Bout de Ville Times, &c.

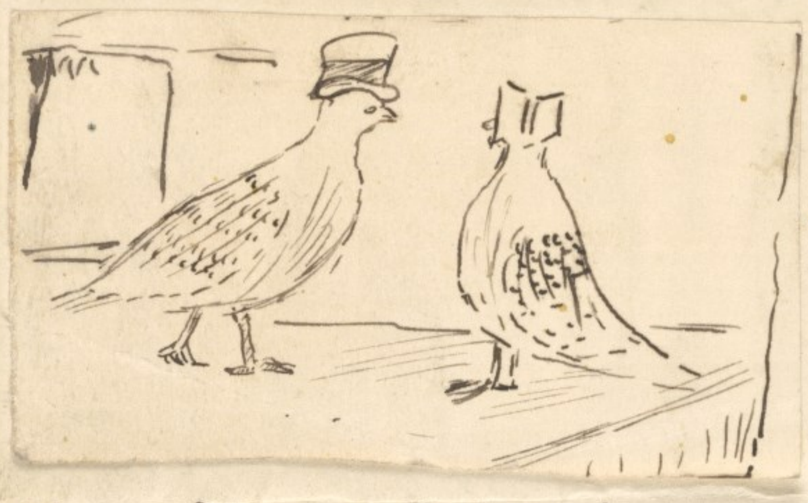
MONTHLY : NEWS

Edited by A. Townend. B. M. C.

Illustrated by William Townend Esq.r

No: 654321. Wednesday, August 22nd 1894 One Farthing.

Births



Samiramis and Sophonisba, of the Hodgers Ringdove family, unexpectedly and uninvited.

N.B. Several male and female fowls hourly expected.

Deaths

Several Wasps killed while daring-ly investigating the jam-pots

the youthful family breakfast.

We are glad to learn that the Appuldurcombe Fête was a success.

Advertisements

Lost! — a fine promising young Isle of Wight mouse

greatly beloved by its owner.

Supposed to be living on its wits, for want of any better food, in the Study or Maternal Bedroom.

The Owners of these Rooms are earnest-ly entreated to capture this animal and restore it to the borrowing advert-iser.

Bernard Townend

N.B. No reward offered: the consciousness of a virtuous action being sufficient recompence.

N.B. 2. After this notice, the Advertiser will take no further trouble to find or feed the missing darling.

Note by the Editor:- Perhaps Mr. Bernard Townend will, at least, not forget to pay for this advertisement.

Advertisements Continued

For Sale, cheap.— A fine collection of old Dolls (warranted antique). Mostly in fragments.

Apply to the Misses Alice and Susan Townend.

N.B. Elegant assortment of broken arms, legs, and heads always in stock.

Specialities in cast-off dolls' garments.

Special Reduction in prices to Rag Collectors.

A fine young man and his Sister — 2½ and 4 years old respectively desire situations as Gardeners. Warranted experts at digging. Wages no object, unless in form of Chocolates.

Wanted — Several strong active young men to hold the Chaplain, R.M.C., on his bicycle, from 7 to 8 a.m., every morning.

N.B. Seats and refreshments provided at intervals.

A College doctor in attendance.

Chaplain's Quarters — Hot and cold water baths from 7 a.m. in grand new Bath, the wonder of the age. Tariff on application, according to the size and dirtiness of the bather

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Editorial

We are glad to be able to announce that our Circulation is Half a Million ahead of any other Paper published in the Royal Military College yet — we do not purpose increasing — nor lowering — our price.

Diffident even to a fault, notwithstanding our merit, the ability of our Editor, the exquisite beauty of our illustrations, and the size of our paper, — we still claim for our Bout-de-Ville Times the proud title of

Leader of the Intellectual Universe.

Let our Readers clearly understand that no Copy is transferable. Every Reader is expected to pay the ridiculously small sum of One Farthing.

News

Since our last Issue (ahem!), we have to congratulate the Royal Military College on the arrival of the Townend family.

This distinguished tribe being somewhat beyond our powers of calculation, we must be content for the present to announce that it presents specimens of the native growth of two Continents — Europe and America, — and four Countries — Nova Scotia, Ireland, Gibraltar and England. Our Reporter is diligently studying the principles of Arithmetic under the Tuition of an eminent College Professor of Mathematics in order to be able to compute the number of our new arrivals.

They have given a decided impetus to our local trade. Our principal Butcher has been enabled to purchase a new bonnet for his spouse; our "Chief Baker" has taken on a new hand; our Camberley Dairy Company has now to utilize several extra gallons of water daily to meet the demand; & there has been a decided rise in the price of Chocolates & Sugar Barley throughout the three Villages of Camberley, York Town and Blackwater.

Personal Items

We understand that various members of the Townend family have visited Aldershot and Reading. Business in both these places has consequently revived.

On Monday, August 13th, a grand Review of over 12,000 troops was held before the Emperor of Germany.

His Imperial Majesty was honoured by an escort from the 1st Royal Dragoons, brought specially from Dublin for the occasion.
He was also honoured by the presence of Masters Frank and Herbert Townend, brought specially from the Royal Military College by their distinguished Father.

On Tuesday, August 14th, the terrific ascent of Cæsars Camp was successfully achieved by our eminent Artist, William Townend Esqr, under the guidance of the Revds F. Page Jellicoe & A.J. Townend.
From this sublime height he contemplated the Sham-Fight held in the Long Valley & adjacent woods, for the benefit of the German Emperor and himself.
He declares that his pencil fails him to portray the evolutions of the troops, and we regret to say that he still suffers from the effects of the pear-bullets he fired into his inward parts. The subject is a painful one, and we respect his feelings in silence.

The Foresters' Fête is progressing as we go to press.
A few dozen of the Townend family witnessed the Procession, as it wended its way through the admiring crowds.
Our Artist supplies us with an illustration in his best style:—

Conversation in the Crowd.

Onlooker. "Ay Bill, but it's a joine sight"
Bill "Ah mate so it am. Real grawnd aint it?"

Intensely beautiful as this picture is we have been favoured with two more illustrations of this celebrated event, which we venture to consider even more beautiful still.
Our Readers shall judge for themselves:—

The Show

Will-i-am's intense scorn at the Show.

Police News

In the Bath-Room, Chaplain's Quarters, on Sunday, August 19th, Herbert Patrick Victor, alias Toto, Townend, aged 7 years, was brought up before his Father, on the charge of refusing to sit down and be jugged, alleging that he liked jugged hare but not jugged head: also on a charge of splashing his Reverend and revered paternal Ancestor, to the wetting of that gentleman's newly starched, and at the time, only garment.
Found guilty, and summarily punished as depicted below by our talented Artist:—

On Monday, August 20th, Alfred Bernard Slavin Townend and Francis Whitchurch Townend were convicted of having behaved in a silly and ferocious manner, in the Officers Boat, on the Lower Lake, scaring the fish worse than did the thunderstorms

[illegible] this, for publication.]

of the previous week, and setting a bad example to the spectators on the bank. Sentenced to be sent home in disgrace, under the charge of Roy Duncan Morrow Townend, which punishment was promptly carried into effect.

Distinguished Invalids and Medical Intelligence

We are happy to learn that Miss Alice Townend has been restored to health. No further bulletins will be issued.

After a period of irksome confinement to his room, we rejoice to see our well known & widely famed Artist, whose sketches have so long and greatly interested our Readers,— once more bestriding his swiftly revolving Cycle, and speeding along like "a thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever".

A successful operation was performed a few days ago by Doctor L. Cameron upon the left foot of our esteemed and venerable Chaplain, from whose toe a corn was extracted, without the aid of chloroform, but with a skilfully wielded razor. We give a sketch of this difficult feat, depicting the angelic patience of the reverent sufferer:—

Notices of Amusements

A grand Regatta will shortly be held on the Lake, under the direction of the Royal Townend Yacht Squadron.

Probable Starters

"Black Beauty"	Cutter	W. Townend Esq
"Moss Rose"	"	A.B.S. Townend Esq
"Lilian"	"	F.W. Townend Esq
"Ellen Asthore"	Schooner	Roy Townend Esq

Notices of Amusements.. Continued.

The C. Q. Cricket Club:— A match will be played on the Club Lawn every Evening, weather permitting, by each member against every other.

Every player is entitled to use the Club wickets, bats and balls; but must provide his own <u>good temper</u>.

Toto (Batsman) Barney (catching ball, on his own bed) and Frankie clapping. Father bowling.

Frankie. There Father he is out twice.
Toto. I'm not.
Frankie. You are
Toto. ...
Frankie. ——

Our Joke Corner

Charley. Hallo! Johnny old man, allow me to congratulate you on the birth of a son and heir.
Johnny. Why, any congratulations on that?
Charley. Oh! because it wasn't twins.

Query— How many worms, hours, hooks, pennies and pets go to every fish caught in the College Lake by Messrs Barney, Frank & Toto?

God save the Queen!

‡ That Clock, with its constant ting-tinging,—
Yet every Quarter an hour,
When one sat in that — gay (?) — Hall of Study
Not, like Oliver Twist, asked for more;
And one's brains kept on buzzing & ringing,
With Tactics & Administration,
And Military topics a score,
Till one hated oneself & one's nation
Before one got out of the door!

= Oh yes, they were real, were those worries,
When one's shaving was merely a sham;
But how little one thinks of these flurries,
At fifty and nine, as I am!—
When Time has been surging & whirling
One onwards, through year after year!—
‖ Oh dear, to be back with old Girling,
At attention, and once more to hear
"Now do let me see them ere rifles
Handled far more expertly;—d'ye hear?"

= It pauses one's poor powers of diction
To express how, for time that is gone,
P One would go again under Restriction,
× When one's Company Rugger was on.

= Over Riding School, now, there's a halo,—
"Now", when old & grey-headed & fat,
And one fondly recalls when so pale—Oh!—
One stood on the Governor's mat.

= ** And when we traced Contours on breezy Barossa,
And chafed in the cold & the rain;
And Luncheon deferred made us crosser & crosser;—
Topography, sorrow & pain!
But now — Oh again to be out on the Heather
In those days, long ago, when Cadets all together!

II

All together!—Good Lord!—To be gathered once more!
'Twould need a Magician's wand!—
Together, from many a foreign shore,
Or a far more distant Land,
Where some are gone,—dropt out from the ranks,—
Left behind!—Nay, gone on ahead,
To wait for their comrades, where praise & thanks
Resound from the risen dead.

