarks about other absent Postmasters, and especially when such remarks are given a prominent position in a service magazine so well-known and so largely circulated as *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.

These preliminary observations are made before asking the editor for space to refer to the following extracts from the article in question. After some introductory remarks the writer goes on to say:—"There were perhaps some grounds for the misgiving, for it would appear that at one time a number of very respectable elderly gentlemen in several parts of the Kingdom were induced to band themselves together (very probably unknown to their wives) for some common purpose, and to style themselves an association. The secrets of the little band were so well kept that no mere outsider seemed to know what its objects were, who were its members, or leaders, where the conferences were held, or, in short, what it was all about. Whether it is still in existence, even as a vapid force, the writer is unable to say, but from a remark made by one of the oldest

Postmasters in Scotland at the conclusion of the dinner, there is ground for suspecting that if the association is still in life it has lost its potency. 'Association be blowed,' said the veteran in question, 'this is the kind of association we want.' There is no desire to detract from any good the little band may have accomplished."

It is thought that there would be considerable difficulty in meeting with a more flagrant breach of the proprieties that should govern the ordinary amenities of life than is here displayed. Since this article appeared two Postmasters, who presumably were present at the dinner at Edinburgh, have in the columns of *The Civilian* repudiated the sentiments of their apparently self-constituted spokesman in *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, and the editor of *The Civilian* in his issue of the 12th August has, in a leaderette, distinctly contradicted the statements of the writer of the article in question.

Relying on the editor's well-known love of fair play it is now proposed to put forward briefly the facts in reference to the Head Postmasters' Association, the greatest care being taken not to touch upon matters of policy or discipline in connexion with the Department.

The Head Postmasters' Association, as a movement, began with two meetings in 1887, one in Manchester and the second in Birmingham. At the last-named meeting forty-two Head Postmasters, fairly representing the United Kingdom, were present. A "Standing Committee" was then appointed to watch over the interests of Head Postmasters, but in 1893 the association was formally inaugurated, and its first annual meeting took place on the 27th March, 1894, in London, at which sixty-four Head Postmasters attended.

The second annual meeting was held in London on the 4th June, 1895, on which date the membership had reached 422. That this number included representatives of all classes of head offices is beyond question. As an example of this it may be mentioned that the Postmasters of the following offices were members: Bath, Carlisle, Canterbury, Constantinople, Doncaster, Leeds, Leicester, Lincoln, Margate, Middlesboro', Nottingham, Oxford, Reading, Rochdale, Scarborough, etc.; Dumfries, Hamilton, Inverness, Kilmarnock, Leith, Paisley, Stirling, etc.; Armagh, Clonmel, Dundalk, Galway, Londonderry, Newry, Portadown, Queenstown, Waterford, etc.

Here it may be well to state that the proceedings of the Association were constantly reported and discussed in the columns

of *The Civilian*, that Postmasters were informed by circular of all that was going on, and that a copy of the report of each annual meeting was sent to every Head Postmaster.

In February, 1895, the Postmaster General and Heads of Departments received at the General Post Office a deputation of Postmasters who had been instructed to lay before these gentlemen the grievances of Head Postmasters.

Then came the Tweedmouth Committee, and so far as this is concerned it will probably be sufficient to point out that the parliamentary blue book contains 29 pages of valuable evidence given before that committee by the Postmaster witnesses—evidence that has since borne good fruit, inasmuch as the position of Postmasters generally has been immensely improved in many respects.

This is not the time or place to discuss these improvements, nor is this article written with the view of saying anything in favour of the men who took a prominent part in the movement, so that no attempt is made to enter into particulars.

As regards the present position of the Association anyone who has the wish to do so can gain full information on reference to the report of the last annual meeting held in London on the 1st August, 1898.

There is now a "Provisional Committee" that can be called into action whenever the Postmasters as a body see fit to give such a call.

It is hoped, however, that enough has been said to refute the statements made by an apparently ignorant, if not irresponsible, writer, and it is also to be hoped that he will be more guarded in his future contributions to our valuable and greatly esteemed magazine. It is also desired to put on record that the social part of the gatherings of the Head Postmasters' Association in London and elsewhere was marked by the utmost cordiality, was thoroughly appreciated, and led to friendships being formed amongst Postmasters that will last as long as life may be spared to the individuals. Finally, it is thought desirable to add that the members of the Association, whether collectively or individually, were instructed to avoid saying anything in either their public or social meetings that would not be loyal and respectful to their superiors, or would be calculated to wound the feelings of any who differed from the policy of those guiding the affairs of the Association.

Our Library Table.

[We draw no hard and fast line as to the kind of books we notice, but, of course, we give the preference to those written by Civil Servants.]

THE FORTY-FIFTH REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THE Forty-fifth Report of the Postmaster-General is probably the most prosaic, and, viewed as literature, the least interesting of the series. The harmless art of amusing the public by the insertion in the Report of a few good stories has for some years been looked upon as a crime, but until the present year there has generally been something of literary value, not indeed in the report itself, but in an appendix. Last year, for instance, there was an interesting account of the origin and progress of the delivery of letters in rural districts, and in the Forty-third Report a brief history of the Post Office Savings Bank. The appendices to the present Report are wholly statistical, and the information contained in them is rather useful than stimulating. We do not suppose the records of the Department are exhausted, but perhaps the continued existence of this Magazine may account for the exclusion of literary matter from the present Report. The devourer of statistics, to whom a column of figures is an appetising morsel, may gratify his passion for useful knowledge by a careful study of the Report alone, but he who desires to learn the history and something of the inner life of the Post Office will add to the reading of the Report a diligent perusal of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.

The year ended the 31st of March last was one of uninterrupted progress in every branch of the postal service. The increase in the number of postal packets delivered was at the rate of 5.3 per cent., in registered letters 7.2 per cent., in express services 16 per cent., in inland money orders 2.9 per cent. in number and 4.4 per cent. in amount, in telegraph money orders 25 per cent., in postal orders 7.52 per cent. in number and 4.62 per cent. in amount, and in telegrams of all descriptions 4.83 per cent. There was also a large growth in Post Office Savings Bank business (except as regards insurances and annuities), and in the number of returned postal packets.

The estimated number of letters delivered was 2,186,800,000, of post cards 382,200,000, of book packets and circulars 701,500,000, of newspapers 154,100,000, and the actual number of parcels was 71,913,000, and of letters registered was 15,240,669. The average number of postal packets to each inhabitant of the United Kingdom was 86.8. London received 28 per cent. of the total number of letters, an increase at the rate of 4.5 per cent. on the previous year, while the increase in England and Wales (excluding London) was 10.8, in Scotland 7.4, and in Ireland 10.3 per cent. The extension of deliveries in country districts, and the reduction of rates of postage have no doubt contributed to this increase, as the Report suggests, and probably the spread of education is an important factor.

The extension of rural posts so as to give a regular delivery of letters to every house in the kingdom, as promised in 1897, has been almost completed in England and Wales, and the work is now being continued in Scotland and Ireland. A simplification in the system of charging unpaid and insufficiently paid correspondence from abroad took effect on the 1st January, and from the same date it became possible to insure letters addressed to many foreign countries up to £120. Imperial Penny Postage, or, as it is described in the Report, "Penny Postage within the Empire," came into operation at or about Christmas between the Mother Country and her colonies and her dependencies, with the exception of Australasia and Cape Colony. The latter has, since the date of the Report, fallen into line with the greater part of the Empire, so that Australasia stands quite alone in her refusal of a boon which is so largely due to Mr. Henniker Heaton.

The accounts of the Post Savings Bank show that on the 31st December last 7,630,502 depositors had £123,144,099 to their credit. The proportion of depositors to population is 1 to 4.53 in England and Wales, 1 to 12.98 in Scotland, and 1 to 13.28 in Ireland. From these figures it would appear that, after all that has been said of them, the Scotch are not so thrifty as the English; but such a conclusion would be unjust, for the ordinary banking facilities are greater north than south of the Tweed, and the Trustee Savings Banks in Scotland have hardly been affected by the Post Office Savings Bank, and have 450,000 depositors with £15,000,000 to their credit, as compared with 327,000 depositors with £4,400,000 to their credit in the Post Office Savings Bank in Scotland. The balance sheet shows a surplus of assets over liabilities

amounting to £10,700,000, but it is questionable whether the practice of valuing the securities at the current price of the day is sound. Although the rate per cent. of expenses to capital and the cost per transaction are less than in 1897, there is a deficit (somewhat awkwardly described 'as a deficit on the balance sheet,' which really shows a large surplus) in the accounts for the third successive year, which amounted in 1898 to £7,019. The Report records the laying of the foundation stone of the new Central Savings Bank at West Kensington by the Prince of Wales in June last.

The staff of the Post Office now includes nearly 160,000 persons, of whom 67,832 (59,707 men and 8,125 women) were established officers. It may be interesting to know that the proportion of salaries and wages to revenue is still advancing, that 578 medical officers are employed (wholly or partially) to look after the health of the staff, which continues satisfactory. The gross revenue and the gross expenditure for the year are the largest ever recorded. The net revenue, though larger than in the previous year, did not quite attain the amount earned in 1896-7.

The Report concludes with a reference to the retirement of Sir Spencer Walpole and of Sir W. H. Preece.

CROYDON: NEW AND OLD, a Handy Guide to the Town, Past and Present. Homeland Association's Handbooks, No. 7, by Edward A. Martin, F.G.S., author of *Glimpses into Nature's Secrets, Nature Chat, &c.* Price sixpence, or bound in cloth one shilling. Croydon: Roffey and Clark, 12, High Street. London: Beechings Limited, 53, Wych Street, W.C.

THE Homeland Handbooks are excellent guides, and as each volume deals with either a town or a district, the information given is a great deal fuller and less abbreviated than it is in the usual county handbooks. Our colleague, Mr. Martin, furnishes "Croydon" in the series, and the little volume should be of interest to both tourists and residents, for he includes in his survey all the beautiful country around Croydon, and in his "Chapter for Ramblers" he has described six different walks, giving his readers the benefit of his wide knowledge of nature's secrets. A well-printed map of the district, a plan of the town, and quite a multitude of photographs, most clearly reproduced, are welcome additions to the literary matter. It is related of some very ancient family that about half-way in their genealogical records there is a slight diversion from names and dates in the shape of an entry, "Here occurred the

Creation of the World." Well, Croydon cannot exactly beat that record, but according to Mr. Martin she can trace her origin to pre-Roman days. She is mentioned in Domesday as Croindene, and has had a not uneventful history since the Conquest. She now boasts of an extremely low death rate; she has done her best to forget that Jabez Balfour was her first Mayor, a very large proportion of her residents are in the service of the General Post Office, and the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway carries them to their business in a more or less perfunctory manner. But that is scarcely Croydon's fault, and even Mr. Martin says nothing unkind of the Company.

THOUGHTS OF DIVINES AND PHILOSOPHERS, selected by Basil Montagu. "Temple Classics." 1s. 6d. cloth, 2s. leather. J. M. Dent & Co., London.

ONE of the latest additions to these very popular classics is the reprint of a little volume which first saw the light in 1832. Quite one-half of the selections are from Jeremy Taylor, while the remainder are from Bishop Latimer, Dr. South, Bishop Hall, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Fuller, Sir Thomas Brown, Milton, and Bacon. From the point of view of good literature the favour shown to Taylor is abundantly justified. Some of the other writers were good theologians, good moralists, and good poets, but Taylor wrote really good prose. Moreover, he has a voice, a style, a charm, and a vision of his own. It is to be admitted that he was a careless and inexact thinker, that he was not as learned a scholar as he might have been, and that he sometimes wrote unintelligibly, and lost himself in long involved sentences. Like all authors with the artistic temperament, he was very unequal, and therefore it is scarcely an injustice to him to read him in selections. The late "Lord Bishop of Down and Connor in Ireland and Administrator of the See of Dromore," as he loved to style himself on his title pages, was a rhetorician, but he was not an empty rhetorician. The thoughts he clothed with such rich language and quaint and curious adornments are beautiful still even when stripped of the Taylor accessories, and like great architecture they can stand bare and yet command our admiration. But he was a great deal more than a great phrasemaker. It is sometimes said by critics who themselves are deficient in enthusiasm, that the best criticism proceeds from those who approach every matter with an abundant

supply of common sense, and who have no illusions, spiritual or intellectual. These are the men it is said who understand, and are therefore the critics we should listen to. But an impartial opinion formed in the bloodless manner so advocated is often quite worthless, because sympathy is the parent of knowledge, and the impartial person is confessedly unsympathetic. Certainly the common sense critic must be quite at sea when dealing with a man like Jeremy Taylor, who was brimming over with enthusiasm, with hopes and faiths and loves of a transcendental kind, and we venture to say that his best critics are those who share in his temperament. We think, for instance, that Coleridge was a better critic of Shakespeare than Dr. Gervinus, and that Colonel Ingersoll, when he brought his common sense to bear on the Scriptures, was a shockingly equipped critic, because he had no understanding of things spiritual, nor had he any conception of the poetry of things. Lamb shared Jeremy Taylor's temperament, and he enthused over him. "I love the man and I love his paraphernalia." Lamb was mentally incapable of taking a detached view of the authors he loved, and those he didn't love he felt incapable of criticising. For the same reason we have abstained from saying anything about Bishop Latimer, Dr. South, Dr. Fuller, and Dr. Barrow. Of Sir Thomas Brown, Milton, and Bacon, all that we can say is that they should not be read in selections.



Ourselves.

WITH this number we complete the ninth volume and enter on our tenth year of existence. We appeal to all our supporters to send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible in order that we may make our arrangements for the coming year. While many periodicals and magazines which have come into existence during the last nine years have had their day and ceased to be, we have maintained a steady and healthy circulation and have proved by long service our usefulness and interest to the officers of the Department. Of course we have critics and even enemies who are frequently either advising or prophesying our decease, but so long as our returns show that we are receiving the support of our colleagues we are in no mood to listen to those whose opinion is against us. Occasionally, doubtless, we make mistakes and say the wrong things, and here and there old contributors and old subscribers feel aggrieved because of our supposed want of consideration for them. If we on our side feel sometimes that there is justice in these criticisms, we can only plead in extenuation of our conduct, that to edit a magazine of this kind, which necessarily touches so many personal matters, and is so frequently called upon to steer a middle course between official susceptibilities on the one hand and private interests and ambitions on the other, is no easy task, and that we do our best in the circumstances. We can now only leave the matter in the hands of our supporters, relying on their efforts to make our tenth year a big success.

On "Imperfect Sympathies."

