The Family Chronicle
1818-1819



The Grahams of Edmond Castle and The Hall, Clapham

transcribed by James Sneyd.
Auckland
5 Dec, 2013

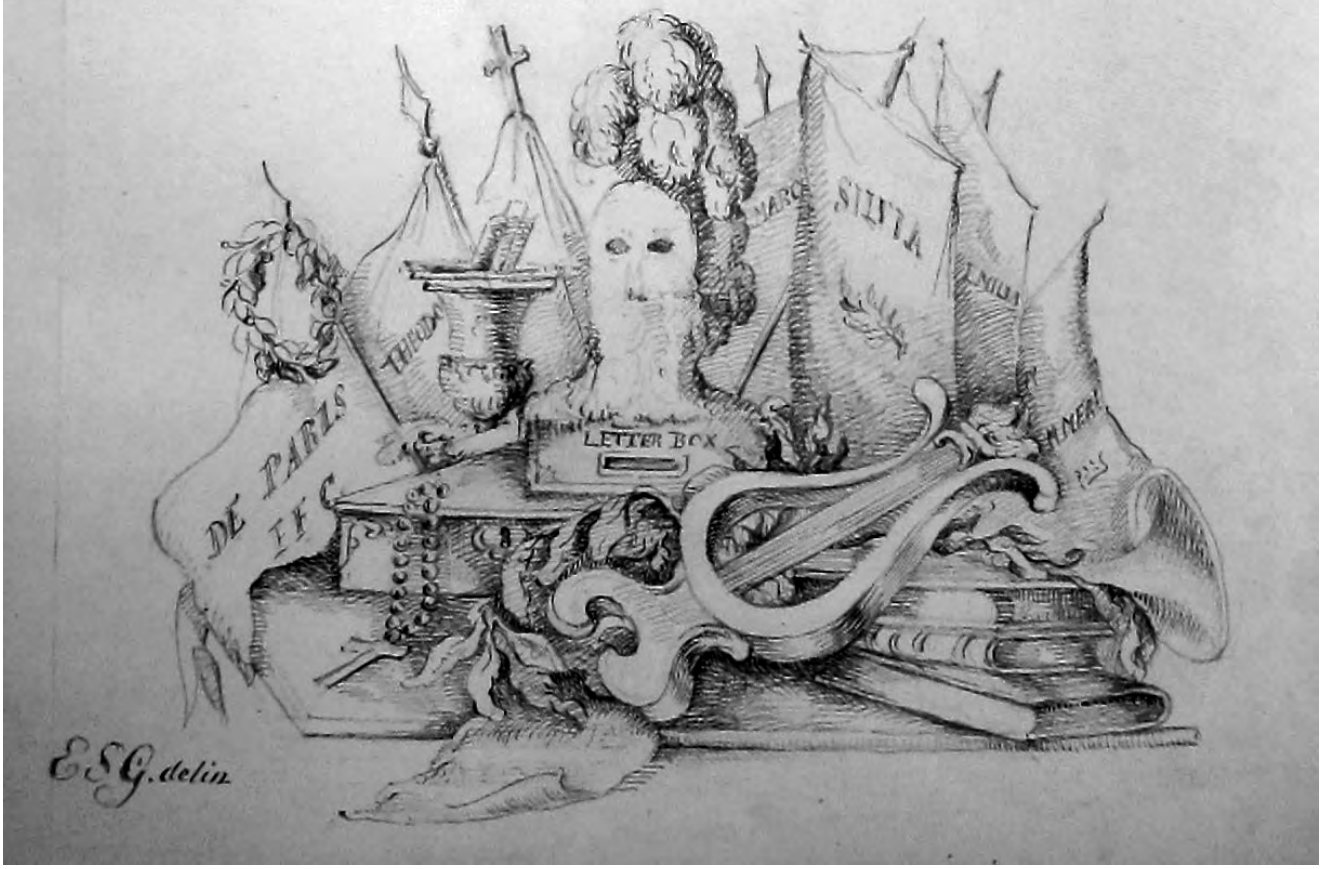
THE

FAMILY CHRONICLE

Instituted March 1st 1818.

.....from youth to age
Reviewing life's eventful page,
And noting ere they fade away
The little lines of yesterday.

Rogers.



Preface

Introduction

In 1791, presumably either in London or Clapham, Thomas Graham of Edmond Castle married Elizabeth Susanna Davenport. I'm glad they married. They are my GGGG-grandparents.[1]

Thomas was the son of a minor Cumbrian landowner[2], not from a hugely wealthy family. He had come down to London, probably when he was about 16 (around 1767), together with his brother James, to join the law firm of his uncle, James Coulthard. They were successful lawyers, specialising in the confidential treatment of society scandals (apparently), and became thereby considerably wealthier than they had been before.

Elizabeth Susanna Davenport was the daughter of John Davenport, Master of the Merchant Drapers Company, Draper to the King. When he died in 1789, John left £10,000 to his daughter, which sounds like rather a lot of money for 1789. So by the time she married Thomas Graham two years later, Elizabeth was rather more than comfortably off, probably just as wealthy, if not more so, than her husband.

Thomas and Elizabeth proceeded to have 6 children, five of whom survived to adulthood. In 1806 Elizabeth's widowed mother died, and the happy couple and their five surviving children moved into The Hall, Clapham Common, the mansion built by John Davenport around 1770. Thomas died a few years after, in 1813.

So in 1818, when this Family Chronicle begins, the rich widow Elizabeth Susanna Graham was living at The Hall (see the picture on page 17), Clapham Common, with her three unmarried daughters. She was 54.

[1] Who am I? Well, since genealogists care about such things, I am Alfred James Robert Sneyd, born 14 November, 1962, in Dunedin, New Zealand. My descent from Thomas and Elizabeth (and from many others) is given in a separate, equally fascinating publication I wrote some time ago. It wasn't a huge seller, and it's not generally available in bookstores. Go figure.

[2] Thomas Graham of Edmond Castle; the Grahams showed a lamentable lack of originality in their choice of names. In fact, the only way to keep track of them properly is to number them. In the usual numbering system, it was Thomas (v), son of Thomas (iv), who married Elizabeth, and their son was called Thomas (vi). Sigh.)

Her eldest child, Thomas (vi), was 25. Trained as a lawyer, there's a picture of him on page 19. John, the next child was 24, and another lawyer. John and Thomas lived mostly in Gower St., London, presumably working at the law practice[3].

All the subsequent children were girls, and all were living with Mamma at The Hall; Elizabeth Maria was 23, Emily was 21, Harriet had died in 1806, and the baby, Anne Margaret, was 17. I know essentially nothing about their earlier life. Some early letters to and from the girls survive, but they are very difficult to read (usually crossed) and I haven't managed to decipher any yet. When I do so I'll be able to fill in a lot more details of their early life. However, from what I've managed to read so far it wasn't very dramatic. Rather the reverse.

Elizabeth and her children lived in one of the largest and grandest houses on the north side of Clapham Common (at the time it was considered to be in the country), spent the season in town, in Gower St., and the summers/autumns in Eastbourne. They had wads of money and moved in very respectable social circles. They collected antiques and art. They patronised musicians by holding private concerts.

And, in particular, they wrote.

Widow Elizabeth was a well-known author of the time, writing, under the pen-name Theresa Tidy, books for children about neatness and decorum, and grammar. They went to over 20 editions. Her children spouted doggerel like it was casual conversation. They wrote travel diaries and journals, they sketched sketches and painted paintings, they wrote about themselves, about their neighbours, they poked fun at themselves and at their neighbours, they told the world about all the silly things they did and thought, and where they went, and what they ate and who they met. And they did a good fraction of this in verse.

And then they collected all this nonsense and raillery, all their self-congratulatory and precious wit, all their silly observations and fantastic inventions, in a Family Chronicle, published every Saturday afternoon at 3 pm. They were real Georgian bloggers.

One complete year,[4] 1818-1819, of *The Family Chronicle* survives, and here it is (together with two earlier editions of its predecessor, *The Strawseat Chronicle*, reproduced in the Appendix). In it you meet the serious and slightly pompous eldest child Thomas, his brother John with the delightful and irrepressible sense of humour, Emily the ill, who thought a lot about her health and digestion, liked to

[3]Well, I guess that John was, but I doubt Thomas had to work very hard, if at all, as he had by then inherited the Edmund Castle estate

[4]Possibly more, but I don't know where any copies might be.

lie around in bed and wouldn't eat cakes and sweets, Anne Margaret the shy and unwilling debutante, Elizabeth Maria the devout, and a great lover of nature. And in the middle of this laughing, (mostly) happy family, the strong and dominant personality of Madame Mere, Elizabeth Susanna Davenport/Graham, Theresa Tidy, supervising her herd of cats with a sharp eye for dirt and a stern word if they should ever so forget decorum as to be without a pocket handkerchief.

Indeed, I can do no better than to quote the Timeans themselves, from the Ode to the Chronicle.

> And future Timeans in thy records learn
> How friendship once her gentle fetters wove
> Around one little band of Editors,
> And bound each heart and pen in harmony.

I defy anyone to read this Chronicle and not like this family.

People and Pets

For the reader's convenience here are some potted histories of some of the major players and places in the Chronicle, together with a small amount of information about the servants and pets, which I personally found confusing upon a first reading. (All the Chronicle references are given as Volume/Page).

People

Elizabeth Susanna Davenport Madame Mere in this Chronicle. Born in 1764, the daughter of John Davenport and Elizabeth Eade. John Davenport was a wool merchant and draper, and got very rich. He ended up buying large amounts of land on the north side of Clapham Common, and building "The Hall" in about 1770. It was one of the grandest houses on the north side of Clapham Common. In 1795 his widow bought a whole lot more land on the north side of the common, which was all inherited by her daughter, Elizabeth Susanna, in 1806. So she was pretty wealthy.

When Elizabeth was young she wrote a diary, some of which survives. It's excruciatingly dull. She had two brothers; Richard and John. In 1818 Richard was living at Darwell Bank, and plays a major role in the Chronicle. I don't know what John was doing, or where he was.

Elizabeth married Thomas Henry Graham in 1791 and had six children with him, five of whom survived to adulthood. These children (and her) are the Timean clan, who wrote this Chronicle.

She wrote two well-known books. 1) "Eighteen Maxims on Neatness and Good Order", published by Hatchard under the pseudonym Theresa Tidy. 2) Writing as Lemuel Gulliver Jr. "Voyage to Locuta", published by Hatchard 1818. This came out while the Chronicle were being written and there's a lot of mention of it. Eighteen Maxims went to well over 20 editions, so it was a real hit.

Elizabeth died in 1844, still living at The Hall.

Thomas (v) Henry Graham of Edmond Castle Husband of Elizabeth Davenport, but already dead by the time this Chronicle was written. He was born up in the wilds of Cumberland (in Edmond Castle) in 1751. J.P., F.S.A. of Lincoln's Inn. Admitted an attorney of King's Bench June 28th, 1773, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquities, 29th April, 1808. He succeeded to the family estate at Edmond Castle, but only survived his father a few years. He died in 1813 at Clapham.

He went to London when he was about 16 (with his brother James) to join the law firm of his uncle, James Coulthard[5]. This was a successful law firm, so he made quite a lot of money. Brother James made more, and ended up as a Baronet (see the entry on James Graham of Kirkstall), but Thomas never attained such dizzy heights.

I'm betting that Thomas was solid and worthy but dull, without the spark of his younger brother, and certainly without the spark that his wife had.

Thomas (vi) Henry Graham of Edmond Castle Eldest child of Thomas (v) and Elizabeth Davenport. Born in 1793, he inherited the Edmond Castle estate when Thomas (v) died in 1813, and so at the time of this Chronicle (when he was 25) he was already independently wealthy (or so I assume). One of the authors and Editors of the Chronicle, he appears in it regularly as "Theodore", and comes across as a serious young man, not all that good at writing doggerel, patriotic, proud of being presented at Court, prone to be teased by his siblings, but putting up with it in a goodnatured way. He

[5]This law firm still exists today (Lawrence Graham LLP) and has been the subject of scholarly articles (Albert J. Schmidt, 1999, *Marketing Property in Eighteenth-Century England: Lawyer History in the Huntington Library's Stowe Collection*, Huntingdon Library Quarterly, 62, 15-143; Albert J. Schmidt, *Provincial to Professional: the mentalité of attorney James Coulthard (1718-86)*, Quinnipiac Law Review 213, (2003))

wasn't all that serious as he did once dress up as a lady and play the fool (XIX/7), but he was clearly more interested in art and antiques.

He lived down south (paying visits to Edmond Castle, but not living there) until some time between 1819 and 1829, when he married Mary Carnegie (super wealthy I think). He did extensive rebuilding of Edmond Castle from 1825-1829, finally moving up there to live with his new bride. They had no children, but I get the strong impression that they loved children, and wanted some. They were great benefactors (although pompous ones) of the Hayton church, and were clearly devoted to charitable works.

He died in 1881 up at Edmond Castle.

John Graham Second son of Thomas (v) and Elizabeth Davenport, younger brother of Thomas (vi). Born in 1794. Called "The Chancellor" in the Chronicle. What a difference from his brother! John had all the wit and spark; he couldn't resist writing reams of doggerel, seemingly without effort. As he wrote himself (XXI/4):

> Expect to hear from me again in due time
> And (if no offence) I shall stick to my rhyme
> I always loved rhyme, for dull prose does but fetter a
> Genius like mine – sans adieu – Yours et cetera

Full of silly stories, hilarious observations, I'm guessing he was just like his mother. From the comments in the Ode on the Family Chronicle (page 577) it seems he was one of the main instigators of the Chronicle.

In 1821 he married Caroline Curteis, whose family also appears in the Chronicle many times, as they were good friends of the Grahams. They had five children (I'm descended from his eldest child, Reginald John Graham, who inherited Edmond Castle when Uncle Thomas (vi) died childless). The Curteis family lived at Windmill Hill, close to Eastbourne, where the Grahams spent their summer/autumn at the seaside; she was the daughter of the local MP.

In 1833 John and Caroline were living at Rose Lodge (later called Northfields), on the north side of Clapham Common, part of the extensive estate owned by his mother, but they moved into the Hall when Elizabeth Davenport died in 1844. (Brother Thomas of course had long gone north to live at Edmond Castle.) However, John and Caroline continued to spend large amounts of time in Eastbourne, and finally moved there permanently in the 1850s, where they had bought a number of properties – Rose Cottage (said

to be haunted), Elm Cottage and New Susans, which they extended and renamed The Elms. He sold The Hall in 1853.

John died in 1879, at Eastbourne. Since he died before his elder brother (who had no children), John's eldest son, Reginald, inherited the Edmond Castle estates.

Elizabeth Maria Graham Called Maria, and appears in the Chronicle as Sylvia. She doesn't really emerge clearly either from this Chronicle, or from any subsequent history. All we really know is that she loved nature, and was very devout. She never married, and apparently spent her life doing good works for the church. From 1843 to around 1865 she lived at another house owned by the Grahams on the north side of Clapham Common. This house became known as The Grahams, from its close association with the Grahams and with Maria in particular. She was instrumental in the building of St. George's church, Battersea, with its associated schools and vicarage. Quite a few of her letters survive, but, typically, I haven't yet managed to decipher them.

I don't know when she died, exactly. However, her will was proved at London, on 19 January 1875, and left £300 to some trust supporting the Battersea church[6] so she must have died before then. Most likely close to that date.

Emily Graham We know a lot more about Emily (Emilia in the Chronicle). She was also of a religious bent, and ended up marrying the Reverend Thomas Collins, who was immortalised in a truly awful book by the Reverend Samuel Coley, in 1869. With a portrait and all. And when I say truly awful, I do indeed mean truly awful. I don't actually know why anybody bothered to write a book about Thomas Collins, and since the book's too bad to read, I probably won't learn. Anyway, Emily makes a number of appearances in this book. For me, the most intriguing sentence is "Stories, foolish and untrue, of her patrician relations somehow got disseminated by the newspapers at the time of her marriage". I would rather love to read these stories, so probably a trawl through the newspapers of the day is in order.

A quick search through this book reveals at least one son and two daughters. And a thoroughly self-righteous small-minded petty little clergyman, who never let his children wear nice clothes, although not entirely without humour. Poor Emily.

Emily died at 40 minutes past 12 pm, on Wednesday January 6, 1864, after a

[6] A History of the County of Surrey, Vol. 4, Edited by H.E. Maiden, 1912.

struggle with asthma and heart disease. At least one of her daughters, Emily, had died before her.

Anne Margaret Graham I would know a whole lot more about Anne Margaret if I deciphered all the letters she wrote, but I haven't so I don't. She married a Polhill, about which family lots is known. There are very vague hints in the Chronicle that she suffered from depression, and her letters in later life show her "weighed down with domestic cares" according to the Lambeth archive. She lived in France for some time, as it was cheaper there, and at least one of her sons died young, as a soldier. A picture of her in later life is given on page 20.

She died in Brighton in 1882.

T.I.M.E.A. The Timeans, the Timean family, etc etc. Formed from the initials of the children's names; Thomas, John (Iohannis), Maria, Emily, Anne. The use of I instead of J is a typical Timean conceit.

Elizabeth Clunie The Abbess de Clugny. This person intrigues me, as I can't work how who she is, or what her exact relationship was to the Grahams. Confidential friend, they say themselves, and she certainly lived with them, but was she a governess? She was certainly very intelligent. Who would be living with the family like that, if not a governess? I get the impression she was older than the girls, although not as old as the mother, and she was clearly their constant companion (usually of the girls, sometimes of their mother). From the evidence in the Chronicle she went with the family to the Theatre, to Exhibitions, and on day visits to friends, but she didn't go with them to social engagements in the evening as there's not a single mention of it in the Chronicles. There are vague indications that, when the family travelled, she went on ahead to get things ready, and met them when they arrived. This smells to me like she was a clearly inferior social class, but possibly I'm just reading too much into this. Her mother visited the Grahams frequently (XIV/1, XIX/4, XIX/7, XLVII/2), her parents lived on Lambeth Hill (X/1, XXIV/1), and her father (most likely) was called Alexander (XLVII/2). She seems to have been originally from further north, around the Humber (III/8). Why wasn't EC living with her parents? And why was she called the Abbess. She doesn't appear to have been Catholic as far as I could tell. Was this all just nonsense? I'd like to know.

James Graham of Edmond Castle, Baronet of Kirkstall The younger brother of Thomas (v), he did a lot better than his brother, was an active politician,

and ended up getting a promotion to Baronet. He appears, together with his son Sandford Graham, in the Chronicle in a number of places, usually called the Viscount Kirkstall. The Baronet line died out after a couple of generation, so there are no more Grahams of Kirkstall. Canon W.H. Mackean, D.D. wrote a short treatise called *The Grahams of Kirkstall*. I was sent a copy by a descendant, Simon Graham-Harrison, but it's not widely available. So we know rather a lot about the events of his life, far too much to put in here.

Richard Davenport The "Duke" of Darwell Bank in the Chronicle. The brother of Madame Mere, Elizabeth Susanna Graham/Davenport. He and his wife, Sophia (XLVII/4), were living at Darwell Bank. He was a JP in 1836, and died at Darwell Bank in 1838 (August 17) at the age of 74.

The Curteis family Often misspelled in the Chronicle as Curties (at least as far as I can read the handwriting). They lived at Windmill Hill, reasonably close to Eastbourne, and were good friends of the Grahams, seeing a lot of them when the Grahams were in Eastbourne. The father was an M.P., and lots is known about him, particularly from his obituary in the Gentleman's Magazine. However, we are more interested in his daughter, Caroline, who married John Graham in 1821, only a couple of years after this Chronicle ends. I find it really interesting to read about the interactions of the Graham and Curteis families, *before* they were linked by marriage. What did John say to Caroline? They must have met a lot. I'm curious.

Servants Because of the Timean habit of calling everyone by a fanciful title, it's not always clear who is a servant, who is a visitor, who is a servant of a visitor, etc. It's all too complicated to list every single servant (at least the ones that I recognise), but some of the servants recur regularly. Mary Spittle was nicknamed the State Fool, or the State Buffoon (I have no idea why), and she finally marries Mr. Spear (XLI/5), another Graham servant. She had disagreements (XLI/1) with another servant, Catherine Elliot (who married Mr. Douglas; XLI/5). Something about who had to wash the dishes, it seems[7].

There was even a disagreement between Emily Graham and the servants' quarters (XXXII/3-4).

Volume X, Page 2 has a list of servants, with somewhat fanciful roles, written down on the occasion of the grand musical fête when Naldi performed.

[7]Not unlike teenagers, it seems, although maybe less expensive. That's a good question. Are servants less expensive than teenagers? Inquiring minds wish to know.

Two of the most important servants are the two nurses, Rann and Barlow. They give their names to the Rann Age (XXXVI/4) and the Barlow Age (XVII/1), which come with descriptions of the early childhood of the Timeans. Rann even gets a list of nicknames (VI/5).

Slight, or Sleight, the Tailor also makes a number of appearances. Making clothes too large (upon the mother's request) discussing which way the stripes should go around the leg, etc.

Pets

The various pets were somewhat confusing, at least at first glance. Blucher, Tartar, Trip, Elfin, Sprite, Fairy, Gypsey, are all dogs, although they write one another letters, and all have fanciful titles. The bantam roosters appear in a number of places, as do the pet birds such as Mr. Linnet, Mr. Dick, or the Java Princesses (see, for example, XVI/4-5). The animals even have their own Grand Anniversary Dinner (XVI/5-6). Again, I'm not going to list all the pets and animals here, but leave it to the reader to find them all for themselves. Just be warned that some of the Lords and Ladies listed are actually animals.

The correspondence between Elfin and Sprite is a lovely read (XXXVI/3), once you realise what on earth is going on. It took me a while. Maybe you'll catch on faster.

Too long, didn't read

Fine, so you're like my siblings and have the attention span of a chipmunk. And even less interest in family history. Nevertheless, it's worthwhile dipping into this Chronicle and having a look at some of the best stuff. Here are my picks.

The Chronicle FAQ. Always a good place to start, to learn more about the Chronicle. Pay particular attention to the following question and answer:

Q. Do its authors strictly adhere to Truth?

A. By no means. There is nothing they take so much pains to avoid as a simple statement of facts.

(XLIX/3).

Tooi and Teteree. Two of the very first Maori to visit England were Tuai and Teteri, and they met the Grahams at least twice. And appear in the Chronicle. The most detailed account was that of a Grand Cannibal Dinner, with a description of the two Maori (IX/1, X/2, X/5, XIV/3, XL/2-4, XLIII/5).

A Mrs. Radcliffe novel neatly summarised in one page of doggerel (XLIII/6).

To write or not to write. Shakespeare as you've never heard him before (IX/3).

Early stories of the children as recounted by their mother. Very interesting for those who like to learn all sorts of trivia about their ancestors (II/2-3, III/5-6, IV/4-6, VI/2-3, VII/5-6).

More stories about their childhood, and accounts of silly nursery conversations. The Barlow Age (XVII/2), the Rann Age (XXXVI/4) and the Harrow Age (LI/7, LII/4). A short account of the childhood of Elizabeth Davenport, and the building of The Hall (XVI/3-4).

A silly poem For example:

> This morning's shoppings were they wise or silly?
> Are silks best in Pall Mall or Picadilly?

(V/8).

Traveling to the future The Timeans imagine that someone in the year 2018 finds their Chronicle. I kid you not. It's uncanny, I tell you. And their dream of the treatment of women in the future was pretty spot on. Clearly, the Graham women were not at all happy being relegated to supporting roles (VI/2-4).

... like a fish needs a bicycle. And on the same theme, two poems supporting the cause (VI/4, VII/8).

Idiot Mothers who make their children wear clothes too big, so they can grow into them. Now, who does that remind me of...? Also, the stripes around the leg comment, which became famous in the family badinage (IX/4).

Military campaign of the Chaperons vs the Dandies (XVI/2).

The Emperor of China sends a testimonial to the Family Chronicle (XVIII/1).

Travel diary in verse, no less, by John Graham (XXVIII/1).

The departure from Eastbourne. All is panic, panic (XXXV/1).

The various illustrations. There aren't many. (V/6-7, XI/5, XXXV/4, XL/2, XLIV/4).

The attack on puns and other bad poetry. Just slightly disingenuous (XLII/3).

For the doctors among our readers. The Health Dinner and associated poetry, including the immortal line

> Still prosper and give digitalis
> To whoever thin and pale is

(XLII/4-5).

A was an Abbess who studied Romances. The ABC for children (XLVII/4).

Hapless elves in servitude are immortalised in verse. Oh, those poor servants (XLI/5).

Advice for parties Read and learn (XLII/4).

Deck the Halls with the Timean Christmas song, featuring Miss Nobrains and Miss Automaton. Even for the Timeans this is a pretty silly song (L/2).

Finally, an ode on the Family Chronicle. I think it's rather a nice ode, to celebrate the one year anniversary of the Chronicle, but then what do I know? I don't even like Wordsworth. Or Byron. Or Shelley. Etc. (Page 577.)

Brief notes on the transcription

I'm not an expert on Georgian society, far from it. I'm not good at reading Georgian handwriting, or deciphering names of society people. I'm not good at photographing old documents with delicate spines. I don't have time to do a meticulous Photoshop modification job on every single page.

The words of Richard Davenport (XLI/4) are particularly apropros here:

> But sisters five, ere wit can flow
> Somewhere it must exist, you know
> And from my brain ere I begin
> To bring it out – it must be in

So what you get is an error-ridden amateur attempt at reproducing and transcribing the Chronicle. Of course, as far as I know it's the *only* attempt, and it didn't cost you anything, so it's not all bad. If you don't like the errors, or the words I couldn't read at all, or my foolish and ridiculous attempts at guessing the names of people, well, tough luck. Do it better yourself and then send me a copy. Of course, I encourage you to tell me of all the errors you find, so I can correct them. Do please email all the errors you find to **james@burningviolin.org** or to **sneyd@math.auckland.ac.nz**.

Throughout I've tried to follow the original spelling and punctuation as far as is practicable. Often this isn't very far; the writers seemed to view fullstops (for example) as optional extras, and dashes as indispensable decorative items in all sorts of odd places. The headings are delightfully varied in style, although somewhat lacking in consistency. I didn't even bother to try and follow them exactly.

In many places I could add copious notes giving more details about the context of the Chronicle. They quote freely from the literature of the time, and from classic works. They acted out plays which are well known as popular Georgian entertainment. Many of the people mentioned were known in their own right, and are worthy of detailed footnotes. I did very little of this. Maybe an expert will come along behind me and do a properly edited and annotated version. Although probably one won't.



Figure 1: The Hall, Clapham Common. Sketched by Thomas Henry Graham. Note how it's labelled The Timean abode, in homage to the Chronicle. Thanks to Patrick Baty and Colin Tolm for this picture.



Figure 2: Another sketch of The Hall, Clapham Common, complete with children playing with a dog on the lawn. Sent to me by Patrick Baty.



Figure 3: Thomas Henry Graham (Theodore) in later life. By an unknown painter. This portrait belongs, I believe, to some Cumbrian Archive, but I don't know exactly where it is.



Figure 4: Anne Margaret Graham (La Marguerite) in later life. Thanks to Patrick Baty for this picture.

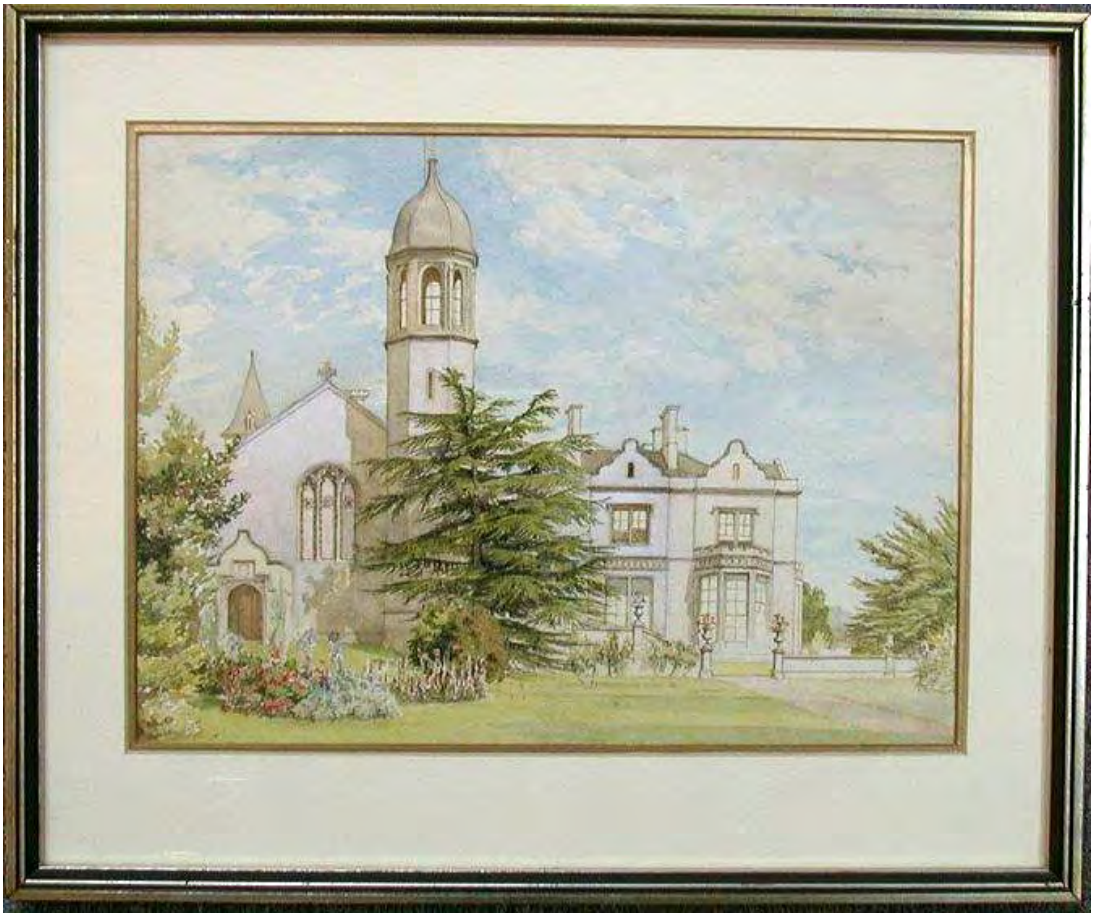


Figure 5: Painting of Edmond Castle, by Anne Margaret Graham.



Figure 6: Another view of Edmond Castle, by Anne Margaret Graham. At least it was labelled as a painting of Edmond Castle by the auctioneers, but I'm not so sure. It's certainly an unusual view of the Castle, and may be of some other place.

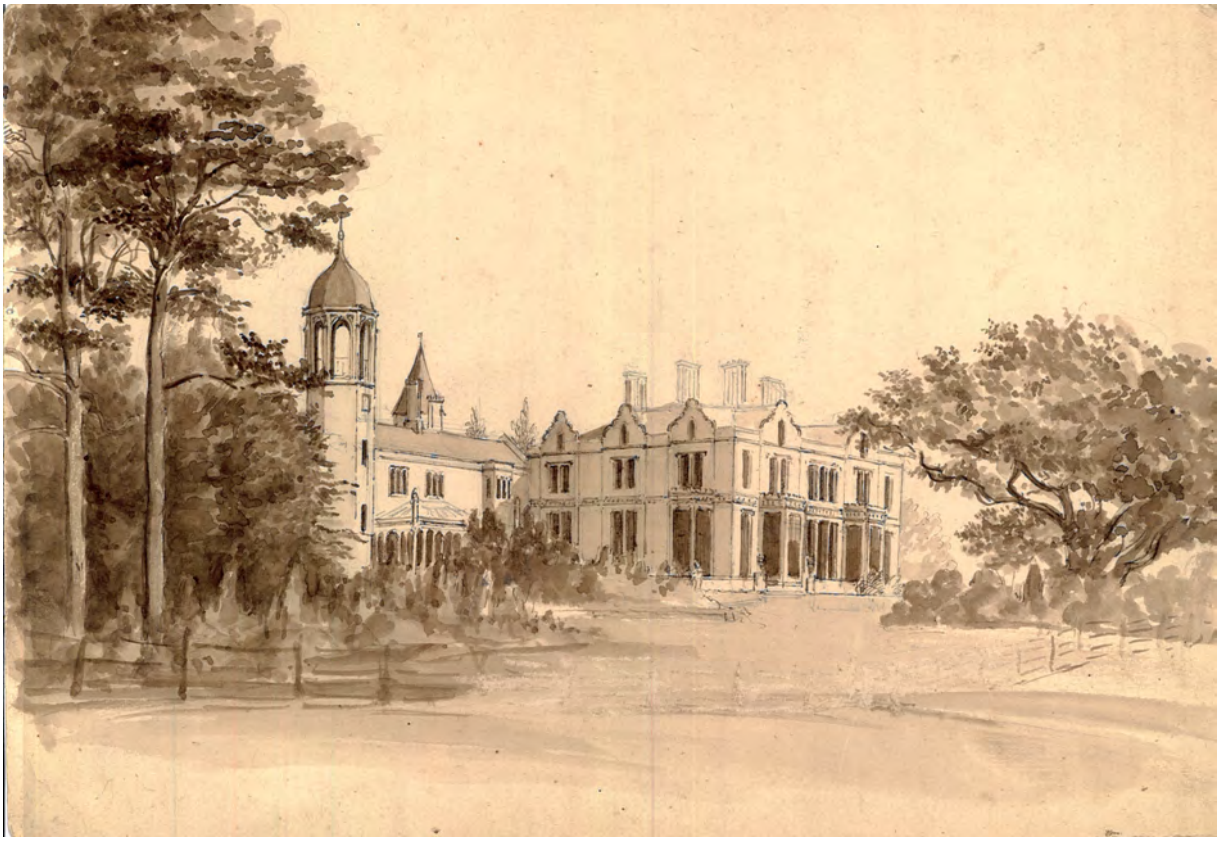


Figure 7: Sketch of Edmond Castle, from the Lambeth Archives. Done by one of the Graham children, but I don't know which one.

N.o 1

The Family Chronicle

Gower Street March 1.st 1818.