= There's Jones, of our day, in Company C,
Who lies at Tel-el-Kebir;—
And Brown,—we remember him well, in D,—
He's buried not far from here;—
And Smith,—he fell at fatal Maiwand,
Where his Berkshire lads fought & bled
And Turner,—beside us again he'll stand,
When the Sea gives up its dead.
You will find their names on the Chapel Walls.
Their memory haunts me within these Halls

= But some are living?—Oh yes, here one,
And, somewhere, another,—scattered around.
Some towards the East, & some towards the setting Sun,
God knows where they all may be found!
And some of us meet, first now & again;
But they're changed, like myself, & old;
And some have sunk 'midst their brother men;
And a few are estranged through their gold,
And Time has gone on!—Oh boys, this night,
And this look at the R. M. C.—
And your faces, so like those of old, & so bright
Bring these comrades of old back to me!
And I pray, as for them, so for you, that, at last,
When Cadets are numbered once more,
As God's Veteran Soldiers—dangers past,
And Life's troublous battles o'er,—
We may stand together to answer "All here!"
And to each one the Pass be given,
To march, side by side, as comrades dear,
To Head-Quarters,—Boys,—in Heaven!

20. 12. 98.

[Note by the Editor:—The Author omits, in his modesty, to mention that he read these lines, before the Officers & Cadets of C & D Companies, at the Smoking Concert they gave in the Library, the night before the close of Term; & that they applauded vigorously.]

‡ Curious to hear an old Veteran, in Halifax, N.S., this last Summer, asking "Is that clock still chiming the Quarters as it used to do, 40 years ago? How frightfully long they seemed to be when one was in the Hall of Study!"

‖ Staff Sergeant Girling, E Co: (now Sergeant Major Girling, 3rd Bat. Lancashire Fusileers) has only left the R.M.C. about 8 months but already his name & fame are fading from the memory of the Cadets:—in fact there are actually none to come back, this next Term, who were here with him. He was the smartest & keenest drill in the whole College, & his sayings on Parade, would make an amusing volume.

P "To be under Restriction" is to be an R.M.C. defaulter. The restrictions have punishement drill, at the back of the College, of times when the Rugger or Soccer Cup is being fought for, by their Company in front,—of course invisible to them.

× The Company matches excite far more interest, as a rule, amongst the Cadets, than those against outsiders,—always excepting the Sandhurst v. Woolwich Academy contests.

** "Contour", a term used in Topography, for the tracery on a sketch, denoting the gradual rising of the land,—the moulding, so to speak, of hills, their curves & outlines.

Prize Essay.

It may be remembered by some of our Readers, (& we sincerely hope it is, for we have no very clear remembrance, ourselves,) that a Prize was offered for the best Essay, describing Christmas experience & pleasures, with permission for the writer, in each case, to relate the events which occurred to him, or her, during this last Christmas-tide.

The result is, on the whole, very satisfactory. We print a few of the most successful attempts, as evidence of our approval.

No. 1.

[N.B. Handwriting bold but uncertain. Traced out, apparently, first in pencil, by presumably an older hand]

"I gave Father a mouse on Christmas-Day. It holds matches. It is very nice. I have a cap with three corners."

G...d.

No. 2.

[Handwriting, again, obscure. The writer should pay more attention to spelling. We have taken the liberty of correcting this, for publication.]

* "Gellar & me got a helmet and quas* this Christ
† -mas. Gellar's is too small. My Murphe† sleeps
on my bed. She is my own puss. I got two pence
every week for not taking apples or chocolates
‡ and my medicine, regular. I wish we had a
tram-car. I ride on it when I go to Reading.
‖ I went to Ally Barby in Yorktown. I like Christ
-mas.
H—y."

[Notes:-
* This word "quas" has bewildered all our numerous staff. On further investigation, we believe it is intended to mean "cuirass"
† "Murphe" or "Murfe", — we can't quite make out which is the intended spelling. — Stands, we believe for "Martha" — one of the Chaplain's cats.
‡ This sounds as if the Writer received 2d per week for "not taking" his medicine. We conclude that he abstained from fruit & chocolate, but did take the medicine.
‖ "Ally Barby", we believe, is meant for "Ali Baba, or the Naughty Thieves", performed on January 3rd]

No. 3.

[N.B. Spelling treated in same way as No 2.]

" The beef was not nice at all on Christmas
Day breakfast. Mother cried, & we had
to eat tongue & eggs & toast & jam. We
have had many plum-puddings. Willie
likes them cut in slices over again. We
had many mince-pies. We had golden-
* -syrup tarts, & **Kamils**. Mr Ashworth
† sent me a Chapnees doll. It is so funny!
My other dolls won't speak to it, as it is
a gentleman doll, & not pretty. I went
‡ to Daddy's Tea-party, & Tommy, the talk
-ing doll, spoke to me a lot times. We
had lots of turkeys for dinner, & one
time, a goose. Harry won't eat gravy.
‖ Mother make Cinnie make a ginger-
-pudding, one time, & it was horrid!
I would not like to be a doll. It can't
eat, — only make believe. I got two Dolls
Houses at Christmas. I will give you
‖ a kiss if you give me the Prize.
Your loving S—e."

[Notes:-
* "Kamils" — After deep reflection, we at first concluded that the young lady (for it is certainly one of the fair sex) had partaken of "Camels," in her paternal home. Further investigation has revealed "Caramels"
† "Chapnees", also, involved many difficulties; * but we are nearly certain that the word is "Japanese"
‡ "Daddy's Tea Party" is, evidently, the Sunday School Tea Party & Entertainment, given by the Chaplain, R. M. C., on Monday January 2nd
‖ "Cinnie" — The Cook. Even the greatest Genius is liable to fail, at times. We, ourselves, had a relative who failed in business, badly.
‖ This is a bribe. Editors are human, & do not, certainly, object to a kiss; but not as a business transaction. One of those "turkeys", now, might possibly tempt us. On the whole, we think this young lady is fond of good things to eat.]

No. 4.

" I hurt my hand at our Fireworks at School, on
Guy Faw-kes' (Spelt "Forks") Day. Father gave me
a box — a big one — of tin Soldiers & wagons on
Christmas Day. I like lead ones best. Frank makes
me laugh at dinner, & Father scolds. I can't help
* laughing. Once I laughed at Prayers with Mother
† at those Monks' naked feet in the Parisian, &
Mother said I shouldn't. It is always being wrong
to laugh. I sleep in Mother's room. Father sleeps
‡ there, too (Spelt "two"). So does Martha. So would
Dick if he could, but he is tied to his kennel in
the back hall, & he howls. I slept in Father's
Cabin all the way to Canada, & back. Willie
‖ slept with us in the Pullman Car, & his legs took
up too much room. I was crushed. His legs
went all over everywhere. Willie broke his teeth
‖ in Halifax. They had to be stitched up. It must
have hurt. I did not laugh then. Grandfather boils
** eggs while he is saying Prayers, when the breakfast
†† is waiting. I can't think of anything more to say
about Christmas. I have the Warehouse, still, which
I got on the Christmas before.
R—y."

[Notes:-
* This sounds as if Mother laughed also. We are assured that this is not the case.
† It appears that there were two Franciscan Monks on board the S.S. "Parisian", when the Chaplain & his 48ers were returning home. Of course, they only wore sandals on their feet.
‡ Referring to Essay, No. 2 it would seem that "Martha" sleeps also in H—y's bedroom. How can this be? Perhaps the faithful animal divides her nights between the two rooms, or possibly the two Essayists are referring to different dates altogether.
‖ The Chaplain & his 48ers were, it appears, going from Halifax to Quebec, when this incident took place. Our talented Artist certainly has legs, & a berth in a Pullman Car would not seem to afford much scope for storage.
‖ The Essayist is liable to be misconstrued. It was Mr William Trowenth Lip which had to be stitched, not his teeth. R—y must be more careful about his antecedents. He had better borrow & consult the Rudiments of English Composition which that brute of a boy — our late Staff — took with him.
** The worthy Old Gentleman thus referred-to, is in the habit of setting the eggs to boil in a block before, by means of lighted spirits of Wine, before he says the Morning Prayer, which concludes at about the same moment as the flame burns itself out. We are sure that Master R—y will some day be glad to think that he was present at these family devotions.
†† We humbly suggest that this Essay has not dealt much with the subject of Christmas, while it has taken us to Canada, & the School fireworks, which date from earlier periods. Stick to your text, another time, Mr R—y!]

No. 5.

" Christmas makes you find out how jolly it is
to have a God-mother. My God-mother — Mrs Ligert-
-wood — gave me a gold-headed stick, this Christ-
-mas. She has given me lots of things — five shillings
in a purse, & a race-game, & a prayer-book, & a
* Grace-game, & a picture she painted herself.
It must be nice to be able to paint yourself;
but it's just as nice to have a God-mother who
paints herself for you, & sends you money &
games & sticks & things. Father gave me a jolly
Cavalry Barracks, this Christmas, with beds and
stables & straw & racks for clothes & a lot of French
soldiers. We have great battles, Roy & I; & Frank
plays with us sometimes, though he pretends he is
getting too old for playing with soldiers, which
† is all rot. I get books, too, & I love reading. Fa-
-ther used to say that I liked nothing but fairy
tales, but I like Henty now, & tales of adventure.
I think I am growing up more than I used
to do. I can ride now, in a train without
being sick over everybody, & I have got past
measles, & have been ever so long in Eton.

I understand about saving money, too, & mean to be rich some day. I am glad Father has gone downstairs again to sleep, as I have got back to my own bed. Christmas is jolly enough, only I wish they wouldn't bother a fellow to dance. It is such rot! And it isn't nice to have Willie & Barney at home, when one has to eat all the fowl legs, because there are such a lot of us, & it takes so long before one gets helped at all. And that's about all I can write about Christmas.

H—t."

[Notes:—
* The "Grace-game", we fancy, was a Cricket one, with a tin figure of W.G. Grace, standing at the wicket, with a bat which worked by a spring, & sent the ball into numbered holes
† "All rot" is not a pretty phrase, Mr. H—t.
‡ The Chaplain had to sleep in one of the boys' beds upstairs from Feb. 1st till November 1898, as his Wife was obliged to have, first her Son Roy & then her daughter Alice, in her room with her, at night, through their illness.]

No. 6.

"I think you like the Christmas Holidays best when you go to Boarding-School and come home for them. It was not the same, this Christmas, as I have been at home ever since
* Canada. I went to Woking for the College of Preceptors' Exam:. I was the only one for Trigonometry, & only did three questions. I think the Examiner must have hated me for keeping him there. We had a Play at our School, & I acted in it. I went
† with Father & Willie to a Soccer Match at Reading. Reading against Gravesend. Gravesend played best, first half. Then—

[Here follows a long description of the Match, in technical terms which will be Greek to many of our Readers, & particularly to the ladies, on whom we depend greatly for support. So, with apologies to the Essayist, we omit.]