MR. JOSEPH JACOBS has recently published in one of the reviews an interesting article, entitled "The Mean Englishman." His aim is to put before us a concrete example of the type which English civilisation is turning out to-day. He gives us a biography of William Sprogett, who is 5 feet 7 inches in height and 150 lbs. in weight, who lives in a house of four rooms, two of which are at

present used as bedrooms, who works 54 hours a week, whose library consists of a Bible and prayer book (his wife's) and a few odd numbers of Virtue's *Shakespeare* and Cassell's *Popular Educator*. "He does not use tooth brush or handkerchief (except the latter for carrying his mid-day meal), but he generally gets shaved Saturday night." Mr. Jacobs' conclusion is that "it is he that has to bear the White Man's burden in the long run. It is up to his standard that we are aiming to raise the duskier nations." No one can seriously question the truth of this reasoning, though we are at liberty to find refuge in the lesson of the Old Testament that a nation is saved not by the typical inhabitant, but by the remnant of men and women who are as much above the average as the criminal class is below it. But don't let any of us be conceited enough to think that because we are hopelessly out of sympathy with the ideas and habits of the average man or woman, we therefore belong to that remnant; the explanation may be a very different one and in no way flattering to ourselves. For instance, in this matter of the Transvaal which is agitating all of us, my own sympathies are absolutely opposed to those of the average man because my idea of what human life should be is approached more closely by the Boer than it is by the Johannesburg capitalist or Outlander. That is, of course, to confess that I am deficient in the qualities which we are told have made this country great, and have enabled us to appropriate for our own use some of the fairest corners of the world. In fact, in the popular sense of the word I suppose I am not really an Englishman any more than a man born in France who opposes himself to the ideas of the average Frenchman on the Dreyfus case, or the Army Question, can be considered a Frenchman. Now it is not my purpose at all to give a political lecture, much less to talk on so burning a question as that of "The Transvaal." One of my friends who has just made arrangements to give up French plums and French beans as a protest against the conduct of Frenchmen whose patriotism may be summed up in the formula "Whatever France does is right," has threatened that if I publish my views on the South African Question in the Magazine he will extend the boycott, which is now limited entirely to things French, to this publication. "You are no Englishman," he says. "A man should support his country against her enemies. He should never foul the nest." And almost in the same breath he proceeds to praise up to my face Zola, Picquart, Labori, and Demange, who in the eyes of the average Frenchman are fouling the French nest and making France appear contemptible in the eyes of the world. No doubt it is a grave defect in my own constitution, but I cannot understand the lines on which my friend's mind works.

Three men out of four that I meet have during this hot summer been repeatedly expressing pious wishes to me that they hope this time we shall give the Boers a good hiding. And to listen to the talk of these men one would imagine that they had not had a day's peace of mind since the defeat of Majuba Hill. Their attention, it

is true, was a little diverted by "*L'Affaire Dreyfus*," and the first thought that came into their minds, viz., "Let us boycott the Exhibition," was worthy of the members of a nation of shop-keepers. But all the time their bosoms were swelling with the consciousness of the superiority of English ideas of justice to those enjoyed by the French, and they go on hoping that Majuba Hill may be avenged, while they denounce the party of "the revenge" in France as un-Christian and inhuman.

When considering where I should spend my holiday this year, I felt that it would be a rest for mind and body if I could find some place where the point of view of the average Englishman would not



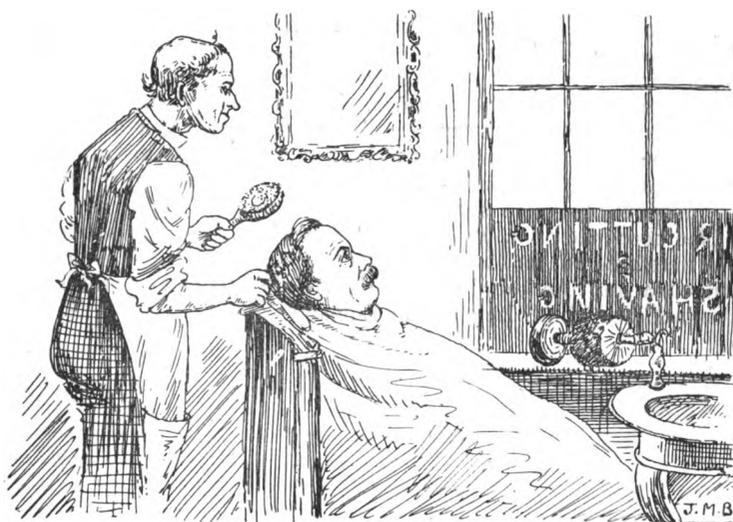
A STREET SCENE, KILKEE, CO. CLARE.

trouble me, and where I could forget for a few weeks that "expansion" and "the extension of the franchise to the outlander" were at present the White Man's Burden in England. I selected a little district on the West Coast of Ireland, which is sufficiently removed from Anglo-Saxon influences to be interesting, and which by its position, facing the Atlantic, is health giving and mind inspiring. In one place where we stayed a week Angelina and I were the only English visitors, and this is a condition of things scarcely to be found, in these days of co-operative travel, in any European country except Ireland. We met an English girl one day in a train, and she said she should be so glad to get back to her own country to hear the news and see a newspaper. And she added, pointing to the *Freeman's Journal*, which I was reading, "I know there are those things in this country, but I can't read them. I

don't know where to find their news, and they don't have anything that English people care to read about. They are like Bradshaw to me. Now I like the *Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail*." The English girl was quite right: the Irish people do not look at things in a way that interests the Anglo-Saxon, and a tour through the Western and more Celtic portions of the island is to all intents and purposes, so far as the Englishman is concerned, a foreign tour. That should be its charm to those whose ambition is to obtain an international rather than a provincial point of view, and I confess that culture seems to me of little value unless it assists us to do this. How difficult it is to achieve no one knows better than I do. For example, there is Angelina, who has resided some years in London, and who has had the benefit of an extensive acquaintance among average Englishmen and average Englishwomen, yet she cannot forget that she was born in Edinburgh. We were thrown much into the society of a young lady in Ireland, who appeared to me a fairly interesting and attractive person, but I had great difficulty in inducing Angelina to be even civil to her, and all because, as my narrow-minded partner said, "the young woman came from Glasgow." At another place there was a Scotchman who was most kind to us, he helped us in numberless little ways and entertained us with his brilliant conversation. One day Angelina came to me with a woe-begone face, expressive of deep disillusionment and disappointment, "Isn't it dreadful?" she said, "I've found out that he comes from Paisley." And then she went into a temper with me because I said I didn't understand what she meant. She accused me of having "imperfect sympathies."

I do not mean at all to imply that the Irish have this detached view of things which I desire to obtain. In their way they are no doubt as provincial and as self-centred as the rest of us. For my present purpose it is sufficient that they have no sympathy with the Anglo-Saxon's pride of empire, which savours so of vulgarity, and they are less dependent for their enjoyment of life on the treasure which moth and rust do corrupt. Fourteen years ago I visited the same district, and as far as physical comfort and well-being are concerned there is an immense change for the better. During the long evenings I used to sit on a garden seat facing a village street in company with a Catholic priest and a Wesleyan mission woman. We all three became great friends, and our one bond of sympathy was a belief in human nature and its infinite capacity for advancement. The Catholic priest said with some wisdom, "It is true that owing to Mr. Gladstone's Land Acts the rents have been lowered all along the line, and the people can live with a margin of comfort, but that is not all; we are improving because we are being left alone by you Anglo-Saxons, who never understood us." I said that it was the impression of a great many people in England that it was the firm government of Lord Salisbury which was keeping Ireland quiet. He laughed, and pointed out to me a scene in the street where two men were starting a sparring match, preliminary to what looked like a serious fight. Two of the spectators were members of the Royal

Irish Constabulary, who made no effort to interfere. "They know better," said the priest, "the row will be over much sooner and be restricted to a much smaller area if they let the men have their quarrel out. They represent the firm government of Lord Salisbury, and you in England are learning that their action is the wisest policy." This digression leads me to say that the men of the Royal Irish Constabulary walk about in neat uniforms and with every appearance of power, but that the real police of Ireland are the Catholic clergy. You can't mix with the people without becoming conscious of the fact that the fear of God, or if you like, the fear of Holy Church, is a more potent influence among them for good than the fear of the constabulary. There is scarcely any crime, as we



"Nae doot, nae doot, it's against London being sae faur sooth."

understand it, on the West Coast, and while we praise the Government for doing nothing and so partly securing this result, let us not forget to praise the Catholic clergy who minister so well to their people. It is evident that both clergy and people have imperfect sympathies, but of Ireland as a whole we can say, *E pur si muove*.

Scotland is also a land of "imperfect sympathies," but of a quite different kind to those of Ireland. When the Irishman says with humility, "God save poor Ould Oireland," the Scotchman says "God save Ireland and England, but as far as Scotland is concerned she is saved already." I was in Edinburgh a few days at the end of my holiday and I had occasion to visit three days in succession a barber's shop. Now a barber in Edinburgh conducts his business in perfect silence, differing in this particular from his Irish and

English brother, and a hair-dressing or shaving saloon in Scotland is as silent as the reading room of a free library. Still, occasionally the silence is broken, and on my third visit the Scottish barber, I suppose, thought that I might fairly be spoken to; it was time to make my acquaintance. It is a common saying, we know, that the Scotch are so nice when you once get to know them, but at first they are suspicious of strangers. Well, the Scotchman had shaved me thrice, and I had paid him good money, it was his duty to speak to me. "And what do ye think of Edinburgh?" was the way he broke the three days' silence. My pent-up utterance gave expression to a most glowing appreciation of the beautiful city, and though in my heart of hearts I was dying to get back to London I told the man I envied his lot as a resident of Edinburgh, and what disadvantages we experienced in London compared with his city. Good taste, I think, prompts a man always to praise the particular town he is in to the citizens of that town. Usually, at least that is my experience, the citizens disown the compliment and reply as the Irish girls do when you say nice things to them, "Get along wi ye, ye flatter me." But the Scottish barber honestly felt his superiority, and he sincerely sympathised with me and appreciated the truth of my outpourings. He summed up the situation gravely as follows: "Nae doot, nae doot, it's against London being sae faur sooth."

Therefore, so far as "Imperfect Sympathies" go, what with Angelina and the Edinburgh barber, I am inclined to think that Scotland beats both Ireland and England hollow. E. B.

St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

Imperial Penny Postage.

WITH the accession of the Cape Colony to the Penny Postage scheme on the 1st September, it becomes possible to send a half ounce letter for a penny from almost any place to any other place in the British Empire, excepting the Colonies of Australia, New Zealand and Rhodesia. That the Australian Colonies are still obdurate in their opposition may be inferred from a portion of a leading article in the *Melbourne Age*.—

“The man who would grumble at paying $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. to have his letter carried 14,000 miles and delivered for him at an address at the other end of the world, must be a born sweater.”

The Cape Colony would have come into the scheme earlier, had it not been that its mail contracts expire next year, and the Colonial Government wanted to know what it would have to pay under new contracts for the conveyance of its mails to and from this country. Mr. Somerset French, C.M.G., the Postmaster-General of the Colony, came over to England recently, and after considerable negotiation arrived at an arrangement with the Castle and Union Companies, under which they will continue to carry the mails, but at a higher speed and for a higher subsidy.

It is interesting to note that Germany has followed the lead of Great Britain in this matter and established a 10 pfennig ($1\frac{1}{4}$ d.) post for half-ounce letters to and from the German Protectorates in Africa, China and New Guinea. She has even gone one better by reducing the charge for letters weighing between half an ounce and half a pound to 20 pfennig ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.), for postcards to 5 pfennig (rather more than $\frac{1}{2}$ d.), for book packets not weighing more than 50 grammes ($1\frac{3}{4}$ ozs.) to 3 pfennig (rather less than $\frac{1}{2}$ d.), and for samples not weighing more than 250 grammes ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) to 10 pfennig ($1\frac{1}{4}$ d.).

Parcel Post with the United States.

FOR the last 14 years the British Post Office has been endeavouring to arrange a Parcel Post with the United States, but has never been able to induce the American Government to take up the matter seriously. When Sir Spencer Walpole and his colleagues were at Washington, they strongly urged the importance of a Parcel Post upon the then Head of the Post Office Department there, but apparently made no impression, and the opinion came to be accepted that the United States intended to have no Parcel Post dealings with any big European country.

But one day lately, there appeared an inconspicuous paragraph in the *Times*, stating that President McKinley and a representative of the German Government had signed at Washington a Parcel Post

Convention between Germany and the United States, to come into operation on the 1st of October. There was some gnashing of teeth at St. Martin's-le-Grand that the Germans should have got the start of us again; but there can be little doubt that, if the Americans will establish a Parcel Post with Germany, they will also with this country. Another example of the diplomatic inferiority of Great Britain in such matters was given in a paragraph which appeared in the *Standard* a day or two later:—

“Following upon the signature of the new Parcel Post Convention, the German Emperor has conveyed through Dr. Mumm von Schwartzstein, the German Ambassador, his high gratification and thanks for the co-operation of the United States. President McKinley responded, expressing to the Emperor his sincere appreciation of the Convention, and assuring his Majesty of his great satisfaction in adding another link to the chain of friendship and close commercial interests uniting the two countries.”

When Emperors take a hand in postal negotiations, they may be expected to win at any rate the first trick.

Shakespeare and the Post Office Savings Bank.

A TABLET recalling the Shakespearian associations of the new Post Office Savings Bank which runs back from Queen Victoria Street to Carter Lane is about to be erected. The tablet will bear the following inscription:—

Upon this site formerly stood the Bell, Carter Lane, from whence Richard Quiney wrote the letter to William Shakespeare, dated the 25 October, 1598. This is the only letter extant addressed to Shakespeare, and the original is preserved in the museum at his birthplace, Stratford-upon-Avon. This tablet was placed upon the present building by leave of the Postmaster-General, 1899.

The erection of the tablet is due to the efforts of Mr. Joseph Newbon, of Doctors' Commons. Our readers may be interested to see a copy of the letter. It runs thus:—

Loving Countryman,—I am bold of you as of a friend craving your help with £30; upon Mr. Bushell's and my security or Mr. Mytins with me. Mr. Rosswell is not come to London as yet, and I have special cause. You shall friend me much in helping me out of all the debts I owe in London, I thank God, and much quiet my mind which would not be indebted. I am now towards the Court in hope of answer for the despatch of my business. Ycu shall neither lose credit nor money by me, the Lord willing, and now but persuade yourself so, as I hope, and you shall not need to fear, but with all hearty thankfulness, I will hold my time and content your friend, and if we bargain further you shall be the paymaster yourself. My time bids me hasten to an end, and so I commit this to your care and hope of your help. I fear I shall not be back this night from the Court. Haste. The Lord be with you, and with us all, amen. From the Bell, in Carter

Lane, the 25th of October, 1598.—Yours in all kindness, Richard Quiney (Address). To my loving good Friend and Countryman, Mr. William Shakespeare, deliver these.