In introducing the present periodical work to the public, it will perhaps be expected that some notice should be given of the objects it is designed to pursue, the manner in which it is to be conducted and the various subjects it is intended to comprise. Indeed the Editor, who is a Lady of high fashion, is at present in the Country, & has deputed the present Writer to send forth the first number by way of Preface. 1.st then — its objects are at once grand and praise-worthy, being intended to commemorate the family annals, to improve the family morals, and to lash the family foibles —

2.d The manner in which it is to be conducted — It is to be published every Saturday and ready for delivery by Dinner time in order to be read after that meal —

It is intended that nothing shall prevent the Editor from discharging this her duty, and she is to resign on failure of her promise —

3.dly The subjects it is to comprize — Of course it will begin with remarks on the news of the day and a general sketch of the Contents — Letters & Communications (to be furnished by the Subscribers) together with extracts from foreign Letters or notes worth preserving (and) Essays whether moral religious, political, literary or comical will be agreeably introduced and arranged by the fair Editor

Finally. The terms of Subscription are — Freedom from Censure — Frequent presents to the Letter Box of the Editor, and a House-Laugh at bad Wit —

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[1] *Who publishes what from where can be a bit confusing. This first edition is published from Gower St. by John Graham (who seems to have been the main motivator of the Chronicle, as I deduce from a reference in one of the final odes). The lady of fashion he refers to is presumably his mother, Madame Mere (Elizabeth Susanna Graham), who was at Clapham. J.S.*

2

Changes

It may be remembered by some of our readers that in the Summer several gazettes were published of a decided aristocratical cast, and it may be proper to mention in order to understand the names mentioned in our future numbers that great changes have taken place since that period — The Empress of Bijouterie now assumes the more humble title of Madame Mere — The Vice Queen goes by the name of La Marguerite (her favourite flower) The Princess Royale takes the name of Silvia (from her fondness for rural Society) and Lady Emily Latchouse, worn out with the fatigues of a dissipated life, is known only as Emilia — The Archduke John fills the office of Chancellor, having taken his seat at Lincolns Inn last Monday — Prince Tom from his known democratical principles is called Citizen Tom — The Abbess of Clugny presumes her situation as Abbess and is the supreme Controller of Morals She also decides all theological disputes —

Since our last number in the Summer, the melancholy death of the Princess Charlotte has taken place. It is intended that in a future number some account shall be given of her funeral to be commemorated in the archives of the family. It is only a few weeks past that the general mourning has been changed for the gay livery of this season of the year — We shall receive with pleasure any remarks in whatever shape from our readers on this subject and shall be proud to insert them.

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[1] *Presumably a reference to earlier editions of The Strawseat Chronicle, two numbers of which appear here in the Appendix.. The Family Chronicle was a continuation of a longer family history of such "newspaper" writing. J.S.*

[2] *Heavy sarcasm, as the reader shall see. Thomas was a great lover of royalty. J.S.*

[3] *Princess Charlotte of Wales died in childbirth, age 21, in November 1817. J.S.*

Gower Street March 2d

Monday This day Citizen Tom & the Chancellor dined on Pork Chops — The Chancellor returned to Lincolns Inn on Business after dinner —

All is bustle & activity here expecting the arrival of the family from Clapham — We cannot sufficiently admire the liberal and extensive scale in which the new curtains in the suite of drawing rooms have been arranged — We understand the whole was executed under the immediate inspection of Madame Mere and Taylor the Quakeress —

Weather

The weather has been stormy for the last few days and there has been much rain — The streets are muddy and the Thames was in high dance this morning —

Foreign Intelligence

Clapham Sunday

Madame Mere & Suite arrived from the Metropolis this day at 2.o Clock —

Emilia was considered better, but the fair Marguerite was in bed suffering from an oppression of Breath — She saw Company however — Blanc is attached to Dr. P— tt for giving her James's powders while sitting upright in her chair, that not being considered the position best suited to profuse perspiration —

Darwell Bank

Letters received this day announce the arrival of these amiable inmates of this charming Sejour at their their favoured haunts — We lament to add that worthy Servant of the public Trip has been attacked with alarming fits —

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Darwell Bank[3]

Letters received this day announce the arrival of the amiable inmates of this charming sejour at these their favoured haunts. We lament to add that worthy servant of the public Trip[4] has been attacked with alarming fits.

[1] *Doctors will play an important role throughout the Chronicle. Pearson and Vance, in particular, are frequent appearances. This one here is Dr. Pett, the great lover of James's Powder. J.S.*

[2] *A popular patent anti-fever medicine containing antimony and calcium phosphate. No wonder people died young. J.S.*

[3] *Madame Mere's brother, Richard Davenport, and his wife, Sophia, lived at Darwell Bank. They will make many appearances in the Chronicle. J.S.*

[4] *A pet dog at Darwell Bank. J.S.*

4 Mails from Windmill Hill are due – none having arrived for 4 days – It is supposed some important Occurrence has taken place.

Fashions

Nothing new has yet appeared in consequence of the seclusion of the principal fashionables within their rural domains – We cannot forbear to notice the shabby dress in which Silvia appeared at church on Sunday – It would be complimenting her to say she looked like a femme de Chambre

Original Poetry

The Farewell to Clapham.

Farewell Ye Clapham lawns & Groves
Where dance the Graces & the Loves –
Farewell ye Classic Grots & Bowers
Blooming e'en now with winter flow'rs
Hard fate, that she, who loves each scene
Of Autumn brown, or Summer green,
Who, when the winter Circles round,
And Snow lies mantling o'er the ground,
Still loves to guide her wandering feet,
When Robin's notes are heard so sweet,
Hard fate! that she must hie away
To other scenes the world calls gay –
And change the meditative walk
For Scandal's noise, & Folly's talk –
No more from Mount or lonely dell
Shall hear the sound of swinging bell
Summ'ning to hear, with solemn call
Instruction sweet from Dealtry fall –
Methinks as o'er the heath I stray
A Thornton joins me in my way
With questions sweet & answers kind
Delight the sympathetic mind –
Tell me ye nymphs & Swains so gay
(Blinded alas! with fashions ray)
Where midst your Circles can you find
A Thorntons tongue, or Dealtry's mind?
Go search beneath the dimpled Cheek –
In the gay breast Contentment seek
Those temples which with roses blown
Can frown with rage, or sink in gloom –
Those ears which now with diamonds glisten
Can to pale Scandal's venom listen –
Nay e'en that mouth now wreath'd in smiles
Is not ill versed in falsehood's wiles!
And the pliant neck which looks so fair
Is quick to turn from the beggar's prayer –
Fair London! who with Tow'rs of pride
Smil'st o'er old Thames's noble tide
To thee my wondering praise is due
Whilst thy majestic domes I view
But Clapham still shall have my heart
And take my sigh ere yet we part –
We hope the Poet Laureat will favor us with a Strain on this occasion –
JG Edr [S]

Printed at the Gown Press.

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JG[3] Ed.^{r}

Printed at the Gower Press

[1] *The Curteis family, good friends of the Grahams, lived at Windmill Hill. John eventually married Caroline Curteis. J.S.*

[2] *Dealtry and Thornton were evangelical preachers, greatly admired by Sylvia and Emilia, who both grew up to be very devout. J.S.*

[3] *John Graham, or The Chancellor. J.S.*

On the first of March, 1819
was represented at the Gower Theatre and
will be repeated every saturday till further notice,

A Dramatic Olio, called
The Family Chronicle.

Dramatis personæ:

Timea, Anagram, including the initials of

Thomas Henry. . . . . Theodore
John. . . . . The Chancellor or Jean de Paris
Eliz Maria. . . . . Sylvia.
Emily. . . . . Emilia.
Anne Margaret. . . . . La Marquente.
E & G. Mother of the Timeans. . . . Madame Mere.
Eliz Cunie, confidential friend. The Abbess de Clugny.

Scene. The Timean & Gower Palaces.

. . . . . All the world's a stage,
And all the Men & Women merely players.
They have their exits & their entrances;
And one Man in his turn plays many parts;
The Acts being seven ages. . .

II

5

The Family Chronicle

Gower Street March 7. 1818

Events of the Week

Monday Madame Mere & Sylvia left Clapham for the Gower Palace Tuesday - Emilia was closeted, for an hour with Rhubarbo - Wednesday - Ill natured reports were spread, that the Clapham Trio, were tormented with the blue devils, but we have it, from the highest authority, that their Spirits were very good. Thursday - a violent wind & tempest - a supernatural noise was heard in Marguerite's appartment, groans being heard to proceed from the distant parts of the Chamber - the Abbess was sent off, who laid the spirit, & the noise then ceased -

Friday - a state Coach was sent off at 10 o'Clock to convey Emilia, the Lady Abbess & La Marguerite to the Gown Palace - The Lady Abbess after embracing the Convent Children with many tears took her Seat as Bodkin Emilia then followed, with a Casket of medicine phials under her arm - La Marguerite entered with her two pages Mr Goldfinch & Mr Linnaeus - Captain Gaitar saw them to the Gate - Pantotina & Paulina were inconsolable - On their arrival at the palace Dr Bland attended upon Emilia & gave out to the numerous enquiries after her health, that she was still in a mawkish state -

Reports were spread yesterday that Prince Tom refused to take the name of Citizen Tom - He insists upon being christened Theodore. The Abbess is to stand as one of his Godmothers it is reported - but this affair is not well known -

The following communications were yesterday sent to us.

Sylvia begs to state in answer to the satire aimed at her in the last number that in laying aside her robes of green, she did but follow the example of Dame Nature, who did not think proper to wear her blue scarf

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[1] *For much of the earlier part of this Chronicle Emily seemed to have been quite ill. I get the impression it wasn't just the vapours, or boredom, but it was fairly serious and worrying. J.S.*

[2] *Two pet birds. J.S.*

[3] *Their pet dog. J.S.*

[4] *No idea at all who they are. Probably some pets. J.S.*

that day, besides which this was the only equipment in which she could hear "Instruction sweet from Pealtry fall"—

Distress of an Author

We hear that the agonies of the far famed authoress of Locusta were extreme, on reviewing the proof of her new work— such Expressions as the following were continually bursting from her— Ah me— How can I make it more elegant— Help! oh help me— "Active verbs out of their right place"—

We think that the following account of the early manners & Customs of the Graham family will not be uninteresting—

Mr Editor

Being intimately acquainted with the family from whom your interesting Chronicle originates, I feel particularly desirous that some slight biographical memoir of their early days should be given to the world in order to illustrate more fully the subject before your readers— About 18 years ago a work was published under the title of the history of a Robin red breast, which contained the life & parentage of a nest full of these birds, represented by the names of Robin, Dickesey, Peckesey and Flapsey, with a full description of their characters & behaviour— This work was eagerly read & admired by the family in question who from the age of six months up to six years, adopted & assumed the title of these feathered personages but chiefly divided themselves with their personification, when the nurse brought them in after dinner and when the 4 eldest crowded round their mothers chair, to be fed with fruit & cakes— then opened they their mouths to receive in turns the pittances of orange at the end of a fork— Well do I remember one day, when Salomon the great musician was present, he espyed his fears that in their hurry to swallow, the fork would go down too far & hurt their little throats. Peckesey was just like her prototype, always tractable & quiet & if she were ever harrassed by a visit from the black dog who indeed has seldom suffered the gentlest bosom to escape from its haunt, this innocent creature would upon bedding put in her hand & pull out the frightful demon, upon which her face instantly resumed its serenity — Upon the rest

that day, besides which this was the only equipment in which she could hear "Instruction sweet from Dealtry fall".

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[1] *Madame Mere, who had presumably just received the proofs of her book "Voyage to Locuta", about to be published by Hatchard. J.S.*

[2] *Of low spirits or foul temper, I'm guessing. J.S.*

of the fry, he would occasionally place his paw, loll out his tongue & roll his staring eye balls, which Mamma would sometimes make a sketch of with her pencil, to act as a scare crow. But alas, by degrees they lost their fears, and betrayed a little specimen of the perverseness of human nature.

Inprocess of time Robin was destined to quit the nest & make his appearance in the world of Dr. Burney's School, whither his Gd Mother deposited him after many tears upon quitting his beloved nest. These upon her quitting him swelled to such a height as to choke his utterance; till after waiting some time to express his full height of misery upon his giving him the last kiss, he brake out in the following words, Grandmama "I dont know where John to go & where Jam not to go." upon which Mrs Bicknell kindly said "my dear you shall stay with me" poor Dickey the forlorn Brother at home diverted himself with his book Caricatures & during his absence kept up the Correspondence, which forms the first epocha of the series now collecting.

To be continued

Mr Editor

These lines were written before the appearance of the beautiful lines of Silvia on leaving the Country or I should not have ventured on the same subject. Do not insert them in your paper if you think them too insignificant

Yours &c

Written in sight of the Straw seat

1

Dear Straw seat! whe'n was moss grown roof
Dust with more charms in flow'ry May
Oh! e'en did poet paint a happier spot
Than thine! where oft we prais'd the Summer day

2

adieu! those days are past! thy charms are flo
Thy blossoms withered in the Winters blast
The Eglanteria no more, the roses dead
That once we strewed upon our gay repast

3

Then while the morning grass was wet with dew
Wreathing thy rustic arch with gayest flowres
And when t'was decked, our faorite circle drew
To form a happy group amid thy bowres

4

Thy homely roof sometimes by magic wand
Was raised in air & placed on Gallia's Shore
Sometimes transplanted 'twas to fairy land
Or where proud Turks, at Mecca's Shrine

Adieu

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Drest with more charms in poets flow'ry Lay
Oh ne'er did poet paint a happier spot
Than thine! Where oft we passed the Summer day

2

Adieu! Those days are past! Thy charms are fled
Thy blossoms withered in the Winter blast
The Eglantines no more, the roses dead
That once we strewed upon our gay repast.

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Then while the morning grass was wet with dew
We hung thy rustic arch with gayest flowers
And when twas decked, our favrite circle drew
To form a happy group amid thy bowers

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Thy homely roof sometimes by magic wand
was raised in air & placed on Gallia's Shore
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[1] *Robin is the elder son, Thomas (Theodore). He would have first gone to school in about 1798, when his grandmother Elizabeth Davenport (Eade was her maiden name) the mother of Elizabeth Susanna Graham, was still alive. Since they were living in Gower St. (most likely) at the time, and the grandmother was in Clapham, they would have been close, so E. Davenport is almost certainly the grandmother meant here. The other grandmother (Margaret Graham, formerly Margaret Coulthard) was still alive, though. J.S.*

Emilia then a folded turban wore
Fair Caroline reclining at her ease
While Silvia strikes her lute, to form our choir
And Julian Chi Hong - the handsome young Chinese

6

But now farewell! oh may thy flowers bloom
With equal lustre in the coming year
Oh may they waft to us, as sweet perfume
And with as varied beauties tempt us here

7

For in the giddy whirl of concert, ball
Where throngs innumbered tread the crowded floor
Oft shall I sigh to change the splendid Hall
For thy thatched ceiling & thy woodbine door

Pastorella
EG

Laws are to be enacted to prevent standard sterics - and a Bill is going to be brought into parliament to limit the time of their Currency —

Lines addressed to the Author of the Farewell to Clapham

Ah why should he whose piercing Eye
Can fashion's latent faults espy
And scatter with unerring skill
The bolts of Satire as he will
Who owns her crouded routs possess
Not one dear charm of friendliness
And that when fashionables meet
'Tis not to converse but to eat
Why should he kneel before her Shrine
And seem to pray her rites divine
Why join in scenes the world calls gay
And yet superior mock her sway!
Why gifted with the graceful pow'r
To animate the social hour,
To parties fly where dulness reigns
And holds the faculties in chains!
Where sense is banish'd, wit retires
And vanity the breast inspires!
Ah! born for nobler aims & views
(Forgive the freedom of the muse)
Above the world's vain maxims rise
Nor imitate what you despise

EG

5

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Fair Caroline reclining at her ease
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And please Chi Hong--the handsome young
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EC[2]

[1] *Emily Graham. J.S.*
[2] *Elizabeth Clunie, The Abbess, the close family friend. J.S.*

III d N

The Family Chronicle

9

Diis Penatibus sacrum

Gower Street Saturday March 14. 1818

It is with pleasure that we commit to the Press our third number, and we take the opportunity of returning our sincere thanks to a liberal public for their obliging patronage —

The events of the week past have been few and monotonous

The Philharmonic Concert on monday was dusted owing to the indisposition of Madame Mere & her fair daughters — Silvia has drooped since her arrival in the regions of smoke — Emilia takes occasional airings in the state Barge — The Abbess is still prevented attending Vespers by continued Rheumatism, notwithstanding her pious pilgrimage to the Shrine of Notre Dame d'Eastcheap —

We beg to inform our readers that owing to the unprecedented press of information, some of which is of a serious cast, a Sunday Supplement will be added — We trust this will meet with the public approbation. We direct our readers attention to the important law decision in our Columns of this day — It is reported that a family Dinner is to take place on Saturday at which the Abbi Taylor & daughter will assist, —

× × × × × × We beg to assure M. M. & A. de C that their favors are received & will be published in the Sunday Number

Philosophical Transactions

Various experiments have been made before the Committee, appointed "to enquire into the state of Society & to better it by means of Philosophy —"

The Chairman suggested that Electricity might be turned to advantage, and that by means of a Chain running thro' a crowded assembly, a shock might be given sufficient to excite exertion & promote Conversation — Several young Ladies were examined who stated that they had no objection to be shocked provided they had no Sparks taken from them (a laugh)

It was unanimously agreed that Laughing Gas should be made use of & mixed in all Lemonade & Negus to be drunk at Stupid parties —

Another resolution adopted was that in consequence of the bad air at Routs, every room should be provided with one of Sir H Davey's safety Lamps — One of the Committee ventured to propose the adoption of Steam apparatus for the purpose of moving fat Chaperons from their seats when required, but it was negatived on the ground that owing to the Custom of fat Chaperons going to sleep on their seats it would require a 10 horse power to move them which would be too expensive a remedy for the evil

The Committee Room was crowded with well dressed females —

We earnestly request Theodore to furnish us with a history of the family drama & Extracts from the early authors —

III

The Family Chronicle

Diis Penatibus Sacrum

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Various experiments have been made before the Committee appointed "to enquire into the state of Society & to better it by means of Philosophy"

The Chairman suggested that Electricity might be turned to advantage, and that by means of a Chain running thro' a crowded assembly, a shock might be given sufficient to excite exertion & promote conversation. Several young ladies were examined who stated that they had no objection to be shocked provided they had no Sparks taken from them (a laugh).

It was unanimously agree that laughing Gas should be made use of & mixed in all lemonade & negus to be drunk at stupid parties. Another resolution adopted was that in consequence of the bad air at Routs, every room should be provided with one of the H. Davey's safety lamps. One of the Committee ventured to propose that adoption of steam apparatus for the purpose of moving fat Chaperons from their seats when required, but it was negatived on the ground that owing to the custom of fat Chaperons going to sleep on their seats it would require a 10 horse pow'r to move them which would be too expensive a remedy for the evil.

The Committee Room was crowded with well dressed females.

We earnestly request Theodore to furnish us with a history of the family drama & Extracts from the early authors.

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Clugny Spa

The above fashionable watering place is as usual much crowded. The pump room is filled with rank & fashion at the hours of 9 in the morning & 1/2 past 8 in the evening. We understand it is principally recommended to persons labouring under that dreadful malady the Clapham Sloth, a disorder which is alarmingly gaining Ground, and in spight of the precautions of Quarantine has spread to Gower Street.

The effect of the water (which is only used internally) is we are told to produce Gossip, Scandal and (when taken in bed) to promote perspiration. The first medical men on analyzing it, have found it to consist of

Sugar	2 oz
Tea	1 oz
Milk	1 quart
Water	6 gallons

JG

Antiquities

On friday last as some labourers were digging near the large chest of drawers at Clapham, they found about 2 Inches below the surface of the dust a Salmon coloured portfolio, originally designed to hold letters. From its form it is supposed to have been made in the reign of Magnay. It is placed in the family Museum. All the great Antiquarians have been to see it.

Theatricals

Theatre Domestic Clapham
This evening & every other evening till Easter
Mary's Alarms
or
The forty Thieves
Theatre Domestic Gower Street
this & every other Evening 'till further notice
The fair Invalids
with the incidental ballet of
Tom & the Tarbets
to which will be added (50th time)
the new Pantomime
called Harlequin Doctor
The new farce of the age of Illustrations will be shortly produced

The new Tragedy

The new Tragedy called the Il Corriego is much & justly admired. It is calculated to improve the family morals, being aimed at that unjustifiable practice (so alarmingly gaining ground) of turning letters inside out & not breaking them open before the person to whom they are addressed has seen them. The Story is briefly this.

Alonzo a Spanish Officer is deeply in love with a lady named Bulia who is shut up in a Convent situated on a high rock in possession of the enemy. The Spaniards who know of a subterraneous passage determine to lay a train & blow up the building. Alonzo in despair for the safety of his mistress sends a slave in disguise with a sealed letter warning her of her danger. The trusty page not able to penetrate to the Convent parlour entrusts the precious billet to

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a friar called Curiozo – this inquisitive man burns the letter inside out during which operation of the Enemy's soldiers overlooks him and reads the Contents – The next scene discovers Julia breaking the seal of her packet when suddenly the whole building explodes and the unfortunate Lady is sent up into the air – It turns out that the soldier on reading the contents of the letter to his general received orders to evacuate the place and fire the Train laid by the Spaniards rather than suffer the place to fall into their hands – Alonzo falls on his sword – Curiozo is blown to atoms –

Since writing the above we have been favored with the following Law intelligence from our Reporter

" Yesterday Silvia & Theodore were brought before the Chancellor charged with breaking the peace –

Marguerite deposed that after having read a letter, she was accosted by Sylvia who demanded a sight of it – Marguerite refused –

"Oh" cried Silvia, I read the greatest part of it before you got it" The Chancellor asked if the Seal had been broken – if not, she could not have perused the Letter – La Marguerite " I assure you My Lord it is possible to read a letter however curiously folded up without breaking the seal, or even crumpling the paper –

The Chancellor smiled & begged an explanation – Marguerite "

" My Lord – this art has come

" to a degree of perfection of which

" your Lordship can have no idea.

" Silvia & Theodore had a gang –

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" note circular – Hence by their magic

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" a circular letter. Theodore can

" with perfect ease decypher crossing

" the in the most illegible hands –"

Silvia was then called on for her defence – she came forward quite unmoved & said she was guilty of no offence in what she had done – It had been her practice since she attained years of discretion; she thought it was part of a young woman's education to be able to read sealed as well as unsealed letters – The Chancellor expressed his abhorrence of her Crime & ordered her to pay a heavy fine – His Lordship ordered a Constable to protect Marguerite and her letters from further attacks –

Theodore alias Citizen Tom alias Prince Tom alias Don Thomaso was then brought up – he was accused of having walked up to the table where Marguerite was writing when (contrary to his usual Custom of asking what she was writing) he talked on indifferent subjects till on a sudden he sprung on her papers & had devoured all the contents before she could call for assistance –

The prisoner pleaded guilty He was sentenced to have a Crape tied over his face for six months thin enough to enable him to see objects, but too thick to decypher Letters – The Court was much crowded

R M G

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The Chancellor smiled & begged an explanation. Marguerite "My Lord, this art has come to a degree of perfection of which your Lordship can have no idea. Silvia and Theodore head a gang. These depredators of news with one squeeze make a perfectly flat note circular. Hence by their magic a lover's billet doux is turned into a circular letter. Theodore can with perfect ease decypher crossing tho in the most illegible hand."

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AMG[1]

[1] *Anne Margaret Graham. J.S.*

12

Foreign Intelligence

Frightful occurrence! Our readers will no doubt peruse with trembling agitation the following account — On Saturday last the amiable Duchess of Darwell Bank (one of the ancient Nobility) paid her first visit to her new hen house to which she was intending to allure the future inhabitants and while her illustrious Consort had waded to the opposite side of the enclosed farm yard for the purpose of dislodging them from the Ox house — Her Grace was unfortunately on her return seperated from the Duke by a high pailing — He was alarmed by the cries of the Dutchess & the words "Come to me! Come to me" He looked over in expectation that the white Turkey had opposed himself in the narrow path — when, oh, terrible to relate, he found her serene Highness unmoveably fixed on the top of a high bank of new laid mud! with impetuosity he burst open the folding gates & was by her side in an Instant, but was for a long time unable to render her any effectual assistance — He supported his terrified Consort with his arm, but no effort could raise her left foot from the half dried clay — It was at length disengaged with the loss of the Pattin — The Duke is said to have been so much affected as to have been in hysterics the whole of yesterday

Gipsey Intelligences

Copy of a Letter addressed to Prince Blucher dated Clapham —

March 12. 1818 —

My dear Dame

I would with pleasure come to Town to see you but you know I am here alone & cannot leave my affairs in other hands — Besides I look upon it it is more honourable to live on one's estate than to mix with the Crowd of fawning Spaniels & Dandy poodles who swarm all over London —

Every thing prospers here — I have had a slight touch of the gout since you left me and have been advised to leave off buttermilk — My respects attend Lady Gipsey — Whenever her accouchement takes place, pray offer my services as Dog-father (if a Boy) I live a quiet life here & see no one but neighbour Jury who now & then comes to play a game at Chess with me Miss Puss [illegible] of the Stable Yard some times looks in upon us & gives us a song I remain my dear Dame

Your faithful friend

Tartar.

P.S. Tell Harwood to send me a Copy of Crops Dog in the manger neatly bound in sheep for my young friend Ferret

Ship News.

Arrived the Betsy Sophia from Lyham laden with Bustle & ventu for Theodore

Wanted

a Motto for this paper — Apply at the Office

Pulse Exchange

The 60 per minute Emilia rose from 65 to 85. The cause was supplied to arise from a quantity of medicine imported by smuggler —

The Marquisity have fallen in consequence of a Cask of Samuel Powders to a great amount. The Silvias are a little above par — The weather continues cold & snowy

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Copy of a Letter addressed to Prince Blucher[2] dated Clapham March 12. 1818 ~

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I remain
my dear Dane
Your faithful friend
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P.S. Tell Harwood to send me a copy of Crops dog in the manger neatly bound in [??] for my young friend Ferret.

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The Marguerites have fallen in consequence of a loan of James Powders to a great amount. The Silvias are a little above her. The weather continues cold & snowy.

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[1] *Wife of Richard Davenport, the brother of Madame Mere. Of course, she wasn't a Duchess. J.S.*

[2] *One of their pet dogs. Presumably a Great Dane. J.S.*

Family Chronicle

(Continuation of the Supplement to N.o 3)

Sunday March 15 1818

Mr Editor

You will recollect in the 2d Number of your valuable chronicle, the fragment of a memoir describing the early days of the — family, under the name of Nutlings which reached as far as the establishment at school of the young Robinsons an event which seems to have abolished that title — The youngest Brother remained another year fastened to his Mother's apron string, but gave many signs of droll originality — Every thing produced fun to his imagination, tho his countenance often betrayed no sign of the observation that was taking place — a facility of sketching every thing he saw very soon manifested itself, & not only sketching, but modelling — as was witnessed in the formation of a milliner's shop one day upon his return from the renowned Mrs Saunders of St James' Street. There appeared in miniature a commode full of boxes & drawers, and a row of Caps placed upon little blocks, & made out of whatever scraps of rag, ribbon, muslin gauze, & chickens feathers he could scrape together from the house-maids Closets — One of these placed their old neighbour Mrs Brogden so much, that she begged it as a Curiosity, & it is probably placed in the regalia of choice things belonging to that family. A year after, this choice Spirit joined his brother at school and began his share of the family correspondence which has been hinted at & which is preserved in the archives of the house —

It is now time to trace the progress of the sisters of these boys, and

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[1] *This is referring to John Graham, whose sense of humour clearly manifested early. His sketching ability can be seen throughout his journals, as well as here in the Chronicle, and was passed on to some of his descendants, particularly his son Henry Davenport, that great sketcher of birds. J.S.*

14

this involves the affecting circumstance of the loss of that sweet interesting child Harriet who delighted every one that saw her countenance & listened to the sound of her voice - Sometimes she was called little Grandmamma, from the likeness of her manner to that dear member of the family - Then she was a great favourite with the beloved Grandfather at Edmond Castle & used to play all sorts of tricks with him - When at the age of 86, she used to carry him a stick & say " come Grandpapa, now take the stick, & make believe to be an old man " Then they used to hobble round the room & set up a hearty laugh - After this she was a grand favorite of the excellent & delightful Mr Unwick, who was not far short in years of the last mentioned friend -

On Valentines Day, she asked in verse for a lock of his dear silver hair, which he inclosed with a few rhymes in answer, & which are carefully preserved by the mother - Shall these days no more return ? Oh no ! - not in this world - these beloved friends are now in a better & our tears of sorrow are mingled with those of Joy in the hope of meeting those blessed Spirits hereafter -

After these affecting recollections, it is difficult to return to the scenes of common life : but still we are not without favorite subjects for the biographical pencil - The initials of the family names form the Word Timea *, by which they are occasionally distinguished and this is engraved on the watering pot used in the garden appropriated to their cultivation ; but they have adopted other appellations for the Chronicle, & Sylvia is that of the eldest Sister, whom taste very much

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[1] *Harriet was the daughter of Elizabeth Susanna Graham (Madame Mere); born in 1798, she died in 1806. Note that this passage confirms what one would suspect, that the Graham family down in Clapham maintained close connections with the grandparents up in Cumberland. J.S.*

[2] *With some imagination. Thomas, J(I)ohn, Maria, Emilia, Anne ~ using Iohannis for John. J.S.*

leads her to prefer the quiet Scene of the Country to a Town life - but she is not to be supposed divested of Talent for Society - and it is dangerous to tell the truth lest this memoir chance to approach her modest Eye - ✠

[To be continued

Nota. The Editor begs to record his extreme disapprobation of certain remarks & insinuations in the last sentence which his duty as Editor obliged him however reluctantly to insert -

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Mr Editor

Being an old Maid, & having no establishment of my own to require much attention, I am induced to extend my observations to the concerns of my friends, and now & then venture to offer the result in a few hints for their consideration - That these have been sometimes received in the most flattering manner I might prove in the instance of the 18 maxims lately given to the world, and that my head is in danger of being turned is as easily demonstrated - May I then be permitted not only to congratulate the Timia family on the appearance of the interesting chronicle carried on under their auspices, but suggest a hint or the Editor's consideration? Nothing can be more brilliant than the promise of your three introductory papers - They are as dazzling as wit & humour can make them - so dazzling as to frighten common place Geniuses from attempting to assist in the concern; tho' you most condescendingly declare your wish to receive all the contributions which a generous public are able to produce - But as on this account the labor of catering for the taste of enlightened readers will be confined to only

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[1] *This is, of course, Therea Tidy writing. Elizabeth Davenport/Graham had a real role-playing avatar! She would have loved modern role-playing computer games. Or possibly not. She wouldn't have approved of chainmail bikinis or similar skimpy outfits. J.S.*

two or three individuals, I am almost apprehensive their good-natured Pegasus may be worn with fatigue & ultimately sink in the Contest. Let me therefore remind you Mr. Editor, that a little plain matter of fact, like an honest sirloin of Beef, may serve to set off the ragouts & entremets of Wit and pleasantry. — Witness the winning melange of the Spectator & Guardian & the domestic annals of the Lizard family from old Sir Marmaduke & his solitary widow, down to the Sparkler! may the serious & comic have sometimes shaken hands on the very same page.

"Change follows Change in varied light & shade
Nor ends the rainbow how the charm is made"

Should this Idea be adopted, no one will be afraid of offering a home spun essay or even a sermon for a country congregation. The latter indeed may be dated on Sunday & read on that day if thought more propitious to its success — but the Week Supplement may be avoided like the antiquated ones of parson's barn, or awkward squad — & the Store of matter flow on to push week day numbers in order to prepare for any accidental falling short, that may lurk in the womb of time — I remain Sir your anxious admirer & well wisher Theresa Tidy

Address to Clapham

Dear Clapham! can I hear thee sung
And not command my feeble tongue
To join in grateful strains to praise
Th' asylum of my happiest days?
In vain for me the Humber roars,
I think not of my native shores;
For dearer fields surround me now,
And scenes more lovely meet my view
Than e'er my youth or childhood knew.
And when too soon the hour shall come,
That tears me from my second home,
Where'er my stray my wandering feet,
Yet 'till this heart shall cease to beat,
The humblest shrub among the groves
Where oft a Graham maiden roves
Shall dearer, lovelier be to me,
Than fairest scenes my eye can see;
The simplest flower that decks thy bowers
(Memorial of our social hours)
I'll sooner twine amid my hair
Than costliest gems of Indian fair
And oft when fancy turns to trace
Each well known spot, each friendly face
My heart shall sink oppress with care
Remembering only "such things were"
Celestial Hope, thy influence shed
Tell me, the joys like these are fled
A heavenly friend is ever nigh
Whose love shall still the rising sigh
And when Earth's changing scenes are o'er
Unite us on that blissful shore
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[1] *Judging by the mark at the bottom of the page, this was written by the Abbess de Clugny. Seems like she was originally from the north, around the Humber. J.S.*

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

No. 4. **No IV**

London Friday, March 20th
Good Friday

The Editor of the Family Chronicle in appearing before the Public a fourth time feels it incumbent upon him to express his gratitude for the numerous and liberal helps he has received in the progress of his arduous undertaking these aids have hitherto given a brilliancy to his journal which has eclipsed that of almost every other periodical work, but while he has just reason to boast in this respect, he fears it will not be always in his power to gratify his readers with so large a portion of sauce piquante, and he begs leave to direct their attention this week to some valuable communications of an elegant and useful tho' not so humourous a nature, at the same time that he begs leave to return his sincere thanks to the authors of them, and to solicit a long continuance of productions equally interesting and beneficial.

Ward for Calendar

The events of the week have not been distinguished by any striking interest or character. Madame Mere the living in the heart of the most populous city in the world has been almost entirely embosomed in retirement and domestic care Sylvia Emilia and la Marquise are busied in giving the last finish to an education as perfect as it has been comprehensive. The labours of the abbatessa continue to be surprizing — in addition to the usual routine of the Convent, she has been employing herself in copying several pontifical tomes, the writing of which vies in beauty and legibility that of many of the ancient Fathers of the Church whom she is doubtless so well acquainted with.

On Monday, Baron Lockham arrived to dinner and enlivened the party with his usual fund of anecdote — and on Wednesday the family circle was increased by the head of the Curtius family

+ The Revd Wm Coney of Lockham

No. IV

The Family Chronicle

London, Friday, March 20th, Good Friday

The Editor of the Family Chronicle in appearing before the Public a fourth time feels it incumbent upon him to express his gratitude for the numerous and liberal help he has received in the progress of his arduous undertaking. These aids have hitherto given a brilliancy to his journal which has eclipsed that of almost every other periodical work, but while he has just reason to boast in this respect, he fears it will not be always in his power to gratify his readers with so large a portion of sauce piquante, and he begs leave to direct their attention this week to some valuable communications of one elegant and useful tho' not so humourous a nature, at the same time that he begs leave to return his sincere thanks to the authors of them and to solicit a long continuance of productions equally interesting and beneficial.

Haut Ton Calendar

The events of the week have not been distinguished by any striking interest or character.

Madame Mere tho' living in the heart of the most populous city in the world has been almost entirely embosomed in retirement and domestic cares. Sylvia Emilia and la Marguerite are busied in giving the last finish to an education as perfect as it has been comprehensive. The labours of the Abbatessa continue to be surprising ~ in addition to the usual routine of the Convent, she has been employing herself in copying several ponderous tomes, the writing of which rivals in beauty and legibility that of many of the ancient Fathers of the Church whom she is doubtless so well acquainted with.