"Reading, therefore, won by a penalty goal, &
‡ another, to nil. I don't care for Football as
‖ much as I did. It is such rot having to play every day, & the fellows at Mr. Irving's are so small we can't get up a proper Team. Leily had a birthday on the 3rd. She says
¶ it is her 21st. I made up a table for her, with a cake & crackers, & presents. Father gave her a Photograph of himself, & I put
** a halfpenny on her cake, & Father a far-thing; & there were a good lot of things for her. She never had a table before. I have been doing a puzzle-picture, out
†† of Chums; but I have not had time to finish it. Father tries every Christmas for some prize or other, but he never gets any. Father slept in my room for a
‡‡ long while. I am glad he has gone down-stairs to Mother's room as he used to read in bed, & his candle kept me awake. We play Billiards in one of the College billiard-rooms. Captain Knox gave me a beautiful Stanley Gibbons Stamp Album in two volumes; but this was before Christmas, I hope I shall get
‖‖ into the Britannia this October. I think I shall stop now. Z... K."

[Notes:—
* This young gentleman, we understand, returned from Canada on September 17th 1898.
† It ought to be mentioned that another Brother,—the Chaplain's second Son, deprived himself of the pleasure of going to see this Match, in order to wheel his Sister to a 5 o'clock Tea.
‡ Not another penalty goal, surely? Yet it reads after this fashion.
‖ With reference to this ugly word "rot", see previous note to Essay No 5. We cannot allow such terms to pass without comment.
¶ "A Table" in birth-day language, means a set-out of Cake, Crackers, Chocolate Boxes, Sweets, & Presents of all sorts & sizes on a table, generally in Mr. Townend's bedroom, for the benefit of that particular member of the family who enters on a new year, & who comes down in the early morning, with his Brothers & Sisters to see, & be astonished, & receive the united offerings of the household. This institution dates back to Dublin days.
** Carrying out the family custom, whereby each child has a sum of money,—considerably larger, by the way, than the coins here mentioned,—on his or her birthday-cake.
†† Master Z... K might make time for this, & many other duties & pleasures if he liked. To begin & not to finish is a prevailing habit of the youthful Townends. Master B... d, for instance has been as long over the Temple of Solomon, for his mother, as the Jews were in erecting the real one,—in proportion.
‡‡ The Father's movements imply a sort of nomadic existence. It is a sad but sober fact that the Reverend Gentleman's sleeping & dressing arrangements are generally unsettled. His clothes, his toilet necessaries, & his toilet-itself, involve several rooms, & make him into a "Wandering Jew", night & morning.
‖‖ Sincerely do we echo this wish! Ed: "B-de-V. Times".]

No. 7.

"Christmas would be very nice if the Cadets were at the College. They came-in every Wednesday Evening in the Term; & we had music.—Mr. McLeod plays so well, & so does Mr. Sullivan! Mr. McLeod sings splendidly—'Jean, Jean—my bonnie, bonnie Jean'. Muriel & I have learnt it off. I am so sorry he is not coming back. I got ever so many presents this Christmas. My Birthday comes just a week before, so I had two sets of things, & lots
* from people outside. Uncle Charley sent me £3; & he gave me £5 when he was over here in the Summer; & Muriel gave me a pincushion & tie; & the Crown Prince of Siam, his Photograph, framed, & on it written 'To Miss Alice Townend from her friend Maha-Vajiravuda'. I have put it & Mr. Wylde's Photograph on the little table by my sofa. I can get about on crutches now, & I have been to the Crown Prince's party, & Captain & Mrs. Knight's Fancy Dress Ball, & the Yorktown Theatricals. Mrs. Abbot-Anderson
† was splendid in them, & Muriel was so kind,
‡ bringing me tea to my chair; & she took tea to Leily at the back, only Leily would not drink it,
‖ but gave it to Susie. Susie will take anything to eat or drink that you give her. Oh, & I went to Father's Tea Party. The Magic Lantern pictures were very good. I like my bedroom awfully. It used to be Father's Study; but Father has got his Study now, upstairs. My room looks very pretty with all my things & curtains, & pictures, & a new paper with roses on it; only Dick used to jump on my bed at night, so he was fasten-
¶ -ed up, & the last few nights he has run away,

and Mother has had to let him in, in her night-gown, in the middle of the night, & she dare not beat him because he would howl, & wake everybody up. There is one good thing about being laid-up with a sore foot:— everyone is so kind! And Muriel comes constantly, & sits
** & plays with me. I love my mandoline, & I can play ever so many tunes on it. Miss Gillespie is very kind, too, when she is at home, & Captain Knox, who keeps his guitar here, in the Drawing-room. I do hope my foot
†† will get well, this year!

Your affectionate Friend,

L——e.

[Notes:—

* "People outside"— This phrase would seem to denote friends not only outside the Chaplain's Quarters, but outside the R.M.C. also, & even England: e.g. "Uncle Charley", who, we understand is a Professor in Dalhousie College, Halifax, N.S.

† "Splendid", here used of "acting", not of "dress", though it may be taken in both senses, & appropriately.

‡ The "Chair" referred-to is the one in which the young lady-Essayist had to be wheeled into the Yorktown Drill Hall.

|| Our previous estimate of Miss Susie's character (Vide Note ¶ to Essay No. 3) is evidently correct. Still there are worse faults than a taste or capacity for food. We have a sincere regard & admiration for Miss Susie's amiable & kindly nature; & wish that she may always have a healthy appetite & plenty of good things wherewith to satisfy it.

¶ This is perplexing. How, if the Dog was fastened up, could he run away? Doubtless the solution lies in the fact, that he anticipated the former by the latter act.

** This spelling of "Mandolin", for which we kicked & expelled our Staff (Vide Page 3), has caused us acute disappointment & pain. It is terrible to have to recall that animal of a boy, & own that we were wrong— yet the Essayist must know, for she owns the instrument in question;— & the boy was useful & cheap, & his English Grammar, & other school-books came-in handy.

†† Most earnestly do we sympathize: most sincerely do we join in this hope. If cheerfulness & uncomplaining endurance could effect a cure, there would be no doubt about the fulfilment of every hope & every prayer for a speedy recovery. Ed: B-de-V. Times.]

No. 8.

I always like being at home. There's no place like it! And I don't know that Christmas is jollier than Easter & Summer Holidays. My hens lay more eggs in the Summer, & there are the young chickens to look after, & the roads are better for biking. Last Summer, I had to leave my hens & pigeons, & had no biking,—
* except in the rain at Annapolis,—as I was in Halifax. They were all very kind to us there, & I was awfully sorry to come away. We had a very decent time of it, going about in the "Ulala", & playing billiards. Dr Robin-
† ‡ -son, my God-father, took Father & me into the woods, fishing, & this was awfully decent too! Only we had no salt, & no milk, & the ham was left behind at Milford, as we thought, but it turned out that it never had been brought at all. I got some rises but could not hook a fish. There was one place where we had to lift the boat over a dam. Father saw a porcu-pine when he was out fishing with Uncle Geoff: My hens don't lay much now. I think there
|| are a lot of kids about. Wells saw two in the Stable, & one of them was climbing up the ladder. I suppose it will be
¶ having young ones in the hay, next. I have eleven pigeons, — white fantails — very pretty — & the cats don't touch them,
** as they did Charley's at Grandfather's. They have two pigeon-coles (Spelt "coals"), & I don't think that one of them is very safe. I am always afraid of it being blown away when there is a high wind. I don't think I have
†† anything more to say about Christmas, only I like being at home, & it is jolly decent to be with one's hens & pi-geons, & the horse, & Father & Mother & Alice—

B—d."

[Notes:—

* Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, is the town meant.

† The "Ulala" is, we believe, a steam yacht; belonging to Mrs Toronendh's Father.
The "Billiards" referred-to were played, we understand on a private table belonging to the same Gentleman.

‡ Dr Robinson, a Surgeon of repute, at Annapolis, with whom the Chaplain had most successful fishing in olden times. The lakes & runs were far too high, this last Summer for any successful fishing; & at this very time, there was a long-con-tinued drought, & scarcity of water, in England!

|| Wells, the Cavalry Soldier, attending to the Chaplain's horse.

¶ "Next", indeed, Mr B—d! We may well ask "Next?"

** These relations become confusing. After investigation we are able to inform the public, that the "Charley" mentioned here, is the son of "Uncle Charley", referred-to in Essay, No 7.

†† As in previous cases, we are compelled to observe that our Essayist has told us exceedingly little about Christmas at all.]

No. 9.

"Christmas is all very well for the youngsters. They like it. I've grown out of that sort of thing. Santa Claus-stockings, & the whole house turned upside down with toys, & no one able to move a yard without kicking-over soldiers & forts & dolls' houses & boats,— & a regular muddle everywhere! Children ought-to be kept in the nursery; only of course, these Quarters are so small that Barney has to sleep there, that is in the Play-room. Shows you should never marry in the Army. If Father
* had never married, there wouldn't be such a lot of kids to fill the house up. The spiced
† round of beef was a failure on Christmas Morning, but one learns, as one grows older,
‡ to take this sort of disappointment quietly. "Don't fuss & don't worry", is my motto. Father worries a lot, & I don't see that any good comes of it. I have made up my mind never to marry, or if I do, I won't have any children, that's flat! Pantomimes, too, are beastly
|| rot. There is some sense, of course, in going up to see Burne-Jones' Pictures or the New Gallery. And as for Dances, there's all the expense of cabs & white gloves, & the kids catching cold, & after all, what's the use? Just to caper about with a lot
¶ of stupid girls!— I wonder we can't spend money on something really worth while, like Caton Woodville's Battle-pictures. I want to see his
** new one—the Charge of the 21st Lancers at Om-durman. Don't know what I should have done, if it had not been for Drawing, these
†† Holidays. I liked Halifax, this last Summer, but I should not care to live there. They have no picture galleries & no proper Foot-ball.

W—m."

[Notes:—

* Where would you have been, young man?

† Strange how many of our Essayists comment on this culinary failure!

‡ We are puzzled as to the real age of this Writer. He speaks as one who had grown blase after long years of weary experience.

|| Remember the Chaplain's lines, friend!

"Some folks like Souchong & some folks like Hyson;—
What's one man's meat is another man's poison."

¶ Bide a wee! You'll alter your mind about the girls, in a year or two, or we are much mistaken.

** Very glad to hear of something you do really like.

†† Glad again to discover another liking. "Live & let live," is a good motto, which you may well add to the one you quote in your Essay. Every one of us has a pet hobby & taste, & it is just as well that we have not all of us, the same.