We have taken the above from *Literature*, but we think the readers of our contemporary would have been still more interested if side by side with this letter of the sixteenth century, a specimen letter of the nineteenth century written from the same site had also been published. They could then have judged whether the art of letter writing has really deteriorated, and whether the clerks who now occupy the site of "The Bell in Carter Lane" are worthy of their position. This is the kind of letter for instance *they* would have written in reply to the above:—

Sir,—With reference to your application of the 25th inst., I beg to inform you that I am advised that your claim appears to be of such a nature that the Department would not be justified in allowing it out of the deposits. If, however, you will forward any bills or vouchers which may be in your possession, and will furnish replies to the questions on the accompanying form stating at the same time whether there are any existing funds available for the purpose of defraying the expenses you have incurred, the matter shall again be considered. Perhaps you will also be good enough to furnish the name and address of some responsible person, being a householder, who will execute a bond indemnifying the Department in the event of any portion of the money being paid to you.

A handbill showing the "Advantages to Depositors" is enclosed.

Adverting to your request that "haste" may be observed, I have to inform you that so soon as the above instructions are complied with the matter shall receive immediate attention.

As regards your references to Divine interposition, the Department is advised that the matter is one that does not come within its province to deal with. It may, however, be pointed out that the Registrar-General of Friendly Societies is empowered by Act of Parliament to decide any question involving dispute. His address is 28, Abingdon Street, S.W., and any application to him should be made in writing.

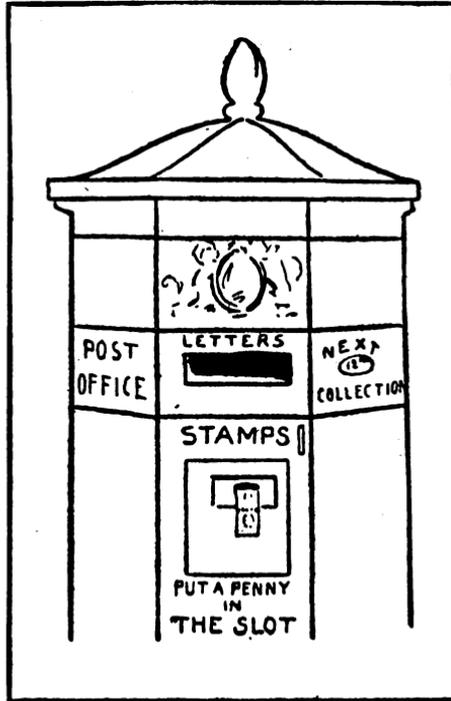
I am, your obedient servant,
&c., &c.

Richard Quiney, Esq.

"A Suggestion for the G.P.O."

"WE present the Post Office with this suggestion for conferring on the public a great boon. Everybody has at some time or other been in urgent need of a postage stamp at a time when it is impossible to buy one, and as post offices as a rule close early in the evening, it would be an immense advantage to the community if stamps could be obtained at every pillar box through the penny-in-the-slot arrangement. The idea is very simple, and could be carried out at a trifling cost."

So says the *Morning Herald* of the 22nd July. We should like to ask our ingenious contemporary whether it has given serious thought to the suggestion. Is it aware that hundreds of metallic discs and of base and foreign coins find their way into machines devoted to the sale of vanilla chocolate and cigarettes? Does it realize that stamps—which are money—would be sought after more eagerly than sweetmeats? Has it “in its mind’s eye” pictured the great army of the impecunious at work getting stamps “for nuffin’”? Does it consider that the Post Office should aid and abet crime?



We present the *Morning Herald* with this suggestion: Let one of its staff invent an automatic machine which shall be capable of resisting all the wiles of all ingenious rascals, and which, whilst accepting honest pennies, shall infallibly reject the base and the counterfeit. This done, its own suggestion, at present worthless, will no doubt be favourably considered.

A Telephonic Misunderstanding.

“Are you there?”

“Yes.”

“Who are you, please?”

“Watt.”

"What's your name, please?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes; what is your name?"

"I say my name is Watt."

"Oh, well, I'm coming round to see you this afternoon."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No, I'm Knott."

"Who are you then, please?"

"I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name, please?"

"I'm Will Knott."

"Why won't you?"

"I say my name is William Knott."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"Then you'll be in this afternoon if I come round, Watt?"

"Certainly, Knott."

They were then "wrung off" by the exchange, and now what Knott wants to know is whether Watt will be in or not.—*Queensland Electric Telegraph Gazette.*

The Postmaster and the Levellers.

[The following extracts are taken from *The History of Banbury* by Alfred Beesley, 1841, pp. 439, 441, which a correspondent has kindly brought under our notice.—*Ed.*]

THURSDAY, May 10th, 1649. 'Letters from Oxford, that one Cap. Smith's troop, being that county troop, and one of the great Levellers thereabouts, divers of the troop met at Banbury, and there they posted up their Declaration, containing these 4 heads: First, they declare against the present Parliament, and their proceedings. And Secondly, against the Councill of State. Thirdly, against the generall Councill of the Army. Fourthly, against the proceedings of the late High Court of Justice. This Captain Smith had received order from the L. Generall for his present disbanding of such Troopers as were active and had a hand in this Declaration and other papers, and to retain and encourage all such as are true to their trust, and to the present Government. The principall Ringleader of this party is one Mr. Thompson, formerly condemned by a Councill of War, but through the compassion of the L. Generall was spared, his number is conceived to be few lesse than 200, and in his march up and down he daily gains more to him. On Wednesday last he came to Coventry, where he found resistance, and the gates shut against him. Finding no entrance there he marched to Tossiter, where coming in, in the night late, he seized upon Cap. Farmer the Postmaster there, who, after they had carried him as a prisoner up and down with them, they were content to release him upon his paroll, to come up to London to the Councill of State to procure the release of three of their brethren who were taken posting up of their papers about Banbury; if he

could not procure this, he was to return as their prisoner to Banbury.'

* * * * *

"One of the periodicals of the day gives the following account, dated Friday, May 11th:—'The House this day took into debate the business concerning Mr. Thompson, and those that adhere unto him (called Levellers) and that the nation might take notice of their judgments therein. They ordered and declared that the said Mr. Thompson, and all that do or shall adhere unto him, and all others that bear or shall bear arms without authority of Parliament, are Rebels and Traytors; and, that no man might plead ignorance herein, they ordered that a Proclamation should be forthwith drawn to this purpose, and that it should be proclaimed throughout all the Nation.' Instructions were forwarded to the Lord General, and prompt measures were taken for the security of London. The House further ordered the Postmaster of Towcester 'that he should not deliver himself up to Thompson, notwithstanding his paroll given unto him.'"

A Petition to Himself.

AUSTRALIAN papers are responsible for the following:—
 "Mr. Duffy, Postmaster-General of Victoria, recently had an experience in regard to the signing of petitions which has proved valuable. Touring with his deputy in the Ballarat district, he stopped at a wayside inn in a remote corner of the bush for rest and refreshment. A resident of the place walked in and asked 'if the gentleman had any objection to signing a petition.' 'What is it for?' asked the Postmaster-General. 'Oh, it's just a little local thing,' explained the resident; 'just put your name at the bottom here.' Mr. Duffy took hold of the paper, and was as much amused as surprised to find that it was addressed to himself, and 'humbly prayed, in the interests of a large and rapidly-growing population, that the Minister would extend the mail service.' 'I'm not a resident of the district,' said Mr. Duffy. 'Oh, that doesn't matter at all,' observed the man, as he apparently pitied the other's innocence. 'All you want to make a petition go is to crowd on a host of names. The Minister doesn't bother about whose they are, and even if he had a suspicion, he is probably too easy-going to trouble himself.' 'Is there a big population,' asked the Deputy Postmaster-General, 'to where you want the service extended?' 'Oh, no,' was the candid answer; 'there's only a couple of us living there, but we might as well have a shot at a petition. They all do the same.' Mr. Duffy did not sign the petition, and he did not cause a sensation by dramatically declaring his identity; but he refused to extend the mail service, notwithstanding that the petition in favour was 'most extensively and numerously signed.'"

British Central Africa.

WE observe in the first issue of the British Central African Postal Guide, which is printed and published by native Africans at the Blantyre Mission Press, a notice of a very interesting postal service, under the heading of

POSTING OF LETTERS IN MAIL CARRIERS' LETTER BOXES.

1. In districts where there is a considerable population residing on or near the mail routes, the mailmen are equipped with light metal boxes having a suitable aperture in the top, to permit of the posting of letters.

2. Persons desiring to post correspondence by this means must meet the mailman in the roadway at some point on his journey.

3. The aggregate weight of letters, &c., posted by any one person, or from any house, estate, or mission must not exceed 8 oz.

4. Neither parcels nor registered letters can be posted in these boxes.

5. The boxes may not be used for the purpose of posting letters in townships (except where an organised collection of letters may be made) or in the vicinity of a Post Office.

6. If the mailmen are detained or taken from their route, or if the boxes are used in any way contrary to the regulations, their employment will be discontinued on the particular route upon which this occurs.



Our artist has endeavoured to put into form his idea of the practical working of the service.

Post Office Cricket in 1862.

THE following scores are reprinted from an old newspaper. We think the personal interest attached to some of the players is not yet exhausted:—

SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT v. THE MAIL OFFICE OF THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

This match was played at the Catford Bridge Ground, on Saturday, August 9, and, as will be seen from the annexed score, resulted in favour of the Secretary's Department by 52 runs. Score:—

SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT.

1st inn.		2nd inn.	
Gould b Roberts	3	b Elphick... ..	1
Ash c Watson b Elphick... ..	39	c and b Elphick	0
Smyth b Roberts	3	run out	6
Guinness b Watson	11	st Forman b Elphick	5
Pickering b Watson	0	b Watson	1
Maclean b Roberts	0	c Watson b Elphick	4
Gillum c Watson b Roberts	9	hit wkt, b Elphick	0
Duffin c Watson b Roberts	3	c and b Elphick	1
Bond c and b Elphick	0	c and b Elphick	8
Home b Elphick	0	not out	0
Galton not out	2	c Forman b Elphick	5
B 4, w 5	9	B 6, w 1	7
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total	79	Total	38

MAIL OFFICE.

1st inn.		2nd inn.	
Adams b Guinness	1	run out	0
Kerswell b Ash	0	b Ash	0
West b Ash	0	c Ash b Guinness	1
Elphick c Smyth b Guinness	11	c Ash b Guinness	0
Roberts b Guinness	0	b Ash	0
Watson c Bond b Ash	7	b Guinness	5
Forman c Gould b Ash	6	b Ash	2
Wooton c Gould b Guinness	0	run out	8
Page c and b Guinness	0	not out	2
Rushton b Guinness	0	c Smyth b Ash... ..	0
Duke not out	0	b Ash	0
B 5, w 3	8	B 9, w 5	14
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total	33	Total	32

GENERAL POST OFFICE.—THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE v. THE MONEY ORDER OFFICE.

The return match between these two elevens was played at Catford Bridge, on Saturday, September 13, and ended in another

victory to the Secretary's Office, who, at the conclusion of the game, had nine wickets to go down. Score :—

SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

1st inn.		2nd inn.	
Cooke b Elliman	5		
Joyce b Elliman	0		
Smyth c Eicke b Bulmer... ..	2		
Ash b Bulmer	1	not out	17
Guinness b Elliman	4		
Pickering b Bulmer	7	b Bulmer	7
Chambré b Bulmer	1		
Hill l b w, b Elliman	2		
Bond not out	3	not out	12
Whicher b Elliman	0		
Maclean b Elliman	5		
W 3, b 7	10	W 3, b 6, l b 2	11
	<hr/>		<hr/>
Total	40	Total	47

MONEY ORDER OFFICE.

1st inn		2nd inn.	
Elliman b Ash	3	c Guinness b Ash	5
Davis c Chambré b Ash	0	c Guinness b Ash	7
Eicke b Guinness	1	b Guinness	0
Wight b Guinness	0	b Ash	1
Bulmer l b w, b Guinness	0	c Bond b Guinness... ..	19
Andrews st Cooke b Guinness... ..	4	st Cooke b Guinness	1
Davies b Ash	2	b Ash	4
Cooper b Ash	0	c Guinness b Ash	2
Perring c Smyth b Guinness	0	run out	7
Hook not out	1	not out	3
Eyton b Ash	0	c Ash b Cooke	0
B 10, l b 2	12	W 6, b 1, l b 1	8
	<hr/>		<hr/>
Total	29	Total	57

Ask a Postmaster.

THIS is the latest thing under the above heading. Mr. Hegarty, Postmaster of Aberdeen, has received the following communication from a London address :—

“Sir, I shall be much obliged if you will be so kind as to give me the address of a reliable place where I can get freshly picked Scotch cranberries at a reasonable price. When I stayed at _____ a year ago I got them from the women who went round at 2d. a pound, but the grocers charged more and do not like to send them out of the town. The visitors want all they can procure. I would like to have six pounds sent to the above address and six pounds sent to Miss F_____, Surrey, England. I think parcel post is the best

way to send them, and if the cost for the 12 pounds is sent to me I should at once forward a post office order for the amount.

Yours faithfully,

J. M——."

Mr. Hegarty, in forwarding the letter for our inspection, says: "If I sold Scotch cranberries I should refuse to part with an ounce under 1s. per lb."

Bristol and its Postmasters.

THE office of Postmaster of Bristol from 1827 till 1832 was held by Mr. John Gardiner, who was born the 15th October, 1777. It is believed that he obtained his appointment in a great measure through friendship with Sir Francis Freeling (Secretary to



JOHN GARDINER.

of the Post Office 1798-1831). Mr. Gardiner had to bear the brunt of the Bristol Riots (1831) insomuch as they affected the Post Office administration of the City. In order to save the mails and the belongings which were portable, he set off with them in a coach and four for Bath Post Office. He safely got through the mob and reached Bath, where the Bristol Post Office business was carried until the riots had been quelled. Mr. Gardiner, in addition to being Postmaster, was also an exporter of woollen and Manchester goods, chiefly to the West Indies, until the slave trade was abolished. He then traded with Newfoundland. During his Postmastership the Post Office was located at the corner of Exchange Buildings. He was High Sheriff of the City in the year 1820, residing at that time in Berkeley Square. Later, however, when Postmaster, he was enabled to live quietly at the Old Manor House, Easton-in-Gordano, about five miles distant from the City. He was buried at St. Peter's Church, Bristol.

Mr. Thomas Todd Walton, Senior, was Postmaster of Bristol from the 21st February, 1832, to the 23rd May, 1842.

Mr. Anthony Todd, the Secretary of the Post Office, 1762-5 and 1768-98, seems to have been attracted to Todd Walton, of Cheshunt, Herts, either by relationship, or from his name, and took him in hand. Born in 1772 he entered the Post Office service in 1786 (14 years old). He had a long spell of service, having been employed in the Post Office 56 years: 46 years in the Foreign Post Office, 30 of which he was Senior President; the remainder of his official career having been spent at Bristol. He was five times selected for foreign missions which compelled his residence in Holland, Sweden, Spain, and Portugal, during the most disturbed state of those countries.