On Monday, Baron Cookham* arrived to dinner and enhanced the party with his usual fund of anecdote ~ and on Wednesday the family circle was increased by the head of the Curteis family

*The Rev.^{d} W.^{m} Lansy of Cookham

and a young Canadian named Don Stefano* had Kensingtonian Grace who was much admired for manners and information. Signor Archibald Jonsons also made his debut and was received with indulgence. The Justice was supposed to approach nearer Dandyism than on any former occasion.

Thursday Morn. The state barge got under weigh at 2 o'clock with Sylvia, La Marguerite, the Abbess and Theodore on board – They sailed with a favorable but very gentle breeze thro' Oxford Straits and arrived in half an hour without any accident at the Casa del Mamito. They were infinitely gratified with this canine wonder, who added together three lines of three figures each, spelt several words written for him upon a slate brought ladies colours to match their Jupiters, and concluded by finding two cards that had been chosen and then shuffled into the pack again. The ladies then returned to visit Wests Picture – but Theodore proceeded home-ward on foot to pursue his praiseworthy and laborious [illegible] in the fantastic toe. †

Emilia evidently improves in health and it is said intends taking daily promenades on Chenal in the Regents Park.

Birth Extraordinary

Baroness Countess of Guyps[illegible] of fine sons and daughters Her Ladyship and the children are doing as well as possible

Lately at Clapham
Mrs Blackmache of a daughter

Country Intelligence

From our Sussex Correspondent

a Countess at Windmill Hill

Anne and I went to East Bourne yesterday, and such a sight did we behold! The Parade on which so many gallant Knights and fair Ladies had trod, an entire heap of stones lying one upon another. The watch house had disappeared except

* Mr Stephen a Special Pleader with whom Theodore was at this time studying
o Archibald Thomson a student at Lincolns Inn
* Mamito a wonderful poodle dog exhibited on Board St
† Theodore learned to [illegible] marked [illegible]

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Birth Extraordinary

Bachesina Countess of Gypsy of five sons and daughters. Her Ladyship and the children are doing as well as possible.
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Country Intelligence
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Countess of Windmill Hill

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[*]Mr. Stephens a Special Pleader with whom Theodore was at this time studying
[†]Archibald Thomson ~ a student at Lincoln's Inn
[‡]Munito a wonderful poodle dog exhibited in Bond St.
[§]Theodore learned [??]

[1]*The first mention of Eastbourne. The Grahams went there every summer/autumn for their seaside residence. Windmill Hill was close to Eastbourne. J.S.*

one solitary chimney! All the what you denominated breaks were broken." The sea nearly up to the houses — all the beach washed away — We had heard something of the damage that had been done but had no conception of the extent Ourselves and house we beheld it nearly stupefied with surprize and how was all this done? enquired of a reverend person age who was sitting on part of the ruins, his grey locks floating in the wind! Ah, lady, said he touching his hat all this mischief was done on that awful Wednesday Night The poor people to whom these houses belong every moment expected that the sea would wash them away. The wind thunder and lightning were tremendous that night. I thanked him for his information and turned my house pondering in my mind who this aged stranger could be who seemed to know me so well — at length I discovered he was the Esculapius of the village your friend Mr Random!!!

Mr Editor

If it is permitted to the ghost of the Spectator to insert a few of his antediluvian remarks in your Chronicle, I hope they may prove acceptable to your readers who I believe have a great avidity for satirical observations. They they may not be thought personal, but invisible mixing in a gay society the other day I was so struck by the complete downfall of the empire of beauty that I could not help making the following reflections. In the time of old Spec., how despotical were female charms Where are now the Flavias or Cynthias who were then so invincible, whose frowns and smiles were talked of as important occurrences, and not as poetical hyperboles. Their admirers were incalculable, and the truest knight dared hardly aspire to the honor of pitching up a farthing lest to the bestowal of their hand. The reign of beauty is indeed over, and not the semblance

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In the time of old Spce, how despotical were female charms. Where are now the Flavias or Cynthias who were then so invincible, whose frowns and smiles were talked of as important occurrences, and not as poetical hyperbolas. Their admirers were incalculable, and the true knight dared hardly aspire to the honor of picking up a fan much less to the bestowal of their hand. The reign of beauty is indeed over, and not the semblance

The Family Chronicle

of power is left. These devoted adorers are turned into vile admiring Manifestoes! The lords of the creation now expect to be knelt to, to be sued for courtesy, and after all this their victim is compared to a politician advancing her fortune or a humble admiring slave most anxious to enter into the bondage of matrimony. I write this to recommend your fair readers to recommence hoops and with them their true dignity, and am with great proliaity

Their true admirer
Old Spec.

We now proceed to give the conclusion of family anecdotes which have been so much admired, but hope the unknown author of them will not relax in his or her weekly contribution.

Mr Editor

In continuation of the family annals I must entreat your course for the want of variety to be found in the progress from infancy to youth, from the nursery to the schoolroom, and from thence to the threshold of life. In sketching the portraits of the three sisters of the Simeca family I am now arrived at that of the second, Emilia, and find myself compelled to recal the scene of Edmund Castle the native place of their dear father, who was never so happy as when he was rambling thro the woods with his children in the stick country and the rush country, as he used to call it. Emilia never put herself so forward as the rest, being a little fearful and a little indolent, but every now and then her lively spirit shewed themselves, and occasional cautions proved that when once she was determined she never failed of success.

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THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

No 4. 2nd Sheet

No one could laugh more beautifully, and it must be added that a shower of tears was ready to come if called for.

Her countenance was lighted up by two very becoming dimples, and her hair being admired one day for its bright colour, the little animal asked her Mamma whether it did not look like Doold* — What few of her wise sayings are preserved, which perhaps was occasioned by the partiality of the old nurse who made a pet of the baby Anne, and pretended that she outshid all the family in genius and capacity. This partiality was a great misfortune to the latter as it occasioned her to be most dreadfully indulged by the illustrious personage alluded to — Mamma too was pronounced by the best judges to have been divested of her usual wisdom in this instance being such a coward in consequence of the tender health of the plant, that she wanted resolution to part with this dangerous Prime Minister of the Nursery — A long string of sayings of the little prodigy are recorded by the grandmama and may be referred to by any friend disposed to ransack the records of the house, but it must be owned that thy nymph Anne promised no more in her childhood than she has since realized in capacity joined to an affectionate disposition, but there is some danger that in this instance will be seen the aptness of the old fable of the Hare and the Tortoise. Some modern biographers have asserted that this luminary has been shorn of her beams by an unfortunate degree of careless indolence which after all may yet be repaired — left brilliant orbs (unless she takes great care. Forbid kind fate that this apprehensions should be

* We beg leave to remind our correspondent that there is a slight error in the relation of this anecdote. Miss Fenner said one day "Will I declare Miss Amala's hair is as bright as gold" Yes answered the child willing to have a laugh before a glass with infantine vanity. I think my hair does look like doold. (Miss Fenner is still living.) Ed.

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realized. You will perceive Mr Editor how hard it is to recal the early days of these younglings without tracing the sins and cuts of their composition but take them all in all we shall not often meet with their like, at least as I have been credibly informed by the mother As they grew up fresh studies and fresh instructors were resorted to Drs Burney Hoadley Butler, and Mrs Hone Lethington and Jackson succeeded each other with the brothers and afforded fresh scenes of action from which they corresponded with the home party, and fresh objects & amusement were taken up in the holidays.

Among these the Pantomime held a distinguished place. a theatre in miniature with figures & pasteboard, movements & wire, painted scenery and poetical illustrations was occasionally exhibited to the rapturous audience, and the very ceiling was rent with acclamation. But the time would fail me if I revisited all the stages of these illustrious travellers in the career of life Time which will never stand still even in the pleasantest spots has at length brought them to the theatre of real life; and at this most eventful period can we fail to renew the affecting remembrance of their irreparable loss in their beloved and revered father A subject so tender cannot be pursued in this hasty memoir, but I am persuaded that it is the continual theme of their grateful and most affectionate recollections, mixed with the consciousness of what is expected from them. I flatter myself Mr Editor, that you will not blame the biographer for this serious conclusion of a family sketch though its limits have exceeded the proper allowance, but this shall be the last transgression of your constant readers and admirer

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[1] *At Harrow, I'm pretty sure. Don't know where the others were. J.S.*

Postscript

Friday Even.g March 19

The family assembled very early in the breakfast room this morning, and devoured a mountain of hot cross buns. Theodore eat four and feels himself considerably incommoded. They immediately afterwards repaired to Clapham where they attended divine service, and then visited the family chateau where preparations are making for a renovation of the drawing room. Mr N. Chiver's large elm has been cut down to the stump. They returned to their town chateau before the hour of dinner.

The report of Madame Mere's sitting for her portrait is renewed with increased probability. Lawrence Owen & Jackson are respectively mentioned as candidates for the honor of painting her. †

The front drawing room is enriched with a new mahogany cabinet presented by Madame Mere to Theodore.

A Dreadful & surprizing Occurrence

happened last Friday night at the coucher of la Marquise. With her own hands she had arranged her locks in papillotes — her bonnet de nuit was carefully adjusted, and she rose from her toilette, a candle in her hand to proceed into an adjoining room where her couch was prepared, What was our consternation at learning that suddenly her strength forsook her, and she sunk powerless under the weight of a flat candle!! She called for assistance, but her attendants being all fully engaged in waiting upon another invalid, she threw herself back into an arm chair where she remained at the imminent risk of catching cold for a full half hour, till the faithful Isabella made her appearance and taking up the magic candle, surprizing to say her mistress found herself able

† This report is unfounded.

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to walk into the next room
and lay herself down to repose
without further assistance.
This is a case that deserves
particular investigation, as the
interesting sufferer is as full
of life and animation as ever
except at the fatal hour of 10
when this distressing paralization
constantly occurs.

Reply to Sylvia

Sylvia cease your rustic theme
Nor sing of forests hills & plains
But to the notes which now transpire
From the viol sweet & festive lyre
Throw away your Pastorales
Bind to your feet your dancing shoes
And come where I shall lead the way
To the circling dance & waltz so gay
Waltz did I say ? Forgive the Muse
You shall not waltz without your shoes
Nor if you spurn her shall you be
A votary of Terpsichore
Yet say not all in this gay town
Exist but in their hoodwinked gown
For the same fair ones take great pains
To murder, and to cast in chains
Yet some without - or plot or spell
Enslave the willing Damoisel
Tho' many a coxcomb walks the town
And many a squire of riches proud
Tho' many a courtier scrapes the ground
And many a priest (not over sound)
Yet genuine worth & virtue there
Are famed amidst the motley throng
While genius with & science rare
Have fix'd their habitation there.
Think not that in the morn you need
See all that to your threshold speed
Let "not at home", your porter cry
While you to your dear Boudoir fly
Where Milton, Locke, or Shakspeare's page
May the long morning hour engage
Or history or novel rare
Or cooking book for housewife fair
At five your toilettes art you seek
But rouge on not upon your cheek
If you don't like the dinner's state
Eat chops at home from earthen plate
Or see portrayed on Drury's stage
What you have read from classic page
Sometimes attend the Opera's ball
Sometimes a concert or a ball
Nor spurn the hand of London's great
For country dances two
Perhaps you'll find a lad of truth
To dance this life with you

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Printed at the Gleaner Press

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Tho' many a coxcomb walks the crowd
And many a squire, of riches proud
Tho' many a courtier scraped the ground
And many a priest not over [??]
Yet genuine worth & justice true
Are found amidst the motley crew
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Or see portrayed on Drury's stage
What you have read from classic page.
Sometimes attend the Opera's hall
Sometimes a lament or a ball
Nor spurn the hand of London Youth
For country dunces true
Perhaps you'll find a lad of truth
To dance this life with you.

JG

Printed at the Gower Press

The Family Chronicle

No 5. March 28th

No V

In the absence of the Editor of this periodical work, Teresa Tidy is entreated to perform his duty in which she hopes for the same indulgence that her renowned predecessor Jenny Distaff enjoyed from a generous public in the absence of her brother the old guardian Nestor Ironside, tho' she professes to confine her attention to mere matter of fact gathered from the agents of the Power Office.

Intelligence Extraordinary

an alarming report having gone abroad that one of the proprietors & correspondents engaged in the Family chronicle under the strictest vows of secrecy has wilfully exposed their real names to an exalted personage it is necessary to account for that circumstance by assuring them that this personage is no other than Her Serene Highness the Archduchess Norman, whose well known honour, maternal ~~partiality~~ and angelic sweetness must not only exonerate the supposed delinquent from all blame but hold out the hope that this illustrious friend may be induced to contribute to the stores of their invaluable receptacle. Not only is her mind highly intelligent, but her habits of life such as to furnish a choice of incidents and interesting representations of persons & things. For this case we may augur the most brilliant success at present, as well as advantage to mortals yet unborn

A correspondent asserts that great interest has been made by private emissaries to the Power Office to admit political communications among these the three heavy bees are the most urgent, that party being in great want of this powerful aid to their cause & their application has been unsuccessful

On Sat.y 21st Chancellor John left the Power Palace to proceed to Darwell Bank and Windmill Hill where a numerous party of the Beau Monde are collected. On the same day Madme Mere gave a splendid dinner party in which his absence was much regretted as well as that of the Emilia particularly by ~~that of~~ the constellation of beauty which was assembled. Theodore followed his broken on the Monday.

March 23 -

Madme Mere was agreeably surprized this morning by the appearance of a delicious drawing by the hand of the Sylvia accompanied with a little Italian billet. Nothing could be

No. V
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March 28^{th}

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March 23^{rd} ~ Madame Mere was agreeably surprized this morning by the appearance of a delicious drawing by the hand of the Sylvia accompanied with a little Italian billet. Nothing could be

[1] *She is a great friend of Madame Mere, and appears in the Chronicle a number of times. I don't know who she is. J.S.*

more gratifying than this remem-
brand of her birthday to which Emily
added a beautiful black ivory fan
intended to commemorate the la-
mented death of the Princess Char-
-lotte, in an appropriate motto en-
-graved on its sticks. This was no
unsuitable recollection for a birthday
and did in no wise diminish the
effect of those filial wishes of prosperity
and happiness which were expressed
in very pretty verse. Upon retiring
to rest, a third offering made its
appearance upon the table in a
lighted bronze candlestick with
a poetical tribute of affection from
Marguerite
~~Emily~~ addressed to the happy Mother
& these gifted Nymphs, whose tears
of pleasure more aptly expressed her
feelings than anything she can say
upon the subject. The parties will
make their appearance on a future
day and the Mad.me Mere takes the
opportunity of expressing her extreme
gratification from the interesting
manner by the part of that affectionate
member of her family styled the
Other, as she wishes to appropriate
them as being pretty addressed to
herself with the other Members of the family

On Tuesday the interesting invalid Emily
was induced to mount her palfrey
and try the effect of the Bank Zephyrs
An amazing group was assembled at
the door to witness the evolutions of the lovely
nymph whose affectionate sisters
preceded by her side in order to wat
her motions and every eye turned
with interest to the fascinating tra
After a gentle ride of 3 quarters of a
hour Emily returned less fatigued
than was expected, and the bulletin
issued the next morning to the enqui
of the fashionable world was, that
she had passed a tranquil night
and should repeat the same pro
-menade à Cheval

Our Correspondent from Clapham
Common gives the following deta
of projected improvements in the
Mansion of Mad.me Mere. The magn
-ficent apartment called the drawing
room is to undergo a complete ren
-tion of wall and ceiling, which a
to be covered with the newly discov
-pence of moonbeams ~~celeste~~ dore — a
-ing of this metal will form a brill
termination to the angles of the ro
as well as to the cornice and dado,
latter instead of white wainscot
be composed of satin wood with
-ings of rose wood, and the same com
-sitions will form the window shutt
a railing of polished brass is to surr
the table which is covered with fre
-aches of Sèvre, bronze or alabaster,
order to defend these treasures fro
the rough salutation of a vagabond sh
while the eyes of the persons they ha
to are fixed upon the nymphs who
seated at the adjoining Pianoforte
their wits gone a woolgathering. Th

more gratifying than this remembrance of her birthday to which Emilia added a beautiful black ivory fan intended to commemorate the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte in an appropriate motto engraved on its stacks. This was no unsuitable recollection for a birthday and did in no wise diminish the effect of those filial wishes of prosperity and happiness which were expressed in very pretty verse. Upon retiring to rest, a third offering made its appearance upon the table in a lighted bronze candlestick with a poetical tribute of affection from Marguerite addressed to the happy Mother of these gifted Nymphs, whose tears of pleasure more aptly express her feelings than anything she can say upon the subject. The poetics will make their appearance on a future day and the Madame Mere takes the opportunity of expressing her extreme gratification from the interesting verses by the pen of that affectionate member of her family styled the Abbess, as well as her wishes to appropriate them as being ~~partly~~ addressed to herself with the other members of the family.

On Tuesday the interesting invalid Emilia was induced to mount her palfrey and try the effect of the Park Zephyrs. Our anxious group was assembled at the door to witness the exertions of the lovely nymph whose affectionate sisters proceeded by her side in order to watch her motions and every eye turned with interest to the fascinating train.

After a gentle ride of 3 quarters of an hour, Emilia returned less fatigued than was expected, and the bulletin issued the next morning to the enquiries of the fashionable world was, that she had passed a tranquil night, and should repeat the same promenade à Cheval.

Our Correspondent from Clapham Common gives the following detail of projected improvements in the Mansion of Madame Mere. The magnificent apartment called the drawing room is to undergo a complete renovation of wall and ceiling, which are to be covered with the newly discovered essence of moonbeams selene d'or ~ a covering of this metal will form a brilliant termination to the angles of the room as well as to the cornice and [??]. The latter instead of white wainscot is to be composed of sattin wood with trimmings of rose wood, and the same composition will form the window shutters. A railing of polished brass is to surround the table which is covered with precious relics of [??], bronze & alabaster, in order to defend these treasures from the rough salutation of vagabonds, while the eyes of the persons they belong to are fixed upon the nymphs who are seated at the adjoining Pianoforte, their wits gone a woolgathering. This

metallic fence is also intended to defend the spot from the approach of emptied tea-cups, scarred tea-spoons and unhallowed fingers.* The external improvements in contemplation must be deferred to a future Chronicle.

Clapham March 26th

It is reported upon undoubted authority that a great revolution is to take place in the western boundary of the Mad.e Thoné's dominions. A small & highly adorned country, and even the sacred site of the Tirnea Temple has been threatened with the incursions of a neighbouring state — a treaty of accomodation has however been concluded and it is proposed that the Mt. M. shall cede part of her territory in return for the quiet enjoyment of the favorite spot alluded to — This cession is to consist of a portion of forest land at the north west corner of her dominions, and a definitive treaty is preparing in which the neighbouring sovereign promises to remove a stagnant pool whose malignant vapours are obnoxious to the frequenters of that region — Preliminaries being since settled nothing is wanting but the usual forms and signatures — Ambassadors are appointed and the stocks are rising nearly to par. It is added that a colony of the thistle tribe are to be dislodged — and a more advantageous description of settlers to be in their place, but this wants confirmation —

Sylvia — A wag of our acquaintance on seeing the red bombazine gown of Sylvia still keep its station observed that her old course of following Dame Nature would no longer suffice, as she never wore such dowdy robes in Easter week. If Sylvia dislikes the garish fashions of London, let her appear —

"As the fair shepherdess of old romance
With white flowing skirt ornamented
by simple ribbons, while the simple
primrose and cowslip deck her
bonnet and flow from her crook —
but indeed her present attire is not
describ.d. Nature would not own
Sylvia as her simple child, while
the goddess of Fashion would refuse
to enlist a figure so attired in the humblest rank of her votaries.

A Courier is just arrived from Clapham who gives an alarming account of the effects of the late storm upon the nerves of the numerous wood nymphs or hamadryads who inhabit the groves of that region — an Elm in the precincts of the greenhouse was pronounced to be a dangerous neighbour to that establishment and in consequence of the threatening cracks that were observed from its stout cap-head, sentence was passed to level it nearly with the ground which has since been so keenly executed as to divide the writhing tenant of its stem into 2 parts, that as "any substance soon unites again" it makes its mighty appearance in a blue

* English eyes are said to be placed at the tip of the fingers

metallic fence is also intended to defend the spot from the approach of emptied teacups, used tea spoons and unhallowed fingers*. The actual improvements in contemplation must be deferred to a future Chronicle.

Clapham, March 24th

It is reported upon undoubted authority that a great revolution is to take place in the western boundary of the Madame Mere's dominions. A tract of highly adorned country and even the sacred site of the Timea Temple has been threatened with the incursions of a neighbouring state ~ a treaty of accommodation has however been solicited, and it is proposed that the M.M. shall cede part of her territory in return for the quiet enjoyment of the favourite spot alluded to. This cession is to consist of a portion of forest land at the northwest corner of her dominions, and a definitive treaty is preparing in which the neighbouring sovereign promises to remove a stagnant pool whose malignant vapours are obnoxious to the frequenters of that region. Preliminaries being since settled nothing is wanting but the usual forms and signatories. Ambassadors are appointed and the stocks are rising nearly to par. It is added that a colony of the thistle tribe are to be dislodged and a more advantageous description of settlers to be in their place, but this wants confirmation.

Sylvia. A wag of our acquaintance on seeing the red bombazine gown of Sylvia still keep its station observed that her old excuse of following Dame Nature would no longer suffice, as she never wore such dowdy robes in Easter week. If Sylvia dislike the garish fashions of London let her appear

"As the fair shepherdess of old romance with white flowing skirt ornamented by simple ribbons while the primrose and cowslip deck her bonnet and flow from her crook ~ but indeed her present attire is nondescript. Nature would not own Sylvia as her simple child while the goddess of Fashion would refuse to enlist a figure so attired in the humblest ranks of her votaries."

A Courier is just arrived from Clapham who gives an alarming account of the effects of the late storm upon the homes of the numerous wood nymphs or hamadryads who inhabit the groves of that region. An Elm in the precincts of the great house was pronounced to be a dangerous neighbour to that establishment and in consequence of the threatening nods that were observed from its cloud capt head, sentence was passed to level it nearly with the ground which has since been so keenly executed as to divide the wretched tenant of its stem into 2 parts but as "any substance soon unites again" it makes its nightly appearance in a blue

*English eyes are said to be placed at the tip of the fingers

flames which is taken by the hinds for a ghost and tends to frighten away ill disposed persons —

Daniel Bank Lady's
1879

Mrs Editor —

Having been absente from towne since Good Fridaye you will I doubt not be anxious to hear some accounte of my travels and adventures and I therefore take advantage of the leisure and quiet of this pastoriale spot to put pen to paper. After leaving all the inhabitantes of Jones Walle in bedde on Saturdaye at 7 I was hurried to Charinge Crosse where the Eastbourne diligence awaited me containinge the smilinge faces of the head of the Curtice family & Dousa Rankein of Eastbourne. The former conversed with his usual affabilitye and good humour, and with the interlude of breakfaste, the time passed on gliblye till we reached Hoadbridge where the Curtice car awaited to waft us to the Hille of Wind — The Dame Curtice and her bande of amiable daughters with a younge squire from Hastinges named Don Kirby received their respectable sire and younge visitor in the Saloone and all handes and faces being cleaned and repaired, the partye sat downe to the festyne board On Sundaye a very high wind from the oceane freshened the countenances of the pauper who proceeded to Battling Churche to heare the Revd Mr Greenall preache a sermone from the — ch of — v — After churche the rampante Curtices & Don Curtice rode from the groomes and were caughte after by the ladyes who had already mo the Carr afterwarde Don Kirby retu to the seapointe of Hastinges and accompanyede the ladyes Anne & Caroline on a ramble to the ruine of Hastinneeaste — ruines did n Alas! they will shortly be levelled with the dieste — The vandale spirit of a Kemp has doomed to destruct the pride of our forefatheres and the ploughshare will soone passe over th proude towres which now beare the furye of the storme. The ladyes of the hille and their knighte attendant bewailed the wrecke with manye sighe; and after an apostrophe to the demon of Methodisme they return to the halle to dinner — At night the sire read prayeres and a homily to the assembled vassales. It blew a hoorricane all night and on Monday Monye the storme continued and detained the knighte errante w the walles of the Chatteau where the hourres were beguiled with the game of Billiardes, and the wit and con sationne of the ladyes — After din the dance of the Gavlie was propos and gone thro' with much agility and grace, one of the ladyes also playing on the instrumente. To th succeeded much repartee & laughing and after the accustomed beverage "tee nniee of grape" the partye retir thro' the corridor to their respective apartmentes

flame which is taken by the hinds for a Ghost and tends to frighten away ill disposed persons.

Darwell Bank, Lady day, 1818

Mr. Editor

Having been absent from town since Good Friday, you will I doubt not be anxious to hear some account of my travels and adventures and I therefore take advantage of the leisure and quiet of this pastorale spot to put pen to paper. After leaving all the inhabitants of Gower Hall in bedde on Saturday at 7 I was hurried to Charing Crosse where the Eastbourne diligence awaited me containing the smiling faces of the head of the Curties family & Donna Rankin of Eastbourne. The former conversed with his usual affability and good humour, and with the interlude of breakfast, the time passed on glibly till we reached Housbridge where the Curties car awaited to waft us to the Hille of Wind. The Dame Curties and her band of amiable daughters with a young squire from Hastings named Don Kirby received their repectable sire and young visitor in the Saloon and all handes and faces being cleaned and repaired, the partye sat downe to the festyve board. On Sunday a very high wind from the Ocean freshened the countenances of the groupes who proceeded to Wartling[1] Church to hear the Rev^{d} Mr. Grisnall[?] preache a sermon from the book of —. After churche the rampante charger of Don Curties broke from his groomes, and was caught after alarming the ladyes who had already mounted the Car. Afterwards Don Kirby returned to the seaporte of Hastings and I accompanyede the ladyes Anne & Caroline[2] on a ramble to the ruins of Herstmonceux[3] ~ ruins did I say? Alas! they will shortly be levelled with the duste. The Vandal spirits of a Kemp has doomed to destruction the pride of our forefatheres, and the ploughshare will soone passe over the proude toweres which now brave the furye of the storm. The ladyes of the hillle and their knighte attendant bewailed the wrecke with many a sigh, and after an apostrophe to the Canon of Methodisme they returned to the halle to dinner. At night the sire read prayeres and a [??] to the assembled vassals. The Weather has raine all night and on Monday Morning the storme continued and detained the Knighte Errante within the walles of the Chateau where the houres were beguiled with the game of Billiardes, and the wit and conversation of the Ladyes. After dinner the dance of the Gaules was proposed and gone thru with much agility and grace, one of the ladyes alone playing on the instrumentes. To this succeeded much repartee & laughing and after the accustomed passage of the juice of Grape, the party returned thru the corridor to their respective apartmentes.

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[1] *The son of John Graham (the writer of this piece) ended up as the Vicar of Wartling. J.S.*

[2] *His future wife. J.S.*

[3] *Herstmonceux Castle was owned by the Curteis family from 1846 to 1911, but that was some time after this Chronicle, obviously. The owner at the time this was written was Thomas Kemp. J.S.*

The Family Chronicle

March 28 1818

No 5. 2 Sheet

On Tuesday morning after the Dissolution the Postboys were ordered out and the Knight took an affectionate conjugal leave of the heads and branches of the Curtis families and wound his way thro Wonham and the Lord Ashburnham's parke to Dunsborough on a visit to Sir Davenport his kinsman — a page on horseback carried his wallet and they alighted precisely at ½ past 1 — Sir Davenport known also by the name of the Duke of Darnell came out from his porch to receive the Knight and introduced him to the Duchess who after kissing her hand he saluted his brother Theodore and they all went out to view the estate (the Duchess excepted) The estate is fair to behold and pleasant to the eye there being a variety of cornfields pastures & hop gardens many improvements have been made and are daily making and the house when finished will be a pleasant mansion and a comfortable — For now not as formerly does the parlour have a cramped appearance whereinto the light is admitted by a grated latten and the ornaments a flowered tea board, a sanded floor and a sampler framed and glazed; but the same is enlarged and made elegante the tables being covered with literary works, and drawings by eminent masters and yet withal there is an air which does not belie the habitation of a farmer, for I have regarded eggs on the sideboard brought in by the Duchess and roots and seeds underneath — The Duke wears such dress as becomes him as a farmer and according his state, but a short frock coat & jupper and salt & leathern gaiters and the duchess wears warm clothing when walking over her lands tho when in the house or in the evening she wears neat dresses is seemly and becoming, and not a mote can be found on our ancient domestic The view of the house I send you being examined — There is near the house a dell called Philomel-dell — No 2 where the oak loves to throw its branches in fantastic forms over the spring and the primrose enamels the ground as it were a carpet — There is one curious thing I would mention and worthy of observation viz. the soil about is what we call fullers earth being used by all housewifely persons to cleanse, scour, and renew every thing that is soiled and dirty — Now every person who comes from out doors brings large portions of the above said soil upon his or her shoes into the parlours or withdrawing rooms which would

On Tuesday morning after the Disjune the palfreys were ordered out, and the Knight took an affectionate farewell of the heads and branches of the Curties family, and wound his way thru Bouham[?] and the Lord Ashburnham's parke to Darwell Bank on a visit to Sir Davenport[1] his kinsman ~ a page on horseback carried his wallet and they alighted precisely at 1/2 past 1. Sir Davenport known also by the name of the Duke of Darwell came out from his porch to receive the Knight and introduced him to the Duchess when after kissing her hand he saluted his brother Theodore and they all went out to view the estate (the Duchess excepted). The estate is fair to behold and pleasant to the eye there being a variety of cornfields pastures and hop gardens ~ many improvements have been made and are daily makinge and the house when finished will be a pleasant mansion and a comfortable. For now not as formerly does the parlour have a cramped appearance whereinto the light is admitted by a grated lattice and the ornaments a flowered tea board, a sanded floor and a sampler framed and glazed; but the same is enlarged and made elegant, the tables being covered with literary works, and drawings by cunning masters and yet withal there is an air which does not belie the habitation of a farmer, for I have regarded eggs on the sideboard brought in by the Duchess and roots and seeds moreover.

The Duke wears such dress as beseems him as a farmer and not according his state, but a short frock coat of pepper and salt & leathern gaiters, and the duchess wears warm clothing when walking over her landes tho when in the house or in the evening, she wears such dresses as is seemly and becoming, and not a mob cap & hood as our anciente housewives. The view of the house I send you being numbered ~1~ There is near the house a dell called Philomel dell No. 2, where the oak loves to throw its branches in fantastic forms over the spring and the primrose [??] the ground as it were a carpet. There is one curious thing I would mention and worthy of observation viz. the soil about is what we call Fullers's earth being used by all housewifely persons to cleanse, scour and renew every thing that is soiled and dirty. Now every person who comes from outdoors brings large portions of the abovesaid soil upon his or her shoes into the parloure or withdrawing roome which would

[1] *Richard Davenport, brother of Madame Mere. J.S.*

being much dirt and trouble into the house, but now as it is the last of soil, the same being fuller's earth and prepar'd to cleanse the floors and carpets, which is a common thing to know, and saves much expense of soap and so forth — Two intelligent persons came to dine yesterday and gave such information as their and experience afford. It was past the hour of nine this morning before Theodore joined the rest of the family at the dispine and at 11 they walked out & examined the grounds & Theodore made some surveys of the estate, he being a skilful draughtsman, & at 1 a carriage of the country drove

in & took him off to the hills & round the first taking an affectionate leave of his kinsman & kinswoman & dropping a tear on the threshold — And it now being near the hour of dinner your correspondent cannot add more than that he hopes to travel home tomorrow and meet his kinsfolk in health & at night he will be right glad to accompanye his eldest sister to Dame Atkinson's tournament in London towne & also to those at the houses of the Dames Still Alcobet & Plummer. And he recommendeth his sister to frequent these festivityes and not to live lonely in her castle as she rather prefers, knowing that the same beseemeth her state — So now Mrs Editor farewell & receive my offe benediction — ——

JG



bring much dirt and trouble into the house, but now so it is the Duchess approves of this bringing in of soil, the same being fuller's earth and proper to cleanse the floors and carpets, which is a curious thing to know, and saves much expense of soap and so forth.

Two intelligence [??] came to dine yesternoon and gave such information as skill and experience afford. It was past the hour of nine this morning before Theodore joined the rest of the familye at the disjune and at 11 they walked and examined the grounds & Theodore made some surveys of the estate, he being a skilful draughtsman; & at 1 a carriage of the countrye drove in & took him away to the hille of wind, he first taking an affec^{tc} leave of his kinsman and kinswoman & dropping a tear on the threshold ~ and it now being near the hour of dinner your correspondent cannot add more than that he hopes to travel home tomorrow and meet his kinsfolk in health & at night he will be right glad to accompanye his eldest sister to Dame Atkinson's tournament in London towne & also to those at the houses of the Dames Still, Alcove & Plumer. And he recommendeth his sister to frequent these festivityes and not to live lonely in her castle as she rather prefers, knowing that the same beseemeth her state. So now Mr. Editor farewell & receive my affc. benediction.

JG


Darwel Bank.
Darwel Bank & Robertsbridge

Second Edition March 26

Of additional Offerings to Madame Tussaud's Museum on the 23 of March we have to record, from Theodore a valuable bronze medal from the Galerie historique — from the Chancellor a beautiful cast of the lamented Princess Charlotte & from the Duchess of Darmstadt a Bracelet of hair woven by her delicate fingers with a magnificent gold clasp —

To the Editor of the Family Chronicle

Monsieur Porteraycon and Drolediseur shortly propose to themselves the pleasure of submitting to the public a new work to illustrate and embellish the pages of the Family Chronicle and with the permission of that journal intend to publish on Saturday the 11th of April the first number of the Family Cabinet which will be of the same size to bind up with the former work. It will contain a vignette title and at least three other plates and it is to contain pieces of Casa di Durnella and La Collina the Manlier ancient and antiquarian oblique de famille and it is particularly requested that those who have any memorandums of this kind will have the goodness to communicate them to the Editor — such as drowning of David's Harp Mad me Pierre playing on the Piano forte This supposed a No will be published every six weeks, but the time will vary according to the quantity of matter — Porteraycon is at present in the country but hopes on his return to arrange a medium for communication —

To the Editor of the F.C.

Mr Editor, Yesterday as I took my usual walk down Bond Street I saw a velvet reticule lying on the pavement. On opening it I discovered a silver vinaigrette, a gold watch and a small box of rouge — but as these are common to all fashionable young ladies — I searched for some further clue to the owners and at length found in a corner a small pocket book containing the following translation of Pythagoras's golden verses — I beg you to publish them in order to discover the owner.

"To be repeated every night on my pillow.