But we are still curious as to the age of our correspondent.]

No. 10.

"Christmas, no doubt, brings worries; but it also brings much happiness — at any rate to the Children, & this, after all, is the main thing:— this, & the happiness which one can give to many poor people. I think our Lord's Birthday, gives birth to a great deal of love & kindness, which would not, otherwise be known or shown. I like the custom at Christmas time of sending a card or booklet or Calendar to friends & relatives, & getting a similar little gift sometimes from those whom one never hears of, or from, at any other time. My Father & Mother, I know, are pleased to receive my little tokens of affectionate remembrance, & the former has the Scripture Text Almanack I send him, in his Dressing-room, & thinks of me each morning, as he reads the Verse for the day; while I have a similar Almanack of my own, & like to think that we have both the same daily text to look at, & think of, as it were together, though we are so far apart. It is a great blessing, this Christmas, to have had all the dear Children together at home, as in Christmases past; especially when one thinks how more than likely it is that the time will soon come, when some of them must go forth to fight the Battle of Life, away from parents, & home, & the simple pleasures they have had these Holidays; & one hopes & prays that the remembrance of these pleasures, & the quiet, happy, Christmas times at Sandhurst, will not only help to make Home the best loved spot, no matter where they go, but also will keep them from doing anything which they would be ashamed to do now, or which will make them then ashamed, as they look back on the pleasant Christmas scenes of their young days. Sometimes one gets worried by the noise & untidiness & expense connected with Christmas, especially here in this house which is so small for our large family, — & there is the trouble of providing for the varied tastes of our young people, at meals, which are so many breakfast & lunch & dinner parties, — & every room is a litter of toys & games, — & one can seldom get a quiet moment to oneself, — & if one lies down in an afternoon, the children come into one's room, one after the other, each wanting something, — & one gets tired-out sometimes; — & inclined to be thankful that Christmas only comes once a year; but then they do enjoy it so! And one has so many mercies, — witness my Husband's most unexpected, delightful, & mysterious present, of such value, too, sent to him these two Christmases in succession! — And one is so thankful for the improvement, slow as it is, in the condition of our invalid Daughter, & that she is able to get about on her crutches, & is still so cheerful and happy. So, taking one thing with another, this Essay on Christmas means just the Angels' Anthem:—

"Glory to God in the highest and on Earth peace, good-will towards men"

M — e."

[Note:— This beautiful Essay is undoubtedly the best we have as yet received. It is so much removed from the rest in its composition & tone that we feel it would be almost an insult to offer its Author the paltry Prize for which our Essayists are competing. Perhaps this public testimony of our admiration will be the reward best valued by our Correspondent, & we offer it accordingly.]

No. 11.

"Christmas means many different things to the Parson — to his Parson at any rate. It is heralded by the departure of the Cadets, farewell dinners & a Smoker:— also by the distribution of gifts to the poor, which involves the drawing-up of lists, enquiries, visits, & subsequent appeals to the Congregation on Christmas Day itself:— also by letters to be numbered by the score, for contributions to the Sunday School Tea Party & Entertainment;— also by more letters to the Ladies who are likely to help at the Church Decorations; also by payments to the Women of their Clothing Club Deposits & the interest thereon; also by visits to London, Reading & Aldershot — generally all three, for toys & other presents to gladden the eyes & hearts of the family;— also by the arrangements for Christmas Communions, & other Services, Choir Practices for Christmas Carols & Anthem;— also by writing messages & good wishes to absent relatives & friends, on letters, on cards, on booklets, on Calendars;— also by the return of Boys from School, & the festivities attendant thereon;— also by a gradual accumulation of business correspondence, which snow-balls up & up, throughout Christmas-tide & the beginning of New Year, until one reviles in un-clerical terms the man who first taught himself & others how to write.

Here you have a decalogue, a ten-fold set of laws, which govern the actions, & fill up the time, of the Author of this Essay.

As the man who was too busy to know what the weather was like, so, with these ten causes for mental & bodily activity one has been too busy this Christmas, to think whether one really enjoys Christmas or not.

But with the ending of the ten-fold pressure, — when the Cadets have departed, the mess rooms emptied, the echoes of the Smoker died away, — when the sick & needy have received their gifts, & the Christmas offertories — never so large as on this occasion, have been given away; — when the Tea Party is over, & the crowd at the subsequent Entertainment — never before so great a success — has melted away; — when the Decorations have had their day — in the case of the flowers, their day literally — & are faded & taken down; — when the Clothing Club Women have all had their money, & gone on their way rejoicing; — when the toys, games, books, dresses, writing-cases, & all manner of gifts, have been duly purchased, & duly distributed; — when the Services are ended, the list of Communicants completed, the Sermons preached, the Carols & Anthem sung; — when the Christmas Cards, Calendars, &c, have been posted; — when the youngsters from School are turning into the youngsters for School again, & the Christmas parties, dances & routs are as stale as the holly & mistletoe which decorated these scenes of gaiety; — & when even the piles of unanswered letters have dwindled down into a manageable bundle,

Then —

Why, then comes a yearning for it all to come over again, a regret that the excitement & whirl, yea even the bother & worry, are past & gone. — The Christmas of 1898, & the year 1898 itself, added to the dead part of the years which have preceded it.

Then also, the full value of Christmas — not Christmas 1898 merely, but Christmas generally,

is better understood than at the actual time. The season which makes folks think a bit more kindly of, & act a bee more kindly towards, their neighbours: — which also, makes them, though only for a while, forget the troubles & forebodings of their ordinary life; — which throws, also, a certain halo, absurd & sentimental, though some may call it — over an otherwise prosaic & monotonous existence & above all, which unites pretty nearly all sects & creeds in one common homage for one great centre figure of all Christianity, viz: the Babe Christ; — must be a grand, glorious season, & its keeping a great & wonderful good.

Mrs own personal Christmas has brought with it several distinctive blessings & pleasant surprises to be long remembered with gratitude: — chief amongst these a mysterious money gift of great value, a repetition of a similar gift on the previous Christmas: — words fail to express our gratitude. It was only a few weeks before, that one received, what is presumably a rare offering to-wit a horse, old but in good condition. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" says the Divine Master, but, one has to confess, that it is also blessed to receive; & I close this essay with the sincerely felt benediction, God bless Christmas!

C — d.

Round the Christmas-Day Clock

Written for the Golden Penny Prize

1st Hour.. 1 a.m. "Sleep, gentle Sleep"! — Oh, hark, there go the Waits!
2nd " 2 " ... Sleep, once again; — untroubled, — thank the Fates!
3rd " 3 " ... And still more sleep: — no noise from girl or boy.
4th " 4 " ... Sleep, with ecstatic dreams of Christmas joy.
5th " 5 " " Noise from above! "Oh, go to sleep", says Nurse.
6th " 6 " " Santa Claus stockings! — Doll, horse, bon-bons, purse!
7th " 7 " " To Mothers bedroom, taking all the toys.
8th " 8 " " Dressing & romps! — Unwonted leave for noise.
9th " 9 " " Breakfast & letters: — heaps of Christmas cards!
10th " 10 " " Gifts to the Poor: — they bring their own rewards.
11th " 11 " " Church. — Decorations, music, best for years.
12th " 12 " " Greetings from friends, — the sort of thing that cheers.
13th " 1 p.m. Lunch on the table: — cold spiced beef, mince-pies.
14th " 2 " " Now to the pond for skating each one hies.
15th " 3 " " Hockey on ice. Hot coffee brought at four.
16th " 4 " " Snowballing match before we reach the door.
17th " 5 " " Oldsters have tea & cake. — "Come, youngsters, quick!
18th " 6 " " Finish the Christmas-Tree, you Sue, Roy, Dick!"
19th " 7 " " Dinner — Roast beef, a turkey, pudding "prime"!
20th " 8 " " Dessert & crackers. Now for guests it's time!
21st " 9 " " And here they come! — Jokes 'neath the mistletoe!
22nd " 10 " " Dance in full swing! — Hurray, away you go!
23rd " 11 " " The Christmas-Tree ablaze: — gifts for each one!
24th " 12 " " Last kisses, cheers, good-byes! — The day is done!

A.J.J. 3/12/98

The Set-out — in cordial Companionship

2

The ideal Return. Hand-in-hand.

3

The actual Return. — Sulks in the rear.

4

Climax! The aged Parent left to fight his way in the dark, through the Oak Grove!

A story which tries, though badly, to tell, itself, its own tale:— How the Chaplain and two of his sons went to see a Foot-ball Match, at Reading, & how they returned. January 7th 1899.

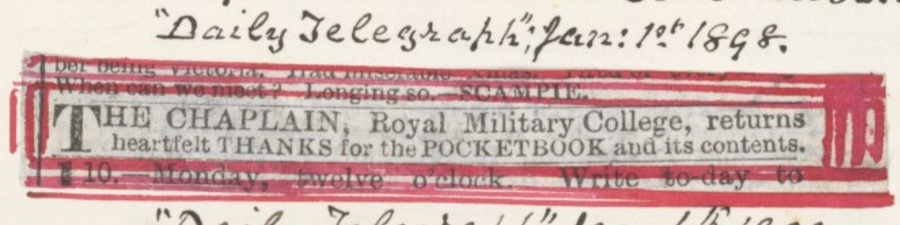
N.B. A vain effort is made by the Artist to depict the aged Father holding a lighted match in his hand to try to find his way. Like the darkness this has to be taken for granted.

N.B. 2. Alas! A spluttering pen has given an effect, not intended, to the tree-scape in Part 4.

A. J. T. Junior.

The Chaplain's Two Advertisements.

"Daily Telegraph", Jan: 1st 1898.

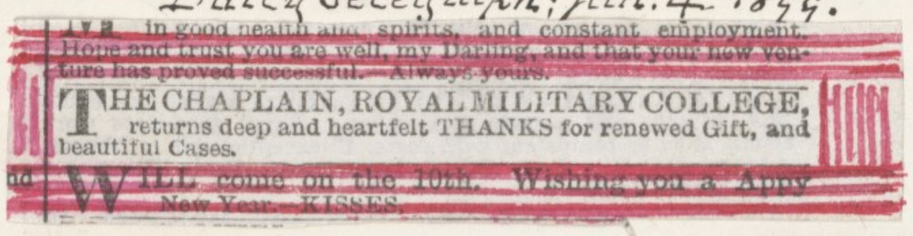


When can we meet? Longing so.—SCAMPIE.

THE CHAPLAIN, Royal Military College, returns heartfelt THANKS for the POCKETBOOK and its contents.