THOMAS TODD WALTON, SENR.



THOMAS TODD WALTON, JUNR.

Mr. Walton is described as having been a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time, who wore hair powder, blue coat with gilt buttons, and shoes and gaiters; one who used to express his meaning distinctly, and mean what he said, too. He used to visit the Bristol Post Office after his retirement especially to have a morning glass of water from the old well on the premises.

On Mr. Walton's retirement and in view of his services Lord Viscount Lowther, the Postmaster-General of the day, conferred the appointment upon his son Thomas Todd Walton, who had been employed as Chief Clerk in the Bristol Post Office 10 years. Mr. Todd Walton, it seems, was properly initiated into the mysteries of the Post Office art by his father, who decreed that he should commence at the bottom rung of the ladder and work his way up thence, so that young Todd Walton was in his day to be found at

mail-bag opening, letter sorting, and other routine work of the kind, which will account for the thorough knowledge of his business which he is said to have possessed when called upon to take the reins of office handed over to him by his popular parent. In Mr. Todd Walton's days there were only 10 clerks employed, but yet it is said his energies were taxed to the utmost in carrying out the Post Office business, and on reaching home at night at 6 or 7 o'clock he was frequently jaded and worn out. Mr. Walton retired from the Post in 1871. His death occurred at the Clifton Down Hotel on the morning of Christmas Day, 1885. He was in the act of dressing to attend the early morning service at All Saints' Church when he fell



EDWARD BIDDLE.

in a fit of apoplexy, from which he did not rally. In the centre of the Church Garden at All Saints', Clifton, stands a cross which Mrs. Walton erected in 1888 to the memory of her husband. It was designed by Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A. It is of granite, and stands on three steps. In the centre of the shaft is a figure of the Good Shepherd, and at the top are four sculptures, beautifully executed, of the Annunciation, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension. Over these rises a crocketed Finial, and the whole is surmounted by a Cross. At the base are inscribed the words "In loving memory of Thomas Todd Walton, some time Churchwarden of the Church of All Saints', and a most generous benefactor to that Church."

A notable man on the Thornbury side of Bristol in his day was Edward Biddle, whose portrait in this magazine was taken

from a painting by John Manning of Bristol. Mr. Biddle was Sub-Postmaster of Rudgeway for over "a farty year" and occupied the post until his death in 1889 at the ripe age of 91 years, when he was succeeded by his daughter and she later by her brother William Biddle, who still holds the appointment. Prior to becoming Sub-Postmaster Mr. Edward Biddle was "pike" keeper at Stone, and used to pay £752 per annum for his post. There he had to open his gate to no fewer than 13 ordinary and 7 mail coaches daily on their way between Bristol and Gloucester. At Rudgeway he carried on the joint occupation of Sub-Postmaster and innkeeper at a tavern where the Post Office business had been carried on for many years before he succeeded to it, but the innkeeping business had in course of time to be given up under Post Office regulations.

R.C.T.

Mr. A. H. Bateman.

THE Savings Bank Department, which a year ago lost by death a Sub-Controller in the person of Mr. C. E. Leal, has lost in the same way and at the same time of year Mr. A. H. Bateman, one of the two Assistant Controllers. The circumstances attending the deaths of these two men were, however, different. Mr. Leal had been more or less an invalid for several years, and died after a long illness, but until seized with a severe attack of peritonitis last June, good health had always been Mr. Bateman's boast, and it is to be feared that it was his over-confidence in his constitution which brought about the second and fatal attack. It is, of course, easy to be wise after the event, but there is little doubt that he returned to work too soon after his first attack, and resumed his usual habits and pastimes before he had regained his strength. There is a golden rule in matters of health which applies especially to middle-aged men. The moment we either work or play with an effort or with the feeling that it is a strain, we are disregarding nature's danger signal. We don't believe much in the wisdom of the men whose boast is that they never take an odd day's sick leave. We believe, on the contrary, though we rarely take it ourselves, that the odd day has often prevented a bad illness and frequently saved a life. It is "the stitch in time."

Mr. Bateman, who was in his 53rd year, entered the Department in 1864; he was appointed to the old general body in January, 1867; he was made a Principal Clerk in 1881, Chief Clerk of Correspondence in 1891, Sub-Controller in 1892, and Assistant Controller in 1895. As a director of the Post Office Clerks' New Permanent Building Society and of the Civil Service Share Purchase Society, he showed that he possessed business capacities of a high order.

He worked hard and incessantly: his self-control never failed him: he knew thoroughly the work of the Department, and he had an extremely pleasant and courteous manner. Men have often speculated what might have been the history of the Savings Bank had not Mr. C. H. Davey died, or had not Mr. J. A. J. Housden

been regarded by the authorities as incapacitated from advancement by reason of his deafness. That in such circumstances Mr. Bateman's abilities would have brought him to the front is highly probable, but he would have been the first to admit that he owed much to the falling out of the race of the two brilliant men we have mentioned.

At one time Mr. Bateman could not be said to be a popular man. Perhaps it is to his credit that he never showed any desire in those days to earn the favour of his juniors; he was certainly looked upon as a man who had little sympathy with the ambitions of those below him in rank. But before he died he had lived down most of



From a photograph by J. W. Asken, S.B.D., G.P.O.

MR A. H. BATEMAN.

the suspicion with which he was formerly regarded, and from every point of view he abundantly justified his advancement. And he was always kindly and courteous, eager to help you if he could do so, and the sound common sense that he brought to bear on the problems which came before him made it easy and pleasant to work with him. There is an amusing story told of one Principal Clerk who had a great veneration for Mr. Bateman's abilities, and who, after the daily interview with his hero, used to pass round his branch little slips of paper with Mr. Bateman's *obiter dicta* on things in general and official work in particular. The slips always began, "Mr. Bateman says," &c. All the slips found their home in an official locker, which a wag cruelly labelled one day, to the grief of the Principal Clerk, "The Sayings of Mr. Bateman."

The tragedy of his death came as a great shock to all his colleagues. Everybody's heart went out to his family in this sudden calling away of a man of distinction and promise, and a letter signed by over 500 of his colleagues expressing their regret for him was sent to Mrs. Bateman. A large and representative number of men from the Savings Bank and other departments attended the funeral.

Mr. R. C. Day.

THE retirement from the service of Mr. Day, Chief Clerk and Inspector of Mails in Dublin, should be a cause of special regret on the part of our readers. Wild horses will not drag from us the *nom-de-plume* over which his bright and witty verses were written; we can only say that the ill-health which pursued him and at last brought about his retirement has made him a stranger to these pages for a long time past, and it is in far away back numbers that he did his good work. He was educated at Winchester, where he obtained a scholarship as well as medals for English and Latin verse. In 1871 he was elected scholar of New College, Oxford, and in 1874 he was placed First Class in Classical Mods. In 1877 he entered the Civil Service by open competition, and was for some years attached to the Telegraph Branch of the Secretary's Office, being in charge of the Press Section in 1892, the year he was appointed to Dublin. In Ireland, to quote Matthew Arnold's verdict on Gray, "He never spoke out." Like the poet, too, "he had the equipment and endowment" for a great career. And with Gray he could say to us, who are sorry he has been short of performance, "Indeed, I have one excuse; my health (which you have so kindly enquired after) is not extraordinary. It is no great malady, but several little ones, that seem brewing no good to me." Our best wishes go with him.

Mr. J. G. Uren.

MR. J. G. UREN, who has retired from the Service under the age limit, is one of the oldest supporters and most valued contributors to *St. Martin's-le-Grand*. To tell the story of his life would be but to repeat what he has himself told us in the delightful reminiscences he has from time to time published in our columns. He has been in the Post Office service for the almost unprecedented period of fifty-one years, and is the only official alive who remembers the change from sailing vessels to steam for the conveyance of sea-borne mails. As Postmaster of Penzance, a position he held for a great number of years, he saw many changes in the West of England, and he was known in all parts of the West Country for the fearlessness and energy which he put into the performance of his official duties. He has always taken an active part in movements which lie outside the routine of official life, and whether as President of the Penzance Institute or as a Councillor on the Boards of the Natural History Society and the Public Library, he displayed intellectual gifts which were not limited in their application to postal matters. He also served on the Harbour of Refuge Committee.

Late in his official career, when he himself could hardly hope to benefit by the success of the movement, he was Chairman of the Head Postmasters' Association and gave evidence in that capacity before the Tweedmouth Commission. Our readers may often have noticed a touch of bitterness in many of Mr. Uren's reminiscences, when he has called up before his mind the many men who began official life with him and who have long since out-distanced him in the race. And knowing Mr. Uren's great abilities as we do, it seems hard on the face of it that he should have been treated in this way. But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong even in official matters; there are wheels within wheels where patronage is concerned of which the poor subordinate sometimes scarcely dreams, and Mr. Uren may console himself with the reflection that at any rate he has fought a good fight. Speaking for ourselves, we have always found him the most faithful of friends and the most generous of contributors. When he was appointed Postmaster of Maidstone we hailed it as an opportunity to meet the man with whom we had so frequently corresponded. And we were not disappointed. If we gave a dinner we were sure of Mr. Uren's genial presence; if we needed help of any kind we knew we had only to apply to Maidstone. He has, we understand, returned to the West Country to spend the evening of his days, and we wish him health and happiness. We may add that this is only an official good-bye: for *St. Martin's-le-Grand* in its literary capacity recognises no distinction between the retired officer and the man in active service.

An excellent appreciation of Mr. Uren appears in the *Western Morning News* of August 1st, and this has been reproduced in *The Civilian* of the 12th August. A portrait of Mr. Uren appeared in Vol. II. of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.

Mr. John Lewis.

ON the 29th July last, Mr. John Lewis, who has retired from the position of Chief Clerk at the Birmingham Post Office, was presented with a marble time piece and two bronzes, a silver tea and coffee service, and a large electro-plated tray with a diamond ring for Mrs. Lewis. These gifts were subscribed for by 289 officers in the general and sub-offices of Birmingham, while the District Postmasters gave a gold chain with inscribed pendant. The Postmaster, Mr. Hetherington, made the presentation. Mr. Lewis has had forty-three years' service, and deserves thoroughly all the good words that have been said concerning him and the substantial tokens of good-will that have fallen to his lot. To the present writer, who has frequently met Mr. Lewis at the Benevolent Society's annual and biennial meetings, his official achievements are unknown. He can, however, well believe that Mr. Hetherington was not exaggerating when he said "that to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Dorrington were attributable in no small measure the efficiency which had been the pride of the Postal Service in Birmingham and the high tone which the staff had maintained." Our recollection of Mr. Lewis is of a

man always kindly and urbane, full of good humour and good fellowship, well-informed and with sympathies keenly developed towards all causes which make for progress. Those who have been delegates of the Northampton Society will understand us when we say that we feel for him something akin to affection, though the intervals between our meetings have been long and eventful. But then Mr. Lewis never alters. Our best wishes go with him in his retirement.

Mr. E. S. Adams.

MR. E. S. ADAMS retired from the position of Postmaster of Coventry on the 1st September. Mr. Adams succeeded Mr. Holmes as the head of the Coventry office six years ago, and he has been in the service of the Government for 42 years. He was first engaged in the Mail Office, G.P.O., London, in 1857, and in 1870 was transferred to the R. & A. G. From 1871 to 1892 he discharged the duties of Postmaster at Leamington. At the end of that period he was offered a similar position at Exeter, and in 1893 was appointed to Coventry. Mr. Adams' retirement is in accordance with the age-limit rule in operation. He has been the recipient of a present from the staff of the Post Office and sub-offices. Between 60 and 70 of the officers, including several sub-postmasters of the district, were present at the ceremony. Mr. Wilkins Smith, the chief clerk, made the presentation on behalf of the staff, the gift taking the form of a beautiful pair of entrée dishes, with a suitable inscription, setting forth the esteem and regard in which Mr. Adams has been held. Mr. Wilkins Smith, in making the presentation, remarked that during Mr. Adams' service in Coventry the staff had received a good many favours, and their status had been improved. Mr. Harris, assistant superintendent, and Mr. J. Holt, also spoke in eulogistic terms of Mr. Adams, who returned hearty thanks for the present. At the conclusion cheers were given for the retiring postmaster.

The new Postmaster-General of the Gold Coast.

MR. THOMAS DEACON, of the London Postal Service, who has recently been appointed Postmaster-General of the Gold Coast by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, was born in October, 1864, and entered the Service in July, 1884, as a Lower Division Clerk in the Savings Bank Department. After serving there for nearly nine years he succeeded in passing in a limited competition for clerkships in the London Postal Service, and was appointed to the Controller's Office as a third class clerk in May, 1893. He was attached to the Parcel Post Branch, where he rendered excellent service and gained experience which will doubtless stand him in good stead in his new sphere of labour.

He is a native of Devonshire, having been born at the village of Milton Abbot, near Tavistock, and appears to have inherited the adventurous spirit which has always characterized the men of that county who have contributed in no small measure to the building up

of the great British Colonial Empire. It was no wonder therefore that when the vacancy arose on the Gold Coast he should offer himself as a candidate for the appointment. The salary attaching to the post, £500 by £20 to £600 a year, with free furnished quarters and free medical attendance, six months' leave of absence after each period of twelve months' service, and free passage out and home on each occasion, was tempting, but from what we know of Mr. Deacon we believe that it was a spirit of adventure coupled with a sincere desire to serve his country abroad rather than the emoluments and advantages to be gained, which led him to apply for service on the Gold Coast and risk the well-known dangers of the climate.

An experienced officer was required for the post, capable of



MR. THOMAS DEACON.

undertaking the re-amalgamation of the Post and Telegraph Departments of the Gold Coast, which are at present separate, so that Mr. Deacon will have a good opportunity for distinguishing himself, and providing he can stand the unhealthy climate, it is believed that he will be quite equal to all that is required of him. He had been a member for some years of the Civil Service Rifle Corps, and his military training should come in useful in the Colony. He will have the advantage of serving under Sir Frederick Mitchell Hodgson, K.C.M.G., the present Governor of the Gold Coast, formerly of the Secretary's Office, G.P.O., and subsequently Postmaster-General of British Guiana.

It is not often that a third class clerk suddenly blossoms into a Postmaster-General, but such has been Mr. Deacon's experience, as he has cleared with a bound all the intervening steps of the official ladder—most of us, alas! find it difficult to mount up one—second and first class clerks, principal clerks, controllers, secretaries, and all

the rest of them, and in name at any rate now stands on the topmost round.