"Nor in soft slumber let my eyes be closed
Before the actions of the day I've reviewed
Where have I been? at what door did I rap?
What reason have I seen at whom to tap my cap?
What gowns my rival Charlotte wore to day?
Did she or I look best? the answer pray!
Whom have I known to day that worth to have
By whom been wooed with listening to his vows
This morning's shopping new they wive to ride
Are silks best in Pallmall or Piccadilly
How danced I at the ball my partners who?
Received I many compliments or few?
If few alas then few have been my goings
And if this day have wasted all my pains
If many — I'll with rapture close my eyes
I may one day be a Duchess rise —

Printed at the Tower Press

Second Edition March 28

Of additional offerings to Madame Mere on the 23 of March we have to record from Theodore a valuable bronze medal from the Galerie historique – from the Chancellor a beautiful cast in wax of the lamented Princess Charlotte & from the Duchess of Darwell Bank a purse woven by her delicate fingers with a magnificent gold clasp.

To the Editor of the Family Chronicle

Portecrayon and Droledessin shortly propose to themselves the pleasure of submitting to the public a new work to illustrate and develop the news of the Family Chronicle, and with the permission of that journal intend to publish on Saturday the 11th of April the first number of the Family Cabinet which will be of the same size to bind up with the former work. It will contain a vignette title and at least three other plates and 1st Ms will contain views of Casa di Darwell and La Collina du Moulin au vent and an antiquarian relique de famille and it is particularly requested that those who have any memories of this kind will have the goodness to communicate them to the Editor – such as drawings of David's Harp, Madame Mere playing on the Pianoforte. This supposed a No. will be published every six weeks, but the time will vary according to the quantity of matter.

Portecrayon is at present in the country but hopes on his return to arrange a medium for communication.

To the Editor of the F.C.

Mrs. Editor,

Yesterday as I took my usual walk down Bond Street I saw a valued reticule lying on the pavement. On opening it I discovered a silver vinaigrette[?], a gold watch, and a small box of rouge – but as these are common to all fashionable young ladies I searched for some further clue to the owner and at length found in a corner a small pocket book containing the following translation of Pythagoras's golden verses. I beg you to publish them in order to discover the owner.

To be repeated every night on my pillow

Nor in soft slumber let my eyes be glued
Before the actions of the day I've viewed
Where have I been? at what doors did scrape?
What beaux have seen at whom to set my cap?
What gown my rival Charlotte wore today?
Did she or I look best? The reason pray?
Whom have I known today thats worth of knowing?
By whom been woo'd worth listening to his wooing?
This morning's shoppings were they wise or silly?
Are silks best in Pall Mall or Picadilly?
How danced I at the ball? My partners who?
Received I many compliments or few?
If few Alas then few have been my gains
And I this day have wasted all my pains.
If many I'll with rapture close my eyes
I may one day to be a Duchess rise.

JG

Printed at the Gower Press

Family VI Chronicle

April 2 Diis Penatibus sacrum. 1818

We have endeavoured this week to gather all the news for our readers, tho' not a great variety presents itself. The arrival of Theodore's bust ought to call forth classic recollections, but our pens not being accustomed to such sublime subjects, leave it to those who are more able to expatiate on the forehead of a Cicero, the nose of an Antony & the gracefulness of a Agrippina—

Monday— The Philharmonic concert. Theodore arrived in town from the Colline des Moulins — D.r Pill Bolio called & prescribed for Mad.e Mere a Camphir Julep to be taken every morning for the first week of Lent's appearance, her pulse having been at 100 even since the plates were delivered to Hatchard —

Tuesday— At nine o'Clock the Chancellor laid aside his gown & wig and appeared as a quadrille dancer at Mr.s Stills — We cannot say why Theodore did not make his debut there. Bets had run high as to whether he would commence with the pas de Bugue or glide into the world with the pas de perdrix — But after public expectation had been wound up to the highest pitch, a rumour was spread that Theodore was peacefully amusing himself by arranging his Fossils — Some young Ladies have been entirely ruined by the splendid dresses prepared to appear in at his debut — April 1st —

Wednesday— a hoax was practised on Mad.elle Mere to accuse Hatchard of treachery & blight for ever her hopes as an author. She fainted away and the conspirators struck with remorse confessed their crime. She recovered sufficiently to attend Miss Hullmandel's concert in the evening —

Thursday. The Editor cannot insert any thing this day but H. P.

Fashions for April

Mlle Angelique informs her numerous friends and the public that she is just arrived from Rome where she has devoted her unremitting attention to the science of Drapery as exemplified in the classic forms contained in that theatre of beauty; from the imperious folds of the Vestal's garment to the indigenous costume of the African Venus — These she has adapted to the purposes of modern elegance and moulds are constructed to display the fascinating folds which have hitherto been traced only in bronze and marble. The Agrippina robe has already attracted the attention of Chaperons — The Corset à la Caricature is recommended to the use of young married ladies and the gossamer scarf of a Hebe is expected to float in the atmosphere of Almacks next assembly. Madlle Angelique has also provided an artist to arrange the chevelure according to the

VI

Family Chronicle

April 2 *Diis Penatibus sacrum.* *1818*

We have endeavoured this week to gather all its news for our readers, tho' not a great variety presents itself. The arrival of Theodore's busts ought to call forth classic recollections, but our pen not being accustomed to such sublime subjects, leaves it to those who are more able to expatiate on the forehead of a Cicero, the nose of an Antony & the gracefullness of Agrippina.

Monday. The Philharmonic concert. Theodore arrived in town from the Colline des Moulins. Dr. Pill Bolio called & prescribed for Mad^{e}. Mere a Camphor Julep to be taken every morning for the first week of Locuta's appearance, her pulse having been at 100 ever since the plates were delivered to Hatchard[1].

Tuesday. At nine ^{o}Clock the Chancellor laid aside his gown & wig and appeared as a quadrille dancer at Mrs. Shells. We cannot say why Theodore did not make his debut there. Bets had risen high as to whether he would commence with the pas de Buigne or glide into the world with the pas de perdrix. But after public expectation had been wound up to the highest pitch, a rumour was spread that Theodore was peacefully amusing himself by arranging his Fossils. Some young Ladies have been entirely ruined by the splendid dresses prepared to appear in at his debut. ~ April 1st ~

Wednesday ~ A hoax was practised on Mad' Mere to accuse Hatchard of treachery & blight forever her hopes as an author. She fainted away and the conspirators struck with remorse confessed their crime. She recovered sufficiently to attend Miss Hullmandle's concert in the evening.

Thursday. The Editor cannot insert anything this day but N.P.

[1] *Hatchard being the publisher of Voyage to Locuta. J.S.*

Fashions for April

M.^{lle} Angelique informs her numerous friends and the public that she is just arrived from Rome where she has devoted her unremitting attention to the science of Drapery as exemplified in the classic forms contained in that theatre of beauty; from the imperious violet folds of the Vestal's garment to the imaginary costume of the Medicean Venus. These she has adapted to the purposes of modern elegance and moulds are constructed to display the fascinating folds which have hitherto been traced only in bronze and marble. The Agrippina robe has already attracted the attention of Chaperons. The Corset a la Carinalide is recommended to the use of young married ladies and the gossamer scarf of a Hebe is expected to float in the atmosphere of Almacks next assembly. Madame^{lle} Angelique has also provided an artist, to arrange the chevalure according to the

classic model & teach the Busen of nature to flow with as much lightness as they do in bronze Yonnable, and the Court of George III is reputed to rival that of Augustus - Tickets of admission to the exhibition are issued to real names and titles at the Gown office -

Mrs Editor

You have given us so many agreable anecdotes of the younger part of the august house of Clapham that I cannot resist the pleasure of informing the public, thro' your means of what I have since learnt of their riper years, and as truth is my object and example as good as precept I shall begin at once with Celsius Tiberius a title by no means pleasing or appropriate

Theodore is therefore his denomination in these memoirs, and when I say that he left school fuller of Virtu than Hebrew you will not wonder at his rage for travelling indeed that was the cause given out by Madame Mere; but a pain in the side was supposed by some to be the true one, and he went to drink the waters of oblivion which have happily effected a cure, and his only remaining complaint was a rage for some yellow metal to exchange for busts & Bronzes & books &c

This Chancellor John represented might be carried too far, as he had already filled the palace in Gown Street with the overflowing curiosities of the Clapham Villa - Theodore therefore is returned home, and we hear in

Rome means to rebuild Edmund Castle: and perpetuate the splendid rule of Graham -

How to illustrate Chancellor John is difficult - and how he has risen to his present honors, most unaccountable. He is the best tempered fellow under the Sun, and has more fun than all the Chancellors put together; when a cause comes to be tried, he is sketching them out with his pen; and when they ask for decision he presents them with a copy of verses It is therefore most likely he will remain as he is, and die an

Old Batchelor

The fair Sylvia is accounted a second St Cecilia, from her skill in Harmony which stands in a high degree to her manners and temper - She is sought in marriage by several eminent personages but hitherto without success -

The lively Emilia is full of attraction in mind & body, and she loves the bustle of life when her health will permit: but I warn her not to refuse a good offer, or her lot will be an old maid and companion to Chancellor John - As to Princess Marguerita I can scarcely delineate her state - at present it bids fair, especially when her excellent understanding conquers those blue d - l

classic model & teach the tresses of nature to flow with as much lightness as they do in bronze & marble, and the Court of George III is expected to rival that of Augustus. Tickets of admission to the exhibition are issued to real names and titles at the Gower office.

Mrs. Editor

You have given us so many agreeable anecdotes of the younger past of the august house of Clapham that I cannot resist the pleasure of informing the public, thro' your means, of what I have since learnt of their riper years, and as truth is my object and example as good as precept, I shall begin at once with Citizen Tom – a title by no means pleasing or appropriate.

Theodore is therefore his denomination in these memoires, and when I say that he left school fuller of Virtu than Hebrew you will not wonder at his rage for travelling – indeed that was the cause given out by Madame Mere; but a pain in the side was supposed by some to be the true one, and he went to drink the waters of oblivion which have happily affected a cure, and his only remaining complaint was a rage for some yellow metal to exchange for busts & Bronzes & books &c.

This Chancellor John represented might be carried too far, as he had already filled the palace in Gower Street, with the overflowing curiosities of the Clapham Villa. Theodore therefore is returned home, and we hear in time means to rebuild Edmond Castle; and perpetuate the splendid race of Graham.[1]

How to illustrate Chancellor John is difficult – and how he has risen to his present honors, most unaccountable. He is the best tempered fellow under the sun, and has more fun than all the Chancellors put together; when a cause comes to be tried, he is sketching them out with his pen; and when they ask for decision he presents them with a copy of verses. It is therefore most likely be will remain as he is, and die an Old Batchelor[2].

The fair Sylvia is accounted a second Cecilia, from her skill in Harmony which extends in a high degree to her manners and temper. She is sought in marriage by several eminent personages but hitherto without success.[3]

The lovely Emilia is full of attractions in mind & body, and she loves the bustle of life when her health will permit; but I warn her not to refuse a good offer, or her lot will be an old maid and companion to Chancellor John[4]. As to Princess Marguerite, I can scarcely delineate her fate. At present it bids fair, especially where her excellent understanding conquers those blue d—ls

[1] *Very interesting comment. Thomas had already inherited E.C. by this date, but it was clearly not in good condition, and he wasn't living there. In 1829 he married into money (Mary Carnegie). He did a complete rebuild of E.C. between 1825 and 1829, approximately. J.S.*

[2] *Ironic. In 1821 John married Caroline Curteis, of Windmill Hill (who appears a number of times in the Chronicle), and is my direct ancestor. J.S.*

[3] *She never married. J.S.*

[4] *She married the Rev. Thomas Collins, as described at greater length in the Preface, on page 10. J.S.*

that something attaches her, and which the good Abbess Clugny so happily exercises I am told she is threatened with the veil on these occasions which has all the effect one could wish, as I am assured she has no nun's blood about her, and will make hereafter a most excellent Country Clergymans wife —

It must be expected now, I should make some mention of Mr.e Moss the mother of this fine family - She is an authoress & has written several treatises on Education and manners for the benefit of the rising generation - She paints also in a most excellent style, while loved by her friends and lov'd & honoured by her children — It is to be hoped she will slide into old age with all the blessings she now enjoys and finish a course of happiness here, only to be exceeded by what we are taught to expect hereafter

I am Mr.r Editor, Your's truly

An old acquaintance Adss

Dear Mr.r E

Wishing as I do success to your Editorship for the present week, I cannot withhold from your Box the following valuable fragment, given to me this morning by a Seer who not only spies into futurity but also holds converse with future generations - You will see it is a bit of a Newspaper for April AD 2018 —

" A great discovery has been made some
" workmen digging in the waste ground on
" which formerly stood Gower Street, discovered
" an antique portfolio - It was found to
" contain several sheets of paper entitled
" The Family Chronicle, and tho the
" language be almost obsolete, yet thanks
" to our antiquarians we can favour our
" readers with the substance of them —
" From these antiquated memorials then
" of the reign of George III we learn that
" a family of the name of Graham lived
" in a house in Gower Street many years
" before it was destroyed by the great
" Earthquake of 1890 . It appears from
" these curious manuscripts that at
" that day the Ladies wore petticoats. &
" the gentlemen breeches!! Moreover that
" the men made offers, and not the
" women !! Some women are strongly
" reprobated for what is called "selling their
" Caps" at young men! How would our great
" Grandames stare could they raise their heads
" from their mossy tombs & behold the ladies
" of our day selling husbands, managing busi-
" ness, speaking in public and commanding
" armies, while our men, as becomes them, sit
" at home, & take care of their families, cook
" the dinner, & mend the linen - We have
" been enabled to trace the pedigree of this
" curious family to our own time Theodore
" it appears was a great politician, his eldest
" Son, the celebrated loyalist, fell in the battle
" of Brighton while bravely fighting for the King -
" The descendants of the Chancellor emigrated

that sometimes attack her, and which the good Abbess Clugny so happily exorcises[1]. I am told she is threatened with the veil on these occasions which has all the effect one could wish, as I am assured she has no nun's blood about her, and will make hereafter a most excellent Country Clergymans wife.

It must be expected now, I should make some mention of M.^{de} Mere the mother of this fine family. She is an authoress & has written several treatises on Education and manners for the benefit of the rising generation[2]. She paints also in a most excellent style, while loved by her friends and lov'd & honoured by her children. It is to be hoped she will slide into old age with all the blessings she now enjoys and finish a course of happiness here, only to be exceeded by what we are taught to expect hereafter.

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an old acquaintance. Adss.

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A great discovery has been made. Some workmen digging in the waste ground on which formerly stood Gower Street, discovered an antique portfolio. It was found to contain several sheets of paper entitled The Family Chronicle, and tho the language be almost obsolete, yet thanks to our antiquarians we can favour our readers with the substance of them. From these antiquated memorials then of the reign of George III we learn that a family of the name of Graham lived in a house in Gower Street many years before it was destroyed by the great Earthquake of 1890. It appears from these curious manuscripts that at that day the Ladies wore petticoats & the gentlemen breeches!! Moreover that the men made offers, and not the women!! Some women are strongly reprobated for what is called "setting their caps" at young men! How would our great Grandames stare could they raise their heads from their ugly tombs & behold the ladies of our day taking husbands, managing business, speaking in public and commanding armies, while our men, as becomes them, sit at home & take care of their families, cook the dinner, & mend the linen. We have been enabled to trace the pedigree of this curious family to our own time. Theodore it appears was a great politician. His eldest son, the celebrated Royalist, fell in the battle of Brixton while bravely fighting for the King. The descendants of the Chancellor emigrated

[1] *Another fascinating comment, as Anne Margaret possibly suffered from depression throughout her life. She married Edward Polhill in 1823. J.S.*

[2] *Referring to the two well-known books she wrote. 18 Maxims, and The Voyage to Locuta. See the Preface, page 7, for more details. J.S.*

[3] *What? How did they know? This is extraordinary! J.S.*

" to France than been so ruined by
" their extravagance as to become House
" painters by Trade - Silvia it is supposed
" either retired to the woods and turned hermit
" or married a churchman of the name of
" Bilby who wrote several learned treatises
" on theology - they had but one child who by
" some strange contretemps died of suffocation
" at a feast. Emilia married but was reduced
" to poverty by excessive extravagance, and
" her descendants go about as Savoyards with
" harps & musical instruments - The only lineal
" descendant of Marguerite perished in the great
" earthquake. The several times warned of
" the approaching shock she laid obstinately in
" bed and there met her fate - The Abbess de
" Clugny died single in her nunnery in
" France - Of Madame Merc the same still
" exists & will continue to exist as long as the
" work called Theresa Tidy shall be read in
" all languages of the known World - JG

The Wish.

Descend O Muse & paint some scene
Whate'er thy wondering fancy chuse
Bedeckt with richest sylvan green,
Colour'd by Nature's brightest hues!

2

And o kind fortune, hear my prayer!
This may I spend my future day
A Spinster's simple garments wear
Nor feel the weight of husband's sway

3

Let others hug Hymeneal chains
And glitter in their gay attire,
For me, I fly where freedom reigns
Nor the contested mantle desire -

4

O never may I learn to bend
Before proud man, Creation's Lord
Never may I be doomed to feel
His changing whim, his haughty word

5

Capricious in a single life
A loving maid his power confess
Camelion like the hapless wife
Must change her humour with her dress

6

Now simple, genuine, pure, his taste
We're taught to copy Milton's Eve
This violent love of Nature past
We'as Coquettes must shine & deceive -

7

Now soft retiring damsels please
With voice as soft as turtle Dove
Now careless boldness, rattling ease
Must catch his eye, & win his love -

8

Then let me from such beings fly
Be neither flattered or despised
And leave to girls more wise than I
The troop of beaux so highly prized -

9

The gifted by the wedding ring
Who followed by no wedding train
As gaily shall I laugh & sing
While my grave cares oppress my Brain

Beatrice

Advertisements

April 1 - In consequence of the heavy thud was
played this day on the authoress of Lucetta, she
gives notice thro' the medium of this paper that no
one copy of that valuable book will be issued to
to the perpetrators of that plot for less than 5/ the
price they fixed upon it: but as the authoress by no
means wishes to profit from so vile a robbery
worn out a joke, she will most gladly accept

to France & have been so reduced by their extravagance as to become House painters by Trade. Silvia it is supposed either retired to the woods and turned hermit or married a churchman of the name of Bilby who wrote several learned treatises on theology ~ they had but one child why by some strange contretemps died of suffocation at a rout. Emilia married but was reduced to poverty by excessive extravagance, and her descendants go about as Savoyards with harps & musical Instruments. The only lineal descendant of Marguerite perished in the great earthquake. Tho several times warned of the approaching shock he laid obstinately in bed and there met his fate. The Abbess de Clugny died single in her nunnery in France. Of Madame Mere the fame still exists & will continue to exist as long as the work called Theresa Tidy shall be read in all languages of the known world.

JG

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Whate'er thy wandering fancy chuse
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Colored by Nature's brightest hues!

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Tho gifted by no wedding ring
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As gaily shall I laugh & sing
While no grave cares oppress my brain

Beatrice
EG

Advertisements

April 1. In consequence of the hoax that was played this day on the authoress of Locuta, she gives notice thro' the medium of this paper that not one copy of that valuable work will be issued to the perpetrators of that plot for less than 8 shillings price they fixed upon it. But as the authoress by no means wishes to profit from so old fashioned & worn out a Joke, she will most gladly donate it to charity.

The Family Chronicle

Continuation of Advertisements

Loculta — a fragment by the Authoress of Theresa Tidy — In the Press and speedily will be published —

On the same day will come out a Hudibrastic Poem in six Cantos — in ridicule of it ~~called~~ ~~Old Tom~~ called Old Tom Gulliver by Horse Laugh Esq.r in 8vo.

Wanted a mansion in the most fashionable part of the Town to accommodate the whole Curtis family —

New fashionable Hesse Homburg marriage Tickets — for the use of young ladies from the age of fifteen to forty — to be suspended from the necklace without prejudice to the appearance — very cheap — to be seen at Monsieur Cupidons — who sell also every thing that can renovate beauty, at the Temple of Hymen 100 Bond Strat —

Costume of the ancient Grahams — that curious people who wou hip plaids — Illustrated with plates — Speedily will be published

Caricature — of Theresa Tidy challenging Lemuel Gulliver to single Combat for daring to claim relationship with her for this dense & stupid family — Hatchard & the authoress stand his seconds and urge him to the fight to which he seems backward while Theresa is huzzaed by the mob who stand on her side — While Lemuel calls for a fair hearing and unveils the assistance of Crokabee, Murray Curtis & Wilkinson. Theresa is apprehensive in the act of giving him a stab Sold at any print Shop in London —

New Novel — a ~~Tale~~ work in Gown Street or a peep behind the Curtain — consisting of conversations after Dinner taken in short hand — by Chas Newman —

Hollo! Trifles! Trifles — Trifles —

Heraldry

March 28
Heald College

Mr Editor

On the other side I beg to transmit to you a list of the various titles belonging at different times to the Graham family from the remotest antiquity to the present æra — conducing the same worthy of a place in your Columns — I am Sir Yours &c

Garter King at Arms

Family Peerage

Theodore	The Chancellor	Sylvia
Tomb	Maitre	Markem
Notre	Mattevadye	Ma
Dr Dignity	Mr Mativer	Mrs Dignity
Indulgence	Johnadab	Matamar
Citizen Tom	Dab	Squaretoes
Theodore	Mr Flourish	
	Arch Duke John	Princess Royal
	Chancellor	Silvia

Miss Rann	Miss Clumsie
Rannalty	Clumsiatha
Wanalty	Clumspot
Wawaky	Clumsyboy
Rankins	Clumspider
Miss Rann	Marchesa
of the Charter House	Clugnet
Waw	
Illy Ward	Lady Abbess

Continuation of Advertisements

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New Novel ~ a sneak in Gower Street or a peep behind the Curtain ~ consisting of conversation after Dinner in shorthand ~ by Chas Newman.

Motto. Trifles! Trifles ~ Trifles ~.

Heraldry. March 28. Herald College

Mr Editor

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Notre	Maitcoadye	Ma
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Indulgence	Johnadab	Mataniar
Citizen Tom	Dub	Square toes
Theodore	Mr. Flourish	
	Arch Duke John	Princess Royal
	Chancellor	Silvia
Miss Rann	Miss Clunie	
Rannaky	Cluniatha	
Wanaky	Clunypot	
Wawaky	Clunyboy	
Rankins	Clunipiter	
Miss Rain	Marchesa	
of the Charter	Clugni	
House		
Waw		
Itty Ward	Lady Abbess	

IV

Family Peerage.	
Emilia	Marguerite
Emil	Dodeman
Meal	Precious
Barley Meal	Beauty
Burleigh	Arn Pan
Mercer	Pan
Mevian,	
Mevronk	
Frank	
Melaware	
Cassowar	
Whisky Meal	
Oram	
Penny	
Mrs Flourish	
Lady C. Jealous	
Lady E. Toilette	
Lady E Hundred Curl	
Lady C Lotcheours	Vice Reine
Countess Wrongaigle	
Emelia	Marguerite

SG

Carriages

a Bill is expected to be brought into parliament early in the next Session for the relief of that distressed Class of the Community called Coachmen who with the unfortunate animals under their Care are condemned to wait at the door of their fair mistress without exciting a spark of feeling in their angelic bosoms — Even in a morning progress they never stand at the door less than half an hour, the appearance of the equipage being the only signal of bonnet & pelisse preparation, and the evening campaign is preceded by a still longer exposure to the pitiless elements — What the arrangement of ornaments and the mixture of colours are coolly discussed by the fair one and her femme de Chambre in the warm dressing room, the horses are trotting backward & forward over as much ground as would cover their destined expedition, or else the stationary steeds cough their own bells while shivering at the Door — That well known benevolent character T. Tidy is indefatigable in soliciting the influence of popular names interested in the abolition of slavery, as well as in assisting at the conferences of the Crown Lawyers in framing the intended bill, and an appeal is to be made to the benevolence of the English character in requiring the luminaries of Fashion to arrange their nightly vigils in such a manner as to spare the sufferings of their slaves as much as possible: but an absolute requisition is to be made to all Husbands Mothers & Chaperones under a severe penalty to order the equipage to drive off after waiting five minutes at the Door — and to go out no more that day — a quarter of an hour's grace is to be allowed in returning from a Ball after which should the dancing nymph fail of appearance, she must be doomed to enter a hackney Coach — It is also hoped that vanity may be pressed into the service of benevolence since it is impossible that an elegant

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Emilia	Marguerite
Emil	Dodinan
Meal	Precious
Barley Meal	Beauty
Burleigh	Ann Pan
Mervar	Pan
Mevian	
Mevrouk	
Vrouk	
Melawar	
Cassowar	
Milshy Meal	
Drarn	
Nancy	
Mrs. Flourish	
Lady E. Jealous	
Lady E. Toilette	
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Lady E. Latehours	Vice Reine
Countess Weazegargle	
Emilia	Marguerite
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equipage can be maintained with half starved horses, a neglected Carriage and harness, and perhaps a drinking Coachman, a character too often occasioned by long waiting at public houses with gossipping comrades—

Any hints upon this important subject will be gratefully attended to addressed to T Tidy at the Gower Printing Office

Birth Day Odes

According to our promise we insert the following Birth day Odes by the famous Poet Laureat Deggud Dunce Esq.

With a fan of Black Ivory

The sad and mournful be my hue
And sad the motto* that I wear
Oh Lady frown not, for to you
Wishes of happiness I bear

When e'er thou bidst, Oh may I bring
Refreshing Zephyrs, balmy gales
To fan Thee when the breath of spring
And breath of cooler autumn fails—

Think me the emblem of the Spring
The Season of thy natal Day
And may I have the power to wing
All sorrow, and all grief away EG

* a Insatiate archer could not one suffice
in allusion to the Princess Charlotte's death

With a Bronze Candlestick

When Sèvres sends her porcelaine
Paris her Or molu
And Rome & Florence too are vain
To deck your rooms for you

(Of humble frame) oh how shall I
moulded by English hands
Dare to approach your classic Eye
And mingle with your bands

Of foreign toys and rare bijoux
That crowd your table shining
And bronze and alabaster crew
That all your walls are lining?

To elegance I lay no claim
But wish to be of use
And humbly offer you my flame
To seal your billet doux.

A message too from Anne I bear
For I'm her protegé
She bids me tell her love & prayer
For many such a day AMG

The Editor has just received the following letter from the Chancellor's office and loses no time in inserting it

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*"Insatiate archer could not one suffice" in allusion to the Princess Charlotte's death

Northumberland
April 1 1818

Dear Sir

I must tell you some good news - for if I dont tell it to somebody, I shall be out of my wits: but pray give me your opinion honestly, for I know what I wish, yet I believe I could be convinced —

You shall have my history - I am the daughter of a man of great consequence, I assure you & vastly looked up to - he is Steward to a Duke, & we live in a fine old Castle where I am Mistress & there is nobody to controul me, but the parson of the Parish who comes to sit with my Pa almost every night or day and talks such strange stuff I have no patience - Now Sir my Pa had promised to take me to see dear London this Winter, as he says very properly now I am 17 I should be introduced into the world — now that is visiting the Queen I am told, since which day & night, I have thought of nothing else but how I must be dress'd & where I shall borrow a Coach to carry me to Windsor - so thinks I to myself I will ask our parson; for he has been in London and I thought him my friend, as he says I am a very fine Girl — So one day when we were alone I opened my mind to him & said my Pa was going to take me to London — To London! he exclaimed & he looked, good gracious he looked as if he could have eat me — Take you to London that sink of iniquity where wickedness flourishes and truth is never spoken — I pronounce the ruin of Body & mind in this Exertion - You will be hurried from the play House that sink of Satan to route where hie books are opened, to balls where that infamous d — le dance is performed & from thence will be carried to her court or I am much mistaken — Oh how he frightened me - I was almost ready to promise I would not go — so seeing how much I was alarmed he took my hand tenderly & said I should make a much better wife if I never saw London & he would persuade some of his evangelical friends to think of me — Nay said he, give me a little time and I may think of you myself — Time indeed - I am sure I shall never think of him — Why he is twice as old as myself - a long lank grey headed fellow like one of the long legged black castle Spiders that one shudders at — Then he is always preaching temperance tho' he crams like a tiger and drinks the Duke's wine when he can get it & says it is a Cordial to his soul — Then he says I must pray without ceasing for the true light I suppose that makes him keep up his eyes so - but he still sticks to his Text I shall not go to London with his Consent — Now Sir I think this very hard & determined I would consult you Mr Chancellor Arbuthnot - you must know better than our parson; and if you say I can come safely without being run away with I will - I am determined for between ourselves I have no chance of a husband here, unless I am catched up by one of these new lights (I suppose he means a gas regiment) tho I did not know we had any in the country yet, or where they are quartered —

Pray Sir, have you a wife because may be she would introduce me to some of the Law Gentlemen, or light horse, for I own I do love a red Coat better than a black one

P.T.

To be continued in our next

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So thinks I to myself I will ask our parson; for he has been in London and I thought him my friend, as he says I am a very fine Girl. So one day when we were alone I opened my mind to him & said my Pa was going to take me to London. To London! he exclaimed & he looked, good gracious he looked as if he could have eat me. Take you to London that sink of iniquity where wickedness flourishes and truth is never spoken. I foresee the ruin of Body & mind in this excursion. You will be hurried from the playHouse that sink of Satan to routs where his books are opened, to balls where that infamous d—l's dance is performed & from thence will be carried to his court or I am much mistaken.

Oh how he frightened me. I was almost ready to promise I would not go. So seeing how much I was alarmed he took my hand tenderly & said I should make a much better wife if I never saw London & he would persuade some of his evangelical friends to think of me. Nay said he, give me a little time and I may think of you myself. Time indeed. I am sure I shall never think of him. Why he is twice as old as myself ~ a long lank grey headed fellow like one of the long legged black castle spiders that one shudders at. Then he is always preaching temperance tho he crams like a tiger and drinks the Duke's wine when he can get it & says tis a Cordial to his Soul. Then he says I must pray without ceasing for the new light. I suppose that makes him lift up his eyes so ~ but he still sticks to his [??]

I shall not go to London with his consent. Now Sir I think this very hard & I determined I would consult you Mr. Chancellor John. You must know better than our parson; and if you say I can come safely without being run away with I will ~ I am determined ~ for between ourselves I have no chance of a husband here, unless I am catched up by one of these new lights (I suppose he means a gas regiment) tho I did not know we had any in the country yet, or where they are quartered.

Pray Sir, have you a wife because may be she would introduce me to some of the Law Gentlemen, or light horse, for I own I do love a red Coat better than a black one

To be continued in our next

VII

FAMILY CHRONICLE

Friday April 10th 1818

This week is distinguished by the marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Eliz.th with the Hereditary Prince of Hesse Homburg which took place on Tuesday Evening at Buckingham House

We have the painful duty of recording in our pages an event which has excited the deepest interest, we allude to the attempt to assassinate Lord Palmerstone last Wednesday ——

Family Events

Satd April 4th

A select party of fashionables dined at the Jonier Palace. We hear from the highest authority that Genl Fitzroy that the interesting invalid Emilia was particularly animated that evening but therefore venture to hope with him that the improved health of this "charming young woman" will soon allow her to join again the society of which she is so bright an ornament.

Sunday Mde Merc was confined at home with a severe headache. Sylvia honoured the De Clugny family with her presence and accompanied them to Salters Hall.

Monday — Sylvia Theodore and Chancellor John graced Cholmondeley House when Signor Paloki's first concert was held.

Tuesday La Marguerite attended by her duenna the Abbess, chaperoned by Mr Henry Bonnie presented by Theodore visited the Opera

Wednesday — La Marguerite joined a brilliant party at dinner at La Signora Casa Nova's stopped the night there returned on Thursday

Grand Hoax

An invitation having been received to a ball at the house of Lady Barbach's in Duke st Westminster Mde Merc signified her intention of accepting it and great preparations were made for a splendid appearance at that renowned mansion.

Mde Merc made a new arrangement of her jewels, and Sylvia was adorned with a superb garniture of Brussels lace given her by her brother with a net drapery tastefully disposed on a French white satin. Poor Theresa Tidy happening to be on a visit at the Palace observed with much despondency that the station was not even purchased 'till the very morning and that the whole establishment was in requisition from the Abbess down to the nymphs & the housekeepers room to get up the dress

VII

Family Chronicle

Friday April 10th 1818

This week is distinguished by the marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Elizth with the Hereditary Prince of Hesse Hambourg which took place on Tuesday Evening at Buckingham House.

We have the painful duty of recording in our pages an event which has excited the deepest interest, we allude to the attempt to assassinate Lord Palmerston last Wednesday.

Family Events

Sat. April 11th.

A select party of fashionables dined at the Gower Palace. We hear from the highest authority that of Gen.^{l} Fitzroy that the interesting invalid Emilia was particularly animated that evening. We therefore venture to hope with him that the improved health of this "charming young woman" will soon allow her to join again the society of which she is so bright an ornament.

Sunday ~ M.^{de} Mere was confined at home with a severe headache. Sylvia honoured the De Clugny family with her presence and accompanied them to Satters[Salters?] Hall.

Monday ~ Sylvia, Theodore and Chancellor John graced Cholmondeley House where Signor Naldi's first concert was held.

Tuesday ~ La Marguerite attended by her duenna the Abbess, chaperoned by Mrs. Henry Morice & escorted by Theodore visited the Opera.

Wednesday ~ La Marguerite joined a brilliant party at dinner at La Signora Casa Nova's & passed the night there & returned on Thursday.

Grand Hoax

An invitation having been received to a ball at the house of Lady Lubback's in Duke St Westminster, M.^{de} Mere signified her intention of accepting it and great preparations were made for a splendid appearance at that renowned mansion.

M.^{de} Mere made a new arrangement of her jewels, and Sylvia was adorned with a superb garniture of Brussels lace, given her by her brother with a net drapery task fully disposed on a french white satin. Poor Theresa Tidy happening to be on a visit at the Palace observed with much despondency that the satin was not even fine chased 'till the very morning and that the whole establishment was in requisition from the Abotessa down to the nymphs of the house keeper's room to get up the dress

in time, but the state equipage arriving at the door by 1/2 past 9 the august party entered it soon after, beguiling the way by conversing on the expediency of no longer deferring the moment when Theodore should enter the lists cap à pie as a quadrille dancer tho' alas the eloquence of his mother was in vain upon a character so compassionate. She knew too well the despair it would occasion to his rivals, but what was their astonishment to find on arrival a dark street a dark house, and a knocker whose repeated appeals were unnoticed. It was therefore supposed that the Master or Mistress of the house had been seized with a paralytic stroke. At last a voice from the area demanded who was there, when the herald announced the names of the illustrious guests who expected admission. After unbarring the hall door a sleepy servant informed them that the ball took place the night before, and that the family were all gone to bed !!!

Unwilling I my lips unclose
Deign me, Love me to repose.

Such was the case. Therefore light per ticket and it was expedient to hold a council after which orders were given to the coachman to proceed to Mrs Watton's party in Bedford Row. 5 minutes after the arrival of his brilliant and unexpected addition to their circle diffused general satisfaction. After staying half an hour the family returned home where they found the Chancellor in his study with his shoes off yawning together an immense pocketful which is supposed to be not more than sufficient to hold the M.S. of his decided judgments. This laughing philosopher amused the disappointed guests with his usual sang froid, and it is said will furnish the cabinet with a representation of the interesting scene.