10. Monday, twelve o'clock. Write to-day to

"Daily Telegraph", Jan: 4th 1899.



in good health and spirits, and constant employment. Hope and trust you are well, my Darling, and that your new venture has proved successful. Always yours.

THE CHAPLAIN, ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, returns deep and heartfelt THANKS for renewed Gift, and beautiful Cases.

WILL come on the 10th. Wishing you a Appy New Year.—KISSES.

The first in acknowledgment of two Bank of England notes of (to the recipient) great value, placed in a Silver-mounted Russian-leather pocket-book; received December 23rd 1897:— The second in acknowledgment of a similar sum of money, in one Bank of England note, contained in an oxydised-silver cigarette-case, inlaid with gold flowers. This, together with a match box of the same material & adornment, was sent in a leather-case, & arrived December 31st 1898.

On the first occasion, there was also, in the Pocket-Book, a slip of paper, on which in not over-good writing, was the following request:—

"Will Chaplain acknowledge receipt of enclosed in Daily Telegraph Jan 1/98."

On the second occasion, inside the Cigarette Case, & in handwriting decidedly bad, & spelling faulty, as below,— appeared

"Pleace acknolege recite in D T Jan 4 1899"

This last piece of calligraphy might have been written, apparently by a child. Doubtless an additional precaution against possibility of identification.

The Chaplain cannot be sufficiently thankful for these two munificent gifts. Each has come when most needed. The expenses attendant on Alice's long-continued sickness, & on taking Roy, for the benefit of the Sea-voyage, to Canada & back, would by themselves constitute sufficient reason for gratitude that this aid has come.

The Bout-de-Ville Times

Alice's Pavilion – Summer 1898

May 10th 1898.

Photograph taken by Master Frank Townend.

The expressive countenances of the Revd. C.J. & his Daughter are veiled in darkness, through the shadow of the Pavilion roof.

Said Pavilion a device of the Chaplains to enable the said Daughter to enjoy the air, free from rain & sun. Covered (not the Daughter, but the Pavilion) with canvass lent by Sergt-Major Donaldson R.E. & made water-tight by mixture of oil & rosin.

Here she spent, pretty well whole days, & in fact, lived outdoors all the Summer, to which may be attributed her wonderful health of body notwithstanding the pain in her foot, & the want of exercise.

To her right, may be seen the table with move-able lamp, which Dr. Clarke lent her, & which, N.B., she has still. She is sitting in the invalid-chair got for her from London. The instrument on which her Parent has his right hand is the Type-writer given to him by Mrs Townend, Christmas 1897, & with which he is printing his Paper on "Lay Agency in the Army" to read before the Chaplains at their Annual Conference in Wellington Barracks Vestry on the next day, May 11th. In front is the head & part of the body of Dick, the family dog. He has a patch of black & tan over the eye which is not visible to the spectator. The vase of flowers, next to the Type-writer, has a companion vase on the other table. Flowers are a speciality with Miss Alice Townend. Her tables were kept constantly supplied with them.

The title of "Pavilion" was an invention of the Chaplains. The owner, herself, styled it her "Boudoir". To common folk it would have seemed a long open "Tent". Cheap as to cost, it did its work, & answered its purpose well.

5 o'clock Teas were held in it constantly:- notably one on June 28th, when Cadets & their Relatives and friends poured in, after Lord Wolseley's Terminal Inspection, & the Lunch which Mrs Townend gave afterwards. On this & other occasions, the Pavilion presented quite a gay appearance.

Remembrances of Nova Scotia – Summer, 1898.

The Rocking-Stone – August 31st

This view was taken by Willie Stairs. It requires a magnifying glass to distinguish the features of the group on the Stone itself. Suffice it to say that here are represented pretty fully the youthful members of the Stairs' family – grand-children of Mr Stairs Senr, who remained at the Kidstone Farm some mile & a half away. Amongst these grand-children are Masters Willie Barney, Frank & Roy Townend

while their Father may also be observed, leaning back on the rough ladder, in front. Miss Maggie Sutherland & Mrs Scott (Mrs Ned Stairs' Sister) ought to have been in the picture, but stood modestly too much on one side.

Lest any one should suppose that the Chaplain, R.M.C. assumed this prominent position, in quest of notoriety, it may be as well to mention that his object was safety, not fame, as the final steps to the top were risky, the Stone apparently slippery, & its summit already crowded.

Annapolis-Royal – August 25th – 29th

Snap-shots by Dr Robinson's Daughter.

Dr Robinson & Dog.

Dr Robinson's House, where Barney & his Father stayed.

The Ryerson House, where Mr & Mrs Townend stayed in 1881.

The Bout-de-Ville Times —

Grandfather's House — 19 South Street, Halifax, N.S.

N.B. It must not be supposed that the above Sketch by our Artist, is intended to convey an accurate view of the Garden. The window over right-hand side of Porch, & the one next to it, round the corner, belong to the Large Bedroom occupied by the Chaplain in 1885-95.

Fishermen in the Stone at Herring Cove. Nova Scotia

Our talented Artist visited the quaint, out-of-the world, Village of Herring Cove, during a yachting excursion in the "Ulala", while his Father with Mr. Bernard Townend were fishing in the Woods near Annapolis. Our Artist's party spent the night on the Yacht; & essayed some deep-sea fishing, with indifferent success. Report declares that they contributed largely towards the support of the fish they did not catch, being sick to a man — & a boy. The above drawing is the result of our Artist's rambles on the

The Bout-de-Ville Times –

The Jellicoes' House at Sandgate.

May 23rd – 28th ↓

N.B. The arrow "↓" points to the right-hand row of windows which represents the Jellicoe Mansion.

N.B. 2. The Parade looks a wee more "high-falutin" than it is in reality.

N.B. 3. In the distance, but apparently touching the house, is a hill:- The beginning of the Folkestone Leas, a long promenade on a cliff, with houses on the one side, & the Sea, below, on the other. The top of the Metropole Hotel can be seen, &, to its right, the upper Station of the Elevated Railway between Sandgate & the Leas.

Advertisements, Chit-Chat, Conundrums.

Wanted by an Antiquarian:- an authentic record of the last boat, canoe or punt ever seen on the College Lake. Is it true that, at one remote period, several of these were known to have navigated its waters, together? Were the mariners themselves pre-historic? Are any relics of this remote age obtainable,- such as oars, paddles, rowlocks, cushions, or boards? Did the College, by any possi-bility, exist, & were any of its members known to sail or row upon the now long-time deserted waters? And is there any trace of a Professor of Topography being known, or heard-of, in those far-back ages? Any information on these points will be thankfully received, & authentic relics paid-for.

Ornithological Guide-Books, on sale, with special reference to the water-fowl, teal, widgeon, plovers, pee-wits, seals, sharks, whales, & mermaids, recently imported & placed in the R.M.C. Lake. Accurate list of the various specimens, with illustrations, including portraits of Colonel V—n, & Gatekeeper Slaney; the latter of whom will personally conduct tourists,— provided they bring no cat or dog with them, & keep carefully at the distance of one mile from the Lake-Shore.— He will point out the beauties of the landscape & waterscape

through a sixpenny tele-scope, specially provided by the W.O. Authorities — No: 7890123 — 31.2.98. — & receive fees of not less than half-a-crown a head -

By Order.

The attention of the Governor, Assistant Commandant, Professor of Topography, & other Officials interested in the multiplication of game & fish, having been directed to the fact that several creatures, who belong to neither of the above species, but to the inferior order of human-beings, have been seen to loiter, smoke, talk, sneeze & breathe, in the vicinity of the College Lake;—

It is hereby published for general information, that any one, after this date, so transgressing, will be liable to one Month's restriction, &, in addition, will have to learn by heart, & publicly recite in Lecture Hall, No1. the whole of the College Orders relating to the discipline & good conduct of all persons passing through or residing in the Royal Military College, or a radius of Twenty Miles, in every direction, from this Institution.

A certificate from Gatekeeper Slaney will be required, to the effect that such recitation has been properly delivered.

By Order.

A Lecture will be delivered by the C.R.E. North, Aldershot, amidst the interesting & romantic ruins of the New Vestry, R.M.C. Church, some date yet to be fixed, next Summer, on the origin & history of these relics of a hoar antiquity, with biographical sketch of the Architect, Contractors, & other Artists, who divide the proud responsibility of this noble & successful work.

The composite architecture, & the examples it affords of various stages & periods of structural knowledge, will be especially dwelt-upon; & the attention of the audience drawn to the unrivalled workmanship of the doorway into the sacred Edifice itself. Also, an attempt made approximately to calculate when this Doorway was begun, & when, if ever, it will be thoroughly completed.

The Church Choir will attend, & chant a dirge at intervals; & Messrs Martin, Wells & Co: will perform a joyful & highly comic pas de triomphe round the unfinished walls. The Chaplain to the Forces, also, is expected to leap over them, after the example of Remus, & in the same spirit; to show how great a height they have attained.

Query, did Goldsmith derive the idea of his "Deserted Village" from the present & constant appearance of the College Grounds?

Situation offered, of a lucrative but onerous nature, to an active young man, who wishes to better himself in life, no matter what position he is now occupying, or what salary he is at present drawing:

In the Chaplain's Quarters, R.M.C.;—

His duties will be constantly to attend the Chaplain himself, & find the Reverend Gentleman's Spectacles for him, when mislaid, which will be on the average once every quarter of an hour, or oftener.

He will also produce from the various parts of the house, where they are usually scattered, the Reverend Gentleman's hat or cap, overcoat, gloves, comforter, umbrella or walking-stick.

He must be able to lay his hand instantly on any paper, letter, bill, memorandum, or other document which the Reverend Gentleman requires urgently at the moment, &, of course cannot find.

He will also have to make careful & accurate notes of the Reverend Gentleman's actions, words, & thoughts, in readiness for the times, perhaps once a week, but often at much longer intervals, when the Reverend Gentleman endeavours to write-up his Diary, & taxes the memory of all his household (N.B. After each such severe tax upon his memory ability, a week's holiday will be granted).

Finally, he must possess & be capable of using instantly, when required, a copious vocabulary of words & expletives, which, without being profane are inconsistent with clerical dignity to utter. These he will deliver with due emphasis & right intonation, on such occasions, as the Reverend Gentleman may stand in need of forcible language - which he will, thus, be able to use by proxy.

The emolument offered is one Sover[illegible] please mark!—

One whole Sovereign!—

Twenty shillings sterling (minus Income Tax, always deducted from Military pay, before it is paid)! for every day — mark again! - every single day when the active & intelligent young man is not required to fulfil any of the above duties; - each & every day, the[illegible] when the Reverend Gentleman misla[illegible] loses nothing, forgets nothing, & wa[illegible] nothing done for him!