His quiet unassuming manner and courteous demeanour towards all with whom he came in contact have won him many friends both in private and official life, who manifested their feelings of regard for him in a very practical way on the eve of his departure from this country. He resided at Elstree, and his friends and neighbours there presented him with a valuable gold watch, whilst his brother officers in the London Postal Service gave him a handsome travelling clock in a pigskin case and a silver spirit flask as a parting token of their good feelings towards him. The latter presentation was made in the Controller's room at the General Post Office East on Tuesday, the 29th August, in the name of the subscribers, by Mr. R. Bruce, the Vice-Controller, who referred to the high esteem in which Mr. Deacon was held by his colleagues both as an official and a man, and expressed the feeling of regret with which they parted from him, and their best wishes for his success in the important post to which he had been appointed.

Mr. Deacon sailed from Liverpool by the Steamer "Biafra" on Saturday, the 2nd September, and by this time has no doubt reached the scene of his future labours and got into harness.

A Canadian Postal Servant.

MR. MATTHEW SWEETNAM, ex-Chief Post Office Inspector of Canada, was born on the 17th of October, 1831, in Toronto (then Little York) and was educated in that city. He entered, the Toronto Post Office on the 1st July, 1852, and soon afterwards became Assistant Postmaster. In June, 1857, he was promoted to the Inspectorship of the Kingston Division, which extended from Cobourg, eastward, to the boundary line between Upper and Lower Canada, and included the whole country to the northward. On the 1st July, 1870, he was transferred to the Inspectorship of the Toronto Postal Division, and on the 1st July, 1889, he was further promoted to the Chief Post Office Inspectorship of Canada, the highest position in the outside postal service. On the 1st January last, Mr. Sweetnam was placed on the retired list, after an honourable and faithful service extending over a period of forty-six and one-half years.

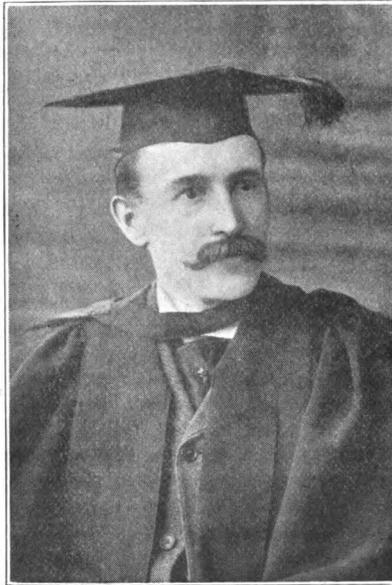
A few months before Mr. Sweetnam's appointment to the Toronto Post Office the Post Office affairs of Upper and Lower Canada had been handed over by the Government of Great Britain to that of Canada. He has, therefore, served under every one of the Canadian Postmasters-General. He has witnessed the opening up and gradual settlement of the rear Ottawa country, the Nipissing, Muskoka, and Parry Sound districts, and the region on the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior. He has travelled over every leading thoroughfare between Hamilton and the eastern province line, and has had an intimate acquaintance with the progress, the requirements of the public in the respect of postal service, and the business men of the country. As an able, careful, and fearless

organizer and superintendent of postal affairs, he was eminently qualified to render valuable service to his department, and to the public as well. He has had a large experience in preparing and keeping in good working condition everything pertaining to outside postal affairs, including the fitting up of the larger Post Office buildings and arranging their working details.

Mr. Sweetnam has been one of the best known Post Office officials in Canada, and few men have a better knowledge of every section of the Dominion between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Details of his career are to be found in the following works: *The Irishmen in Canada*, *The Canadian Biographical Dictionary*, and *Canadian Men and Women of the Time*.

Mr. R. Gill.

MR. GILL has been engaged for the last fifteen years at the Derby Post Office as a Sorting clerk. During this period he has devoted his leisure time to the study of Latin, Greek,



MR. R. GILL, B.A.

Mathematics, German, French, &c., and with such good result as to attain to the standard of the London University B.A., the final examination for which he passed in June, 1898. He has not however neglected official matters during his studies, for he has recently passed in (1) Theoretical and (2) Practical Telegraphy, thus qualifying for a treble increment. These are distinctions which any young man may well be proud of, and when we take into account the constant change of hours of duty which a sorting clerk experiences, it is especially creditable.

Mr. H. Heritage.

MR. HERITAGE, who has recently retired under the age limit, entered the service at Stratford-on-Avon in 1855, and after ten years in that place he went to Shrewsbury, where he was Stationery Clerk under Mr. Godby. From thence he went to Birmingham as Inspector of Postmen, and ultimately rose to be Chief Accountant and then Chief Superintendent, the position he held at the time of his retirement. He had the reputation of being one of the most even-tempered men in his office. Nobody ever saw him in a passion. He was an excellent man at figures, and in devising and making things. Mr. Lewin Hill found him very useful in ascertaining the specific gravity of sealing wax. His skill as a locksmith was simply astonishing. But for his kindly and honest disposition he would have made an excellent burglar, as there were few locks he could not pick. One of the incidents in his official career was to narrowly escape being shot by his own Postmaster, Mr. Walliker, who was one day examining an old office pistol in Mr. Heritage's room, and the pistol accidentally went off, missing Mr. Heritage only by a few inches.

Few men are so active at 60 as Mr. Heritage. He carries himself like a man of 30, and he attributes this largely to his temperate habits, his busy life, and last but not least his love of fun. It seems ridiculous to even mention "the evening of his day" to such a man. We confidently expect to hear that he has accepted a junior clerkship in some private enterprise, and has begun again. Our good wishes go with him wherever his lot is cast.



From a photograph by J. S. Hicks, S.B.D., G.P.O.

MR. MONTAGUE DEMMENT.

Bravery.

MR. MONTAGUE DEMMENT is an Assistant Clerk in the Savings Bank Department, and his colleagues recently presented him with a clock and a purse of gold in recognition of an act of bravery performed by him. He was passing over Chelsea

Bridge when he saw a man walk round the buttress, look into the water and then jump in deliberately. At the inquest Mr. Demment modestly told the Coroner that he gave the alarm but the man sank. Shortly after this evidence had been given the Coroner was informed that Mr. Demment, without divesting himself of a single bit of clothing, jumped off the bridge and made a determined effort to rescue the deceased, bringing him to the surface twice. Mr. Demment was then recalled by the Coroner, who said he was pleased to have the opportunity of complimenting him on what was undoubtedly a very plucky act. Mr. Demment ascribed his failure to save the man, who was an army reservist and had taken part in the Battle of Omdurman, to the fact that he had his boots on. It was high tide at the time and he was saved himself by means of a life buoy. He did not tell the Coroner what we believe is a fact that his first experience on shore was to be arrested by the police on the charge of attempting to drown himself. We are proud of Mr. Demment as much on account of his modesty as of his courage.

* * *



MR. A. W. BLATCHLEY.

AN Illuminated Testimonial on Vellum, together with a donation of five pounds, has been awarded by the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, to Mr. A. W. Blatchley, postman in the North Western District Office, London, in recognition of his brave conduct on the occasion of a fire at Hampstead on the 25th April last. It seems that Mr. Blatchley was just leaving his home in Willow Buildings, Hampstead, to proceed to his midnight duties, when he saw a woman rush out of a house which was on fire, calling for help. He ran up the steps leading to the house, broke a window with a stick to let some of the smoke out and entered the burning building. The woman's husband was on the premises and Mr. Blatchley went through the house searching for him, and found him at last lying under a table in an insensible condition overcome

by the flames. He dragged the man out in the open air. The Fire Brigade arrived shortly afterwards and extinguished the flames. Mr. Blatchley no doubt, as every brave Englishman would, regards his own conduct as part of the day's work, but it is the first thought at these times that reveals character, and without hesitation he risked his life on behalf of another. We are glad his conduct has been so suitably recognised.

Greenock.

WE congratulate Mr. Melsom, whose portrait appears on another page, on the opening of the new Post Office in the big and important town of which he is Postmaster. Most of us who have been in Scotland know Greenock, and have



GREENOCK POST OFFICE.

appreciated its unique position at the entrance to the Clyde, and we can well believe that the place deserves for its post office what has been described as "one of the finest and most commodious of its kind in Scotland." The usual banquet was held in honour of the opening. Sir Thomas Sutherland, M.P., member for Greenock, and Mr. H. L. Creswell, Secretary to the Post Office, Scotland, were the chief guests, and Provost Erskine presided.

Honiton.

PERHAPS an illustration of Honiton's Post Office and staff may interest some of the readers of *St. Martin's*. The building is not without interest, as it is one of the most ancient in the town, and has passed through many vicissitudes. At the end of the 17th century, when "Honiton" was one of the "cheife" post towns on the Western road, and when, as shown in the Dartmouth papers printed last year in this magazine, a Mr. Hall was Postmaster with a salary of £28 a year, and three mails from and to London weekly sufficed, the building was known as the Abbots' House. It was built in the 14th or 15th century by the Cistercian monks of Dunkerwell, whose abbey, the ruins of which may still be seen, stood about six miles north of the town. In later times, but before the advent of the railway, the Abbots' House was turned into the principal hotel and coaching-house for the London and Plymouth coaches, and was known as the "Golden Lion" Hotel. A portion of it was converted into a large hall for concerts, balls, etc. When steam drove the coaches from the road its glory departed, and after a time it was partitioned off into several tenements. For the last seventeen years the Post Office has occupied a small portion of the old house, which has now become so shaky that the Town Council has condemned it as unsafe. As may be seen from the illustration it has been shored up to prevent a total collapse.

Let us hope that before long the present building will be supplanted by a new one worthy of Honiton and of the Department!

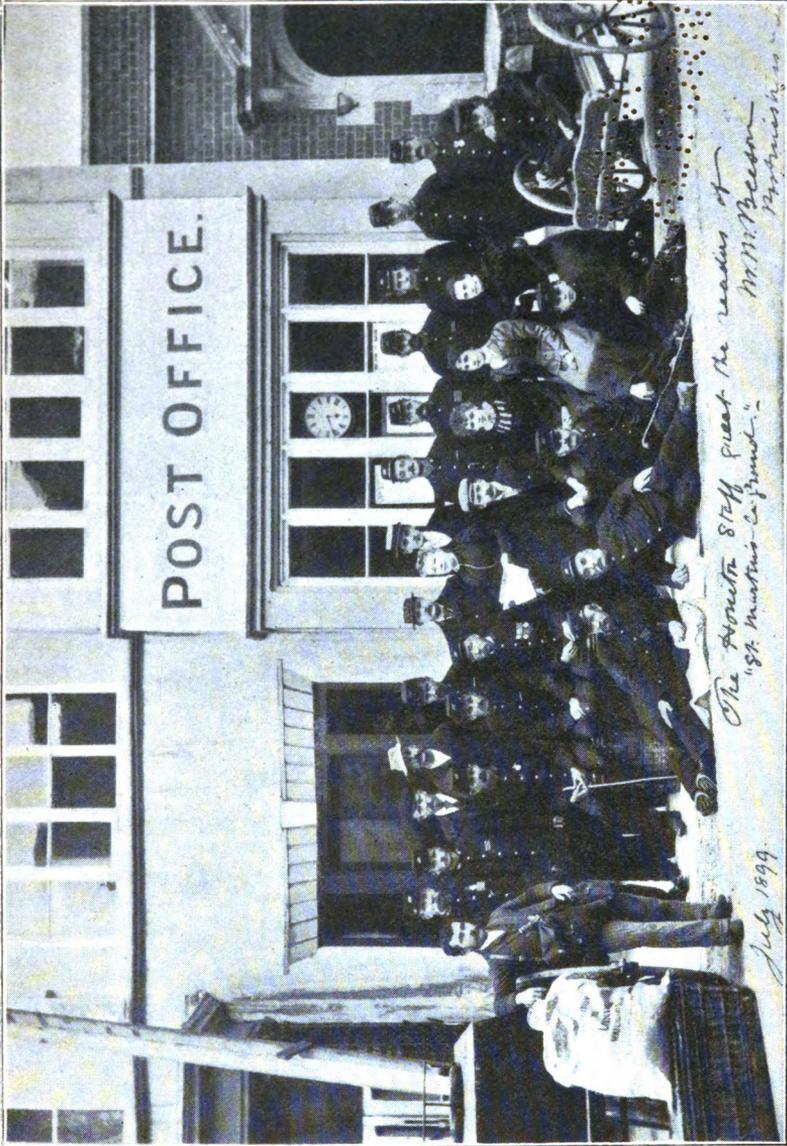
M. M. B.

The Oldham Post Office Benevolent Society.

WE have received the Second Annual Report of this Society and we are glad to see that its record of good work shows an increase on its first year of existence. The grant made to the Rowland Hill Benevolent Society has been doubled. Two postmen have been created life members of the Postmen's Orphan Home Institute, entitling their families to free support and education until 14 years of age in the event of the father's death, while two other postmen have just been nominated for similar privileges this year. Aid has also been given to local institutions. The subscription is one penny per week, and the balance sheet shows an income, for the year ending 30th June, 1899, of £41 10s. 5d., of which £30 10s. 11d. has been spent in the manner indicated above, leaving a balance of £10 19s. 6d. to carry forward. The Postmaster, Mr. Wooster, is President, Mr. J. Tattersall is Treasurer and Mr. H. Underwood is Secretary.

Postal Employees' Travel and Supply Association.

THE remarkable success which has attended Dr. Lunn's and the Polytechnic organizations, not to mention the older agencies of Cook and Gaze, has turned the attention of many Post Office men to the subject of co-operative travel. The movement originated in 1893 when "privilege fares" were secured for officers of the Postal



W. M. Bacon
P. H. Smith

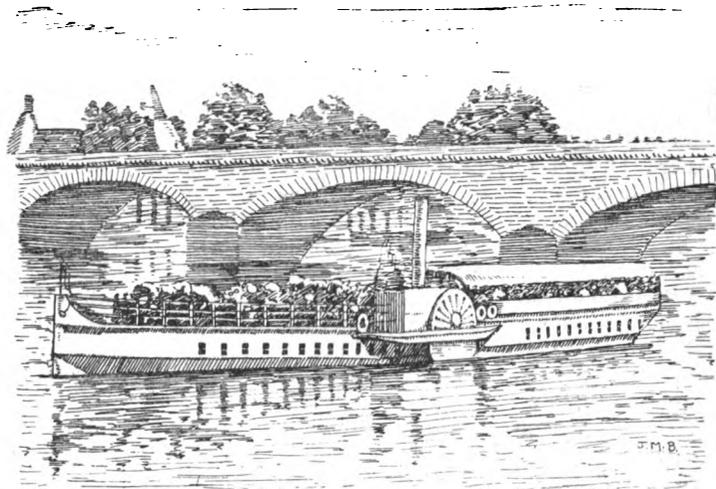
The 817th Great Artillery Signal Battalion,
'84, Mountain Signal Battalion.

July 1899.