Continuation of the letter addressed to the Chancellor

"Why Ma says, Sir, you have the finest crack in London except the Lord Mayor. Now if you would be so kind and lend it Ma some money to visit the Queen at Windsor I should be so obliged — I mean to take a bun in my pocket as I understand she treats you to a cup of chocolate and a bit of cake when one goes to be introduced — I am sure I shall be dreadful hungry staying so long — We are all so shabby at the castle when I have always a great grease spot and are ready for all morning visitors. I hope we know what's genteel and I hope you and your lady will come and see us when I have put

in time, but the state equipage arriving at the door by 1/2 past 9 the august party entered it soon after, beguiling the way by conversing on the expediency of no longer deferring the moment when Theodore should enter the lists cap a pie as a quadrille dancer tho' Alas the eloquence of his mother was in vain upon a character so compassionate who knows too well the despair it would occasion to his rivals, but what was their astonishment to find on arrival a dark street a dark house, and a knocker whose repeated appeals were unnoticed. It was therefore supposed that the Master or Mistress of the house had been seized with a paralytic stroke. At last a voice from the [??] demanded who was there, when the herald announced the names of the illustrious guests who expected admission. After undoing the hall door a sleepy servant informed them that the ball took place the night before, and that the family were all gone to bed!!!

> Unwilling I my lips unclose
> Leave me, leave me to repose

Madame Mere therefore left her ticket and it was expedient to hold a council after which orders were given to the coachman to proceed to Mrs. Walton's party in Bedford Row 5 miles off where the arrival of a brilliant and unexpected addition to their circle diffused general satisfaction. After staying half an hour the family returned home where they found the Chancellor in his study with his robes off pasting together an [??] portfolio which is supposed to be not more than sufficient to hold the M.S. of his decisions & judgements. This laughing philosopher received the disappointed guests with his usual sang froid, and it is said will furnish the Cabinet with a representation of the interesting scene.

Continuation of the letter addressed to the Chancellor

My Pa says, Sir, you have the finest coach in London except the Lord Mayor. Now if you would be so kind and lend it to me some morning to visit the Queen at Windsor I should be so obliged. I mean to take a [??] in my packet as I understand she never offers a cup of chocolate or a bit of cake when one goes to be introduced. I am sure I shall be desperately hungry staying so long. We are never so shabby at the Castle where I leave always a great grouse, pye and ale ready for all morning visitors. I hope we know what's genteel and I hope you and your lady will come and see us when I have paid

you my visit. I am making a noble frye brew and intend to send it up by the waggon for you. I dont mean to bribe you to be Chancellor John but if you would have the goodness to send a summons to my Pa, why you know he must come — and you will ever oblige Dear Sir

Your Honors most Obd. Servt. to command
Helen Margaret Macfarlane

P.S. I subscribe to the Chronicles and annals so put your answer in that I suppose will suspect our correspondence

To Miss Macfarlane of Northumberland
London apric 6th 1810

My dear young friend

I have letter of last week which is now in print and all over the town was presented to me while sitting in my wig and gown deciding causes and you may imagine the confusion it cost me when I felt you that it was handed up to me — on the bench by the young barristers who all looked at the female superscription and whispered amongst themselves your no doubt an old square-toed judge for carrying on a child-like correspondence in a court of justice. I must caution you to be more discreet in future or really I can have nothing to do with such a flippant young person.

With regard to your coming up to town why I see no great objection to it provided you behave yourself with tolerable propriety tho' you do not say whether you are rich or handsome both which things make an essential difference in every thing relating to young women — Perhaps a few hints may not be lost upon you as you seem to be a quick girl, and indeed you appear to be in a poor way of gaining information for your journey from your neighbour the parson — you do not say whether you have ever an old aunt or great aunt or housekeeper whom you could bring up with you for you must understand you can in no wise dispense with what is called in fashionable language a Chaperon No matter whether she is lame or lethargic or rheumatic — if fat she will form a better background to shew off your figure — if lame she will be slower in avoiding and consequently give you more time to gossip and flirt with your partners — if sleepy, better still, she will have her nap in the hall or room, nearer wish to go home and will let you stay at the ball as long as you like — but she must have a tolerably strong frame — she will not bear the watching of a London season — and young

you my visit. I am making a noble pye now and intend to send it up by the waggon for you. I don't mean to bribe you Mr. Chancellor John, but if you would have the goodness to send a summons to my Pa, why you know he must come and you will ever oblige

Dear Sir, Your Honor's most obed.^{t} serv.^{t} to command,

Helen Margaret Macfarline

P.S. I subscribe to the Chronicks and Annals so put your answer in that & nobody will suspect our correspondence.

To Miss Macfarline of Northumberland, London, April 6th, 1818.

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With regard to your coming up to town, why I see no great objection to it provided you behave yourself with tolerable propriety tho' you do not say whether you are rich or handsome both which things make an essential difference in every thing relating to young women. Perhaps a few hints may not be lost upon you as you seem to be a quick girl, and indeed you appear to be in a poor way of gaining information for your journey from your neighbour the parson. You do not say whether you have ever an old aunt or great aunt or housekeeper whom you could bring up with you for you must understand you can in no wise dispense with what is called in fashionable language a Chaperone. No matter whether she is lame or lethargic or rheumatic ~ if fat she will form a better background to shew off your figure ~ if lame she will be slower in moving and consequently give you more time to gossip and flirt with your partners ~ if sleepy, better still, she will have her nap in the ball room, never wish to go home and will let you stay at the ball as long as you like ~ but she must have a tolerably strong frame or she will not bear the racketing of a London season.

And now

my dear I would have you attend to the following short rules in your visits without which you can never hope to pay your carriage up to town by getting a decent husband

1 Never refuse to drink wine with a gentleman at dinner altho' half a dozen ask you at the same time

2 Never wait for a bow from a gentleman but always bow your self first and advance the first word of conversation

3 Never say you have not seen the new Opera altho' you never heard it — White Lies are absolutely necessary in London.

4 Altho' you may have a very slim waist, yet you must always make one above your shoulders, and tho' you may have a very fine head of hair, you must always conceal it with a turban, or a red shawl, or a bandage of brocade, originally with a pocket handkerchief

5 Never feel confused at any thing that is said to you, never blush, never faint (the same being out of fashion) be giddy in every thing except waltzing and then be as steady as a top. Pronounce wolz, only with a half hiss

6 Be short sighted or long sighted according to convenience — long sighted to discover a Countess at the other end of the room whom you have seen short sighted not to see your own intimate but only an friend who stands under your nose

7 I take it for granted you know the red book by heart, without which you must not expect to move in good society

These few rules are all I can at present select as worthy your particular notice, that you will no doubt act with propriety when you see other people do so — and if you are a clever girl, and bring up what money you can scrape together I do not doubt but you will pick up somebody by way of husband which seems your primary object Wishing you all success I remain

My dear young friend
Your sincere well wisher
Chancellor Johnson

P.S. Get rid of your red elbows & fresh Northumberland complexion as quick as possible as rouge is much preferred in these parts

To the Literati of the united Kingdom we have at length the satisfaction of announcing the publication of the long expected work which has excited such universal expectation. It is whispered in the fashionable circles that it proceeds from the well known pen of Theresa Dido — if so we venture to predict that it will raise her name to a still higher rank amongst the literati of Europe than it has already attained

This day is published price 6/
Humanity to Animals & Dependants
or Why keep the Carriage waiting
Dedicated to the gay & young By Remorseless

my dear I would have you attend to the following short rules in your visits without which you can never hope to pay your carriage up to town by getting a decent husband.

1. Never refuse to drink wine with a gentleman at dinner altho' half a dozen ask you at the same time.

2. Never wait for a handsome gentleman but always show yourself first and advance the first words of conversation.

3. Never say you have not seen the new Opera altho' you never heard of it ~ White Lies are absolutely necessary in London.

4. Altho' you may have a very slim waist, yet you must always make one above your shoulders, and tho' you have a very fine head of hair, you must always conceal it with a turban, or a red shawl, or a bandage of brocade, or finally with a pocket handkerchief.

5. Never feel confused at any thing that is said to you, never blush, never faint (the same being out of fashion) be giddy in every thing except walzing and then be as steady as a top & pronounce walz valz with a half lisp.

6. Be shortsighted or longsighted according to convenience ~ longsighted to discover a Countess at the other end of the room whom you have seen ~ shortsighted not to see your own intimate but vulgar friend who stands under your nose.

7. I take it for granted you know the red book by heart, without which you must not expect to mix in good society.

These few rules are all I can at present select as worthy your particular notice, but you will no doubt act with propriety when you see other people do so ~ and if you are a clever girl, and bring up what money you can scrape together I do not doubt but you will pick up somebody by way of husband which seems your primary object.

Wishing you all success Tremain,

My dear young friend,
Your sincere well wisher,
Chancellor John

P.S. Get rid of your red elbows & fresh Northumberland complexion as quick as possible as rouge is much preferred in these parts.

To the literate of the United Kingdom we have at length the satisfaction of announcing the publication of the Voyage to Locuta which has excited such unusual expectation. It is whispered in the fashionable circles that it proceeds from the well known pen of Theresa Tidy ~ if so we venture to predict that it will raise her name to a still higher rank amongst the literate of Europe than it has already attained.

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Humanity to Animals & Dependants
or Why keep the Carriage waiting.

Dedicated to the Gay & Young.

by Benevolus

VII

FAMILY CHRONICLE

II Sheet

Friday April 10

Advertisements

Easy on the most effectual manner of packing a large family in a small house — By Theodore

Rejected Addresses

being Copies of Letters to the celebrated Mrs Rowe and Dr Watts and Pope containing the Offer of their hands with the Hymns composed on the occasion by the former. From the original MS. in the possession of Chas Newman Esq.

Foreign Intelligence

Darwell Park
April 8 1818

It has been for some time whispered in the polite circles that Lady Fairy had been observed to become less fond of dancing and was much encreased in size, and that great hopes were entertained of an heir to the title of the most excellent the Crown Prince. Imagine then an immense surprize was however occasioned yesterday morning Tuesday the 7th of April 1818 by Official intelligence that she was confined, having given birth to twins only one male and one female — Both mother and offspring are doing exceedingly well. Some disappointment is occasioned by the number falling so far short of what was expected, and very serious and important deliberations have been held as to their future destiny, the result of which has not transpired. It is somewhat melancholy to perceive very little resemblance in colour to either of the parents — a brown curly dog was the wish of the nation unhappily the male heir is black and white, which however carries evident marks of the true nobility of the ancestry, the Crown Prince being an undoubted descendant of the famous King Charles's breed now so nearly extinct.

Turkish Depravity

The Dacwell Bank White Turkey Cock has been convicted of cruelty to his wives by picking them about the head and eyes, and exhibiting them covered with blood. On the trial it came out that last year he made it a common practice to destroy his own offspring and on this account he had been banished from his former domain and sold to his present owner. He is condemned to death.

R.D.

To the Editor of the Family Chronicle

Mrs Editor

In the very interesting articles which appeared in your first number on the infantine history of the Devereux family, it appeared to me that the author had but very slightly touched on one of his strongest propensities a propensity which if it had been properly fostered might have enabled them to vie with a Sidebotham and

Advertisements

Essay on the most effectual means of packing a large family in a small house ~ by Theodore

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Turkish Depravity

The Darwell Bank white Turkey Cock has been convicted of cruelty to his wives by pecking them about the head and eyes, and exhibiting them covered with blood. On the trial it came out that last year he made it a common practise to destroy his own offspring and on this account he had been banished from his former domain and sold to his present owner. He is condemned to death. R.D.[1]

To the Editor of the Family Chronicle

Mrs. Editor

In the very interesting articles which appeared in your first number on the infantine history of the Timea family, it appeared to me that the author had but very slightly touched on one of their strongest propensities, a propensity which if it had been properly fostered might have enabled them to vie with a Siddons and

[1] *Richard Davenport, brother of Madame Mere, who lived at Darwell Bank. J.S.*

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a Kemble a Liston and a Grimaldi I mean Mrs Leiston a very cherished leaning towards distinguishing themselves in histrionic and pantomimic art. These little creatures when the higher branches of the family had risen up to a dinner party, would rush down stairs with their favourite Wilson the lady's maid, and after ransacking the housekeeper's room for fruit and preserves would gallop up out of breath into the nursery where one of the party most famous for their skill in the culinary art arranged into the form of an elegant repast the spoil with which they were laden. Then succeeded the farce of dressing in which the Chancellor always took a conspicuous part — pinbobbins, old bits of silk and carpet green baize, slipping ropes &c were pressed into the service and when the party were thus attired thundering knocks were heard at the door, and the most pompous titles were given out, of these the Princess Rustifustis as the only one that survives in my memory. The parties were hardly seated, when they rose and went out attended by the Chancellor who made a slight alteration in their dress and they then reappeared under different titles — The Banquet then commenced at first they kept up their characters in a kind of playful badinage, till at length the fumes of the oranges almonds & raisins and damson cheese beginning to mount into their brain and their turbans growing lop, they gradually threw off their polished manners and indulged in unreserved laughter till the hour of 8 when the juvenile performers were forced by their commander in chief Barbon to prepare for bed. The same attachment to the ceremonial was observable in their walks they there took the more humble characters of Mr Pry and Mad[am] Dollop Gaggag and Dobo — they also went to run up the steps of various houses in Bedford Square and with amiable vivacity pretend to make calls and when they were in a carriage had a life desirable penchant for nodding out of window to every body they passed. Theodore was very fond of reading the names of tradesmen above their shops, and is said at one time to have been capable of spelling all the names in Monmouth St, St Martin's Lane and other streets in the way to Clapham. The progress of the Drama was stopped by school but in the holidays, dressing up was as much in fashion as ever till at length one Xmas vacation neither would satisfy the youthful party to permission to act alfred. The circumstances of that performance are as

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Then succeeded the farce of dressing in which the Chancellor always took a conspicuous part ~ his clothes, old bits of silk and carpet green baize, skipping ropes he wore pressed into the service and when the party were thus attired thundering knocks were heard at the door, and the most pompous titles were given out, of these the Princess Rustic Fustic is the only one that remains in my memory. The parties were hardly seated, when they rose and went out attended by the Chancellor who made a slight alteration in their dress and they then reappeared under different titles. The Banquet then commenced. At first they kept up their characters in a kind of playful badinage, 'till at length the fumes of the oranges almonds & raisins and damson cheese beginning to mount into their brains and their turbans growing hot, they gradually threw off their polished manners and indulged in unreserved laughter till the hour of 8 when the juvenile performers were forced by their commander in chief Barlow to prepare for bed.

The same attachment to the mimic art was observable in their walks. They there took the more humble characters of Mr. Grande Mack, Queen LollyGagging and Dodo ~ they also used to run up the steps of various houses in Bedford Square[1] and with amiable vanity pretend to make calls and when they were in a carriage had a less desirable penchant for nodding out of window to everybody they passed. Theodore was very fond of reading the names of tradesmen above their shops, and is said at one time to have been capable of reading all the names in Monmouth St, St. Martins Lane and other streets in the way to Clapham. The progress of the Drama was stopped by school but in the holidays, dressing up was as much in fashion as ever till at length one Xmas vacation nothing would satisfy the youthful party but permission to act Alfred[2]. The instances of that performance are well

[1] *Bedford Square is just off Gower St., where they lived when they were young, before moving to The Hall in Clapham. J.S.*

[2] *One of the plays in "Evenings at Home, or The Juvenile Budget Opened" (1792-1796) a collection of six volumes of stories written by John Aikin and his sister Anna Laetitia Barbauld. An early example of children's literature. J.S.*

nor I gained no small applause for the long row — but I think it is for Mrs Iston a elaborate stage contrivance Theodore's should be mentioned which may be useful to future generations Behind the ankle of the dressing room a Gardeline's cottage, the curtain el in front of it, but Alfred was to merge from a wood at some distance cal was to be done? Alfred was dress company were assembled — at length was suggested that if he could creep under the apron of Mrs Lucy by the difficulty might be got over — accord ingly he availed himself of her kind protection, and sliding across the room amidst the stifled laughter of Mrs Lucy with her back to the audience to their no small astonishment he was safely lodged behind the curtain of an opposite window*. This play was succeeded by the famous farce of the "Modern System of Education" entirely composed by Timeo, and of which (if the patience of your readers) I will endeavour to give a sketch in your next number

In the mean time I remain

Your most obed Servant

Dramaticus

* It is supposed that the successful termination of this adventure was the cause of Theodore and the Chan. being invariably placed under the protection of Amanda in cases of emergency and that when there was a difficulty about Theodore's coming home from the Westminster Play at the ap[illegible] It was suggested that the cook should [illegible] to Sydney coast to convey him

The Family Barge

We hear from the best authority that this splendid effort of human skill is immediately going into dock to be fresh tarred, and that after being much beautified she will be again launched in the month of May. On the morning of the launch Commandant Simmonds intends giving an elegant cold collation at which will be present all the distinguished barge builders when the following toasts will be given "A light cargo, and a gentle breeze" with Stemers? — "Three knots an hour" with a smooth sea and plain sailing" with do "May we never sail after sunset"; "Safe anchorage and abundant stores" with do — "May we never wait for our men" with do &c. We have been favored with the following song composed for the occasion —

Sailor's Song

See she comes with ample sweep
Furrowing the muddy deep
See how she lays her swelling side
All in the smooth South hambuth tide
Tol de rol de rol

She cares not for the blackening storm
But stately wears her solemn form
Tho' Thetis rise and black clouds lower
She still keeps to three knots an hour
Tol de rol de rol

Hail to the Commandant so brave
Who cares not for the stormy wave
Who raising high his wooden sword
Takes but 5 passengers aboard
Tol de rol de

[*bits are missing from the MS here, so it's not easy to decipher. J.S.*] known and gained no small applause for the [??] ~ but I think it is fit Mrs. [??], a celebrated stage contrivance of Theodore's should be mentioned which may be useful to future generations behind the arch of the dressing room [??] Gandeline's cottage, the curtain fell in front of it, but Alfred was to emerge from a wood at some distance. What was to be done? Alfred was dressed, the company were assembled ~ at length it was suggested that if he could creep under the apron of Mrs. Lucy Leg the difficulty might be got over. Accordingly he availed himself of her kind protection, and sliding across the room amidst the stifled laughter of Mrs. Lucy with her back to the audience to their no small astonishment he was safely lodged behind the curtain of an opposite window.*

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Takes but 5 passengers aboard
Fol de rol de rol

*It is supposed that the successful termination of this adventure was the cause of Theodore and the Chan.^{er} being invariably placed under the protection of [??] in cases of emergency, and that when there was a difficulty about Theodore's coming home from the West.^{t} Play at the age of 17 it was suggested that the cook should be sent in a hackney coach to convey him. JG

[1] *This play makes another appearance later in the Chronicle, in XLV/3-4. J.S.*

long may we sail in gallant flight
And keep our useful neat and tight
Hail to the Symonds dynasty
Symonds for ever, Cry boys Cry
Tot dirot de vol 5/

Mrs Editor

At a large dinner party a few days ago, I met a young man of a melancholy countenance and eccentric appearance who spoke not a word, seemed in a continual state of perturbation and vanished very early in the evening — After his departure the company were of various opinions as to the cause of his seeming dispondency — Some young ladies said they were sure he was crossed in love, a rich merchant that his affairs must be in a bad state, a gossip that he must have a little twist — During this debate casting my eyes under the vacant chair he had left, I descried a little piece of twisted paper and found the following verses which unheeding out his handkerchief in a prodigious hurry to blow his nose when a young lady was speaking to him had undoubtedly jerked out of his pocket —

What makes me in a merry gay
When all are blithe & engage
What makes me wish to slip away
My Mauvaise Honte

What stiffens & contracts my face
And banishes all ease and grace
And makes me seem quite common place
My Mauvaise Honte

What makes me think whene'er I see
A person laughing 'tis at me
And that my folly all must see
My Mauvaise Honte

Ah Mauvaise Honte thou hast the power
To poison many a blissful hour
And on each moment darkly lour
Vile Mauvaise Honte

Amy

Mrs Editor I send the following lines to be inserted in your miscellany because I wish to support the cause so well defended by Beatrice in your last number but beg you will not consider them a presumptuous imitation of her spirited little poem — as mine were really written some time ago at the impulse of the moment

Yours with all due respect
A Spinster

Is it the time that woman's soul
Must bend to interests base control
And meanly stoop by servile art
To captivate the manly heart?
Have sense and goodness lost all charms
Our modern belles with love to warm
Are British youths so haughty grown
That beauty now must lease her throne
And humbly strive by studied smiles
Coquettish arts and flattering wiles
To win their condescending vows
And purchase thus the name of spouse
O'fie to mean the name of wife
Demand such sweet dependance past
If any modest precept taught,
Mean subject would be sold at most
Thrice blessed be my maiden lot
And heart unstained by spell or plot
Disdaining halo or cap to ob
Be imitate the vain Coquette
Chearful from Hymen's fetters free
The fair alone are truly well
And be our guide simplicity.

(Printed at the power Press)

Long may we sail in gallant plight
And keep our vessel neat and tight
Hail to the Symonds dynasty
Symonds forever, Cry boys Cry
Fol de rol de rol
JG

Mrs. Editor

At a large dinner party a few days ago, I met a young man of a melancholy countenance and eccentric appearance who spoke not a word, seemed in a continual state of perturbation and vanished very early in the evening. After his departure the company were of various opinions as to the cause of his seeming despondency. Some young ladies said they were sure he was crossed in love, a rich merchant, that his affairs must be in a bad stage, a gossip that he must have a little twish.

During this debate, casting my eyes under the vacant chair he had left, I descried a little piece of twisted paper and found the following verses which in drawing out his handkerchief in a prodigious hurry to blow his nose (when a young lady was speaking to him) had undoubtedly dropped out of his pocket –

What makes me in a party gay
When all are blithe and degagés
What makes me wish to slip away
My Mauvaise Honte[1]

What stiffens & contracts my face
And banishes all ease and grace
And makes me seem quite commonplace
My Mauvaise Honte

What makes me think where'er I see
A person laughing, 'tis at me
And that my folly all must see
My Mauvaise Honte

Ah Mauvaise Honte thou hast the power
To poison many a blissful hour
And on each moment darkly lour
My Mauvaise Honte

AMG

Mrs. Editor

I send the following lines to be inserted in your miscellany because I wish to support the cause so well defined by Beatrice in your last number, but I beg you will not consider them a presumptuous imitation of her spirited little poem, as mine were really written some time ago at the impulse of the moment

Yours with all due respect
A Spinster

Is it then time that woman's soul
Must bind to interest's base control
And meanly stoop by servile art
To captivate the manly heart?
Have sense and goodness lost all charm
Our modern beaux with love to warm[?]
Are British youths so haughty grown
That beauty now must leave her throne
And humbly strive by studied smiles
Coquettish arts and flattering wiles
To win their condescending vows
And purchase thus the name of spouse
Oh! if to wear the name of bride
Demand such wreck of woman's pride
If every modest precept taught
From earliest youth be set at naught
Thrice blessed be my maiden lot
And head unstained by spell or plot
Disdaining hat or cap to set
Or imitate the vain Coquette
Cheerful from Hymen's fetters free
I'll sail alone o'er life's wild sea
And be my guide, Simplicity[2].

[1] *Shyness, or bashfulness. J.S.*

[2] *Going by the mark at the bottom of the page, this was written by The Abbess. It's certainly her style. J.S.*

N° VIII

The Family Chronicle

Diis Penatibus sacrum

Gown Street April 17 1818

The Editor feels oppressed not only with the number & importance of the Events of this week, but also with the fatigue consequent upon them which really unfits her for the duty of recording them and begs to remark in passant that no such langour attends upon Country enjoyments

The week was opened by a pilgrimage to the Chapel royal when the Chancellor did penance by choosing a seat from which he was forced to rise every five minutes, to make way for the Choristers — Sylvia listened to the fine music & lamented that it was not performed by the honest people of Clapham headed by the good old Clerk with his head on one side — while Theodore was lost in the sentiments of loyalty inspired by the presence of the Duke of York —

Monday — The Philharmonic Concert was honored by the presence of Lord Mere & Sylvia who appeared in the splendid scarlet Turban — they were quite so enraptured with the Symphonies of Haydn — Mozart & Kreutzer so exquisitely performed as to exclaim in the following enthusiastic manner —

"There is not in the wide world a concert so sweet
"As this where all sounds in full harmony meet
"Oh! the last trace of hearing Self must depart
"Ere the charm of this concert shall fade from my heart

"Sweet haunt of Apollo! how calm could I rest
"Spell bound by thy strains with the friends I love best
"When the discord of voices & passions shall cease
"And our hearts like thy soft sounds shall be ringing in peace —

It is necessary however to add that a little poetical licence is here allowed as the squabbles of a first Miss Hun Chaperon & parties their ears even in this "haunt of Apollo" & a long line of quizzing glasses was in their sight pointed at an unfortunate beauty sitting before them —

Tuesday — The Abbess visited her Convent Children while Sylvia & la Marguerite attended by the nymph Birkinia paracourent les champs in search of Violets & daffodils —

Wednesday — a day for ever memorable in the calendar for the first arrival of the Critic family in their regions of bustle & gaiety — a ballotin was

VIII

The Family Chronicle

Diis Penatibus sacrum

Gower Street April 17 1818

The Editor feels oppressed not only with the number & importance of the Events of this week, but also with the fatigue consequent upon them which really unfits her for the duty of recording them, and begs to remark en passant that no such languor attends upon Country enjoyments.

The week was opened by a pilgrimage to the Chapel Royal when the Chancellor did penance by choosing a seat from which he was forced to rise every five minutes, to make way for the Choristers. Sylvia listened to the fine music & lamented that it was not performed by the honest people of Clapham, headed by the good old Clerk with his head on one side ~ while Theodore was lost in the sentiment of Loyalty inspired by the presence of the Duke of York.

Monday ~ The Philharmonic Concert was honored by the presences of Madame Mere & Sylvia who appeared in the splendid scarlet Turban. They were each so enraptured with the Compositions of Haydn, Mozart & Kiris[?] so exquisitely performed as to exclaim in the following enthusiastic manner

There is not in the wide world a concert so sweet
As this where all sounds in full harmony meet
Oh! the last trace of hearing & life must depart
Ere the charm of this concert shall fade from my heart

Sweet horns of Apollo! how calm could I rest
Spell bound by thy strains with the friends I love best
When the discord of voices & passions shall cease
And our hearts like thy soft sounds shall mingle in peace

It is necessary however to add that a litle poetical licence is here allowed as the squabbles of a pert Miss & her Chaperon assaulted their ears even in this "haunt of Apollo" & a long line of quizzing glasses was in their sight pointed at an inoffensive beauty sitting before them.

Tuesday ~ The Abbess visited her Convent Children while Sylvia & la Marguerite attended by the nymph Buchina parcoururent les champs in search of Violets & daffodils.

Wednesday ~ a day for ever memorable in the calendar for the first arrival of the Curties family in these regions of bustle & gaiety. A bulletin was

stuck up in Bolton Strat towards the Evening, giving notia that the whole family hoped to be provided with beds before midnight — tho it is still thought by some that recourse must be had to some of the many ingenious contrivances that have been proposed such as portable cages & bags to be hung from the Window — One of these is such a sublime effort of genius that it deserves to be rescued from oblivion & is intended to be proposed to the Prince Regent from his known partiality to Temporary Rooms — how could one be so stupid as to suffer a carriage to remain unless in the Coach house when not used as a mode of conveyance By a simple contrivance it can be hung to the wall & thus be converted into a most eligible Bed room. It is expected that this discovery will produce a wonderful revolution in the appearance of the Streets of London each house being furnished with this appendage as soon as the circuit of routs is ended, and a patent Imitation coach is already invented for the convenience of those who do not keep a carriage —

Thursday — Theodore chaperoned his two sisters to Mrs Adams where they heard an exquisite concert — A superb Sestetto of Hummell a new German composer performed by Mrs Dorn in the most perfect style quite transported the audience — We only regret that the indisposition of Mad Mara prevented her being present Friday — But who can describe before-hand the brilliancy & enjoyment of a Winter visit? The Editor must now turn from these private Concerns to take hasty notia of an event to the honor of our Country which will counteract the impression of the last week's disgraceful transaction Our parliament has asserted its glorious independence by rejecting the application for extravagant provision for the Royal Dukes & in particular for the Duke of Gloucester on his intended marriage & has also made a marked distinction on the moral character of those who come under their consideration

N.B. The Duke of Gloucester has in consequence given up the match, a fact which may console Miss Wykeham

The Kaleidoscope Mania

What are all these slips of glass for?
To make Kaleidoscope with.
What is a Kaleidoscope?
An Instrument that the town is mad after

The Marchioness of ××××× came down stairs full dressed already an hour too late for Lady Betty's Appointment

stuck up in Bolton Street towards the Evening, giving notice that the whole family hoped to be provided with beds before midnight ~ tho it is still thought by some that recourse must be had to some of the many ingenious contrivances that have been proposed such as baskets, cages & bags to be hung from the Window.

One of these is such a sublime effort of genius that it deserves to be rescued from oblivion & is intended to be proposed to the Prince Regent from his known partiality to temporary Rooms. How could we be so stupid as to suffer a carriage to remain useless in the Coach house when not used as a mode of conveyance. By a simple contrivance it can be hung to the wall & thus be converted into a most eligible Bedroom. It is expected that this discovery will produce a wonderful revolution in the appearance of the Streets of London each house being furnished with this appendage as soon as the circuit of routs is ended, and a patent Imitation coach is already invented for the convenience of those who do not keep a carriage.

Thursday ~ Theodore chaperoned his two sisters to Mrs. Dom's where they heard an exquisite concert. A superb Sestetto of Humill, a new German composer performed by Mrs. Dom in the most perfect style quite transported the audience. We only regret that the indisposition of Mad. Mere prevented her being present.

Friday ~ But who can describe beforehand the brilliancy & enjoyment of a Winter visit. The Editor must now turn from these private Concerns to take hasty notice of an event to the honor of our Country which will counteract the impression of the last week's disgraceful transaction. Our parliament has asserted its glorious independence by rejecting the application for extravagant provision for the Royal Dukes & in particular for the Duke of Clarence on his intended marriage & has also made a marked distinction on the moral character of those who come under their consideration.

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What are all these slips of glass for?
To make Kaleidoscopes with.
What is a Kaleidoscope?
An instrument that the town is mad after

The Marchioness of xxx came downstairs full dressed already an hour too late for Lady Betty's appointment

at the Opera "Lewis me my Kaleidoscope" quoth she— the servant brought down a rich golden opera glass— "Leave my service instantly" cried the Marchioness" it is the Kaleidoscope I want— "May I have the honor of dancing with you Miss Trumbull" "Kaleidoscope" ~~cried~~ answered the young Lady— the man thought her mad—

The P— a R— g— l called a Council to debate on a royal marriage— The Chancellor came without his seals— the Council could not proceed to business— What ails the Chancellor? "He has been engaged with his Kaleidoscope—" "Then I'll forgive him" said the prince— Little John Page who had been six weeks cutting a tooth & was expected to die, by chance looked thro' a Kaleidoscope the tooth was immediately cut without further trouble— She is doing well—

What is a Kaleidoscope?
a Tin Tube & 2 bits of Glass— JG

Public Office Bow Street

This morning a genteely dressed young Lady whose name we could not learn was brought up charged with having her pocket handkerchief about Tabitha Starch a reputable Washerwoman deposed that the pocket Handkerchief in question was not a clean one— Theresa Tidy the next witness deposed that it was not marked and that no Pocket Handkerchief belonging to any of her pupils was unmarked—

The sitting Magistrate ordered all the prisoners pocket Handkerchiefs to be transported for 7 years during which time the prisoner was to blow her nose with her forefinger & thumb— JG

Caution

The public cannot be too much on their guard against two assassins who are observed to be lurking at the corner of every Street to the annoyance of his Majesty's Liege subjects from the veteran down to the babe in its nurse's arms— One of them is often enough in his attacks to give some hint of preparation— his presence is generally made known by a sort of whistle— but his very breath is freezing & can only be opposed with effect by a shield composed of fur & lined with flannel— This might effectually guard the hapless objects of his fury were he not assisted in his operations by a more insidious enemy who approaching them with open arms, smiles in their face, & by the warmth of his embrace induces them to throw off their armour— after which they are consigned over to the fangs of his colleague who either stabs them in the lungs or pinches their whole frame with a set of invisible screws— Magistrates are constantly sitting in judgment upon these felons who as constantly escape the hand of Justice; being of so subtle a nature

at the Opera. "Give me my Kaleidoscope" quoth she. The servant brought down a rich golden opera glass. "Leave my service instantly" cried the Marchioness, "it is the Kaleidoscope I want". "May I have the honor of dancing with you Miss [??]" "Kaleidoscope" answered the young Lady ~ the man thought her mad ~ The Prince Regent called a council to debate on a royal marriage. The Chancellor came without his seals. The Council could not proceed to business. What ails the Chancellor? "He has been engaged with his Kaleidoscope." "Then I'll forgive him", said the prince. Little John Page who had been six weeks cutting a tooth & was expected to die, by chance looked thro' a Kaleidoscope. The tooth was immediately cut without further trouble ~ he is doing well ~

What is a Kaleidoscope?
a Tin Tube & 2 bits of Glass

JG

Public Office Bow Street

This morning a genteely dressed young Lady whose name we could not learn was brought up charged with leaving her pocket handkerchief about. Tabitha Starch, a respectable washerwoman, deposed that the pocket Handkerchief in question was not a clean one. Theresa Tidy the next witness deposed that it was not marked and that no Pocket Handkerchief belonging to any of her pupils was unmarked.

The sitting magistrate ordered all the prisoners pocket Handkerchiefs to be transported for 7 years during which time the prisoner was to blow her nose with her finger & thumb[1].

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The public cannot be too much on their guard against two assassins who are observed to be lurking at the corner of every Street to the annoyance of his Majesty's Liege subjects from the veteran down to the babe in its nurse's arms. One of them is often enough in his attacks to give some hint of preparation. His presence is generally made known by a sort of whistle ~ but his very breath is freezing & can only be opposed with effect by a shield composed of fur lined with flannel. This might effectually guard the hapless objects of his prey were he not assisted in his operations by a more insidious enemy who approaching them with open arms, smiles in their face, & by the warmth of his embraces induces them to throw off their armour ~ after which they are consigned now to the fangs of his colleague who either stabs them in the lungs or pinches their whole frame with a set of invisible screws.