Applicants will apply in person, & [illegible] their places in line, along the College Square, Staff Sergeants will stand at intervals of two paces, to see that the queue be properly kept.

[Note: The Chaplain's funny Son (Query which?) remarks that he is curious to see it]

A School of Cookery having been established in the Chaplain's Quarters, R.M.C., candidates for admission, especially the cordon-bleus in the College Kitchen, are invited to regis[illegible]

their names without delay, to prevent disappointment. Spiced beef, & Ginger pudding will be made specialities. A new sauce for turkeys, in which lobsters will largely enter, will be taught. All dishes prepared to be the property of the Chaplain's family, except failures which the Mess Secretary will be requested to purchase for the Cadets' dinners.

A Subsidiary Class, in connection with the above, will be personally conducted by Mrs J—d, for the purpose of teaching deportment & polite behaviour at meals. Members of this Class will have the privilege of seeing & hearing the youthful Townends at Lunch or Dinner,— & will thus learn by example as well as precept.

Masters Bernard & Frank Townend beg respectfully to announce that they have obtained permission to use the R. M. C. Gymnasium, for a limited number of nights, in order to give a public Exhibition of Dancing. They will first show, by practical demonstration, how the Art is first acquired, & the various stages through which the Beginner has to pass before he attains perfection. Master Herbert Townend will assist in this part of the Entertainment. Then they will, in Part II, proceed to demonstrate the beauty & grace of the Terpsichorean Art, by performing, with various partners selected from the audience, the entire list of Dances known in ancient & modern days including the Can-Can, Otaheitan War-Dance, & Washington Post— They will also appear, in costume, as the Dancing Dervishes of the East. Master Bernard will execute a Pas-de-Fascination. Master Frank will go through the various steps of the Trois-temps, Hop & other Waltzes, to slow music. The performance to conclude, unless the Spectators should, by this time, have entirely dispersed, with a Double Shuffle, & Lancashire Clog Dance, in honour of their ancestral descent.

This Entertainment is guaranteed to be of a strictly moral & intellectual character, & such as an Infant in arms may safely witness.

Wanted, at once, Two-hundred Sunday School Teachers for the R.M.C. Certificate of Vaccination indispensable. Otherwise no questions asked.

Employment desired by the Members of the Townend Family, who desire to fill-up considerable spare time, at present lying idle on their hands, during the intervals between the Courses at Lunch & Dinner.

A curious Member of the R.M.C. desires to know why the Chaplain & his Wife returned from a short leave of absence lately with a sudden & violent aversion to Fish, in any shape or form?

[Perhaps some of our Readers can supply the correct answer. - Editor B.-de-V. Times]

Conundrum:- Why has the R.M.C. Compass never been set right until this past month or two?

Because, until lately, one could walk East-wards in three different directions, but only one "East" now remains on the compass-dial, & this one is in its right place.

[Note:- We are really placed in an embarrassing position. That wretch of a boy - our late staff - has taken his "Joe Miller" with him, & we have no handy book of reference, therefore, for our original jokes & conundrums.
It has taken a long & weary time to compose the above ponderous Riddle, which may, perhaps, require some explanation.
There were, until lately, three "Easts" connected with the College. The Governor, Sir Cecil East, K.C.B., residing at Government House; the Branch Establishment of East, the Reading Boat-builder, at the College Lake; & East, the Gate-Keeper, at Barossa Lodge.
The two former have left.]

What is the derivation of a certain phrase, much used during the past few months, by some of the Townend family:—
"That's all very well, but let it never be forgotten!"? Answers requested.

Conundrum by Master Roy Townend, whose Grammar may be pardoned, in consideration of youth, & a promise not to do it again:—
"Why am I & the Farrier-Sergeant like each other?"
"Because, you know, he's Mee".
"He-he-he-he!" Left laughing.—

Poem sent to us for insertion by Master Frank Townend:- apparently of mere local interest, but we insert it, to fill up space:-

There was once a young Prefect, named Willy
Who exclaimed "Why, the Cook must be silly!
Her spiced beef is not nice!
Why it's beef without spice!
'Pon my word, I would rather eat skilly!"

Yet another ditty by the same Author:—

There was once a young Lady named Alice
Who said (and we quote without malice)
"To be near the Crown Prince,
I would live upon mince,
And sweep out the rooms in his Palace."

After this, we feel glad that our columns are full, & no more space at our disposal.

The Bout-de-Ville Times.

1 – Mr. Herbert Townend's First Appearance in Print as an Author
2 – Mr. William Townend's First Appearance in Print as an Artist

This first essay in Authorship, from the brains & pen of Mr. Herbert Townend, appeared in the 1st Number of the "Camberley School Magazine", for Lent Term, 1898. It displays attention to detail, & power of minute description; & we congratulate the Author on what we trust is only the commencement of a literary career. If his Scholastic duties only permit, we should be happy to admit him to our Staff, on the "Bout-de-Ville Times"; vice a Boy who has left us in a painful & unpleasant manner (Vide Page 3); & we have no doubt we should benefit by the change. N.B. Bring a Dictionary & English Grammar with you!

We had a Paperchase on the day before yesterday (March 16th). There were two hares and they started about 2.30. The hounds went in two lots, the slow lot and the fast lot. They walked up to the Common and then started. The hares had five minutes' start, but they soon separated, and one laid an awfully good false track. We all lost the real one, and it was a long time before we found it again, and I got a thorn in my foot. In a little time we lost the track again and in a few minutes we found a false track, but we managed to find the real track. Then I lost myself, but I heard Clayton yelling. Then we saw one of the hares, but lost him again; then we found the track and followed it up. Then we got on the Bagshot Road and passed over it, down over the railway bridge onto another road. I had stopped to do up my shoe and was about 200 yards behind Philip Conran. I soon caught up Jervis who was as wet as a sponge. After about five minutes' running I caught up Philip and ran level with Mr. Prevost, and we ran a good way up a hill and then Philip caught me up, then I got ahead of him. Some people told us that the hares were about 100 yards ahead of us and fagged out. We ran rather fast, and then a boy told us that the hares had gone down a new road. We followed, and we had got about 100 yards up the road when I saw the hares who were walking up the hill in front of us. Philip was about 200 yards behind us. He began to run to catch us up, but we ran faster. At the hill we stopped and walked. At the top of the hill we began running again. About 100 yards further on I saw the bag and picked it up. I waved it in the air to show Philip, and then I ran on again to get in first. I ran up to the football goals and got in first. Then I went in to get my coat on. Then I went up the road to meet the others, and went as far as the hill on which I had found the bag. I could not see any more so I went back. When I got back I found they had gone right down to Frimley. After tea some of us went out to meet them and brought them back again. Darnell came in last.

From the Pall Mall Budget, April 9th, 1891.

2

* * *

Since we are bent, this week, on military matters, I might as well show you this spirited battle picture which Willie Townend, a boy of nine, and the son of the senior chaplain to the forces at Gibraltar, has drawn and sent to me. Willie has never been taught drawing, and the picture is not a copy, but an original piece of work, and as such so good that I hope he will soon begin to get lessons from a good teacher, and become a clever artist.

The Charge of the Household Brigade

WILLIE TOWNEND, Gibraltar, March 9, 1891.

* * *

This appeared in the "Children's Page" – edited & signed, each week by "Playmate". The "Pall Mall Budget" was at that time a Liberal paper. It passed into the hands of the Conservatives, & "Playmate" appeared to vanish from its pages, & his (or her) successor took no notice of our (then very) youthful Artist.

1.

The Chaplain's Drive.

THIS...IS...THE...START.

12 o'clock.

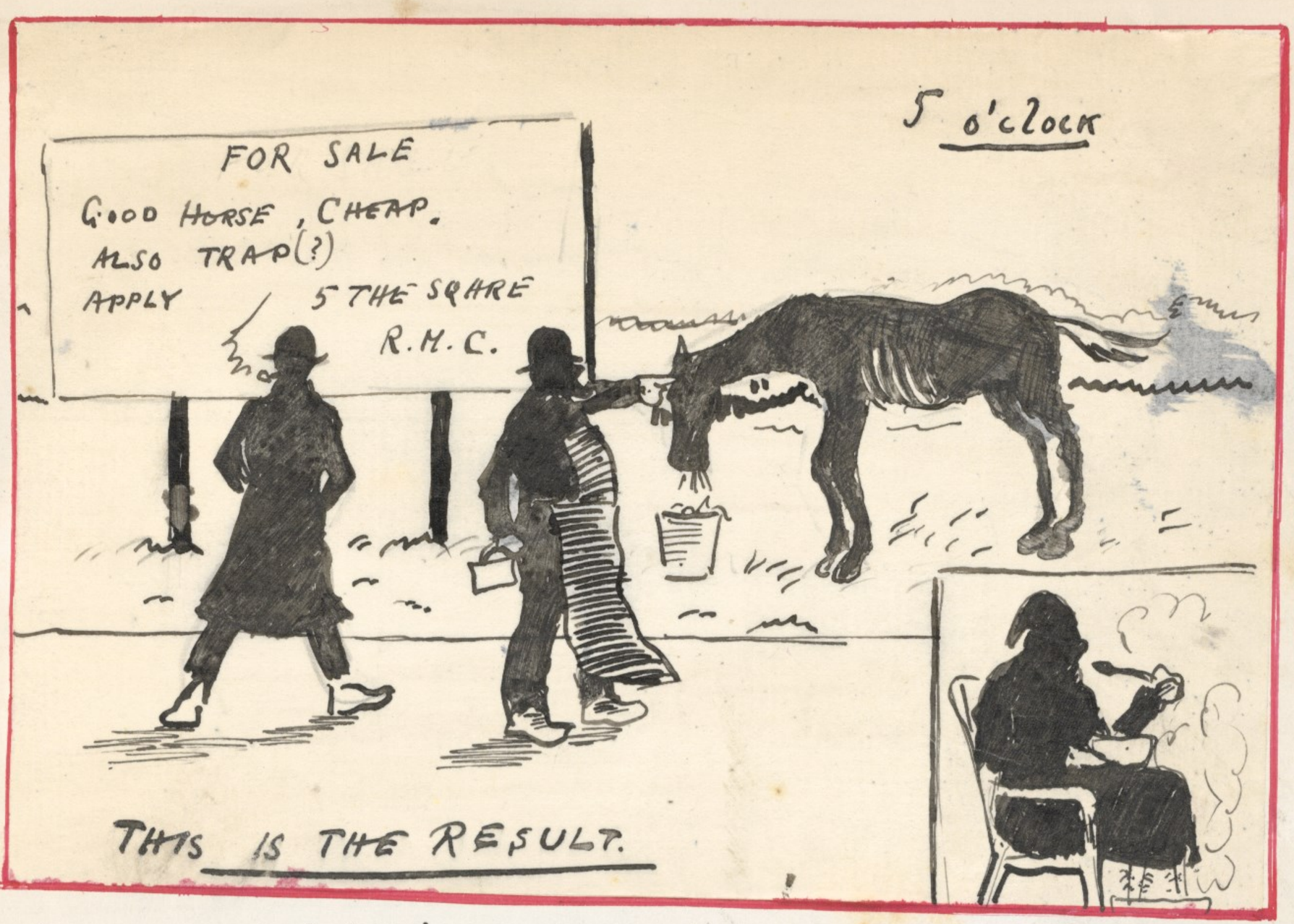
2

THE DOWNFALL

1.30 o'clock.