[To face page 442.]



and Telegraph Service to Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, and Yarmouth. The success achieved by this enterprise quickly resulted in further concessions being obtained, so that at the present time the Association have no less than seven steamboat companies on their list who are granting reduced fares for the benefit of all postal employees. For example, the "Queen Elizabeth," the excellent steamboat which plies between London Bridge and Hampton Court, and charges to the outside world 2s. 6d. per passenger, will take postal servants at 1s. 3d. each. The New Palace Steamers make substantial reductions, and except in the height of the summer season, the London and Edinburgh Steamship Co., the Carron, the



THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH."

General Steam Navigation Co., and the British and Irish Co. grant return tickets at single fares. The Association also arranges holidays in North Wales, "A Week in Barmouth," "A Week in Pwllheli with 5 days' Coaching Trips," and other tours.

On Friday evening, June 30th, under the auspices of the Association, a trip on the "Queen Elizabeth" was arranged, and it proved most successful. Four hundred invitations were sent out to the various departments of the G.P.O., and nearly that number accepted. The following departments were represented: Secretary's Office, Engineer-in-Chief's, Savings Bank, London Postal Service, Confidential Enquiry Branch, Central Telegraph Office, Postal Order and other offices. Blackfriars Pier was left at 6 o'clock, and the boat proceeded to Richmond on a flood tide. Unfortunately rain fell rather heavily during a portion of the voyage, but the musical programme arranged for the occasion was successfully carried out with the assistance of St. Cecilia's Orchestral Band and several

lady and gentleman vocalists. So much appreciated was this trip that on the 28th July it was repeated—this time by subscription—and under better conditions as regards weather. A Musical Evening was again the attraction, the Tudor Orchestra assisting. The offices of the Association are at 49, Newgate Street, E.C., and Mr. C. S. Keen (of the C.T.O.) is the energetic Secretary.

The Portsmouth Post Office Recreation Society.

WE published a paragraph in our last number relating to the Society. The following account, taken from *The Evening News* of the 20th July, shows what the Society has lately been doing.

“The fifth annual regatta of the Cygnet Rowing Club was held on the Thames to-day. The principal event was the race for the ‘Ayling Cup,’ open to crews representative of any department or branch of the Postal and Telegraph Service, the distance being $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. The preliminary heats were rowed on Wednesday, and the crews left in to-day’s final were Portsmouth Post Office, South Western District Office, the Newspaper Branch, and the Foreign Branch.

“The Portsmouth crew (red and blue) were W. Gould (bow), E. Street, C. Wheatstone, F. Gould (stroke), and H. A. Gray (coxswain), the reserve men being T. H. Harrison and F. Imrie. The Portsmouth men got away well at the start and led till within a quarter of a mile of the finish, when the Newspaper Branch overhauled them. The result was a win for the Newspaper Branch, with Portsmouth second, South Western District third, and Foreign Branch fourth.”

We may supplement this account by saying that the finish was a very exciting one, and that Portsmouth was the only provincial crew represented.

Royalty at Newton Abbot.

NOTHING short of a Royal visit (writes “S.”) could have aroused the inhabitants of Newton Abbot to that pitch of enthusiasm which was apparent on Monday, the 3rd of July, the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Devonshire. For weeks previously the one topic of conversation was the eventful day on which the Royal party would arrive, and many and varied were the committees which laboured to make the reception a hearty one. The decorations in the main were entrusted to a well known firm, whose efforts, supplemented by those of private individuals, were most successful.

The decorations of the Post Office are, however, our immediate concern. Our postmaster, Mr. W. H. Walton, deserves congratulation from the fact that he declined assistance from the decoration contractors and preferred to proceed upon his own lines. Having consulted with his staff and invited their co-operation, it was decided both to decorate and illuminate; and on the Saturday preceding, willing hands commenced a work of transformation. As will be seen

from the illustration the decoration consisted of festooned evergreens intercepted with hanging bouquets of artificial flowers, emblems, escutcheons, lanterns, etc. From the centre of each window on the outside hung baskets overflowing with flowers and garlands. The effect of the whole was exceedingly pretty, and elicited from the crowds who thronged the streets abundant expressions of admiration.

The illuminations were also a great success. Under the superintendence of our chief clerk, Mr. H. D. James, the building was



NEWTON ABBOT POST OFFICE.

outlined with hundreds of fairy lamps of various hues, supported by an array of Chinese lanterns. Surmounting these was a large white star and the letters "V.R." blended in colours. It was with justifiable pride that Head and subs. retired to view their handiwork, and to receive the congratulations of the spectators. "There was nothing like it," so said everybody. It should be mentioned that to Mr. H. Steer, "one of ours," much of the credit was due, as it was he who prepared the design and thus made the work of decoration so much more easy of accomplishment.

Constantinople.

WE are sorry not to be able to publish either the portrait or the achievements of Mr. M. W. Teversham, the new Postmaster of Constantinople. It would seem that this post has a special attraction for the modest and retiring men of the Service, and like the late Mr. Cobb, in this one particular at least, Mr. Teversham has no conception of the uses of advertisement. We have had special numbers of Constantinople papers sent us in order that we might read the accounts of the interviews which we felt sure would be at once granted to the enterprising editors by the Postmaster. But we can't find anything therein in English, French, or Turkish, relating to our colleague, and we sadly fear he has missed a great opportunity. The fact that he has offered us the last portrait of himself, taken when he was short-coated, seems to show a regrettable inclination to trifle with the Press, rather than a recognition of its beneficial uses.

"Table Universelle."

THE most popular of all hobbies in Germany and several other continental countries is the collection of illustrated post-cards. "Philcartisme" is now the cry. A journal devoted to the interests of "collectionneurs" comes, therefore, as a matter of course. Mr. Hubert Schmidt, of the Wertheim (Baden) Post Office, is its editor. Its title is *Table Universelle et Correspondant Polyglotte*. It is issued, at present, at irregular intervals, and its price is two francs per annum, payable in advance. *Table Universelle* introduces collectors to one another, makes known their particular wants, and arranges for the exchange of cards. All subscribers have their names entered free on its exchange list.

But, as indicated by its sub-title, the publication has a more serious side. Some of its pages are devoted to "International correspondence," and should enable the earnest reader to improve and extend his knowledge of foreign languages. Those who so desire may (to quote the words of Professor Rapetti) "fathom the mysteries of unknown tongues by reading and thinking over the international correspondence, and also make a practical use of these languages by the exchange of pictorial post-cards. They will thus succeed in satisfying the curiosity innate in mankind of seeing and becoming acquainted with the scenery, customs and works of art of far-off lands; and will not only improve as linguists, but will also enlarge their knowledge of art and literature." We wish the publication every success.

Odds and Ends.

THE Secretary of the Wesleyan Conference which met in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, in July last, announced before the adjournment of one of the meetings, that the postal arrangements made for the convenience of members had been misunderstood, and that in the gallery were some ventilators in which some of the brethren had in mistake posted their letters.

MR. HENRY HIGGS, late of the Secretary's Office, and now of the Treasury, was the President of the Economic Science and Statistics Section at the meeting of the British Association at Dover last month. His address consisted largely of a eulogy of France for her superiority in cooking, clothing, domestic economies, and in the conduct of funerals.

* * *

THE Editor thanks those of his correspondents who have sent him with their congratulations a cutting from the *Daily Mail* of the 8th August, of which the following is an extract: "Dunmow Fitch. There were two couples as claimants. One couple—Mr. and Mrs. Bennet of Wandsworth—could not substantiate their claims, but the sympathetic jury awarded them part of the fitch as a consolation." The Editor is sorry to disappoint his friends, but he can prove an *alibi*. Moreover, no rashers have reached him.

* * *

MR. W. W. JACOBS, whose retirement we noticed in our last number, was on the 28th July presented—by 180 of his old colleagues in the Savings Bank—with an address, a silver inkstand, and a pair of silver candlesticks. The Controller, Mr. C. D. Lang, took the chair, and made the presentation. Mr. Lewin Hill, C.B., was present and bore testimony to the pleasure Mr. Jacobs' books had afforded him. Mr. Lang expressed his regret that so good an officer was leaving them, and he hoped that Jacobs would have health and strength for the arduous labours that were before him. Mr. Jacobs acknowledged the gifts in a characteristic and amusing speech. We can only repeat what we have often said before, that we hope for great things from our old colleague. He first found his voice in the pages of *St. Martin-le-Grand's* predecessor, *Blackfriars*, and we shall watch his career with a grandfatherly interest.

* * *

THE BERMUDA POST OFFICE.—Some time ago the Government of Bermuda applied through the Colonial Office for someone to organize and consolidate their postal service. At first it was thought that Mr. Lewin Hill, C.B., might be able to undertake the task; but, as this has proved to be impossible, the Postmaster-General has sent out Mr. A. G. Babington, late Assistant Surveyor in the South Wales District.

* * *

THE *Evening News*, not *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, is responsible for the following:—In Cornwall there is a parish named Helland. The vicar was going to town and hoped that his archdeacon could be induced to take the duty. The negotiations were entrusted to a brother clergyman and all went well. The latter despatched the following telegram: "The Archdeacon of Cornwall is going to Helland. You need not return." When the message

was delivered in London, it read: "The Archdeacon of Cornwall is going to Hell, and you need not return."

* * *

THE Rennes trial has been a great harvest for the French Post Office, says the *Standard*. The receipts of this department for the month of August, which included twenty-four days of the trial, show an increase of four hundred and seventy thousand francs over the takings of last August, and an excess of nine hundred and seventeen thousand one hundred francs over the receipts estimated for in the Budget. The telephone account receipts for the month show an increase of three hundred thousand francs, and competent authorities estimate that the increase in revenue through the telegraph department on account of the Rennes trial will not fall far short of six hundred thousand francs, or twenty-four thousand pounds.

* * *

WE understand that the *Birmingham Weekly Mercury* will, on Friday, the 6th October, commence the publication of a series of articles of special interest to Post Office men and women. The articles are to be an account of the times and customs of the Service from its early days, with special reference to the history of the Birmingham Post Office. The materials for this historical story have been carefully prepared by Mr. John Wilson, who we are told is specially qualified for the task. The articles will be abundantly illustrated. *Cassell's Saturday Journal* is also publishing a somewhat similar series of articles.

* * *

A VERY angry letter was received in the department not long since from a gardener, who used a large number of big words and wound up by saying that the resemblance between two signatures which had been questioned would be apparent to the merest tirade.

* * *

WE note with pleasure that Sir William Preece has received the freedom of the borough of Carnarvon. He is the first man on whom the honour has been conferred.

To Correspondents.

MR. PATRICK A. BUTLER, G.P.O., Brisbane, Australia.—We thank you much for your kind and encouraging letter. We are glad to hear we are so much appreciated in Australia. Your suggestions shall have our consideration.

* * *

RANGOON.—Many thanks for letter and photograph received at moment of going to press. Most acceptable. We have read with pleasure the notice of our Magazine in *The Mandalay Herald* of the 26th August.

[NOTE.—It should be clearly understood that these lists are unofficial ; but every effort is, of course, made to render them accurate and complete.]

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Office ...	Curry, C. G. O. .	3rd Cl. Clk., Supply.	S.C. & T., Devonport, '95
„ (Tels.)	Swift, A. D. M. .	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl.	M.T. Co., 69; G.P.O. (C.T.O.), '70; Over. & Senr. Tel., '86
„ „	Walker, A. ...	„ „	1869; Tel., Leeds, '70; C.T.O., '75; Over. & Senr. Tel., '86
„ (Regy.)	Biggs, F. ...	Pr.-Kr., 1st Cl. ...	1868; Pr.-Sr., S.B., '70; Asst., M.L.B., '82; Pr.-Kr., 3rd Cl., Regy., '82; 2nd Cl., '88
„ „	Maddison, R. ...	„ „	1868; Pr.-Sr., S.B., '70; M.O.O., '78; Asst., M.L.B., '82; Pr.-Kr., 3rd Cl., Regy., '82; 2nd Cl., '88
C.T.O. „	Francis, A. E. ...	„ „	3rd Cl., '81; 2nd Cl., '90
„ ...	Eames, A. E. ...	Asst. Cont. ...	E.T. Co., '58; G.P.O., '70; Super., '81; Asst. Cont. (Lr. Scale), '95
„ ...	Whight, W. ...	„ ...	E.T. Co., '59; G.P.O., '70; Super., '81
„ ...	Goodway, C. C.	Super. ...	E.T. Co., '62; G.P.O., '70
„ ...	Browne, S. ...	Asst. Super. ...	S.E. Rly., '64; G.P.O. '70
„ ...	Webb, W....	„ 2nd Cl.	Tel., '70; Over. & Senr. Tel., '89
„ ...	Banks, T. ...	Over. and Senr. Tel.	Tel., '77
„ ...	Haylor, G. E. ...	„ „	S.C. & T., Brighton, '74; Tel., C.T.O., '77
„ ...	Miss P. L. Cooper	Asst. Super. ...	Tel., '72
„ ...	„ M. A. Jeans	„ ...	Tel., '72
„ ...	„ E. Ampleford	„ ...	Tel., '72
E. in C.O. ...	Hall, C. J. ...	Engr., 1st Cl. ...	Navigating Offr., „ Monarch, „ '83; Insp. (Engr.), '91
„ „	Gilpin, G. E. ...	„ 2nd Cl. ...	Tel., Bradford, '75; Sub-Engr., '96
„ „	Roche, T....	Sub.-Engr. ...	S.C. & T., Ennis, '90; Waterford, '92; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O. (Prov.), '95

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D. (Contr.'s Off.)	Barnes, J....	Ch. Super. ...	1862; Wtg. Clk., '68; 1st Cl. Clk., '75; Princ. Clk., F.B., '91; Cir. Off., '92
"	Dixon, J. ...	" ...	Asst. Clk., '71; Est., '75; Asst. Super., '87; Princ. Clk., '92
"	Hitchcock, R. G.	" ...	Prob. Clk., '71; Est., '75; Asst. Super., '87; Princ. Clk., '92
"	Roberts, W. ...	" ...	Asst. Clk., '71; Est., '72; 1st Cl. Clk., '87
"	Jones, F. J. ...	Princ. Clk. ...	1868; Wtg. Clk., R.L.B., '72; I.B., '75; 1st Cl. Clk., '84; Asst. Super., '96
"	Pounds, W. J. (Senr.)	" ...	Clk., Portsmouth, '64; Cir. Depart., '65; 1st Cl. Clk., '86
"	Gleed, J. E. ...	" ...	1861; Wtg. Clk., '67; 1st Cl. Clk., '91
"	Whitaker, F. G. .	" ...	L.P.T. Co., '66; M.T. Co., '68; G.P.O., '70; Clk., I.B., '84; Asst. Super., '92
"	Filmer, H. ...	" ...	1874; Clk., I.B., '84; 1st Cl. Clk., '93
"	Howson, W. ...	" ...	1872; Clk., I.B., '84; 1st Cl. Clk., '93
"	Reddrop, A. H. .	" ...	Asst. Clk., F.B., '74; Boy Clk., S.B., '76; Est., '76; Cir. Off., '87; 1st Cl. Clk., '93
"	Somers, H. C. ...	" ...	Boy Clk., S.B., '75; Est., '77; Cir. Off., '87; 1st Cl. Clk., '93
"	Turrell, H. ...	Clk., 1st Cl. ...	Clk. (Lr. Div.), In. Rev., '81; S.B., '81; Clk., C.E.B., '86; Cir. Off., '87; 2nd Cl., '93
"	Carter, H. G. ...	Clk., 2nd Cl....	S.C. & T., Bristol, '80; Clk., '90; Cir. Off., '92
"	Mould, H. ...	" " ...	Tel., Liverpool, '83; Clk., Cir. Off., '92
"	Varley, T. A. ...	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '84; Bir- mingham, '88; Clk., Cir. Off., '92
"	Bullen, H. C. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '87; Clk., Cir. Off., '92
"	Sayers, N. C. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Bradford, '92; Clk., Cir. Off., '92
"	Beattie, M. W....	" " ...	S.C. & T., Liverpool, '80; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '85; S.C. & T., Liver- pool, '86; Clk., Cir. Off., '93