Magistrates are constantly sitting in judgement upon these felons who as constantly escape the hand of Justice; being of so subtle a nature

[1] *Well, yuk. J.S.*

as to be inpalpable - The first indefatigable delinquent makes his Entrie upon the Town in the month of March returns about the end of May - Were it not for the dire effect of his efforts, he would be taken for a phantom, were he visible it is supposed he must be of a black complexion, for his breath communicates that dismal tint to the delicate leaves & blossoms that it happens to light upon & generally spoils the hope of the gardiner His Companion is of so brilliant & golden a hue as to dazzle the eye of the beholder & were it not for this unhappy connection his appearance would never be unwelcome for it is their union alone that renders the mischief irremidable - Innumerable are the harm done the victims of their joint power - Of these was once the interesting Sylvia who is happily restored to the Community & we regret to add that the amiable Archduchess Norman is at this moment under their baneful Influence - She is therefore condemned by the guardians of her life to be locked up in order to keep her from farther harm -

Bonmot The Duke of Darnel Bank looking at the confined turkey Cock said, I doubt much whether we shall approve of this bird on table, he will be so tough the answer made was, He shall certainly be tendered for your approval -

Advertisements

Anodyne for Chessplayers - Warranted to enable the most irritable nerves to stand the word "Checkmate" with composure - Two drops to be taken for the loss of a pawn - ten for a Knight three in proportion -

Credulity - "Sir - Being in the habit of having for my antagonist an inexperienced youth who cries "check" & something "checkmate" contrary to all established rules, I adopted the plan of taking a drop of your valuable anodyne & find it of sovereign efficacy, have been able to bear the loss of 300 games since -

"Having suffered severely from the loss of a game I took the contents of a whole phial & soon which I instantly fell asleep and dreamt that I had won it"

A Patient of Bedlam has made his escape & may easily be detected by the frequent and hurried repetition of the words Bolton Street Arlington St - He believes himself to be personify Charles Street -

Chaperons to let

Young ladies are respectfully informed that a great assortment of Chaperons has been on view at the great Bazaar Bond Street - The following are particularly worthy of their notice - A strong built Chaperon incapable to fatigue - She will undertake to carry any young woman to 10 parties a night - never wants to sit down - Terms 20 Guineas a week -

A Stout Chaperon warranted bullproof - has stood 40 Winters & never requires young to bed - She has no objection to travel - Terms 20 Guineas a week or 300 Guineas a Season -

Chaperon with a warranted Iron frame - has no objection to take the charge of 6 young ladies at a guinea a head per night -

A very gallant Gay Chaperon The adventurer having incurred a severe Lumbago & continued disappointment going to 20 routs 20 night successively has given up night chaperoning but will undertake the charge of any young person to shop, play visit Vauxhall or the Spark - has no objection to go without her dinner till 9 o'clock - No family need apply who have not strong Springs to their Carriage - Terms 3 Guineas a night & 10 Guineas Entrance - She can give the best references having got off 6 young ladies the last Season -

as to be impalpable. The first mentioned delinquent makes his Entrée upon the Town in the month of March & retires about the end of May. Were it not for the dire effect of his efforts, he would be taken for a phantom, & were he visible it is supposed he must be of a black complexion, for his breath communicates that dismal tint to the delicate leaves & blossoms that it happens to light upon & generally spoils the hope of the gardener.

His Companion is of so brilliant & golden a hue as to dazzle the eye of the beholder & were it not for this unhappy connection his appearance would never be unwelcome, for it is their union alone that renders the mischief irresistible. Innumerable are & have been the victims of their joint power. Of these was once the interesting Sylvia who is happily restored to the community & we regret to add that the amiable Archduchess Norman is at this moment under their baleful Influence. She is therefore condemned by the guardians of her life to be locked up in order to keep her from further harm.

Bon mot: The Duke of Darwell Bank looking at the confined turkey Cock said, I doubt much whether we shall approve of this bird on table, he will be so tough. The answer made was, He shall certainly be tendered for your approval.

Advertisements

Anodyne for Chess players ~ Warranted to enable the most irritable nerves to stand the word "Checkmate" with composure. Two drops to be taken for the loss of a pawn, ten for a Knight & so on in procession. Credentials ~ " Sir — Being in the habit of having for my antagonist an inexperienced youth who cries "check" & sometimes "checkmate" contrary to all established rules, I adopted the plan of taking a drop of your valuable anodyne per minute & find it of sovereign efficacy. I have been able to bear the loss of 300 games since."

" Having suffered severely from the loss of a game I took the contents of a whole phial upon which I instantly fell asleep and dreamt that I had won it."

A Patient of Bedlam has made his escape & may easily be detected by the frequent and hurried repetition of the words "Bolton Street Arlington St?". He believes himself to personify Clarges Street.

Chaperons to let

Young ladies are respectfully informed that a great assortment of Chaperons are now on view at the Great Bazaar, Bond Street. The following are particularly worthy of their notice. ~ A strong built Chaperon inaccessible to fatigue. She will undertake to carry any young woman to 10 parties a night ~ never wants to sit down. Terms 20 guineas a week. ~ a stout Chaperon, warranted ballproof ~ has stood 40 winters & never requires going to bed. She has no objection to travel. Terms 20 Guineas a week or 300 Guineas a Season. ~ Chaperon, with a warranted Iron frame ~ has no objection to take the charge of 4 young ladies at a guinea a head per night. ~ An excellent day Chaperon. The advertizer having incurred a severe lumbago & continued distress from going to 20 routs 20 nights successively, has given up night chaperoning but will undertake the charge of any young person to shop, pay visits, & ride in the park ~ has no objection to go without her dinner 'till 9 ^{o}Clock. No family need apply who has not strong springs to their Carriage. Terms 5 Guineas a morning & 10 Guineas Entrance. She can give the best references, having got off 6 young ladies the last Season.

JG

IX

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Dis Penatibus Sacrum.

Monday. A select party of the fashionables eat sauped fish at the Gaiety Palace. The Curtis family were greeted with delight & the venerable pastor of Carter Lane partook of the juice of the grape. In the Evening Bella Sabastopol threw open its folding doors, while Silvia Emilia & the new singer Thomsonine sung several glees amongst which was the popular air of Lamia Dorabella. We regret to say that Madame Mere "qui tient sa maison avec tant de facilité" in the words of a celebrated Abbé was prevented from doing the honours by a migraine offense, Silvia however performed the office of Hostess with much dignity & grace.

Tuesday. Lady Carr gave a brilliant ball, at which that precious gem the Chancellor was present. Emilia went to pass some days at Highbury with the Countess Caza Rosa.

Wednesday. Theodore attended Mrs Curtis's & Mrs Pepys's musical parties. We do not hear whether his attachment to Miss Pepys was revived that Evening.

Thursday. Theodore dined at the Burmesterian palace & afterwards attended Miss Boddingtons dance on a Turkey Carpet.

We were happy to hear that the beloved Archduchess Norman was rather better.

Friday. Nothing happened to interest our readers.

Madame Mere has issued forth cards for a splendid concert the 1st of May. We understand several new regulations will be made, for the purpose of restraining the torrents which on former occasions rushed into the music room. an avenue of Satellites is to lead up to the Piano Forte. No one will be allowed to pass thro' this, without a passport, describing where he intends to go to, for what purpose, & whether he is of a peaceable disposition.

The Countess of Glengary has also invited her numerous acquaintance to a grand New Zealand ball, at which War Quadrilles will be danced. The superb suite of rooms at Lambeth Palace will be all thrown open.

Madame Otaheite, that celebrated Milliner has invented a beautiful new dress for the occasion, consisting of a beautiful tunic of Mats with a superb headress of feathers. Ornaments shell necklace, nose ring, & ear rings of the same. Messrs Tooi & Tettuce still continue to teach the war Quadrille at their academies. Price, 5 nails for 12 lessons & 3 nails entrance. We understand at present tattooing is in fashion amongst the Dandys.

We recommend to the consideration of the fashionables, who are giving numerous parties, the following plan for bettering the condition of their

IX

The Family Chronicle

Diis Penatibus sacrum

Monday. A select party of fashionables eat soup & fish at the Gower Palace. The Curteis family were greeted with delight & the venerable pastor of Cartes Lane partook of the juice of the grape. In the Evening Ballast Hall threw open its folding doors, while Silvia Emilia & the new singer Thomsanini sang several glees amongst which was the popular air of Lamia Darabella. We regret to say that Madame Mere "qui tient sa maison avec tant de facilité" in the words of a celebrated Abbé, was prevented from doing the honours by a migrane [??], Silvia however performed the office of Hostess with much dignity & grace.

Tuesday. Lady Carr gave a brilliant ball, at which that precious gem the Chancellor was present. Emilia went to pass some days at Highbury with the Countess Casa Nova.

Wednesday. Theodore attended Mrs. Curteis's & Mrs. Pepy's musical parties. We do not hear whether his attachment to Miss Pepys was revived that Evening.

Thursday. Theodore dined at the Burmestatian[?] palace & afterwards attended Miss Boddingtons dance on a Turkey Carpet. We were happy to hear that the beloved Archduchess Norman was rather better.

Friday. Nothing happened to interest our reader.

Madame Mere has issued forth cards for a splendid concert the 1st of May. We understand several new regulations will be made, for the purpose of restraining the torrent, which on former occasions rushed into the music room ~ an avenue of fat chaperons is to lead up to the Piano Forte. No one will be allowed to pass thro' this, without a passport, describing where he intends to go to, for what purpose, & whether he is of a peaceable disposition.

The Countess of Clugny has also invited her numerous acquaintance to a grand New Zealand ball, at which War Quadrilles will be danced. The superb suite of rooms at Lambeth Palace will be all thrown open. Madame Otaheite[1], that celebrated Milliner, has invented a beautiful new dress for the occasion, consisting of a beautiful tunic of Mats with a superb headdress of feathers. Ornamental shell necklaces, nose rings, & ankle rings of the same. Messrs. Tooi & Teteree[2] still continue to teach the war Quadrille at their academics. Price, 8 nails for 12 lessons & 3 nails entrance. We understand at present tattooing is in fashion amongst the Dandys.

We recommend to the consideration of the fashionable, who are giving numerous parties, the following plan for bettering the condition of their

[1] *i.e., Tahiti. J.S.*

[2] *The first mention of Tooi and Teteree in this journal. Tuai and Teteri were two of the first Maori to visit England (it is known they were in England in 1818), and it seems they met the Grahams at least twice. There are a number of mentions of them in the Chronicle, listed in the Preface. J.S.*

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suffocated Guests. —

Signor Zephirino solicits the attention of the Nobility & Gentry to a new species of Mechanism, which he has invented for the purposes of Fashionable life. Having observed with much concern the state of rooms at this season & the wistful looks thrown upon the walls as if the deserted tenants longed to push them out of the way of their pinioned elbows, he has invented a method of increasing in an astonishing manner the size of the room / by air balloons by way of Gallery, of the shape & colour of clouds, which by its aerial station admits an addition of at least one third to the number of guests. These are suspended in the finest as well as the lightest manner & [redacted] & display to the greatest advantage the elegant forms of the Nymphs who take their station by holding on them & who by this means are adored as divinities. As the only method of reaching them is by a rope ladder fixed to the upper sashes of the windows left open to receive them, they are debarred sic of fat chaperons who can only nod or point occasionally to their aerial charges. Indeed this machinery is more suited for concerts than balls. Hearing that Madame Mice is to have the finder on the 1st of May Signor Zephirino offers his services for a first display Gratis. —

NB. A most happy situation is afforded for the Orchestra by this machinery which realises the Idea of Celestial Music, while the groupe of listening angels hovering round it completes the magic of the scene. — Enquire at the Bathroom.

A violent attempt was made to plunder the Editors box last night. We are happy to state however that the thieves were frightened away & none of the invaluable manuscripts have been injured, we have reason to suppose that the attempt proceeded from one of the Break-neck Gang. —

Dear Mrs Editor /

While squeezed up in one corner of a crowded concert room the other night where those who come in contact with each other, if acquaintances, fall into conversation, & if not acquainted, carry on that sort of communication called the "two penny post of the eyes" I amused myself with intercepting the letter & wrote it down on the fan of a young lady with whom I had danced that night. I send you a correct copy. — Conversation I st —

Flirt & Dandy.

Dandy: (lounging on two chairs) Oh! that I had the constitution of a woman, to be able to stand on my legs hour after hour, without feeling that inexpressible ennui, of which I am the victim, not that if I was as strong as a horse, I would be such an antique as to give up my seat to a female. —

Flirt: (Standing in white satin) You are very handsome Dandy, & your hair is dressed à merveille but I think you might give up one of the chairs, to a poor nearly dead who has been at six quadrille parties to night —

Dandy: What! sit squeezed up on one chair and have one's coat discomposed by coming in contact with a satin gown — oh, worse than suffocation! — You might as well request me to travel 3 in a chaise or sit 4 in an open box. However I'll do you this sacrifice say your languor becomes you rabbly & you make a very pretty object, but don't tread on my

suffocated guests.

Signor Lapherine solicits the attention of the Nobility & Gentility to a new species of Mechanism, which he has invented for the purposes of Fashionable life. Having observed with much concern the state of rooms at this season & the wistful looks thrown up the walls, as if the devoted tenants longed to push them out of the way of their pinioned elbows, he has invented a method of increasing in an astonishing manner the size of the room, by air balloons by way of Gallery, of the shape & colour of clouds which by its aerial station admits an addition of at least one third to the number of guests. These are suspended in the firmest as well as the lightest manner & display to the greatest advantage the elegant forms of the Nymphs who take their station by lolling or sitting on them & who by this means are adored as divinities. As the only method of reaching them is by a rope ladder fixed to the upper sashes of the windows left open to receive them, they are debarassée of fat chaperons who can only nod or point occasionally to their aerial charges. Indeed this machinery is more suited for concerts than balls. Hearing that Madame Mere is to have the former on the 1st of May, Signor Laphirine offers his services for a first display Gratis.

NB. A most happy situation is afforded for the Orchestra by this machinery which realises the Idea of Celestial Music, while the groups of listening angels hovering round it completes the magic of the scene. Enquire at the Pantheon!

A violent attempt was made to plunder the Editors box last night, we are happy to state however that the thieves were frightened away & none of the invaluable manuscripts have been injured. We have reason to suppose that the attempt proceeded from one of the Break-seal Gang.

Dear Mrs. Editor

While squeezed up in one corner of a crowded concert room the other night, where those who come in contact with each other, if acquaintances, fall into conversation, & if not acquainted, carry on that sort of communication called the "twopenny post of the eyes", I amused myself with intercepting the latter & wrote it down on the fan of a young lady with whom I had danced that night. I send you a correct copy.

Conversation I ~ Flirt and Dandy

Dandy: (lounging on two chairs). Oh! that I had the constitution of a woman, to be able to stand on my legs hour after hour, without feeling that inexpressible ennui, of which I am the victim, not that if I was as strong as a horse, I would be such an antique as to give up my seat to a female.

Flirt: (Standing in white sattin). You are very handsome, Dandy, & your hair is dressed â merouille, but I think you might give up one of the chairs, to a poor martyr who has been at six quadrille parties tonight.

Dandy: What! sit squeezed up on one chair and have one's coat discomposed by coming in contact with a sattin gown ~ Oh, worse than suffocation! ~ You might as well request one to travel 3 in a chaise or sit 4 in an opera box. However, I'll do you the justice to say your language becomes you vastly & you make a very pretty object, but don't tread on my

toe, gave satisfaction, will furnish the public of my blacking—

Conversation II

Sat Chaperon. Lear Chaperon.

L C. Bless me what is that diamond necklace on the other side of the way. I never saw any thing so prepossessingly brilliant. You seem to turn up your nose at her Ma'am—

L C. Nothing but paste I assure you and nothing but a city dame would wear it.

S C. Enough, I see she's nobody—

Oh heavens, there's Caroline Lost Hold of young Lord Dash & that arch Miss Scrape & her audacious mother have taken possession of him. My Lord return to your allegiance I assure you Miss Scrape has'nt a 6d to cross her hand with.

L C. Oh the vile Toder to keep us here melting with heat & dying with thirst & the pains of saying good enchantment. for my part, I will'd myself in bed and asleep over & over again and if my daughter were not not on her preferment, I would not take myself over with rouge & diamonds, carry night for all the Countesses in Christendom (here a Chaperon of large dimensions inserting herself before me shut out the view of every thing & obliged me to accept one of her modes of death, fire or water) the latter by remaining enveloped in her delectable person, the former, by making my way out at the expence of half a dozen lace gowns & gossamer flounces amidst the fiery glances & execrations of the sufferers. I preferred the latter, & my Ghost signs himself

your poor Martyr
Penitence.

Parody.—

To write or not to write— that is the question
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The threats & scolding of the impatient Editor
Or to take pen against her noisy teasing
And by composing end it— to write— to give it—
No more— and by that writing say we end
The headache and a thousand natural pains
That Stella is heir to— 'T is a consummation
Most devoutly to be wished— to write— to read
Be read— perchance be quizz'd— Ay, there's the rub
For in that reading time what scoffs may come
When we have shuffled in the box our piece
Must give us pause— There is the dread
That makes our silence of so long a life
Else who would bear the scorns of Theodore,
Emilia's jokes— the Chancellor's contumely,
The pangs of seeming dulness, fame's delay
The insolence of Authors & the scoffs
That patient Silence of the scribbler takes
When he himself some poetry might make
With a mere goose quill?— Who would reproaches bear
To groan & sweat under the name of dunce
But that the dread of something after writing,
That undiscovered country from whose grasp
No Author e'er escapes— puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others, that we know not of,
Thus Mauvaise Honte makes cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution,
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
And compositions of great pith & moment
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of writings. EC

It was suspected some days ago that a hoax had been practised on Theresa Tidy, owing to an immense number of sugar merchants sending specimens of their goods from different parts of the town, but the report was false— Sugars have risen to an immense price lately owing to the enormous consumption of it of late, by Theresa Tidy & Lemuel Gulliver Junr—

toe, your satin shoes will tarnish the polish of my blacking.

Conversation II
Fat Chaperon, Lean Chaperon.

F.C. Bless me who is that diamond necklace on the other side of the way I never saw anything so shockingly brilliant. You seem to turn up your nose at her Ma'am.

L.C. Nothing but paste I assure you and nothing but a city dame who wears it.

F.C. Enough, I see, she's nobody. Oh heavens, there's Caroline lost hold of young Lord Dash & that vile Miss Setcap & her audacious mother have taken possession of him. My Lord return to your allegiance, I assure you Miss Setcap hasn't a 6^{d} to cross her hand with.

L.C. Oh the vile Fader to keep us here melting with heat & dying with thirst & the pain of saying you enchant me. For my part, I wish myself in bed and asleep over & over again and if my daughter were not on her preferment, I would not cake myself over with rouge & diamonds, every night for all the Countesses in Christendom.

Here a Chaperon of large dimensions inserting herself before me shut out the view of every thing & obliged me to accept one of two modes of death, fire or water, the latter by remaining enveloped in her velvet gown, the former by making my way out at the expense of half a dozen lace gowns & gossamer flounces, amidst the fiery glance & execrations of the sufferers. I preferred the latter, & my Ghost signs himself

Your poor Martyr
Routieus
JG

Parody

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The threats & scolding of the impatient Editor
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To groan & sweat under the name of dunce
But that the dread of something after writing,
Those unrelenting critics from whose grasp
No Author e'er escapes - puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others, that we know not of.
Thus Mauvaise Honte makes cowards of us all,
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Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
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Extract from an Epic poem lately published called "The Damick with hip-pleats or "Corbian for ever" —

Oh Fashion! Queen of Head dress & of gown
Worshipp'd by every beau & belle in Town,
Who bids the waist e'en to the hips descend
Or to the Shoulders highest point ascend,
The petticoat a wondrous height attain
Or sink majestic in a sweeping train,
Commands the hair in ringlets soft to flow
Or hears it up to form a towering bow
Inspire my Song for now shall be my theme
How the rash Greshams defied thy power supreme
Aided by Herbett Adamson & Slight,
And hip-pleat too that mischief working sprite
'Twas then the girls grum broade clothes gowns wore
With metal buttons ranged in rows before
Made large & stark "for Mr Slight you know
They must be loose, so fast these children grow".
When gowns were made so tight they scarce would meet
Then's loosely hung in many a large hip-pleat -
In vain Emelia cry with tears would sue
They might be moved a little out of view
And often too to smooth the vanity bred
The pleats that spread afar on either side
The cumbrous folds her utmost powers defied
When e'en they walked abroad to take the air
Bonnets of Cambric muslin they did wear
of long the immense with purple persian lined
While a large button ended them behind -
Meanwhile young Theodore in waiting at Tea
By fat Miss Pegs was down the middle led
Paddon says he homeward did return
Just when the footman had brought up the urn.
But in mixed cloth or even famed Corbian
The boys were thinly clad from top to Toe
For in or out of mourning that would do
The scarlet Whitcoat was dup mourning too.

Custom capricious goddess whereon say
The stripes in trowsers must go the long way?
Why shocks thus the energetic mind
Why should not stripes in circles also wind
Why to the perpendicular should mortals be confined?
Said Madam Mew, pray tell me now I beg
Why stripes should not revolve around the leg?
If they tha'am they are not worn so answered Slight
But still I think with reason that they might
A few days after Malawadge & Toom *
Were seen abroad attired in that Costume.

* It is necessary for the reader to be aware that the heroes of this Poem are mentioned under different names, as in the Iliad, Achilles is sometimes called Pelides, sometimes the Son of Peleus - the Son of Thetis &c &c &c

To be Sold by Auction
By Miss Tittle Tattle & Gossip
An extensive assortment of fashionable small talk fit for immediate use, at Dinner parties, balls morning visits &c &c the property of a gentleman going abroad - Also to be had a lot of entirely new anecdotes puns &c &c &c and a select assortment of compliments

Extract from an Epic poem lately published called "The Damsels with hip-pleats" or "Corbeau for ever"

Oh Fashion! Queen of Headdress & of gown
Worshipp'd by every beau & belle in Town
Who bids the waist e'en to the hips descend
Or to the shoulders highest point ascend,
The petticoat a wondrous height attain
Or sink majestic in a sweeping train,
Commands the hair in ringlets soft to flow
Or has it up to form a towering bow
Inspire my song for now shall be my theme
How the rash Grahams defied thy power supreme
Aided by Nesbitt Adamson & Slight[1],
And hip-pleat to that mischief working sprite
'Twas then the girls green broadcloth pieces wore
With metal buttons ranged in rows before
Made large & slack "for Mr. Slight, you know
They must be loose, so fast these children grow"
When gowns were made so tight they scarce would meet
Their's loosely hung in many a large hip-pleat
In vain Emilia oft with tears would sue
They might be moved a little out of view
And often too to smooth she vainly tried
The plaits that spread afar on either side
The cumbrous folds her utmost powers defied
When e'er they walked abroad to take the air
Bonnets of cambric muslin they did wear
of length immense with purple persian lined
While a large button ended them behind.
Meanwhile young Theodore in waistcoat red
By fat Miss Pepys was down the middle led
Tradition says he homeward did return
Just when the footman had brought up the van
But in mixed Cloth or over famed Corbeau
The boys were chiefly clad from top to Toe
For in or out of mourning that would do
The scarlet waistcoat was deep mourning too.
Custom capricious Goddess wherefore say
The stripes in trousers must go the long way?
Why shackle thus the energetic mind
Why should not stripes in circles also wind
Why to the perpendicular should mortals be confined?
Said Madam Mere, pray tell me now I beg
Why stripes should not revolve around the leg!
Why Ma'am they are not worn so, answered Slight
But still I think with reason that they might
A few days after Matawadge & Loom*
Were seen abroad attired in that Costume.

JG

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[1] *Slight, or Sleight, the Tailor, makes a number of appearances in the Chronicle. J.S.*

This day is published
The first volume of Theodon's travels.
Duarto —

Wanted a clean & steady young man who can turn over the leaves of books without cracking the hinge in the family of a Collector —
Enquire at the north west corner of Page Lane

All Expedients having hitherto failed for the suppression or even mitigation of the malignant & contagious fever called Curiosiana of the Genus inquisitiva, we are happy to announce the institution of an hospital for the reception of patients labouring under this disease, in which the course of treatment is particularly judicious — They spend two hours every day in a large room entirely filled with open desks covered with papers & memorandums of the most inviting description, here is a triangular slip of paper written very closely in pencil — here half a sheet with the word private written at the top — here the two fascinating words Mr Editor staring him in the face & here a thin book written in the form of a Diary — His patience can hold out no longer he seizes the book, but instantly his fingers are snapped up by little traps concealed under the leaves, & he is obliged to remain a prisoner, till an attendant (usually one of those whom he has injured while at large) releases him — He now throbs to console himself by the use of his eyes, & looks up to the walls which are hung with advertisements invitations & letters of all descriptions, in which long scratched out lines are discernible / causing the fever to rise higher than ever) when lo! the nurse touches a spring, a curtain descends & shuts out the sight of every thing — The poor sufferer in an agony of pain, flies to a distant corner of the room & finding a pencil writes down his resolutions, never to pry again — He combs of his miseries The paper is snatched from him & read in a taunting tone — he falls into a swoon — & is carried to a Dormitory —
The scene is to be repeated with some variations every day till he is cured —

Mrs Editor In your last paper there appeared a caution concerning certain assassins who are daily lurking

Supplement to the IX No.

This day is published the first volume of Theodore's travels. Quarto.

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He now thinks to console himself by the use of his eyes, & looks up to the walls which are hung with advertisements invitations & letters of all descriptions, in which long scratched out lines are discernible (causing the fever to rise higher than ever) when lo! the nurse touches a spring, a curtain descend & shuts out the sight of every thing. The poor sufferer in an agony of pain, flies to a distant corner of the room & finding a pencil writes down his resolutions, never to pry again.

As [??] of his miseries the paper is snatched from him & read in a taunting tone. He falls into a swoon & is carried to a Dormitory. The scene is to be repeated with some variations every day till he is cured.

Mrs. Editor

In your last paper there appeared a caution concerning certain assassins who are daily lurking

in the Streets of the Metropolis — Permit me now to call to your attention another Evil which is spreading to the destruction of its Inhabitants as fast as time & fate can carry it — Would any reasonable person believe that in these democratic days, a despotic monarch should be suffered to lounge in quiet on his throne, to whom all the Tyrants that ever existed were mere chickens, and that some of those who are the most jealous of Kingly authority are harnessed to his Car like a set of fools & drive full speed over reason & common sense — ? It is supposed that his Emissaries have found means to administer a subtle poison to his victims, which mounts up into their brain & induces them to subscribe to the following positions —

That night is day
That Winter is Summer
That pain is pleasure
That deformity is Beauty
That danger is safety
That change is Rest

These being admitted, the Tyrant inflicts the following hardships privations & penalties which they are bound to denominate the heights of human felicity

1st They are deprived of the light of day & locked up in their chambers till noon — Sally forth at midnight & are driven back to their den at sun rise —

2d They are prohibited from taking their breakfast till dinner time — their Dinner till Supper time and their Supper till Cock crowing

3d The delicate forms of the female Captives are doomed to forgo the comforts of drapery — the corset is reduced to a girdle, the sleeve to an armlet, the lungs are unbefriended and the very shoulder blade presents its shivering surface to the pitiless atmosphere —

4th Whole families of Witches are banished to the country in the days of frost & Snow, but as soon as they are contrasted with the return of blue sky, mild Zephyrs fragrant flowers melting fruits & brilliant Sunsets, they are dragged back to the smoke of London, the smell of lamp oil, the thunder of the Knocker & rattle of the Streets —

5th The hardships of the Princess in the Fairy Tale is realized in the objects before us, as soon as they begin to take delight in any arrangement a change takes place — No sooner have they collected a handsome wardrobe than a milliner de mantua maker enters and condemns it all — your waist is too long your skirt too scanty, your bonnet

in the Streets of the Metropolis. Permit me now to call to your attention another Evil which is spreading to the destruction of its inhabitants as fast as time & fate can carry it. Would any reasonable person believe that in these democratic days, a despotic monarch should be suffered to lounge in quiet on his throne, to whom all the Tyrants that ever existed were mere chickens, and that some of those who are the most jealous of Kingly authority are harnessed to his car like a set of fools & drive full speed over reason & common sense?

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4th Whole families of Wretches are banished to the country in the days of frost & Snow, but as soon as they are tantalised with the return of blue sky, mild Zephyrs, fragrant flowers melting fruits & brilliant Sunsets, they are dragged back to the smoke of London, the smell of lamp oil, the thunder of the Knocker & rattle of the streets.

5th The hardship of the Princess in the Fairy Tale is realized in the objects before us, as soon as they begin to take delight in any arrangement a change takes place. No sooner have they collected a handsome wardrobe than a milliner or mantua maker enters and condemns it all. Your waist is too long, your skirt too scanty, your bonnet

too high your Cap too low, and whether you grumble or not, down you are laid on the bed of Precarity, or something worse — for alas, what is the torment of having a few inches sawed off your legs, or your neck dragged out to reach the prescribed measure, compared to the misery of wearing a distorted robe or an unbecoming cap. because it is the fashion? To wind up the history of this monster with an irresistible admonition I would not say to my readers, ~~not~~ dare to be wise — dare to be good, but dare to be happy — I am madam

Your constant Reader

Simon Squaretoes

Printed at the Gown Press

too high, your cape too low, and whether you grumble or not, down you are laid on the bed of Procrustes, or something worse for alas, what is the torment of having a few inches sawed off your leg, or your neck dragged out to reach the prescribed measure, compared to the misery of wearing a distorted robe or an unbecoming cap because it is the fashion? To wind up the history of this monster with an irresistible admonition I would not say to my readers, dare to be wise dare to be good, but dare to be happy.

I am Madame
Your constant Reader
Simon Square toes

Printed at the Gower Press

№ X

The Family Chronicle

Diis Penatibus Sacrum

Saturday May 2d 1818

In consequence of the unprecedented demand for our paper of this day, we have been under the necessity of delaying our publication beyond the usual time in order to give our readers the satisfaction of the latest intelligence from the Gower palace for we may say with truth that never was the public expectation raised to a higher pitch than it is at this moment on account of the Grand fete of last night

We must however check our readers impatience by reminding them that there are more considerations than one to render this day illustrious in the Tinia annals — This is the tenth week of our Chronicle, and as such it is to be considered as a day of the most happy passage We must give the liveliest satisfaction to all true lovers of the Tinia Constitution On this occasion our printing office will be illuminated and our journeymen printers will each have a week's wages allowed them

This is also the celebrated anniversary of the Chimney Sweepers, a race always patronized by the members of our illustrious House, who have ordered the following Royal Donations to be distributed at the Doors of the Palace

	s	d
To all Sacks in the Green		6
To all Molls with gilt Spoons		6
To Do without Do		4
To all Do under 6 years old		2
To all Infants in gilt paper		1

and a reward of 1 S to any one who shall convict an Inspector

It were to be wished that the present mode of painting were adopted by the higher classes (or in other words by the Molls of the ton) viz mulberry colour instead of white paint on the face neck & arms enlivened with a blush of white chalk on each cheek

One fashion they have established which is that of carrying a dirty pocket Handkerchief in their hand, a custom so alarmingly prevalent in the Gower palace as to call loudly for some interference of the Legislature as witness the advertisements and Law proceedings with which our papers burn

Weekly Report

Sunday April 26 The Chancellor rode to Clapham incog.

Theodora Sylvia Emilia Marguerite and the Abbess proceeded to Lambeth Hill & partook of a sumptuous repast prepared by the venerable Parish of the Abbey after which they visited the Church Missionary House and were

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and a reward of 1s to anyone who shall convict an Imposter.

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introduced to the New Zealanders Juke & Tetawe - who explained to them the manners & Customs of their native island - attired themselves in their national dress and went thro' the ceremonies of tatooing & the war dance

The party expressed themselves much pleased with the gentle manners & animated looks of their new acquaintance & presented them each with some implement of British manufacture -

Monday. The Chancellor took Sylvia to the Philharmonic Concert where they remained entranced in heat & harmony till eleven Clock. Silvia wore a Moscow Silk Turban -

Tuesday. The domestic party dined at home. Theodore assisted at the Opera and the Chancellor at a Ball in Seymour Strat à la Jamaica, the atmosphere being made to resemble that Climate -

Wednesday The Chancellor & Emilia rode before Breakfast round Hyde park

Thursday The governor of Windmill Hill gave a grand Dinner to the Chancellor and Silvia & they all honoured Mad^e Fodor's Concert with their presence - The Opera was Elizabetta by Rossini -

Friday at an early hour preparations commence for Madame Mara's grand musical fete - a report had been very prevalent a few days back that her Excellency would postpone her party on account of Indisposition, in consequence of which the Stocks fell a sensible decline but on Friday morning, it being understood that the fete was to take places, they immediately rose 2 p^r Cent -

Second Edition

Madame Mara's grand musical fete - Particular account of the Entertainment Ladies Dress Presentations &c &c -

8 o'Clock

We have just been favoured with the following circumstantial account of the fete which we hasten to lay before our readers

"Yesterday Evening at about a quarter before 9 Clock much bustle began to prevail in the neighbourhood of the palace - Her Grace Theodore issued from her apartment amidst a cloud of Essences and it was remarked how well "her hair sat about her face" - She had been dressing at Intervals during four hours - The Hall of Vertu was thrown open for the nobility & others to encrobe in - The banqueting Saloon was set apart for refreshments - The Dressing Saloon & adjoining boudoirs were not opened - At nine the whole palace appeared in a blaze of light & all the grand officers of the household were in attendance - Baron Symons, Lord Controller of the barges attended in the outer Hall - * In the inner Hall stood Lord Chalwin president of the Board of Green Cloth Earl Spear, Lord in waiting, Sir Tho. Brown Groom in waiting, Equeries, Sir H. Mellard & Sir George Lightfoot - Page in waiting Sir — Howell - Flat Buffoon Countess Spitfire - Director of the Ceremonies Elliott Inspector of Shawls Lady Joanna Croker Deputy Inspector Miss Bell Maid of Honor Lady Elena Taylor -

* the Steps

introduced to the New Zealanders Tuhi & Teteree[1], who explained to them the manners & Customs of their native island, attired themselves in their national dress and went thro' the ceremonies of tatooing[sic] & the war dance.

The party expressed themselves much pleased with the gentle manners & animated looks of their new acquaintance & presented them each with some implement of British manufacture.

Monday. The Chancellor took Sylvia to the Philharmonic Concert where they remained entranced in heat & harmony 'till eleven ^{o}Clock. Silvia wore a Moscow Silk Turban.

Tuesday. The domestic party dined at home. Theodore assisted at the Opera and the Chancellor at a Ball in Seymour Street à la Jamaica, the atmosphere being made to resemble that Climate.

Wednesday. The Chancellor & Emilia rode before Breakfast round Hyde park.

Thursday. The Governor of Windmill Hill gave a grand Dinner to the Chancellor and Silvia & they all honoured Mad.^{m} Frodor's [??] with their presence. The opera was Elizabetta by Rossini.