3.

THE RETURN 3.o'clock.



Proud as we are of possessing such a talented Artist on our Staff,—much as we admire the above sketches in an artistic point of view,—we are yet compelled, reluctantly but firmly, to protest against the insult therein offered, or at least, implied, to the Chaplain's driving ability, &—Vide Plates II & IV—the noble animal he so skilfully drives. The portraits—particularly those of Lely & Malone admit of no doubt as for whom they are intended, even if the names were not added. After some consideration we are driven to the conclusion, that the gallant steed was driven to its fall, & well nigh to its "conclusion" also, to judge from Plate IV, through the agency of Mr Bernard Townend, who is evidently the other occupant of the vehicle:—carried away by enthusiasm, this youthful though generally able, Jehu, leaned forward from the body of the trap, seized the reins from his father's hand, drove into a quagmire, a veritable "Slough of Despond (consult Bunyan), with the result depicted in Plate II. Too late the Reverend gentleman snatched the ribbons back again! He is seen holding them at the moment of the catastrophe. He thus nobly assumes the responsibility of the disaster. It redounds to his credit, & injures not his driving fame.

We are thinking of publishing this series of Plates, in separate form, by Photogravure. An impression will be presented to every subscriber who puts his name down for twenty, or more, copies of this Paper—We hope he may get them, & the Photogravure also!

[Note:—That word "Photogravure" is a stumper. We hope we have spelt it correctly, but, as before stated (Vide Page 3) our office Dictionary is incomplete. This word is not in the few pages we have remaining; & —ahem!—the member of our Staff who undertakes Spelling, has left us suddenly (vide Page 3, once more)]

Interesting Extract from Letter written by Mr Lascelles Wynyard,—

January 1st 1899.

Harry said that he was very seasick for the first week. He said that he was much worse this voyage than last. On Friday August 5th they had a very big storm, and they had to take in all the sails except the top sails. On August 14th they had a much bigger storm. They took all the sails in, and he says that it began to blow much harder. He said that he went up to help furl the main-sail, but was sent down because it was blowing too hard. After he was sent down from helping to furl the mainsail, he was sent on the top of the galley-house to keep a look out for ships, & he placed himself between the fork of the shrouds and hung on for dear life, he says that it was also pelting with rain, and he simply got wet through and through. He says that the rain and the wind went down a little bit, & then came on worse than ever, the sea was simply washing over the ship, well, instead of getting better, it got worse than ever, every one was hanging on to the ropes etc, to prevent

getting washed over board. After the storm was nearly over, they cleaned up some of the mess which was rolling all over the deck, & suddenly as they were picking up the mess, a sudden swell came, & knocked Harry off his feet, & he went rolling all over the deck, & presently another boy named Cales (who was killed) went rolling over the deck as well, & he went rolling on top of Harry, & he did hurt Harry's leg, & Harry wasn't able to do any work for 4 day."

[N.B. There would appear to be too many "says"-es & "said"s in this graphic account. The poor lad "Cales," we learn from another part of the letter, fell from the rigging, "just near Dunedin".
We are heartily glad that our chum, & constant visitor, Harry, escaped safely.]

We have published one Relic of former days, on Page 17, in the shape of our Artist's first appearance in the public Press. Here is another, dating still further back to old Halifax days:— The Chaplain, his Wife, Mrs Bradshaw, Miss Adams (Gar: Chapel Organist), Giles (the Groom, now Servant in the R.M.C., Col: Fremantle, Coldst: Guards (Asst Mil: Secretary), & the Garrison Chapel Choir, principally consisting of Bandsmen of the 97th:— taken at the Lumber Wharf, Halifax, N.S., in the Autumn of 1880, shortly before the 97th sailed for Gibraltar.

As the above is a relic of antiquity, we may perhaps be pardoned for publishing another, which dates back to Dec. 6th 1895; the artistic effort of Master Herbert Townend, then aged 8 years, & almost 9

months. This promising work of art (for one so young) seems to represent an owl, apparently in spectacles. The expression of the face is truculent rather than wise; & the loops which stand for ears & nose, are a decidedly clever & happy improvement upon the usual style,

The "Cromartyshire," off Dartmouth, N.S.

By our Artist, W. Townend.

The Cromartyshire sailing ship came into collision with the French Trans-Atlantic Co.'s Steamer "La Bourgogne" off the coast of New-foundland, on July 4th 1898.

It has just been decided in the Law-Courts that the French vessel was entirely to blame.

Five-hundred & fifty human beings in her, lost their lives by this collision!

The "Cromartyshire" had her Bows stove-in.

She made the Halifax Harbour with difficulty, & was docked off Dartmouth, which lies on the Eastern Shore, opposite to Halifax itself.

The accompanying sketch shows the extent of the damage, as seen by the Chaplain R.M.C. & his four sons, on Monday, August 8th, 1898, & also on other occasions.

The entire Bow seemed torn a-way. It was wonderful how the vessel was ever brought safely to Port.

The Chaplain was reminded of a similar accident off Europa Point, Gibraltar, when a Steamer crowded with Italian emigrants had to be taken into the Naval Yard, & lay there for weeks while a similar chasm in the Bows was mended.

Another Relic of past Halifax Days.

In 1878, the Revd. W. Townend, then Senior Chaplain at Halifax, N.S, had three weeks' salmon-fishing on the Restigouche River, New Brunswick. This pen & ink portrait is supposed to represent him as he then appeared.

The black patch is a shade which he wore, over his left eye, after a long & bad attack of inflammation in that Optic in 1877.

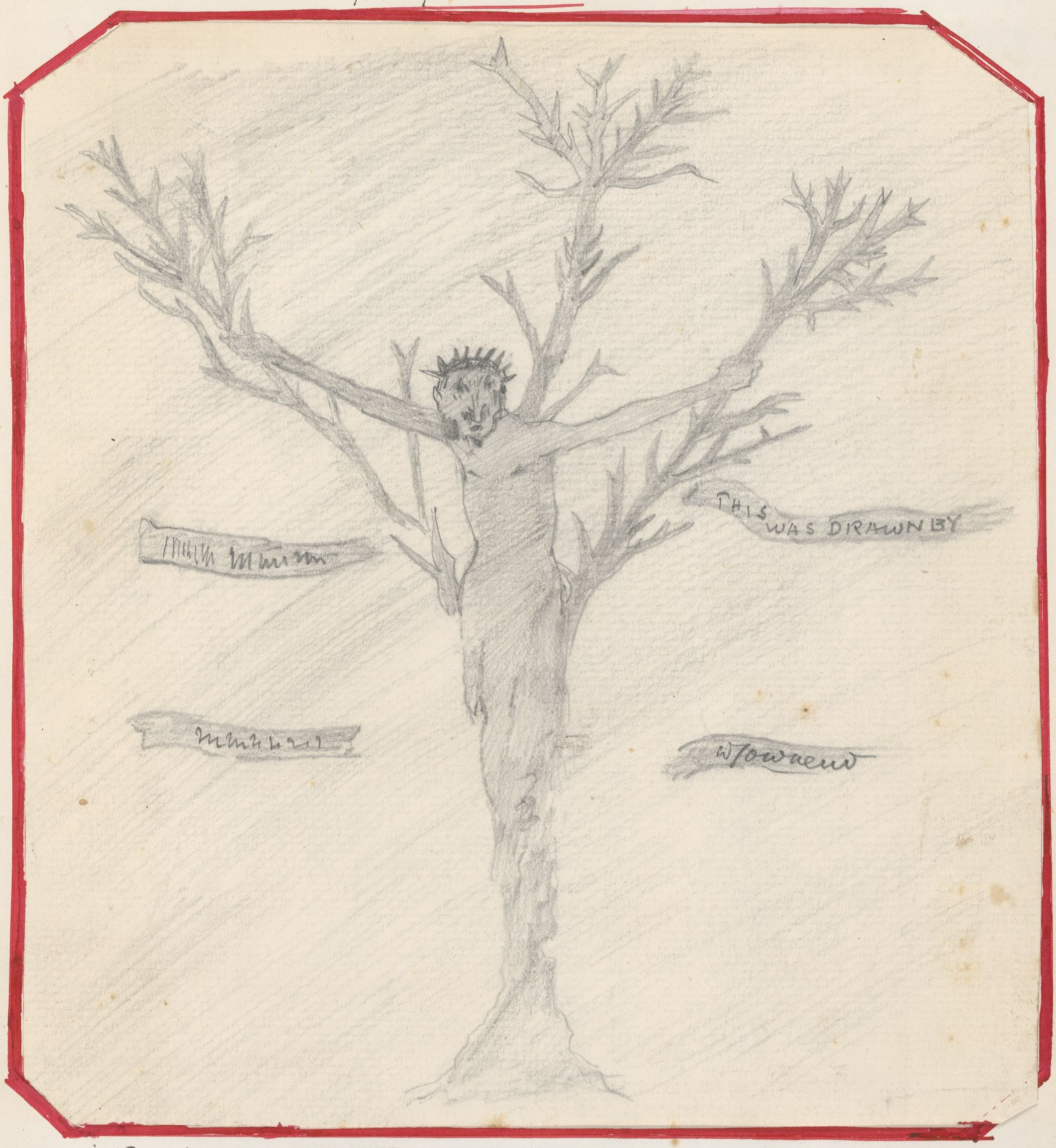
The sketch was made by Mr. Barker, R.E. Aide-de-Camp to Sir. P. McDougall, then commanding in British North America & it decorated Mr. Townend's dining-room mantelpiece at 50 Spring Garden Road, & then his study at 16 Kent St. Afterwards it would appear to have gone into honourable & neglected retirement until it chanced to be found amidst the heap of papers in the Revd Gentleman's Study, Chaplain's Quarters, R.M.C., this February 7th 1899.