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D. (Contr.'s Off.)	Cockshott, H. A.	Clk., 2nd Cl....	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '82 ; Clk., Cir. Off., '93
" "	Pugh, W. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Cardiff, '85 ; Shrewsbury, '90; Clk., Cir. Off., '93
" "	Williams, F. A. E.	" " ...	Boy Clk., M.O.O., '80 ; Clk. (Lr. Div.), S.B., '83; Clk., Cir. Off., '93
" "	Sykes, F. ...	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '80; Clk. (Lr. Div.), S.B., '83 ; Clk., Cir. Off., '93
" "	Kelly, T. ...	Clk., 3rd Cl....	S.C. & T., Dublin, '94
" "	Etheredge, H. ...	" " ...	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '96
" "	Barham, W. S. .	Insp. " " ...	1876; Sr., '81; Wtg. Asst., '85; Spl. Duty Offr., '88; Over., '92
" "	Osborne, E. A. .	" " " " ...	1872; Sr., '74; Spl. Duty Offr., '85; Over., '92
" "	Macro, W. G. ...	Over. " " ...	1878; Sr., '82
" "	Sellar, A. ...	" " " " ...	1879; Sr., '83
" "	Pulford, S. W. ...	" " " " ...	1881; Sr., '83
" "	Longhurst, H. J.	" " " " ...	1881; Sr., '84
" "	Woods, W. H. ...	" " " " ...	1881; Sr., '84
" Cir. Off.	Naylor, H. ...	Super. " " ...	Asst. Clk., '70; Est., '72; 3rd Cl. Clk., I.B., '84; Asst. Super., '91
" "	Inman, W. V. ...	Asst. Super. " " ...	1873; Boy Clk., '74 ; Est., '75; 3rd Cl. Clk., I.B., '88; 2nd Cl., '93
" "	Lloyd, S. W. ...	" " " " ...	1871; Over., '87; Insp., '92
" "	Hyde, J. A. ...	" " " " ...	S.C. & T., L'pool., '75 ; Clk., '90; Cir. Off., '91
" "	Martin, E. W. ...	Insp. " " ...	1871; Sr., '72; Over., '89
" "	Bramwell, E. W.	Over. " " ...	1872; Tr., '76; Sr., '79
" "	West, A. ...	" " " " ...	1877; Sr., '81
" "	Shaw, E. C. C.	" " " " ...	1876; Sr., '80
" W.C.	Napper, T. ...	Asst. Super. " " ...	1863; Over. '74; Insp., '85
" "	Crawley, H. J. ...	Over. & Senr. Tel.	C.C. & T., '74
" "	Dawkins, H. J.	" " " " ...	1874; Sr., '78; C.C. & T., '79
" W.	Hodson, W. ...	Asst. Super. " " ...	1869; Over. '82; Insp., '90
" Paddn.	Hood, C. ...	" " " " ...	1862; Over., '79; Super., '79; Insp., '80; Super., '95
" "	Hadaway, A. E.	Over. & Senr. Tel.	C.C. & T., '75
" E.	Dwane, J. ...	Asst. Super. " " ...	1866; Over., '73; Super., '79
" S.W.	Steel, J. F. ...	" " " " ...	1860; C.C. & T., '67 ; Over., '73; Super., '80
" "	Miss J. Salter ...	Super., 3rd Cl. ...	C.C. & T., '73; Super., 4th Cl., '98

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D., Batts.	Harding, F. ...	Asst. Super. ...	E.T. Co., '68; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '85; Ch. Offr. of Stg. Off., '92
"	S.E. Foyle, R. ...	"	1860; Over., '70; Insp., '85
"	Norwood Woods, H. T. ...	"	Clk., Galway, '75; Kingstown, '81; F.B., London, '85
"	N. Bond, J. W. ...	"	1865; Over., '81; Insp., '83
"	N.W. Mitten, H. W. ...	"	1861; Over., '74; Insp., '86
M O.O. ...	Miss M. C. Hutchinson	Clk., 1st Cl. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '84; Clk., C.H.B., '86; M.O.O., '98
"	M. M. MacKay	"	Clk., C.H.B., '86; M.O.O., '98
"	E. Salom ...	"	Clk., C.H.B., '86; M.O.O., '98
"	A. Page ...	"	Clk., C.H.B., '86; M.O.O., '98
"	M. E. Smith	"	Clk., C.H.B., '86; M.O.O., '98
"	R. A. Hammond	"	C.C. & T. (Met. Dists.), '85; Clk., C.H.B., '86; M.O.O., '98
"	C. M. Marwood	"	Clk., C.H.B., '88; M.O.O., '98
R.L.O. ...	Booth, F. B. ...	Clk. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '90
"	Tansley, F. C. ...	"	S.C. & T., Lowestoft, '92
"	Simpson, H. B.	"	Boy Clk., S.B., '93; S.O., '95; Clk., 2nd Div., A.G.D., '96
"	Baines, W. P. ...	"	Boy Clk., S.B., '95; Clk., 2nd Div., M.O.O., '96
"	Welch, J. ...	"	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '93
"	Loosley, E. G. ...	"	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '96; Jr. Exr., T.S.D., '97; 2nd Cl., '98
"	Somerville, J. ...	"	S.C. & T., Manchester, '94; Pr. Kr., Regy. (S.O.), '98
S.B.D. ...	Miss E. E. Wyndham	Asst. Super. ...	Clk., '81; 1st Cl., '84; Princ. Clk., '92
"	A. M. Weedon	Princ. Clk. ...	Clk., '81; 1st Cl., '84
"	D. L. Jones	"	Clk., '81; 1st Cl., '92
"	C. Tompkins	"	Clk., '81; 1st Cl., '92
"	B. Southam	"	Clk., '82; 1st Cl., '94
"	A. B. Quin	"	Clk., '83; 1st Cl., '94
"	S. M. E. Walter	Clk., 1st Cl. ...	1889
"	F. J. Shackleton	"	1889
"	L. Jardine	"	1890
"	E. S. Cripps	"	1890
"	M. S. Smith	"	1890
"	E. I. Shervill	"	1890

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sur.'s Dept. ...	Hunter, T. ...	Hd. Sta. Clk., S.E. Dist.	S.C. & T., Lancaster, '79; York, '84; Acting Sta. Clk., N.E. Dist., '86; Asst. Hd. Sta. Clk., '93
„ ...	Piper, W. E. ...	Asst. Hd. Sta. Clk., W. Dist.	S.C. & T., Oxford, '81; 1st Cl., '91; Sta. Clk., S.M. Dist., '93
„ ...	Lawrence, C. P.	Asst. Hd. Sta. Clk., N.E. Dist.	S.C. & T., Burton-on-Trent, '84; Sta. Clk., N.Wa. Dist., '93
„ ...	Gold, S. J. ...	Travelling Clk.	S.C. & T., Devonport, '91; Sta. Clk., W. Dist., '93

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Banbury ...	Moore, W. B. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '85
Bristol ...	Holder, W. J. ...	Asst. Super. 2nd Cl. (P.)	S.C. & T., '78; Clk., '93
„ ...	Cannock, W. A.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '81
Bury St. Edmunds	Mann, R. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '81
Carlisle ...	Barnes, J. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '71; Clk., '98
„ ...	Clarke, W. ...	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '72
Crewe ...	Birchenough, J.S.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '82
Derby ...	Perkins, A. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '71; Clk., '93
„ ...	Tyler, C. S. ...	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '74
„ ...	Musgrove, G. ...	„	S.C. & T., '74
„ ...	Bryan, J. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '76; Clk., '98
Doncaster ...	Clark, T. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '82
Grimby ...	Crabtree, T. H.	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '81; Clk., '97
„ ...	Beels, H. ...	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '80
„ ...	Kemp, A. E. ...	„	S.C. & T., '89
Hastings ...	Webb, J. ...	Ch. Clk.	S.C. & T., Brighton, '73; Clk., Hastings, '78; Asst. Super., '91
„ ...	Duke, R. R. ...	Asst Super.	S.C. & T., '79; Clk., '86
„ ...	Halliwell, C. E.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '88
Hull ...	Shepherdson, J.	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '71; Clk., '90
„ ...	Thompson, W. ...	Clk.	E.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70
Ilfracombe ...	Somerville, E. A.	„	S.C. & T., '87
Leeds ...	Eley, P. ...	„ (P.)	S.C. & T., Colchester, '79; Leeds, '82
Lincoln ...	Naylor, F. ...	Super. (T.)	E.T.Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '91
Manchester ...	Maystre, C. E. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	S.C. & T., '79; Clk., '94
„ ...	Eckersley, H. ...	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '80
„ ...	Walker, G. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	E.T. & Co., '67 G.P.O., '70; Clk., '94
„ ...	Teather, C. ...	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '75
„ ...	Miss E. Makin ...	Asst. Super.	Tel., '77
Newcastle-on-Tyne	Sherwood, J. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	S.C. & T. '70; Clk., '90
„	Cairns, S. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '70

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Newport, Mon.	Richards, C.H.L.	„ (T.)	S.C. & T., '79
Nottingham ...	Langley, W. ...	„	S.C. & T., '72
Peterborough...	Day, E. C. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '71; Clk., '98
Reading	Morris, F. W. ...	Clk.... ..	S.C. & T., '85
„	Nayler, W. H....	„	1887; S.C. & T., '88
Stafford	Eachus, H. ...	Clk. (P.)... ..	S.C. & T., '85
Stoke-on-Trent.	Thomas, C. R....	Ch. Clk.... ..	S.C. & T., '81; 'Clk., '91; Asst. Super., '96; Super., '99
Tiverton	Aldridge, J. ...	Clk.... ..	S.C. & T., 87
Walsall	Bird, G. S. ...	Asst. Super.	1872; S.C. & T., '74; Clk., '96
Wisbech	Balls, H. R. ...	Clk.... ..	S.C. & T., '67

IRELAND.

Belfast	Parker, A. F. ...	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '84
Dublin	Quirke, W. P. ...	Ch. Clk., Sec.'s Off.	Clk., Acct.'s Off., '66; Sec.'s Off., '86; Princ. Clk., '91; Cont., Stg. Off., '95
„	Sanderson, C. C.	Controller, Stg. Off.	S.C. & T., Sunderland, '81; Clk., Stg. Off., Dublin, '84; Asst. Super., '91; Super., '96
„	Conran, P. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl.	1866; Sr., '71; Over., '84; Clk., '91; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '94
„	Dagge, J. ...	„ „	Sr., 1873; Over., '90; Clk., '91; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '96
„	Sweeney, M. ...	„ 2nd Cl.	1878; 1st Cl. Sr., '90; Clk., '91
„	Manly, R....	Clk., Stg. Off. ...	S.C. & T., '90
„	O'Toole, M. ...	Super. (T.)	S.C. & T., '70; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '91; 1st Cl., '98
Waterford ...	Corcoran, P. ...	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., 1877

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh ...	Thom, A. McG.	Clk., 2nd Div., Hr. Gr. (Acct.'s Off.)	Clk., 2nd Div., Acct.'s Off., Dublin, '81; Edinburgh, '82
„	Miss C. Cruick- shank	Clk., 1st Cl. (Acct.'s Off.)	1881
„	Wilson, A. J. ...	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '70
„	Johnston, J. ...	„	S.C. & T., Kilmarnock, '72; Edinburgh, '78
Glasgow	Campsie, A. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	S.C. & T., Bridge of Allan, '73; Glasgow, '74; Clk., '94
„	McGregor, D....	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '75

Retirements.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
A.G.D.	Avent, G. J. ...	Clk., 2nd Div. ...	Clk., 3rd Cl., Cir. Off., '61; A.G.D., '72; 2nd Cl., '79; 2nd Div., '90
"	Bayley, H. L. ...	" " ...	E.T. Co., '60; G.P.O. (A.G.D.), '70; Clk., 3rd Cl., '75; 2nd Cl., '81; 2nd Div., '90
" (P.O.B.)	Miss E.J.Wooden	Princ. Clk.	Clk., S.B.D., '76; P.O.B., '81; 1st Cl., '84; Princ. Clk., '94
"	* " M. G. G. Dunlop.	Clk.	1892
"	* " A. Spencer	Sr.	1894
"	* " M. Spurgeon	"	1896
C.T.O.	Hill, J. T. ...	Asst. Cont.	E.T. Co., '51; G.P.O., '70; Clk., E. in C.O., '70; Super., Lr. Sec., '71; Upper Sec., '73; Super., C.T.O., '77; Asst. Cont., '87
"	Mayfield, H. ...	Super.	E.T. Co., '53; U.K.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Insp., E. in C.O., '72; Asst. Super., C.T.O., '77; Super., '86
"	Pedrick, J. H. ...	Asst. Super.	L. & P.T. Co., '68; G.P.O., '70; Senr. Tel., '86; Asst. Super., '95
"	Pells, W.	Tel.	Sub. Tel. Co., '74; G.P.O., '89
"	Beaumont, W. W.	"	1882
"	*Homewood, W.	"	1893
"	*Cripps, H. ...	"	1894
"	Miss M. A. Botcherby	Asst. Super.	Tel., '71; Asst. Super., '96
"	" C. Gandon	Tel.	1870
"	" A. L. Shaw	"	1874
"	" E. Simpson	"	1886
E. in C.O. ...	Porter, C.	Engr.	1853; Sr., '56; Over., '66; Tel. Insp., '73; Engr., '91

* Awarded a Gratuity.