Friday. At an early hour preparations commenced for Madame Mere's grand musical fete ~ a report had been very prevalent a few days back that her Excellency would postpone her party on account of Indisposition, in consequence of which the Stocks fell a sensible decline, but on Friday morning, it being understood that the fête was to take place, they immediately rose 2 percent

Second Edition

Madame Mere's grand musical fête. Particular account of the Entertainment, Ladies Dresses, Presentation &c &c

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8 ^{o}Clock.

We have just been favoured with the following circumstantial account of the fete which we hasten to lay before our readers.

"Yesterday Evening at about a quarter before 9 ^{o}Clock much bustle began to prevail in the neighbourhood of the palace. His Grace Theodore issued from his apartment amidst a cloud of Essences and it was remarked how well "his hair sat about his face". He had been dressing at Intervals during four hours. The Hall of Virtu was thrown open for the nobility & others to unrobe in. The banqueting Saloon was set apart for refreshments. The Dressing Saloon & adjoining boudoirs were not opened. At nine the whole palace appeared in a blaze of light & all the grand officers of the household were in attendance ~ Baron Symons, Lord Controller of the barges attended in the outer Hall*. In the inner Hall stood Lord Chadwin, president of the Board of Green Cloth, Earl Spear, Lord in waiting, Sir Tho' Brown, Groom in waiting, Equerries Sir W. Mallard & Sir George Lightfoot, Page in waiting, Sir — Howell, State Buffoon, Countess Spittle, Director of the Jeu, Countess Elliott, Inspector of Shawls, Lady Joanna Croker, Deputy Inspector, Miss Bell, Maid of Honor, Lady Eliza Taylor.

*The Street

[1] *The first meeting of the two Maori, Tuai and Teteri, and the Grahams. Elsewhere Tuhi is spelled as Tooi. See the Preface (page 13) for a list of places where the two Maori appear. J.S.*

The Company began to arrive at 9 & continued to set down till 12 many were unable to reach the persons of Madame Mere on account of the Crowd — At 9 o'Clock Madame Mere supported by Silvia Emilia La Marguerite & followed by the Abbess of St Cyprien the Chancellor Theodore and Princess Birch entered the State Rooms & immediately proceeded to receive their Company conversing with affability with whoever came within their reach — At a ¼ before 10 Silvia sat down to the Piano forte with La Marguerite and performed a Duet in the very first Style — They were rapturously applauded — Naldi now arrived bringing in his Train Madame Naldi & daughter & Sig.r Begrez & Garcia — The established Character of Naldi, the beauty of Mad.e the handsome countenance of Begrez and the coarse drollery of Garcia as well as the exquisite performance of them all continued to engross the whole attention of the company who on this occasion sat in stripes across the room & not down the room as heretofore — a regulation much approved of — The Chaperons formed themselves into a solid square flanked on all sides by a line of the Wall flower Corps while the light troops skirmished for places in the distance — and Madame Mere reviewed her troops from her head quarters the folding Doors — The extreme pressure of the light troops however at last completely overpowered the Solo instrument and a Breach was formed by which many got within the walls of the Fortress, tho the solid square remained immovable

Another Account

The party of last night was the most numerous & brilliant we witnessed — seated as we were in the centre of the Concert Room we confess we never saw a more superb Coup d'Oeil — To enumerate or particularize the guests as distinguished for beauty elegance or fashion would be an endless Task, but among the people of consequence we recognized the following

Countess Dow.r Aylesborough
Honble Mr & Mrs Savile
Comte Comtesse de Vaudes
Lady Rivers & daughter
—— Bayley & Daughters
—— Sheffield & daughters
—— Dalrymple & Do.
Bishop of Chester & family
Archdeacon of Westminster
Lord Montrath
Sir Charles Smith
Sir James Lyon
Baron de Stein

Many of the Nobility & fashionables sent their Excuses but as these were in general real & not feigned it is supposed the number of Guests will increase yearly ad infinitum — At ½ past eleven Mad.e Fodor entered & to use the words of Naldi "comme un Comet chassoit les astres" — The Duke of Marlborough † was present & the reigning

† Mr Hullmandell

The Company began to arrive at 9 & continued to set down till 12. Many were unable to reach the presence of Madame Mere on account of the Crowd. At 9 oClock Madame Mere supported by Silvia, Emilia, La Marguerite & followed by the Abbess of St. Clugny, the Chancellor, Theodore and Princess Birch, entered the State Rooms & immediately proceeded to receive their Company conversing with affability with whomever came within their reach. At 1/4 before 10 Silvia sat down to the Piano forte with La Marguerite and performed a Duet in the very finest Style ~ they were rapturously applauded. Naldi[1] now arrived bringing in his Train Madame Naldi & daughter & Signrs Begrey & Garcia. The established character of Naldi, the beauty of Madlle, the handsome countenance of Begrey and the coarse drollery of Garcia as well as the exquisite performance of them all continued to engross the whole attention of the company who on this occasion sat in stripes across the room & not down the room as heretofore ~ a regulation much approved of.[2]

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Lady Rivers & daughter
Lady Bayley & Daughters
Lady Sheffield & daughters
Lady Dalyrymple & Do
Bishop of Chester & family
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Lord Honniker
Sir Charles Smith
Sir James Lyon
Baron de Stein

Many of the Nobility & fashionable sent their excuses but as these were in general real & not feigned it is supposed the number of Guests will increase yearly ad infinitum.

At 1/2 past eleven Mad. Fodor entered & to use the words of Naldi "comme un Cornet chassoit les arbres". The Duke of Marlborough* was present & the reigning

*Mr. Hullmandell

[1] *Giuseppe Naldi, an Italian opera singer, well known in London at the time. J.S.*

[2] *An oblique reference to the family joke about stripes round the trousers, not down them. J.S.*

Dutchess performed a Sonata in an enchanting Style — Silvia again delighted the audience with her masterly chords — Naldi & Fodor again united their vocal powers — and Naldi Garcia & Miss R. concluded with the beautiful trio of L'Amour L'amitié et le Vin — &c

Ladies Dresses

Madame Mara
An ethereal blue Satin petticoat & Train — blue & Silver Turban with a blaze of Diamonds

The Lady Silvia
Petticoat of white Satin — Draperies of net — richly trimmed with Brussels point — Head Dress — a Turban of gauze with ethereal blue spots and bandeau of Gold

The Lady Emilia
Petticoat of white Satin — Drapery of rich India Muslin & Satin — — Head Dress — a Turban of ethereal blue silk of Parisian manufacture — We are justified at saying her Ladyship looking so well after her indisposition

Lamarguite
an interesting Dress of white & blue satin à la Debutante — much admired for its simplicity — Envelope of ethereal blue Gauze —

It being a Collar day the Knights & others wore their (Their) Collars.

The Lord Controller of Carriages has made his report & of those present they amount in number to 250 —

We have authority to state that, Mr Bartlett was present not in the Bartlett way —

Halcidors &c were stationed at stated distances for the amusement of those without Souls for music —

Dandys Market

Rose Buds & Spirits experienced a considerable rise yesterday in consequence of the demand for them — Buds which did not fetch more than 6d a piece the day before rose to the enormous price of 1 S & Spirits felt a similar rise.

a blue Ribband & Star attracted considerable attention last night — We are authorized to state that it was Sir James Lion & not Baron de Stern as was erroneously stated — The Baron made his appearance afterwards — The palace was closed at ½ past 1

&c

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JG

Ladies Dresses

Madame Mere

An ethereal blue Satin petticoat & Train ~ blue & Silver Turban with a blaze of Diamonds.

The Lady Silvia

Petticoat of white Satin ~ Draperies of [??] ~ richly trimmed with Brussels point ~ Head Dress, a Turban of gauze with ethereal blue spots and bandeau of Gold.

The Lady Emilia

Petticoat of white Satin ~ Drapery of rich India Muslin & Satin. Head Dress ~ a Turban of ethereal blue silk of Parisian manufacture. We were gratified at seeing her Ladyship looking so well after her indisposition.

La Marguerite

An interesting Dress of white & blue satin à la Debutante ~ much admired for its simplicity ~ Envelope of ethereal blue Gauze.

It being a Collar day the Knights & others wore their (Shirt) Collars. The Lord Controller of Carriages has made his report of those present. They amount in number to 250. We have authority to state that Mr. Barker was present not in the Barker way.

Kaleidoscopes were stationed at stated distance for the amusement of those without Souls for music.

Dandy's Market

Rose buds & pinks experienced a considerable rise yesterday in consequence of the demand for them. Buds which did not fetch more than 6d a piece the day before rose to the enormous price of 1s & pinks felt a similar rise

---

A blue Ribband & Star attracted considerable attention last night. We are authorized to state that it was Sir James Lion & not Baron de Stein as was erroneously stated. The Baron made his appearance afterwards. The palace was cleared at 1/2 past 1.

JG

Third Edition !!!

a Coach Horse has just driven out of town — it is said to contain the Stale Buffoon who is on her return to her Country Seat.

It is rumoured that Lord ——— has been taken suddenly ill in consequence of too long a stay in the refreshment room last night — D^r Baillie has thought it necessary to open the jugular vein & take 3 pints of Lemonade from him & if he is not bled soon, it is thought he must be tapped — Sir Henry Halford thinks his Disorder arises from a stoppage occasioned by a large Round Cake —

Reported Nuptials in high Life

It is now confidently stated in the best informed Circles that the Zealand Prince Tekaree is shortly to receive the hand of the accomplished Abbess of St. Clugny — It is added that his motive is benevolence — and that she gives up the Luxuries of her Convent residence for the laudable motive of civilizing the fellow Countrymen of her intended Bridegroom —

The Convent is of course in great dismay and it is said many of the Nuns take the opportunity of abandoning the veil & marrying also — Prince Tekaree was engaged yesterday from 10 till 5 in committing to memory the marriage Service — The Bride's Dresses are of the most sumptuous description and consist among others of the following

1. a rich ball Dress of real India muslin embroidered with parrots feathers — a Coronet of Parrots feathers
2. a superb muslin ball dress trimmed with an elegant flounce of bamboo — Head Dress Bamboo —
3. a rich straw petticoat completely trimmed round the body & sleeves with Cocoa nuts & looped up at Intervals with nails & heads — Head Dress a garland of Cocoa Nuts —

The Bride elect is to be attended soon by Sir Everard Home & other eminent Surgions to be tattooed — She takes the title of Abbess of all the Convents in New Zalande, Lady High Admiral of the Canoe fleet and the Right Honble the Countess Dish of the Cannibals — &c

Advertisements

New patent Thermometer

Mons^r Pestifere humbly informs the nobility, Gentry & Public in general that his new invented Thermometer is now carried to such perfection that no one who values his life should be an instant without one — All Thermometers hitherto in use will rise no higher than fever heat — whereas Mons^r Pestifere's have the superiority of rising 50 degrees higher, an

Supplement No. X

Third Edition!!!

A coach & four has just driven out of town ~ it is said to contain the state Buffoon who is on her return to her Country Seat.

It is rumoured that Lord — has been taken suddenly ill in consequence of too long a stay in the refreshment room last night. Dr. Bailu has thought it necessary to open the jugular vein & take 3 pints of Lemonade from him & if he is not better soon, it is thought he must be tapped. Sir Henry Halford thinks his Disorder arises from a stoppage occasioned by a large rout Cake.

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JG

Advertisements

New patent Thermometer

Mons^{r}. Pestifère humbly informs the nobility Gentry & public in general that his new invented thermometer is now carried to such perfection that no one who values his life should be an Instant without one. All Thermometers hitherto in use will rise no higher than fever heat, whereas Mons^{r}. Pestifere's have the superiority of rising 50 degrees higher, an

66

X

improvement unprecedented with annals of Science. His Thermometer is divided in the following manner. His freezing point is at 70, that being the point at which all Ice which he ever saw in a Ball Room arrives — From hence he rises to "ordinary quadrille heat," — "Rout heat" — "Dance of death Heat" — "Delirium" — Rout Madness" — "Sedulince" — This useful little machine will also shew with accuracy the height of French head Dresses above the level of the Sea —

Sold at his warehouse at the sign of the Black hole of Calcutta —

LOST

The Pocket Handkerchief who left his home a few days since is earnestly intreated by an afflicted Nose-running parent to return to her arms — She promises never again to neglect him — Implores him to come back & wipe away the tears from her eyes which he has caused — The pocket handkerchief alluded to is of a dark complexion & left home in bad condition —

A Gentleman whose daughter is lately married under the auspices of an eminent Chaperon lately demanded an account of the way in which her fortune had been invested — The following is an Extract & gave great satisfaction —

Invested in Ball Dresses —	£2000 —
In Silver bullion Turbans —	300. 10.
Mrs Bailey on the security of her Stays —	700. 12.
Dinners to unmarried men of fortune —	1200. 9.
Do — to Do of good Expectations only —	70 - 6.
Bribe to Mrs Mantrap to induce her withdrawing all claims on Lord C with regard to her niece —	2000 —
Box at the Opera —	300 —
2 years severe Chaperonage	1000 —
Special Licence —	100 —
	£7671. 19
Paid over to your daughters husband the remainder	2328. 0.
Her original fortune given to me to invest	£10,000 —

signed Mary Eagle-Eye
Licenced Chaperon

Chaperonage done in Town & Country
Fortunes invested — The Advertiser hopes the above account will recommend her to the public to whom she is already grateful for distinguished Patronage —

If

improvement unprecedented in the annals of Science. This Thermometer is divided in the following manner. His freezing point is at 70, that being the point at which all Ice which he ever saw in a Ball room arrives ~ from hence he rises to "ordinary quadrille heat" ~ "Rout heat" ~ "Dance of death Heat" ~ "Delirium" ~ "Rout madness" ~ "Pestilence".

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JG

The Wonderful Rhododendrons are
now whilding - They have gone thro
the fatigue of a Ball & Concert and
are still warranted to be alive -
Admittance 1 S Children 6

NB. Our paper has been suppressed
till this moment Sunday 9 o'clock
by order of Bishops Sunday -

The Wonderful Rhododendrons are now exhibiting. They have gone thro the fatigue of a Ball & Concert and are still warranted to be alive.

Admittance 1s Children 6d

N.B. Our paper has been suppressed till this moment Sunday 9 oClock by order of Bishop Sunday.

XI

The Family Chronicle

Gower Street May 8. 1818

The Editor of the Family Chronicle in commencing the eleventh number of the work feels himself agitated with contending emotions. He could compare himself to the adventurous mariner who first constructed a frail bark & launched himself on the bosom of the tremendous ocean — He is at first terrified and breathless with the least Zephyr, but as the wind gradually swells his sails & his little vessel rises & sinks with the undulations of the waves, he feels his heart become lighter and Hope & Confidence begin to find a place within him — Still however he is filled with care & anxiety — for though his first effort has been successful, a wider field of action lies open before him and it is only by the utmost exertion of his energies he can expect to surmount the perils to which he has voluntarily exposed himself —

Thus the Editor of the Chronicle from the high patronage & encouragement he has received from a distinguished circle of readers appears before them for the eleventh time with some diminution of that timidity which the novelty of his situation at first inspired, with feelings of gratitude which that patronage has raised in his heart, and with a determination to persevere in those efforts which have been so favorably received — He trusts there will be no relaxation in those faithful correspondents who have furnished him with such ample materials for this paper: he trusts that low gowns & lank hems will continue to be as much as ever the butts for the arrows of satire; he trusts that the anecdotes & portraits drawn from authentic sources, from the depths of recondite antiquity will continue to exhibit the same originality, & display the same purity of primeval manners — and "thou sweet Poetry, thou loveliest Maid" we trust you will not forsake the Chronicle but will continue to increase the obligations we have already received from you — In addition to the usual subjects, the Editor believes he may add that in future some valuable medical hints will fall under mention here —

One word more & he will leave off speaking of personal Concerns — It is well known that an illustrious Individual of distinguished talents to whom this paper is so much indebted arrogated to himself at the Commencement of this publication the profession of all the copies of the Chronicle after publication; it was then a precarious essay; it

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might stand or fall: it has now assumed an important form; it is probable that all Subscribers will require copies of every number those copies must be made with a considerable sacrifice of time & pains — But one Individual possesses the family annals without any trouble or labour. The Editor therefore makes a solemn appeal to the good sense of the public whether this monopoly should be allowed to exist. It is like the case of the Universities who demand copies of every expensive work to the great damage of the Booksellers; it might do when books were few & small — in these refined times it will not. This is the age of illustration — the Genius public will illustrate; let them each have proper Stamina to begin with — let each in turn possess the original numbers of the work —

Fashionable Diary for the Week

Saturday. — Mad.me Mara awoke less fatigued than was expected after her musical Gala — Lady Mary Spittle paid a visit to the fashion breakfast Table & gave a description of the visitors of the preceding evening interspersed with many excellent sketches of Character with great Spirit & accompaniment with appropriate action — In the evening Theodore visited Drury Lane Theatre where he joined the Park St Party and passed a very pleasant evening seated between Corinna & Buliana — Thean acted wonderfully well in the Isle of Malta a revived play prior to Shakespeare — a stupid Melodrame in 3 act. called the Mountain chief filled up the remainder of the evening. The Curtii family were also present in a neighbouring box —

Sunday et ad.m Mare — Theodore and La Marguite attended Service at Carter Lane — Sylvia at Bedford Row Chapel — the Chancellor at the Bavarian Chapel and the abbess retired to a Convent in the heart of the City soon where she did not emerge till the coming Monday.

Theodore dined at Carter House Duke Street — his affectionate Sister Sylvia called on him there soon after nine when they drove to the Bohemian Saloon in St James Square where Nobbi's Concert was held — Miss Stone & Mrs Salomon were the Novelties of the Evening

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Sunday. Mad.^{m} Mere, Theodore and La Marguerite attended Service at Centre Lane ~ Sylvia at Bedford Row Chapel and the Abbess retired to a Convent in the heart of the City from whence she did not emerge 'till the coming morning.

Theodore dined at Caster House, Duke Street ~ his affectionate Sister Sylvia called on him there soon after nine when they drove to the Bohemian palace in St. James Square, where Naldi's Concert was held. Miss Stone & Mrs. Salmon were the Novelties of the Evening.

[1] *A famous actor of the day. J.S.*

[2] *By Christopher Marlowe. J.S.*

They were almost suffocated with heat — and Theodore had frequent recourse to his Salts for the Chancellor was soon thrown in the folding Doors looking as pale as Death — soon after which a sickly looking young man was taken suddenly ill & attracted the attention of the Company: he sat down in a chair and his new hat served the office of basin — some attributed it to the heat others to the mixture of candied Almonds & Pistachio he had been eating — but the general belief is that as this poor unnaturally puny & sickly approached the folding doors at the head of a strong column of loyal frequenters, he beheld a female form considerably larger than life and so hideously ugly that it took away the possession of his faculties for a time: he was relieved however in the manner before mentioned, but had no sooner a little recovered than his eyes glaring on the gorgons golden turban of the colossal figure he expirienced a relapse — at length Nobbs's prudence pointed out the proper remedy, and with him

He thro' the crowded Circle flies
Out of the reach of mortal Eyes —

The Duke of Wellington was present — the Bohemian Ambassadress is very red & vulgar —

Tuesday Mad^e Allen entertained a distinguished assemblage of fashionables with a sumptuous dinner — The party began to assemble at six o'Clock and consisted of the Earl & Countess of Warwick Lady Mary Walsh The Duke of Gloucester and Comp. Lady C Berwick the Knight of Ivory Hall — Count Nightingale — Sir Samuel Smith Burdett Earl & Countess and Ladies Jane and Caroline Windmill Hill — In the Evening the Ladies Silvia & Mary Walsh took seats at the Piano forte — Select pieces were suited by the Curtain family and Theodore danced a pas seul —

Wednesday — The Irish Ambassador Sir Davenport Lord St Helens & Baron Cobham partook of an elegant dinner and the Evening was spent with much sociability —

Friday — Silvia, the Abbess and Lady Margaretta went on a pilgrimage to Clapham, forgot the object of their journey & returned intoxicated with fresh air — In the Evening Theodore the Chancellor repaired to Regent Circus held at Sir Walter Stirling — They found it not only a Crowd but a Tax — It was in fact nearly as bad as a Lilliputian Fete made more obnoxious — Theodore was closely pressed on all sides when he

They were almost suffocated with heat and Theodore had frequent recourse to his sister's fan. The Chancellor was soon descried in the folding Doors looking as pale as Death ~ soon after which a sickly looking young man was taken suddenly ill & attracted the attention of the Company; he sat down in a chair and his new hat served the office of basin ~ some attributed it to the heat others to the mixture of candied almonds & Capillaire[1] he had been eating ~ but the general belief is that as his form, naturally puny & sickly, approached the folding doors at the head of a strong column of rout frequenters, he beheld a female form considerably larger than life and so hideously ugly that it took away the possession of his faculties for a time: he was relieved however in the manner before mentioned, but had no sooner a little recovered than his eyes glancing on the gorgeous golden turban of the colossal figure, he experienced a relapse ~ at length Naldi's prudence pointed out the proper remedy, and with him

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Wednesday. The Irish Ambassador Sir Davenport, Lord St. Helens & Baron Cobham partook of an elegant dinner and the Evening was spent with much sociability.

Friday. Silvia, the Abbess and La Marguerite went on a pilgrimage to Clapham, forgot the object of their journey & returned intoxicated with fresh air. In the Evening Theodore & the Chancellor repaired to Bigrez Concert held at Sir Walker Stirling. They found it not only a crowd, it was in fact nearly as bad as a Giles' mob & not much more odorifous. Theodore was closely pressed on all sides when he

[1] *Syrup which historically was prepared from dried maidenhair fern, sugar, and orange flower water. It's not made any more. Or so says The Internet Cocktail Database. Hooray for Google. J.S.*

heard a voice cry out Mr Graham can't you move on – at the same time he was pushed forward by a hard substance and found himself in contact with a elbow of French Countess who at last effected the purpose of penetrating into the next room on entering which she was obliged to throw herself on her knees upon a chair to prevent as she said, having her legs broke by the pressure of the crowd behind – The Lord S.ts family were present 11 in number – as was Dutchess Statham Lady Lucy Vaughan – Thurlow Chancellor got away at ½ past 2 ~ THG

Approaching Event in high Life

It is with feelings of the highest satisfaction we are enabled to acquaint our readers with an event which is shortly to take place which promises the happiest results to both parties – Wm Shore Nightingale Esq.r of Yorkshire will shortly lead to the altar, the lovely accomplished Miss Fanny Smith, third Daughter of W Smith Esq.r MP. The happy Couple are expected to set out for the Continent shortly after their marriage & will return within a twelve month to take possession of Mr Shore's newly furnished mansion in Staffordshire where they will reside ~

To Invalids

Le Docteur Foie begs leave to announce to the nobility & gentry afflicted with Stomach disorders that he has discovered an invaluable secret by which he will be enabled to remove all complaints of this sort however obstinate – In a word he has invented a machine called the Patent Stomach – a machine so admirably adapted to the purpose of preventing food from disagreeing with persons that the trial will suffice to prove the merits of this admirable little machine – The patent Stomach is of an elastic substance & is attached to the body by the means of an ingenious mechanical contrivance – It is entirely concealed by an ornamental Jacket put over it – Rather serves to improve the figure by adding an agreeable embonpoint – The patient need only submit to the trifling operation of having a hole bored under his chin – from hence a small pipe conducts the food into the patent Stomach by which means the patient has all the pleasure of tasting every thing he puts into his mouth without the disagreeable consequence of the goody into his natural stomach – By this means too he need never refuse any dish at table, but can enjoy every thing and at night in

heard a voice cry out Mr Graham can't you move on ~ at the same time he was pushed forward by a hard substance and found himself in contact with a celebrated French Countess who at last effected her purpose of penetrating into the next room in entering which she was obliged to throw herself on her knees upon a chair to prevent, as she said, having her legs broke by the pressure of the Crowd behind. The Park St. family were present 11 in number ~ as was Dutchess Hadham, Lady Lucy Vaughan. Theodore & Chancellor got away at 1/2 past 2.

THG[1]

Approaching Event in high Life

It is with feelings of the highest satisfaction we are enabled to acquaint our readers with an event which is shortly to take place & which promises the happiest results to both parties. W^{m} Shore Nightingale Esq^{r} of Yorkshire will shortly lead to the altar, the lovely & accomplished Miss Fanny Smith, third Daughter of W. Smith Esq^{r} M.P. The happy couple are expected to set out for the Continent shortly after their marriage & will return within a twelve month to take possession of Mr. Shore's newly finished mansion in Herefordshire where they will reside.

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[1] *Thomas Henry Graham, or Theodore. J.S.*

going to bed an egg or two forced into the natural Stomach will be found sufficient to sustain life. The patent stomach may be had at the Warehouse price £10. 10 mounted in gold £7-7- in Silver - If ornamented with the patients arms it will be more expensive - The ornamental Jacket is to be had with it price 2 Guin.



A the Conduit Pipe
B the Body of the patent Stomach
C the ornamental Jacket

NB. The price of the operation of fixing is regulated by the toughness of the patients skin -

We congratulate the public on Dr Foies ingenious invention above inserted, but would it not be an improvement since Dr Foie thinks it practicable to have a hole perforated in the chin - to have another perforated in the lower part of the Stomach & with our improved chemical knowledge there is no doubt some substitute for gastric juice might be found to dissolve the food in the false stomach - the Chyle would then flow into the Body and perform its nutritious purposes as well as if it had passed thro' the real stomach - We merely throw out this hint for Dr Foies consideration We have heard much of his Skill -

EB

Sonnet on the return of Spring

The rain is gone, the winter fled
And flowers again appear on Earth
The Violet rears its modest head
And Zephyrs hail the rose's birth -

Each day a brighter colour glows
On grove & leaves, o'er Shrubs & trees,
Each hour beholds some leaf unclose
Some infant blossom woo the Bruze.

The song of birds in mid air floats
The untaught music of the skies
Which seems in wild melodious notes
To bid man's nobler praises rise

Hail loveliest season of the year
Emblem of hope & joy & Youth
Thy bright approach dispels our fear
And bids us trust the word of Truth

Tho' buried deep from human sight
We feel the winter of the grave
A Spring in heavenly glories bright
Shall o'er the tomb its banners wave -

CC

Advertisements

The Executors of the late Bacon Dick are earnestly requested to send an accurate account of it to the Royal Academy of the exact age & day of the

going to bed an egg or two forced into the natural Stomach will be found sufficient to sustain life. The patent stomach may be had at the Warehouse price £10.10 mounted in gold, £7.7~ in Silver. If ornamented with the patients arms & crest, it will be more expensive. The ornamental jacket is to be had with it price 2 Guineas.

A. the Conduit Pipe

B. the Body of the patent Stomach

C. the ornamental jacket

D.[1] The price of the operation of fixing is regulated by the toughness of the patients Skin.

We congratulate the public on Dr. Foies ingenious Invention above inserted, but would it not be an improvement, since Dr. Foie thinks it practicable to have a hole perforated in the chin ~ to have another perforated in the lower part of the Stomach & with our improved chemical knowledge there is no doubt some substitute for gastric juice might be found to dissolve the food in the false stomach ~ the Chyle would then flow into the Body and perform its nutritious purposes as well as if it had passed thro' the real stomach. We merely throw out this hint for Dr. Foie's consideration. We have heard much of his Skill.

Ed.

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Tho buried deep from human sight
We feel the winter of the grave
A Spring in heav'nly glories bright
Shall o'er the tomb its banners wave

EC

Advertisements

The Executors of the late Baron Dick are earnestly requested to send an accurate account to the Royal Academy of the titles age & day of the

[1] *It isn't actually a D. It looks like the Editor used a curly B instead. Strange. J.S.*

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death of the deceased in order that the Committee may proceed without delay to the completion of the bronze monument now erecting under the great dome of the Pantheon

signed Pope and Sec.y

Mrs Belby respectfully informs the public that the 1.st No.r of a Sunday Chronicle will appear on Sunday Evening next — to be published in the Drawing room at 9 o'Clock —

To Correspondents

Dramaticus No.r II in our next

Printed at the Town Press —

death of the deceased in order that the Committee may proceed without delay to the completion of the brazen movement now erecting under the great dome of the StrawSeat.

signed Rape seed Sec^{ry}

Mrs. Bilby respectfully informs the public that the 1^{st} N^{o}. of a Sunday Chronicle will appear on Sunday Evening next ~ to be published in the Drawing Room at 9 ^{o}Clock.[1]

To Correspondents

Dramaticus N^{o} 11 in our next.

Printed at the Gower Press

[1] *Ha. The competition. The Bilby Chronicle is mentioned in the odes at the end. I have no idea what happened to the Bilby Chronicle, but I bet ours won. J.S.*

XII

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

May 16 1812 — Dies Penatibus Sacrum — May 16 1812

Theresa Tidy again sits down in her turn of editorship to the family Chronicle and the occasions as before of her want of any thing but common materials, determines to lose no time in apologies, which next to "wishes, are of all employments the worst," and if not, "Philosophy's reverse and Death's decay", may at least be called Originality's reverse and wits decay. But in the first place, it is necessary to counteract the idea which has gone forth into the world, that T Tidy and Mde Mere are the same person — a report which is sufficiently refuted by the total want of neatness and order observable in the hand of the latter, at least in the apartments of her children where pocket handfs strew the ground — the tables and chairs are covered with litter, and the carriage stands at the door by the hour waiting for its fair burden — But it must be confessed that a good understanding exists between those two characters, and it is hoped that in time, the best consequences will result from their united endeavours for the advantage of the Tidmas community — To proceed with the daily occurrences of the family —

On Saturday May 9th — a party chose to dine at the Gomer Palace consisting of Mr & Mrs Bourn, Miss Potter, Capt Dwight Mr Chambers, Mr Lyston & Miss Hillmond In the evening Mrs Bourn delighted the party with a rich fund of airs — german Italian, Spanish, French & Scotch which she accompanied in the most winning and irresistible style — Quadrilles were proposed, but Mde Mere had the fortitude to resist, being Saturday night —

Sunday — Mde Mere Theodore and La Marq went to Carter Lane, Sylvia and the Abbess to St Johns Chapel and the Chancellor to Clapham — in his Tilbury — Dr Pettes dined & tea, and in the Evening the Sunday Chron made its first appearance which it is hoped will be the cause not only of pleasure but profit.

Monday — Theodore took his sisters Sylvia and La Marq to see Miss O'Neill under the auspices of the Curtis family — they were all very much interested, but fortunately for the latter, "the woes of her heart did not descend in showers from her eyes", for being deprived of the assistance of a pocket handf, what might otherwise have been her situation? One of the Curtis sympathies was so deeply overcome by her feelings as to lay her head upon the front of the box, and

XII

The Family Chronicle

May 16 1818 — Diis penatibus sacrum — May 16 1818

Theresa Tidy again sits down in her turn of editorship to the family chronicle and tho anxious as before of her want of any thing but common materials, determines to lose no time in apologies, which next to "wishes, are of all employments the worst", and if not "Philosophy's reverse and health's decay", may at least be called Originality's reverse and wit's decay. But in the first place, it is necessary to counteract the idea which has gone forth into the world, that T. Tidy and M.^{de} Mere are the same person ~ a report which is sufficiently refuted by the total want of neatness and order observable in the house of the latter, at least in the apartments of her children where pocket handfs strew the ground ~ the tables and chairs are covered with litter, and the carriage stands at the door by the hour waiting for its fair burden.

But it must be confessed that a good understanding exists between these two characters, and it is hoped that in time, the best consequences will result from their united endeavours for the advantage of the Timea community.

To proceed with the daily occurrences of the family.

On Saturday May 9th ~ a partie choisi dined at the Gower Palace consisting of Mr & Mrs. [??], Miss Trotter, Capt Inglis, Mr Chambers, Mr Eyston & Miss Hullmandel. In the evening Mrs. [??] delighted the party with a rich fund of airs ~ German, Italian, Spanish, French & Scotch which she accompanied in the most winning and irresistible style. Quadrilles were proposed, but M.^{de} Mere had the fortitude to resist, being Saturday Night.

Sunday ~ M.^{de} Mere, Theodore and La Marg^{te} went to Caster Lane, Sylvia and the Abbess to St. John's Chapel and the Chancellor to Clapham in his Tilbury. Dr. Pett[?] drank tea, and in the Evening the Sunday Chron made its first appearance which it is hoped will be the cause not only of pleasure but profit.

Monday ~ Theodore took his sisters Sylvia and La Marg^{te} to see Miss O'Neill under the auspices of the Curties family. They were all very much interested, but fortunately for the latter, "The woes of her heart did not descend in showers from her eyes", for being divested of the furniture of a pocket handf, what might otherwise have been her situation? One of the Curties nymphs was so deeply overcome by her feelings as to lay her head upon the front of the box, and

by its contact with the end of the turban to immerse it in the tearful flood. It has been therefore suggested to the Proprietors of the Theatre, that a provision of Lachrymatories should be made to collect the precious tears* shed by the fair spectators of the sublime O'Neill, and ranged on a shelf at the back of the box.

Tuesday — Mde Stere Sylvia & the Chancr went to a quadrille party at Mrs Alcock's, which was rather dull till ½ past 10, when the crowd commenced, and the latter danced one quadrille. The party afterwards proceeded to Lady Sheffield's apartments, which tho' small, were very gay, well lighted and well filled. Sylvia danced one quadrille with Chas. Thomas and looked divinely. Mde Stere was dressed in a white crape tunic trimmed with a beautiful convolvulus border of chenilles, worked by the interesting Abbess — Theodore made his appearance late after visiting the British Gallery.

Wednesday — Two of the Curtius nymphs dined at the Palace.

Thursday — Sylvia and the Abbess went to Percy chapel to hear the Bishop of Gloucester preach —

Friday — Mde Stere Sylvia & Theodore attended the party of the Countess Rosina, when there was a promenade interspersed with music of Bertini, Sigr Sor — the latter danced a sarabande accompanied by the guitar. The party was select and pleasant. Sylvia delighted the auditors —

On Saturday took place at Mrs Lagrenée's the performance of Don Giovanni which will be noticed in our next —

An alarming Report has been in current within these two days that one of the Sirena family has seceded from the number of contributors to the Chronicle, and the Stocks have fallen 10 p. Cent upon the intelligence of this melancholy event, for which sound reasons have been assigned. Some have asserted, that he is returning to the Continent, others that he has been speculating in the Lottery and lost immense sums — while a third class of politicians ascribe his distraction of mind, to being cruelly jilted by the unexpected news of the marriage of Fanny Smith — give some colour but in the opinion of the most clear-headed judges, it is to be considered only as a "weak invention of the enemy" in order to bring into discredit an establishment which is rising to such a height of popularity as to throw all

* These tears are afterwards to be analyzed by the first Chymists of the age and it is supposed will be found to contain many important discoveries in the Science of Magnetism and it is supposed will

by its contact with the end of the turban to immerse it in the tearful flood. It has been therefore suggested to the Proprietors of the Theatre, that a provision of lachrymatories should be made to collect the precious tears* shed by the fair spectators of the sublime O'Neil, and ranged on a shelf at the back of the box.