Barker (now Lt. Col: at Shorncliffe) must have exercised his artistic skill upon it at the close of 1878, & the "Happy New Year" stands for 1879.

The Bout-de-Ville Times.

Interesting Fresco in Godshill Church. Isle of Wight.

Copied by Mr. W. Townend. (in miniature)



The above is the only attempt I ever heard of or have seen, to portray, literally, the Scripture figure for the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; viz a Tree.

The following texts will show how this Figure, or Emblem, is used:—

Acts V. 30 .. "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, Whom ye slew, hanging Him on a tree"
X. 39 .. "Whom (i.e. Jesus) also they slew, hanging Him on a tree."
XIII. 29 .. "They took Him down from the tree, & laid Him in a sepulchre.
Gal III. 13 .. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." (Deut XXI. 23)
1 S. Peter II. 24 .. "Who His own self, bare our sins in His own Body on the tree"

Here, in rude tracery, fading away on the old walls of the Church, high above the surrounding dales of the Isle of Wight, at Godshill, is the fresco delineated above. Christ on the Tree;— the Tree itself a type of that "Tree," whose "leaves" are "for the healing of the nations". (Rev: XXII. 2.)

The Fresco is, of course, many times larger than this drawing, & in no way commends itself to the approval or admiration of the beholder, except for its curious fidelity to the idea contained in the verses I have quoted.

I visited the Church, in February 1896, while staying at Ventnor, with Dr. & Mrs. Whitehead.

E.J.J.

The double voyage, — outwards and homewards — on board the Allan S.S. Parisian was a double success. On the whole, the return journey the most successful of the two. The Saloon & cabins were not so crowded, the Saloon & bedroom Stewards were not so busy, & therefore more at one's disposal, & — ahem! — more civil & attentive.

It fell to the Chaplain, R.M.C.'s lot to hop the Concert, held every voyage for the benefit of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphan Institution. A goodly amount of trouble was involved in & by this hoping, & a goodly amount of substantial return for this trouble was happily realized.

Our talented Artist, Mr William Townend, illustrated the Programmes, which were heliographed by one of the Stewards, & sold at 2/6 a copy. The sum of £4=16=0 was realized in this manner.

The Chair was taken by an American Senator, Mr Proctor, highly impressed with his own dignity & that of the United States. One of the Intermediate Passengers recited the "Slave Ship", which relates how an English Skipper liberated the slaves from a vessel commanded, as the lines hinted, by a Yankee. The Senator duly improved the occasion: "That's all very well; but let it never be forgotten, that the American Nation threw off the yoke of slavery at immense expense of money & blood! &c. &c." The Chaplain's boys irreverently quoted the old Gentleman, for long afterwards, on every occasion. Whenever informed of any fact, one or other would exclaim "That's all very well, but let it never be forgotten —".

The Total result of the Concert, including sale of Programmes, was

The Chaplain's 2nd recitation on the occasion (See Programme on Page 27) was a

Doggrel Adieu to the Passengers and Ship.

One is lying, and reflecting in one's narrow little berth,
While the Screw's reverberating for all that it is worth,
And one's thoughts they are oppressing,
When one thinks about one's dressing,
And the hoisting-on of garments, while the Steamer pirouettes,
And, as nearer draws the moment, the more melancholy one gets.

"Four Bells" has gone (in foolish way with Sailors of saying "Six O'clock.")
And the Bathroom Steward is approaching with his peremptory knock,
And his voice, so sweet and steady; —
"Now, Sir, please, your bath is ready;" —
And one knows one must be humming,
For another fellow's coming;
And one hates that other fellow with a hatred that is shocking,
And one sits astride one's berth-edge, & struggles with one's stocking;
And, when one's finished bathing,
There's the pleasant task of shaving, —
Oh, just to be non-shaving woman! ~~at a giddy time like this~~ Oh, wouldn't it be bliss! —
And one's studs are always going, —
And where-to? There is no knowing;
And e'en a Parson's temper would be rumpled at emergency like this

Then ensues the promenading,
And revolving, and glissading,
And the usual scenes & games & common-places to be seen upon the deck,
And one tries a constitutional at the peril of one's neck;
For the one great occupation
Through the day, without cessation,
Is the coaxing and persuading of a fickle appetite,
And one's breakfast, lunch, & dinner fill the passing hours of light;

And one gets to know one's neighbours,
In the midst of feeding-labours;
And one talks and laughs and chatters
About the tiniest smallest matters,
And folks, both male and female, come forth, each & all, from out their shell.
And you're called "Old Boy" & "Chappie" by the man who'd cut you in Pall Mall;
And matrons smile upon you, though you're far short of a swell,
And on shore,— to put it plainly,— a complete ineligible.

From one theme let's keep to leeward,—
Not to rouse our good Chief Steward,—
And simply say (in praising) he most nice is,
Especially when he gives us ices;
* And we'll sum up all our daily feed
In the lines, well known, of German Reed:—
"And oh, but we did gobble, and oh, but we did stuff!
And oh, but we were sorry when, alas, we'd had enough!"

And now the Sun is shining,
And, on rows of chairs reclining,
We lie, a beauteous spectacle of fair women & brave men;
Kind of novels there are plenty,—
Each one seemingly, has twenty,—
And all sterner thoughts & matters are banished from our ken;
And the future state of Cuba,
Or annexation of Majuba,
The pending bye-election,
Or the sins of vivisection,
The threatened strike of miners,
Or the woes of Philippiners,—
In fact, all things or men connected with all nations' Government,
To us, on the "Parisian", they don't signify a cent.

One wonders, in these verses,
If one very much the worse is,
For this idling, & this loafing, away from work & care;
And, in fact, if men & nations
Would not lighten their vexations,
† If they sent M.P.s and Senators,—
The makers (or— hum!— mar-ers) of their laws,—
For a good long spell, on this good ship, to enjoy the good sea-air,

We've got young men & maidens,
Wildish characters & staid-uns;—
‡ We've even got a Baby, &, of course, are very proud of it;—
But, midst all our other joys,
‖ First & foremost come the Boys;—
Compared to them the rest of us don't signify a bit!

Notes:— * The lack of ices, except on certain great occasions, was a heart-burning grievance in the Saloon.

† This allusion to "Senators" was cheeky, considering there was one presiding.

‡ Said Baby lived in the next cabin to the Chaplain's, & at this moment, & indeed, throughout the Entertainment, was keeping his mother from playing our accompaniments! She said we kept it awake by the noise we made, so it was tit for tat.

‖ These "Boys", amongst whom were the Chaplain's four, certainly made things lively on board. Lord Aberdeen's two sons were about the ring-leaders of the lot. The Stewards were driven wild; & things culminated on the last night, when the boots were moved to different cabin doors. N.B. The Chaplain found a pair of tiny bronze feminine ones outside his own.

Programme of Concert, on board the S.S. "Parisian", Arranged by Revd. A.J. Townend - Illustrated by W. Townend.

Programme
OF
ENTERTAINMENT
IN AID OF THE
SEAMEN'S ORPHANAGE.

Thursday September 15 1898

Chair to be taken, at 8.30 p.m. by Senator Proctor, U.S.A

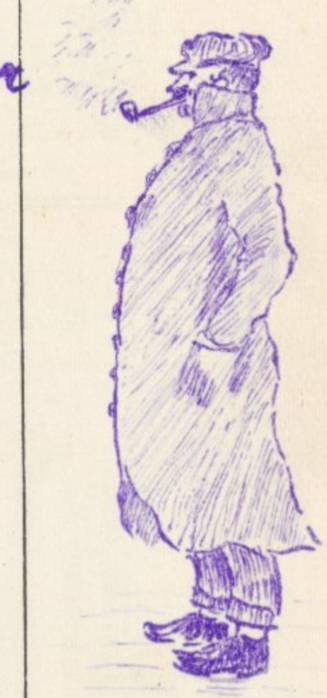
Part I.

Song	"The Midshipmite"	Mr. F.W. Smith, R.N.
Song	"Lorelei"	Mr. Carl Hoffbauer.
Recitation	"The Clown's Baby"	Miss Turzo.
Song	"The Slave Ship"	Mr. W.S. Buckland.
Violin Solo		Mr. J.D. Morgan.
Song	"The Bay of Biscay"	Hon. D. Hamilton Gordon
Recitation	"Got Your hair cut?"	Revd. A.J. Townend.
Comic Song		Mr. J. McLean.

Interval of Ten Minutes, during which a Collection will be made for The Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage.

Part II

Song	"Rocked in the Bosom of the Deep"	Mr. F.W. Smith R.N.
Song	"The Huntsman" (with Chorus)	Mr. Carl Hoffbauer.
Song	"London Bridge"	Mr. F.E. Glazebrook.
Recitation	"The Irishman's Travels"	Mr. A. Russell.
Song	"Will you love me when I'm Old."	Mr. G. Warrell.
Song		Miss Lutz.
Song	"The Massacre of Macpherson."	Hon. A.H. Gordon.
Comic Song	"Hi-Tiddly-Hi-Ti"	Mr. F.J. Hill.



Doggrel Adieu to the Passengers & Ship = Rev. A.J. Townend.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

God save the Queen

From morning until even-tide
They justify our fondest pride;—
From eventide till morning they are hardly ever quiet;—
The Stewards may get justly riled,
The Stewardess go madly wild;
But the Ship would not be half a Ship without their noise & riot.
All games, e'er known on ~~land~~ sea or shore,—
They play them, & some hundreds more;—
With "Up Jenkins" on the tables, the Saloon is one uproar!
With no mite of Veneration
For the elder generation,
They permeate our sacred haunts;—the Music Concert-Room's a Show!
Our very persons they insult
With cricket-ball & catapult;
And yet we rather like it; and the Good Lord Keep them so,—
Fresh, happy, cheery, bright,—His children wherever they go!

Ah me! The voyage is ending:—
On our various roads we're wending;—
And but one morrow more we shall travel side by side!
And a rather curious feeling
Is this moment, o'er me stealing,
As I wonder whether Earth will, in future, be too wide
For the chance of our re-meeting.
Then, if so, one final greeting
To the friends that one has made on this Sea-ride (!)!
God bless you, one & all, my friends!
It's just this way my Doggrel ends.
You're not sorry it is ending,
For its poorness is past mending;
But it means a real "God bless you", & goes straight from man to man,—
From me to you,—to all of you,—on this Ship "Parisian"!
And please just let the Parson add, when Life's long voyage is o'er,—
And lights are out, to be re-lit in Earth's Saloon no more,—
May we all meet again, Friends mine, on God's Eternal Shore!

A.J.J. Sept. 15th 1893
S.S. "Parisian"
Day before Moville.