RETIREMENTS.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D.	E.C.	Anwyl, R....	Over. 1860; Over., '90
"	"	Williams, W. ...	" 1863; Sr., '67; Over., '87
"	"	Dawson, R. ...	Sr. 1865; Sr., '68
"	"	Brookman, H. ...	" 1870; Sr., '73
"	"	Aldford, H. W....	" 1870; Sr., '74
"	"	Gregory, B. ...	" 1876; Sr., '78
"	"	Caudle, W. ...	" 1878; Sr., '82
"	"	Crane, W. ...	" 1878
"	"	*Ashbee, H. M....	" 1892
"	"	*Sayer, S. J. ...	" 1893
"	"	*Garvey, T. ...	" Boy Clk., '94; Sr., '95
"	"	*Keen, H. R. H. ...	" 1895
"	"	*Morse, J. ...	" 1895
"	W.C.	Gilbert, T. C. ...	Over. & Senr. Tel. L. & P. T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Over. & Senr. Tel., '89
"	"	Jones, J. H. ...	Over. 1880; Sr., '86; Over. '93
"	"	Graham, S. ...	C. C. & T. 1867; C. C. & T., '85
"	"	Miss M. A. Parsons	Super., 3rd Cl. ... C. C. & T., '74; Super., '91
"	W	Watson, J. ...	Over. & Senr. Tel. 1858; Sr., '60; C.C., '67; Over. & Senr. Tel., '92
"	"	Isham, J. H. ...	Over. 1861; Sr., '65; Over., '90
"	"	*Miss E. Morrell.	C. C. & T. S.C. & T., Beverley, '92; Dawlish, '94; C. C. & T., W., '94
"	Paddn.	Gandon, T. ...	Insp. 1857; Sr., '61; Counter- man, '67; Over., '72; Insp., '94
"	S.E.	Turner, T. ...	Over. 1860; Over., '79
"	N.	Mrs. A. J. Puckle	C. C. & T. U.K. T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; resigned '75; re- appointed '88
M.O.O.	...	Evans, J. A. ...	Clk., 2nd Div., Hr. Gr. Temp. Clk., '70; 3rd Cl., '73; 2nd Cl., '78; 2nd Div., '90
"	...	Cowell, T. T. ...	Clk., 2nd Cl. ... Boy Clk., Cir. Off., '70; Clk., 3rd Cl., M.O.O., '74; 2nd Cl., '83
"	...	Clay, A. E. ...	Clk., 2nd Div. ... Boy Clk., S.B.D., '75; Clk., 3rd Cl., '77; M.O.O., '85; Clk., 2nd Div., '90
R.L.O.	...	Miss H. A. Drew	Retr. 1877
S.B.D.	...	Stocks, H. W....	Clk., 2nd Div. ... Extra Clk., '63; 3rd Cl., '66; 2nd Cl., '74; 2nd Div., '90
"	...	Bovay, A. J.	" " ... Extra Clk., '64; 2nd Cl., '81; 2nd Div., '90
"	...	*Miss A. G. J. Oswald	Clk. 1890
"	...	*" E. L. Major	" 1894
"	...	*" M. Waters	" 1895

* Awarded a Gratuity.

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Amersham ...	Miss A. M. Bettesworth	S.C. & T.	1886
Birmingham ...	Lewis, J.	Ch. Clk....	Sr., '56; Clk., '72; Super., '81; Ch. Super., '90; Ch. Clk., '93
" ...	Heritage, H. ...	Ch. Super.	Sr., Stratford-on-Avon, '60; Clk., Shrewsbury, '63; Sur. Sta. Clk., '65; Insp. of Postn., Birm'ham, '67; Princ. Clk., '68; Super., '81; Ch. Super., '93
Blackpool ...	*Illingworth, H. .	S.C. & T.	1893
Brigg ...	*Cressey, W. ...	Pmr.	1846
Brighton... ..	Faulkner, F. ...	S.C. & T.	E. & I. T. Co., '61; G.P.O., Lewes, '70; Brighton, '73
Clitheroe ...	Whalley, S. N....	Pmr.	Sub.-Pmr., '65; Pmr., '69
Hereford ...	Phillips, W. ...	S.C. & T.	1886
Hull... ..	Miss E. S. Parker	Tel.	1874
Leeds	Miss E. M. Holroyd	"	1883
"	*Miss E. G. M. Wright	"	1890
Liverpool ...	*Roberts, S. H....	S.C. & T.	1892
"	Miss D. A. Brunskill	Tel.	1874
Manchester ...	Bland, A.	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	Sr., '63; Clk., '71; Asst. Super., '88
"	Nightingale, W. .	Clk. (T.)	B. & I.M.T. Co., '58; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '89
"	Wood, E. R. ...	S.C. & T.	B. & I.M.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70
"	Stubbs, J....	"	1867
"	Johnson, S. ...	"	1873; S.C. & T., '90
"	*Watson, W. ...	"	1898
"	Miss M. A. Blackburn	Tel."	1875
"	" S. Shenton.	"	1875
"	" L. Kitchen .	"	1883
"	* F. E. Nicholls	"	1891
Mansheld ...	Froggatt, W. ...	Pmr.	1857; Clk., Blackburn, '60; Pmr., Mansfield, '76
Middlesbro' ...	Holland, J. ...	Super.	E.T. Co., '67; G.P.O., Tebay (Kendal), '70; York, '71; Stockton-on-Tees, '71; Super., Middlesbro', '80
Newcastle-on-Tyne	Gemmell, J. ...	S.C. & T.	E. & I.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Newcastle-on-Tyne	Robertshaw, T.	S.C. & T.	E. & I.T. Co., '64 ; G.P.O., '70
Peterborough	Eastick, W. D.	Clk.	E.T. Co., '65 ; G.P.O., '70 ; Clk., '86
Salisbury	*Matthews, A. C.	S.C. & T.	1893
Taunton	Lee, J.	"	1867
Ware	*Adams, E. J.	"	1893
Wigan	Leah, G. W.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '70 ; Clk., '95

IRELAND.

Belfast	Duncan, P.	S.C. & T.	1878
Dublin	Day, R. C.	Ch. Clk. (Sec.'s Off.)	Clk., 3rd Cl., Sec.'s Off., Lndn., '77 ; 2nd Cl., '82 ; 1st Cl., '86 ; Ch. Clk., Dublin, '92
"	Reid, J.	Clk., 1st Cl. (Acct.'s Off.)	1859 ; Acct.'s Off., '68 ; Clk., '71 ; 1st Cl., '96
"	Costello, J.	Super. T.	S.C. & T., '70 ; Clk., '81 ; Asst. Super., '82 ; Super., '91
"	*Neill, H. J.	S.C. & T.	1891
"	Miss M. McCarthy	Tel.	B. & I.M.T. Co., '64 ; G.P.O., '70
"	" M. King	"	1871
"	" M.A. Brown	"	1888

SCOTLAND.

Dundee	*Miss E. J. Wilson	S.C. & T.	1890
Edinburgh	Hamilton, W. C.	Clk., 2nd Div. (Acct.'s Off.)	1870
"	Miss A. Gray	Clk. (Acct.'s Off.)	Tel., '76 ; Clk., Acct.'s Off., '78
"	Haworth, R.	Super. (T.)	B. & I.M.T. Co., '57 ; G.P.O., '70 ; Clk., '71 ; Asst. Super., '87 ; Super., '97
"	Bain, G.	S.C. & T.	Portobello, '55 ; Perth, '58 ; London, '63 ; Edinburgh, '64 ; S.C. & T., '67
"	Henry, F.	"	C.C. & T., Paddn., '81 ; S.C. & T., Edinburgh, '93
"	*Miss M. S. Coutts	Tel.	S.C. & T., Dunkeld, '93 ; Aberdeen, '95 ; Tel., Edinburgh, '97
Kilmarnock	Ballantyne, J.	Pmr.	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '58 ; Clk., '79 ; Asst. Super., '83 ; Pmr., Kilmarnock, '87
Stornoway	Miss M. J. Morrison	S.C. & T.	1882

* Awarded a Gratuity.

Deaths.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
A.G.D.	McLaren, R. ...	Exr.	E.T. Co., '63; G.P.O. (A.G.D.), '70; 1st Cl. Clk., '83; Exr., '92
" (C.H.B.)	Miss E. M. Lennard	Clk.	1897
C.T.O.	Taylor, F. T. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl.	Tel., '70; Asst. Super., '97
"	Robinson, A. G.	Tel.	1887
"	Porter, H.	"	Sub. Tel. Co., '74; G.P.O., '89
E. in C.O. ...	Chapman, J. ...	Tech. Off., 2nd Cl.	Tel., C.T.O., '76; Insp., E. in C.O., '87; Tech. Offr., '97
S.B.D.	Bateman, A. H. .	Asst. Cont.	Extra Clk., '64; Prob., '65; Genl. Body, '67; Princ. Clk., '81; Ch. Clk. for Correspondence, '91; Sub.-Cont., '92; Asst. Cont., '95
"	Ling, C. C. ...	Asst. Princ. Clk. ...	Extra Clk., '65; Prob., '66; Genl. Body, '67; Asst. Princ. Clk., '92
"	Miss H. F. Proudfoot	Sr.	1899
L.P.S.D., Cir. Off.	Brown, F. ...	Over.	Sr., '70; Over., '86
" "	Howe, G. B. ...	Sr.	1883; Sr., '88
" W.C.	Cook, F. R. ...	C.C. & T.	Sr., '86; C.C. & T., '88
" "	Tidswell, T. ...	Sr.	1881; Sr., '84
Bath	Shackleford, J.H.	S.C. & T.	1889
Bolton	Tyldesley, W. ...	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '79; Clk., '85
Bradford	Barraclough, F. .	S.C. & T.	1892
Corwen	Lloyd, O.	Pmr.	1871
Eastbourne ...	Wenban, A. D. .	S.C. & T.	1896
Leeds	Haigh, W. ...	"	S.C. & T., Barnsley, '71; Leeds, '76
Liverpool ...	Collins, T. P. ...	"	1897
Manchester ...	Miss A. E. Doig.	Tel.	1873
Stafford	Patteson, F. W..	Ch. Clk.	S.C. & T., '73; Clk., '84; Asst. Super., '91; Ch. Clk., '93
Wigan	Marsh, J. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '76; Clk., '98
Edinburgh ...	Harmer, E. H. G.	Clk., 2nd Div. (Acct.'s Off.)	Clk., Lr. Div., S.B., '82; Acct.'s Off., Edin., '85
"	Miss J. W. Smith	Clk. (Acct.'s Off.) .	S.B.D., '92; Acct.'s Off., Edin., '97
Glasgow	Thomson, W. D.	S.C. & T.	1896

Postmasters Appointed.

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
Ambleside	Mayes, R.	Warrington ; S.C. & T., Clk., Wigan
Barnsley	Jones, J.	S.C. & T., Clk., Asst. Super., Shrewsbury ; Pmr., Aberystwyth ; Carnarvon
Bletchley	Hook, F. P.	S.C. & T., Bristol ; Ch. Clk., Limerick
Bournemouth	Millard, M.	Sr., Bath ; Clk., Asst. Super., L'pool ; Pmr., Woolwich ; Lincoln
Brighouse	Quinn, T.	S.C. & T., Bradford ; Clk., Barnsley
Bury	Rickus, I.	S.C. & T., Over. ; Insp. Tel. Messrs., L'pool ; Pmr., Northwich ; Staines ; Buxton
Buxton	Crawley, H. C.	E.T. Co. ; Tel., Asst. Super., C.T.O. ; Pmr., Macclesfield
Corwen	Williams, R.	S.C. & T. ; Clk., Bangor
Cullompton	Booty, W. R. C.	S.C. & T., Lowestoft
Dartmouth	Duff, W. F.	S.C. & T., Plymouth ; Pmr., Launceston
Macclesfield	Stewart, N. D.	Sr., Edinburgh ; Surveyor's Clk. ; Pmr., Bury
Redcar	Glass, J.	Pmr., Acklington
Tavistock	Heard, W. J.	S.C. & T., Exeter ; Pmr., Cullompton
Coleraine	McCormick, J.	S.C. & T. ; Clk., Belfast
Dundalk	Swale, R.	Clk., Newry ; Pmr., Carlow ; Coleraine
Tipperary	Plummer, J. F.	S.C. & T. ; Clk., Galway
Constantinople	Teversham, M. W.	Clk., Lr. Div. ; 2nd Cl., Secs'. Off.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Asst., Assistant ; C.C. & T., Counter Clerk and Telegraphist ; Ch., Chief ; Cl., Class ; Clk., Clerk ; Cont., Controller ; Div., Division ; Engr., Engineer ; Exr., Examiner ; Gr., Grade ; Hd., Head ; Hr., Higher ; Insp., Inspector ; Jr., Junior ; Lr., Lower ; Offr., Officer ; Over., Overseer ; P., Postal ; Pmr., Postmaster ; Pms., Postmistress ; Pr.-Kr., Paper-Keeper ; Princ., Principal ; Prob., Probationary ; Retr., Returner ; Sec.'s, Secretary's ; Senr., Senior ; S.C. & T., Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist ; Sr., Sorter ; Stg., Sorting ; Sta., Stationary ; Supply., Supplementary ; Sur., Surveyor ; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor ; Tech., Technical ; Tel., Telegraphist ; Tr., Tracer ; Wtg., Writing.

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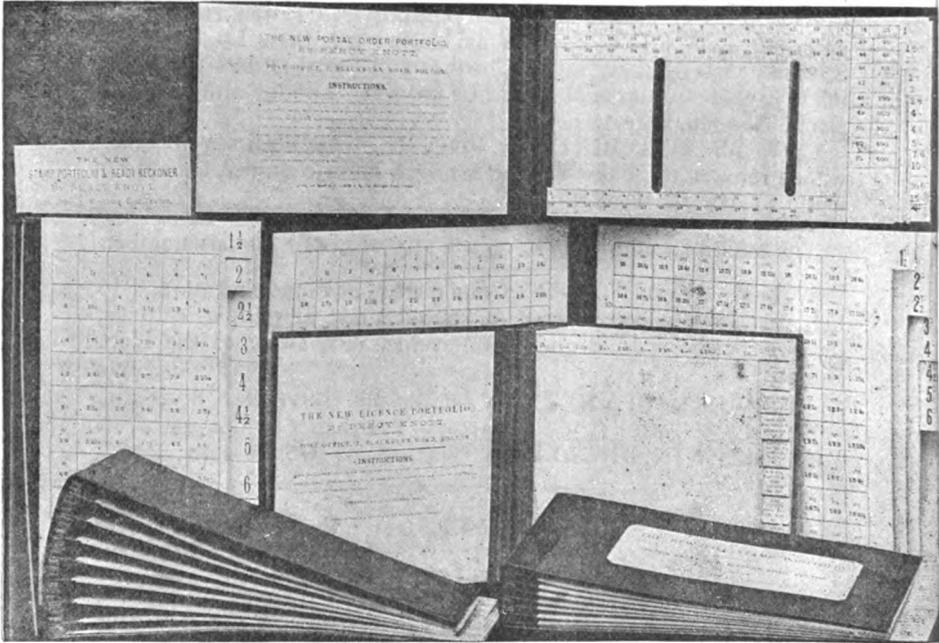
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