Tuesday ~ M.^{de} Mere, Sylvia & the Chanc^{lor} went to a quadrille party at Mrs. Alcocks, which was rather sombre till 1/2 past 10, when the crowd commenced, and the latter danced one quadrille. The party afterwards proceeded to Lady Sheffield's apartments, which tho' small, were very gay well lighted and well filled. Sylvia danced one quadrille with Cha^{s} Thomas and looked divinely. M.^{de} Mere was dressed in a white broglio trimmed with a beautiful convolvulus border of chenilles, worked by the interesting Abbess. Theodore made his appearance later after visiting the British Gallery.

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Friday. M.^{de} Mere, Sylvia & Theodore attended the party of La Countessa [??], where there was a promenade interspersed with music of [??]. Signor & Sig.^{na} [??] the latter danced a sarabande accompanied by the guitar. The party was select and pleasant. Sylvia delighted the auditors.

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An alarming Report

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periodical predecessors into oblivion — We therefore give no trust to a report so degrading to a family hitherto renowned for its harmony, and consider it as a scandalous fabrication.

We have just received from a valuable Correspondent the following Notice.

"It is with great concern we state the following facts — Yesterday between 2 and 3 o'clock two elegantly dressed females were observed walking in the most private part of the Regent's Park with only one footman in attendance — presently another female was seen galloping beside them — on horseback — now riding forward as if in expectation of somebody, and returning still alone. This continued some time, when the Archduchess N. who was airing that way came up, and to her astonishment discovered the Princess A — a and Miss E — e walking, and the lady on horseback Princess E — a. They seemed very much confused, and the fair Miss — te never opened her lips, but looked pale and distressed — A third to cause — being found without more attendants, and E — e blushed and said she was riding for health — So the Archduchess finding there was some mystery drove on, and about a mile further met the Duke of D — s travelling carriage and four waiting behind a grove of trees suspecting something wrong. The Archduchess returned to see what had become of the Princesses and found them all gone — presently a fine and very fine coloured some accident, as a valuable shawl and plume of feathers were seen floating in the river, and a horse with a side saddle feeding quietly beside it. It was concluded the lady was drowned and they were dragging the water when we came away — but the travelling carriage had disappeared, and we trust the fair lady is floating towards Gretna Green (Adv.)

Mysterious Circumstance

The late important disputes in the Cabinet have given rise to a story which (whether founded on truth or not) we give to our readers. It is said that a secret printing press has been established under ground, and that a body of subterraneous printers are employed there every Thursday at midnight on a new paper the name of which yet remains in obscurity — One of the tenets of this extraordinary people is that the Morning Chronicle is no more, and

periodical predecessors into oblivion. We therefore give no trust to a report so degrading to a family hitherto renowned for its harmony, and consider it as a scandalous fabrication.

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they have therefore established an authority of their own and publish an official gazette. It is said to be of great excellence but the leaders of the Anti-faction having made preparations to suppress it, it has never been read above ground — a blue flame is now and then seen to issue from the mouth of the cavern, and a puff of smoke rises every Saturday at the hour when the Family Chronicle is published. —

Correspondence

"Friendship like love is but a name
Unless to one you stint the flame"

The sacred cause of friendship and the guardianship of its sanctities and delicacies, demands all possible jealousy in those who profess to cater the living manners as they rise". It is therefore necessary to call your attention Mr. Editor to the levelling system which at present prevails in the indiscriminate administration of one of its sacred rites, viz. a hearty shake by the hand. I do not mean to confine my motto to a literal application, but it will be allowed that this delicious emanation of heart was in days of yore confined to those who if not bound by the ties of blood or strict friendship were at least old acquaintance. It was also occasionally adopted as an expression of felicitation upon any interesting event either public or private. At the present moment it is become so universal as to be thought an indispensible mode of salutation even upon the very first interview, and the omission would give room for an imputation of shyness or hauteur which in John Bull's character are qualities hard to distinguish. To enumerate therefore the inconveniences of this indiscriminate application of the ready hand, I must observe in the first place, that it may possibly expose you to a cold return and a non-responsive touch from a distasteful subject, but in the second place the touches sometimes so over-response as to overwhelm you with pain by its violence, especially if you are encumbered with a diamond hoop ring which crushes the very bones of your fingers — Thirdly it is still more felt when your hand has by some accident become tender. A lady† once received my graceful salutation at the tip of her little finger and upon observing my surprize told me that being subject to the gout, and having suffered upwards of a month the usual attacks of an unwelcome friend with a long train of [illegible]

†Her grace, the Duchess of Kirkdale

they have therefore established an authority of their own and publish an official gazette. It is said to be of great excellence but the leader of the Timea faction having made preparations to suppress it, it has never been read above ground. A blue flame is now and then seen to issue from the mouth of the cavern, and a puff of smoke rises every Saturday at the hour when the Family Chronicle is published.

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*Her grace, the Duchess of Kirkstall

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Sweet

the hack invented this expedient to spare the tender portion of the frame by deputing one of its meanest servants to do the honours of its superior. Possibly the touch of patronage to modest merit sometimes calls forth the effects of its manoeuvre shorten thro' the pores of the skin which either sticks to yours, or soils the delicacy of your glove. In these days of promiscuous enthusiasm, a schoolboy thinks it his duty to hold forth his honest fist for a shake, and even the cottager you visit is anxious to express his gratitude by contact. Nay, Monarchs have been subject to the same law, as was witnessed in the good natured Emperor Alexander who was condemned to endure the friendly touch of the Mob and exhibited the effect in the dingy colour of his hands. Now, Mr. Editor in order to preserve the dignity of real friendship inviolate I would offer premium to the artist who should construct a Thermometer to ascertain the state of responsive feeling in the approaching parties, and regulate the external expression from the bow of civility, the nod of familiarity, the smile of good nature the gentle squeeze or hearty shake by the hand of an old acquaintance or intimate friend; till you ascend to the union of minds and the kiss of mutual affection. Or in other words, "let hand and heart be prepared to go together." I am Madam Yours &c Philo sincerior

Advertisements

Mad^me Melpomene begs to inform the boxes, pit, and tragedy frequenters in genral that she has just had a large assortment of tragic=matonies imported from Rome, and she hopes that on trial they will give satisfaction and be substituted in the place of cambric pocket handfs. She has now in her possession a particularly elegant one formerly belonging to Agrippina which she carried at the funeral of Germanicus, and a very handsome second hand one lately in the possession of the crying Philosopher. Besides an extensive collection the property of some ancient Roman Matrons. They are now indispensible to every Lady

she had invented this expedient to spare this tender portion of her frame by deputing one of its meanest servants to do the honours of its superiors. Fourthly, the touch of patronage to modest merit sometimes calls forth the effects of its mauvaise honte thro' the pores of the skin which either sticks to yours, or soils the delicacy of your glove. In these days of tremulous enthusiasm, a schoolboy thinks it his duty to hold forth his honest fist for a shake, and even the cottager you visit is anxious to express his gratitude by contact. Nay, Monarchs have been subject to the same law, as was witnessed in the goodnatured Emp^{r} Alexander who was condemned to endure the friendly touch of the [??] and exhibited the effect in the dingy colour of his hands. Now, Mrs. Editor, in order to preserve the dignity of real friendship inviolate I would offer a premium to the artist who should construct a thermometer to ascertain the state of responsive feeling in the approaching parties, and regulate the external expression from the bow of civility, the nod of familiarity, the smile of good nature, the gentle squeeze or hearty shake by the hand of an old acquaintance or intimate friend, 'till you ascend to the union of minds and the kiss of mutual affection. Or in other words, "let hand and heart be purposed to go together". I am

Madam

Yours &c

Philo sinceritas

Advertisements

Mad^{me} Melpomine begs to inform the boxes, pit, and tragedy frequenters in general that she has just had a large assortment of lachrymatronics imported from Rome, and she hopes that on trial they will give satisfaction and be substituted in the place of cambric pocket handfs. She has now in her possession a peculiarly elegant one formerly belonging to Agrippina which she carried at the funeral of Germanicus, and a very handsome second hand one lately in the possession of the crying Philosopher. Besides an extensive collection the property of some ancient Roman matrons. They are now indispensable to any lady

of fashion of tender feelings, and must constantly accompany her fan and opera glass. Mr. Melpomene has also had some manufactured for the use of ladies just come up from the country, with the following directions inscribed in gold letters

Actors	Spectators
In a swoon	Give a tear
A groan	A convulsive start
A slight stab	6 tears with an interjection
A mortal stab	An hysteric fit

The catastrophe to be wound up with a fainting fit

N.B. Some with a secret spring discover a little bottle of garland to apply to the eyes

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Rainbow and Co respectfully inform the Nobility and gentry that they have manufactured an extensive assortment of silks in patterns and colours suggested by the Kaleidoscope. No longer will it be necessary to fatigue the eye with looking thro a tube or the hand with supporting it since this magnificent assemblage of forms and colours will be displayed in their endless variety throughout

the palaces and pillars of the British Empire which will henceforth shine with the lustre described in the tale of Lallah Rookh, while their fair inhabitants will be clothed in drapery still more resplendent than that of those Eastern climes. When this is considered the price of 10 Guineas a yard will appear a mere trifle. Turbans may be had as low as 95 guineas each. The introduction of this astonishing manufactory is most happily timed at the celebration of the royal marriages, and so great is expected to be the press of carriages at the door, that Officers will be stationed to prevent confusion

This magnificent building in Waterloo Place is distinguished by a massive Kaleidoscope placed upon the top of a triumphal Arch

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Printed at the Tower Press

of fashion of tender feelings, and must constantly accompany her fan and opera glass. Mrs. Melpomine has also had some manufactured for the use of ladies just come up from the country, with the following directions inscribed in gold letters.

Actors	Spectators
For a scream	Give a tear
A groan	A convulsive attack
A light stab	6 tears with an interjection
A mortal stab	An hysteric fit.

The catastrophe to be wound up with a fainting fit.

N.B. Some with a secret spring disclose a little bottle of [??] to apply to the eyes.

Rainbow and Co respectfully inform the Nobility and gentry that they have manufactured an extensive assortment of silks in patterns and colours suggested by the Kaliedoscope. No longer will it be necessary to fatigue the eye with looking thro' a tube or the hand with supporting it since this magnificent assemblage of forms and colours will be displayed in their endless variety throughout the palaces and villas of the British Empire which will henceforth shine with the lustre described in the tale of Lallap Rook, while their fair inhabitants will be clothed in drapery still more resplendent than that of those Eastern divinities. When this is considered, the price of 10 guineas a yard will appear a mere trifle. Turbans may be had as low as 95 guineas each. The introduction of this astonishing manufactory is most happily timed at the celebration of the royal marriages, and so great is expected to be the press of carriages at the door that officers will be stationed to prevent confusion. This magnificent building in Waterloo Place is distinguished by a massive Kaliedoscope placed upon the top of a triumphal Arch.

Printed at the Gower Press

N°. XIII

Family Chronicle

Diis Penatibus Sacrum.

Gosser Street May 22. 1818

A vile report has reached all ears of the Town that the Editor of the Family Chronicle had this morning put an end to his existence — The report was this that on looking in the box on the last morning of the week he found it completely empty — On knocking at his own brain that likewise sounded quite vacant, and that after looking for half an hour at his sheet of blank paper, he could endure his agony no longer & committed suicide — We need not say that this story was raised by the author of the subterranean chronicle What it is quite false — The Editor is in excellent spirits, but having received news that his poet is gone to raise his imagination in the country for some time — that his antiquarian has been buried in a heap of rubbish and his reporter of recent occurrences smothered in a Crowd, he must solicit the indulgence of the public under these circumstances —

Mr Punster offered to make some Jokes for him, but fearing the punishment of a horse laugh, he steadily declined the offer — Having however no better secretary in hand he employed them in sketching out some of the articles — He now solicits the indulgence of the public for the following smatter of fact —

Saturday 16th Musical amateurs had a superlative treat at the house of the Signor Cazanova in Broad Street. Don Giovanni was performed and after Theodore had exhausted himself by the strength of his emotions, he fell into a profound sleep till the Company departed —

Sunday — The Sunday Chronicle met with very respectable approbation —

Monday — Concert at La Signora Greggi's —

Tuesday. The Abbess de Clugny made a party of young friends to hear her favorite preacher the eloquent Dr Collyer — at the Shakespeare Walk meeting House — They returned late in the day — In passing thro' the precincts of the city, such a noise was heard from the barge as overpowered the rattling of the Cars — The Lord Mayor had the barge stopped, and shocking to relate, Sylvia & two of the Misses Cutlers were found to have been the cause of the Row — They were found to have battled incessantly from the time they left the place of worship till getting violently interested on their subject their tones rose to recitative & interrupted the business — their dispute was that they were describing each others characters — The Lord mayor dismissed them on promise of good behaviour chiefly on the plea of their being of the female Sex — A great Crowd was collected —

The abbess & Lamarguerite went to the Theatre in the Evening with the Cutlers to see Rob Roy a most brilliant spectacle —

Wednesday Lamarguerite went to the Bolton palace to have a confidential Interview with the friend of the heart Elizabeth They flew into each others arms Vociferating

XIII

Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

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The Abbess & La Marguerite went to the Theatre in the Evening with the Curteis's to see Rob Roy a most brilliant spectacle.

Wednesday. La Marguerite went to the Bolton palace to have a confidential Interview with the friend of her heart, Elizabeth. They flew into each other's arms & exclaimed

what volumes have I got to tell you!
The genius of romance however forbook things
and Morphides taking possession of their faculties
they fell fast asleep on different Sofas.
Thursday - Madame Mew & the elder branches
of her family joined the party of Milady Astley
& the ball of Mrs Coote - Theodora still refuses
to join the Dances - but the Queen being gracious
& it is supposed to have thrown a temporary
gloom over her spirits - The Editor closes
the account of the week by stating
that Emilia is recovering her health and
strength under the care of Mr Pearson -

Authentic Specimen of Conversations at Routs

We introduce to our readers the following
curious documents which we assure them
are positively authentic - a Correspondent of
ours being unfortunately obliged to hear
what dropped from the lips of her neighbours
at the parties she has frequented transmitted
them to us as natural Curiosities - Any reader
may be satisfactorily assured of their veracity
by applying to the Editor.

I
Beauishness -

Miss Upstart - Pray Ma'am do I
look very red in the face -
Chaperon - No my dear - but I am ready
to go if you are tired
Miss U - No I must stay to the end
(In the meanwhile the young Lady spies a Beau of
her acquaintance seating himself at a little
distance) Pray Ma'am let us move that way
The Chaperon however does not comply and
begins accordingly to speak to the Beau in question
while her niece looks up to the ceiling with
a contemptuous smile at the uninteresting
nature of her Aunt's Conversation -

2d
Early Genius

1st Chaperon - That is a monstrous clever
child only 4 years old - The other day I
gave her a few drops of wine which made
her tipsy & she went to her papa and said
Papa I'm so sleepy - So says he "ah my
little dear your aunt has made you tipsy"
Chorus of Chaperons - Ah ah ah how funny
1st Chaperon - One day I saw her tying a bow
of blue ribband on her head like a Turban
So I said you should tie it like Aunts with
a bow and an end behind the right ear
and off she went to play - Well Mary
says I - come & shew me your Turban -
"Yes Aunt says she I'm coming I'm here
"going tho - " says she with an arch look
to her mother - Chorus what a delightful
clever little creature!! and she's only
4 years old -

3d
Flirting
Tutor & Harry

Har - What's that young Lady doing in
the Corner? She's turning her Back to all
the Company & seems engaged with one
Gentleman -
Tutor - Yes, she is settling her cap at him
Har - But why does she not listen to
that beautiful Song?
Tu - Because she infinitely prefers flirting
Har - There's another young Lady flying from
the music room into a crowded Corner
she can see nothing -

what volumes have I got to tell you! The genius of romance however forsook them, and Morpheus taking possession of their faculties they fell fast asleep on different Sofas.

Thursday. Madame Mere & the elder branches of her family joined the party of Miladi Astley at the ball of Mrs. Cooke. Theodore still refuses to join the Dancers ~ but the Queen being now ill is supposed to have thrown a temporary gloom over his spirits. The Editor closes the account of the week by stating that Emilia is recovering her health and strength under the care of Mr. Pearson.

Authentic Specimen of Conversations at Routs

We introduce to our readers the following curious documents which we assure them are positively authentic. A correspondent of ours being unfortunately obliged to hear what dropped from the lips of her neighbours at the parties she has frequented transmitted them to us as natural Curiosities. Any reader may be satisfactorily assured of their veracity by applying to the Editor.

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Miss Upstart - Pray Ma'am do I look very red in the face.

Chaperon ~ No my dear, but I am ready to go if you are tired.

Miss U ~ No I must stay to the end (meanwhile the young Lady spies a Beau of her acquaintance seating himself at a little distance). Pray Ma'am let us move that way.

The Chaperon however does not comply and leans across to speak to the beau in question while her neice[sic] looks up to the cieling[sic] with a contemptuous smile at the uninteresting nature of her Aunt's Conversation.

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Chorus of Chaperons - Ah ah ah how funny.

1st Chaperon. One day I saw her tying a bit of blue ribband on her head like a Turban. So I said you should tie it like Aunt's, in a bow and an end behind the right ear, and off she went to play. Well Mary says I, come & shew your Turban. "Yes Aunt says she I'm coming. I'm not going tho" says she with an arch Look to her mother. Chorus, what a delightfully clever little creature!! and she's only 4 years old.

3d
Flirting
Tutor & Harry

Har. What's that young Lady doing in the Corner? She's turning her Back to all the Company & seems engaged with one Gentleman.

Tutor. Yes, she is setting her cap at him.

Har. But why does she not listen to that beautiful song?

Tu. Because she infinitely prefers flirting.

Har. There's another young lady flying from the music room into a crowded corner where she can see nothing

Julia — She leaves her mother's side and flies from the sound of music and of female voices to get in exchange a distinguished place in the haunt of beauty — Ey

Fashions for June —

For Ladies — Setting Caps to be exploded. Manners à l'abbesse to be substituted for those à l'Amazone — Blushes again to come into fashion, and the inside of the head to be more furnished than last month — Ladies not to take the lead in conversation with gentlemen quite so much as they have hitherto done — but to support it properly —

For Gentlemen — Their manners to be regulated by those of the Ladies — and consequently to make the agreeable more than they have lately done — Indolence quite exploded — It will not now be unfashionable to have strength sufficient for every quadrille — Every blazing tie to be laid aside. Sleeping quite out of vogue and quizzing to be abolished both for Ladies & Gentlemen —

Advertisements

Dr Gruelle solicits the patronage of all those afflicted by bilious disorders to which he has long directed his attention — He constantly presides at the dinners of his patients which are to consist of a dry hard material — the only aliment he ever allows of composed chiefly of flour & Water. His patients have not that dreadful red colour in their Cheeks which is usually mistaken for health, but by their wholesome paleness and exquisite thinness of Limb shew how excellent is the state of their Stomach — They are not allowed to speak for half an hour after they have eaten — another half hour must elapse before they may attend to any Conversation and it is very seldom indeed that they may be permitted to laugh — Indeed a pun has often cracked all his remedies and a Jeu d'Esprit has not unfrequently conducted a patient to the Tomb —

100 Pall Mall The sign of the Skeleton

M. de Mere finds it necessary thro' the medium of this paper to remind her augrist progeny of those maxims of order which are at the foundation of humanity itself which have been taken up with so much eagerness by a discerning & suffering public — Mad.me Mere has therefore thought it necessary to observe that when the State Barge is commissioned to attend the family to balls, it is under orders to return at the precise hour fixed by mutual Consent whether the party be ready to retire or not — Sylvia is always ready and is hereby ordered never to wait for her two chaperons who she minds even less than most of the spirits of the age are not absolutely invulnerable to natural Errors —

State of the Market

Sugars continue to be very plentiful — but the Sugar Barons is principally engrossed by Teresa Tidy — a good deal

Tutor. She leaves her mother's side and flies from the sound of music and of female voices to get in exchange a distinguished place in the haunt of beaux.

JG

Fashions for June

For Ladies ~ Setting Caps to be exploded. Manners à l'Abbess to be substituted for those à l'Amazon. Blushes again to come into fashion, and the inside of the head to be more furnished than last month. Ladies not to take the lead in conversation with gentlemen quite so much as they have hitherto done ~ but to support it properly.

For Gentlemen. Their manners to be regulated by those of the Ladies ~ and consequently to make the agreeable more than they have lately done. Indolence quite exploded. It will not now be unfashionable to have strength sufficient for every quadrille. Every slaing term to be laid aside. Sleepiness quite out of vogue and quizzing to be abolished both for Ladies & Gentlemen.

EG

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State of the Market

Sugars continue to be very plentiful, but the Sugar business is principally engrossed by Teresa Tidy. A good deal

however comes into the Locusta Port
Wit very scarce, the market was in
a hum drum state the whole of the week
and indeed we think it will continue so
till traders just into some Country port
to repair their vessels after the whirlpool
they have been tossed about in, in London

Stocks fell very much on the intelligence that only one sheet of the Family Chronicle came out last week

We were in a state of utter despair our men refused to work at the press any longer, predicting that such an empty Paper could not sell, when the Attic sent us an Express desiring us immediately to print off

Ode to — Vana Esq^r

1

away with pain & Sickness dire
With cheerful notes I tune my Lyre
Once more to health & Glee
But Gratitude inspire my song
And let it dance to the belong
Receive a Wreath from me —

2

Long had my wasted form & face
Proclaimed that I was quite — a case
My arms soft grace destroyed
at breakfast — dinner — more able
To taste the dainties of the Table
I eat not — or enjoyed

3

When was thy fame Pillbolic
And Gardner — when I sought to know
The cause of my sad plight
The one prescribed electric fire
The other bid my arm perspire
In flannels warm at night —

4

But see the conquering genius comes
And soon by pressure of his thumbs
Guesses my malady
I quaff his draft of magic power
And e'en the clock has marked an hour
All my Disorders fly

5

My Cheeks pound rose & lily sour
Blossom again by Vance's care
Blooming as when at Hull
Those days when at Miss Dalton's School
I traced King Pharaohs face by rule
And Josephs form in Wool

however comes into the Locuta Port.

Wit very scarce. The market was in a hum drum state the whole of the week and indeed we think it will continue so till traders put into some Country port to repair their vessels after the whirlpool they have been tossed about in, in London.

Stocks fell very much on the intelligence that only one sheet of the Family Chronicle came out last week.

We were in a state of utter despair, our men refused to work at the press any longer, predicting that such an empty Paper could not sell, when the Abbess sent us an Express desiring us immediately to print off

Ode to – Vance Esq^{r}

1

Away with pain & Sickness dire
With chearful notes I tune my Lyre
Once more to health & Glee
But Gratitude inspire my song
And let it Vance to thee belong
Receive a Wreath from me

2

Long had my wasted form & face
Proclaimed that I was quite -- a case
My arm's soft grace destroyed
At breakfast - dinner - never able
To taste the dainties of the Table
I eat not - or enjoyed.

3

Where was thy fame Pillbolio
And Gardner - when I sought to know
The cause of my sad plight
The one prescribed electric fire
The other bid my arm perspire
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Those days when at Miss Dalton's School
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6th

Oh Vanu! altho' no beauty grace
Thy form or sparkle in thy face
Ascend an exalted throne —
For thou hast conjured back the charm
That gilding once my face, my arm
I thought for ever flown —!

Abbess de Clugny
May 22 1818
EG

Another piece of Poetry is come to the Press which the Editor hastens to insert

Poet

Ascend O Muse I ask thy fire
Give swiftness to my fancys wing
And oh! some brilliant theme inspire
Fit for aspiring bard to sing —

Muse

Vain fool! can the Muses dwell
In London? under fashion's sway
Think'st thou that they can tune their shell
While her Caprice they must obey?

For no — the god of common place
In pomp sublime here holds his station
And sentiment laughed out of face
Is called absurd exaggeration —

2d Sheet of XIII

Here nonsense rules with Leon sway
Weak mortals who once valuing sense
Bow to the manners of the day
And become fashionably dense —

Perhaps you may discern here
Some brains with a poetic spark
But the o'erpowering atmosphere
Ne'er fails to put them in the dark

Now to a modern Demoiselle
Pray put the question what is taste?
She'll say to hang one's flounces well
And have one's Turban rightly placed —
the various folds well plaited

Oh splendid specimens of art
Boy genius' child, can please the fair
Or raise such rapture in her heart
As structures of the Milliner.

Not Carlo Dolci's warmest tints
Can ever in her mind surpass
The white and red we see imprints
On the smooth surface of a glass.

What does she call the flow of soul
And what to her is reason's feast
'Tis when her words on trifles roll
From sense — consistency released

6

Oh Vance! altho' no beauty grace
Thy form or sparkle in thy face
Ascend an exalted throne
For thou hast conjured back the charm
That gilding once my face, my arm
I thought for ever flown!

Abbess de Clugny
May 22 1818
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The white and red each morn imprints
On the smooth surface of her glass

What does she call the flow of soul
And what to her is season's feast
Tis when her words on trifles roll
From sense -- consistency released

[1] *Not sure who wrote this poem. It's certainly about Emily, but maybe she wrote it too. Or she's pretending to write it about the Abbess? It's all a bit confusing. J.S.*

86

In golden days of Greece and Rome
Far different from the present time
When sages gave ~~them~~ a full discourse
Their converse was on things sublime

Adieu then — but expect me still
When far from London's noisy strife
Sweet Summer's breath from hill & dale
Shall fan thee once more into life

Great St. May 22.

In golden days of Greece and Rome
Far different from the present time
When sages gave a full At Home
Their converse was on things sublime

Adieu then -- but expect me still
When far from London's noisy strife
Sweet Summer's breath from hill & dale
Shall fan thee once more into life

Grub St. May 22[1]

[1] *Grub St.? Very strange. I suspect this is actually an abbreviation, or maybe nickname, for Gower St., as nothing else makes much sense. J.S.*

XIV

Family Chronicle

May 30 — *Diis Penatibus sacrum* — 1818

We cannot but express our dismay at receiving so little correspondence this week. We know not to what cause to attribute this seeming indolence whether to the inflammations & fevers occasioned by the agitation of a grand review, or to the agitations & anxieties caused by the prospect of arranging a fete champetre, and the rebel and giddiness that the various & contradictory plans of marquees and tea gardens Ices and pines, gateaux mouillés & Champagne must occasion in the best regulated minds — We must however beg to caution our young readers against indulging too freely in such reveries as the most fatal consequences may ensue —

Family Diary

Sat. 23 Theodore conducted his Sisters Sylvia & Marguerite with the Abbess to the Exhibition at Somerset House where they were highly amused for three hours. The Bishop of Gloucester's portrait was the chief attraction to the abbess as that of the Regent was to Theodore — While Sylvia surveyed with a painters Eye the landscapes of Glover & Turner, Lamarguerite & the Chancellors chief delight was to find out absurdities & defects in the unfortunate pictures they cast their satirizing Eyes upon — Theodore & his Sisters then proceeded to the park and called at Mr W. Smiths. These Gateries so overcame Sylvia that she was unable to join the party who went to dine at Sir Jas Graham's Portland place —

Sunday the Family proceeded to the respective places of Worship —

Monday — The venerable mother of the Abbess spent a most happy day with her kind friends at the Gower palace who took her before dinner to see the British gallery where the celestial figure of the Virgin by Guido was the chief object of their admiration —

In the Evening Mad^me Alice & Sylvia went to the Philharmonic Concert & Lyst Theodore in the absence of his Sister Emilia (who from having a cold was obliged to retire early) to do the honors to Donna Clugni which he did in the most graceful & affable manner shewing his magnificent Cabinet of classical treasures to her inspection — Her Country friends Donnas Brown & Chapman called in the Evening & participated in his elegant & kind attentions —

Tuesday was a Gala Day for the young people of the Gower palace — At nine o'clock a superb Barouche and four drove up to the gates — Theodore Sylvia & Lamarguerite instantly got in & were conveyed to the Bolton palace where the Marchioness Custeis & two of her lovely daughters the Ladies Caroline & Anna joined the party — The Carriage then proceeded to Hounslow Heath where the Marquis of Anglesea reviewed the Guards before the Regent & the Prince of Hesse Homburg — Our youthful friends added much to the brilliancy of the Scene particularly from the circumstance

XIV

Family Chronicle

May 30 *Diis penatibus sacrum* *1818*

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In the Evening Mad^{me} Mere & Sylvia went to the Philharmonic Concert & left Theodore in the absence of his Sister Emilia (who from having a cold was obliged to retire early) to do the honors to Donna Clugni which he did in the most graceful & affable manner opening his magnificent Cabinet of Classical treasures to her inspection. Her Country friends Donnas Brown & Chapman called in the Evening & participated in his elegant & kind attentions.

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[1] *Their uncle. See the Preface, page 11 J.S.*

of Theodore's wearing the celebrated purple vest presented to him by the Pope when he was in Italy – They arrived at the palace in time to join the select party at dinner consisting of the amiable Venerable Mrs Roberts the noble family of Shaw just returned from Paris, Capt. & Mrs Langley &c &c We regret to state that Emilia's cold prevented her from paying her devoirs to her illustrious relations –

Wednesday was a day of Rest to the fatigued members of the family – In the evening Theodore appeared at Mr Alcocks musical fete –

Thursday. Sylvia & the Abbess called on Sir Hew & Lady Ross who arrived in Town the day before, & were introduced to their infant Son – Mad.lle Sylvia & Theodore dined at the Casa nova palace at Highbury while the quartette at home enjoyed a very sociable Evening – The Brothers afterwards met at Mr Alcocks Concert at Lady Liddels –

Friday – The Ladies Ross & Casa Nova called at the palace in the morning – Sylvia & her two brothers dined with a select party at the Bolton palace, which was thrown open in the Evening to all the beauty and haut Ton in the Town – Part of the brilliant suite of drawing rooms was devoted to dancing: but no intreaties of the noble hostess could prevail upon Theodore to display his Parisian steps in the graceful quadrille in which Sylvia & the Chancellor were as usual distinguished Leaders –

We are happy to say Emilia's Cold was so much diminished as to allow her to ride out in the morning on her favorite pony –

Pretended Grand Fete

fete given in honor of the King's birth day

We have heard so many different reports concerning this grand fete to be given by Theodore in honor of his august master's birth day, that we know not which to credit The Stocks have been fluctuating considerably One account states that it will be an imperial dejeuné and this was the cause of the imperial annuities rising so rapidly – The next account gave out a dejeuné à la fourchette, and the reduced annuities then experienced a similar rise – A third positively asserted that it was to be a Harlequinade and thereupon Exchequer Bills fetched a prodigious price – The present report is that it is to be plain cold dinner of solid Beef & solid Ham which accounts for the present high price of Consols – One thing is certain that Theodore (for he takes the additional title of Imperial) will appear in his imperial purple robe to the gratification of thousands who had not the means of seeing it at the late review – We have from good authority that Tea will be laughed in great profusion to prevent inflammatory complaints which are often caused by their fashionable potions – The State fete is ordered to hold back in readiness – it is said she will write a mock ode on the occasion –

Tickets are to be had for single Ladies only at Hookham's and other respectable booksellers –

We are desired expressly to contradict a statement gone abroad with respect to this fete, being given at an Abbey

of Theodore's wearing the celebrated purple vest presented to him by the Pope when he was in Italy. They arrived at the palace in time to join the select party at dinner consisting of the amiable & venerable Mrs. Roberts, the noble family of Shaw just returned from Paris, Capt^{n} & Miss Longley &c &c. We regret to state that Emilia's cold prevented her from paying her devoirs to her illustrious relations.

Wednesday was a day of Rest to the fatigued members of the family. In the evening Theodore appeared at Mrs. Alcocks musical fete.

Thursday. Sylvia & the Abbess called on Sir Hew & Lady Ross[1] who arrived in Town, the day before, & were introduced to their infant Son. Mad^{e} Mere Sylvia & Theodore dined at the Casa nova palace at Highbury while the quartet at home enjoyed a very sociable Evening. The Brothers afterwards met at Naldi's Concert at Lady Liddels.

Friday. The Ladies Ross & Casa Nova called at the palace in the morning. Sylvia & the two brothers dined with a select party at the Bolton palace, which was thrown open in the Evening to all the beauty and haut Ton in the Town. Part of the brilliant suite of drawing rooms was divided to dancing: but no intreaties of the noble hostess could prevail upon Theodore to display his Parisian steps in the graceful quadrille in which Sylvia & the Chancellor were as usual distinguished Leaders.

We are happy to say Emilia's Cold was so much diminished as to allow her to ride out in the morning on her favorite pony.

Pretended Grand Fête
To be given in honour of the King's birthday

We have heard so many different reports concerning this grand fete to be given by Theodore in honour of his august master's birth day, that we know not which to credit. The Stocks have been fluctuating considerably. One account states that it will be an inspired déjeuné and this was the cause of the imperial annuities rising so rapidly. The next account gave out a déjeunér à la paysanne, and the reduced annuities then experienced a similar rise.

A third positively asserted that it was to be a Harlequiniade and thereupon Exchange Bills fetched a prodigious price. The present report is that it is to be plain cold dinner of solid veal & solid Ham which accounts for the present high price of Consols. One thing is certain that Theodoret (for he took the additional title of T final) will appear in his imperial purple robe to the gratification of thousands who had not the means of seeing it at the late review. We learn from good authority that Ice will be lavished in great profusion to prevent inflammatory complaints which are often caused by these fashionable picnics. The State fool is ordered to hold herself in readiness ~ it is said she will recite a mock ode on the occasion.

Tickets are to be had for single ladies only at Hookhan's and other respectable booksellers.

We are desired expressly to contradict a statement gone abroad with respect to this fete, being given at an alehouse

[1] *Relatives from Cumberland. Lady Ross was the cousin of the Timeans. More detail is given in the footnote to XXXVIII/4. J.S.*

at Hampstead — Such a thing is in contemplation — the place thought of which perhaps gave rise to this slanderous report is Paul Hermitage, a requested spot at least 2 yards out of the high road — "Paul Hermitage the seat of the ancient duke of Paul and now the property of Lord Beauty ball commands the most extensive and varied views — vide Grose's antiquities" JG

We know the pleasure to inform our readers that a fifth edition of that invaluable work the 18 maxims of neatness & order is now in the press and we have been told that it contains some additional instructions to young people — From the extensive circulation of this work we look forward to the most important improvements in the manners & habits of our youth & have no doubt the time will arrive when an untidy Drawer or a young lady not ready dressed for a party when the carriage arrives at the door, will be regarded with horror & amazement by all well educated females — We hear from the highest authority that the passionate eloquence of Theresa Tidy has effected a great change in the habits of his serene Highness the Prince of Hesse Homburg — The Princes Toni & Teresa have purchased a large number of the maxims to take with them to New Zealand — where an observance of them is to be enforced by the laws of the country — so deeply are their intelligent foreigners convinced that the safety of a state depends upon the internal neatness & order of each family —

We hear that the Subscribers to a new publication announced some time ago by the title of the Family Cabinet, intend to prosecute Miss Drole of Finsbury and Patterson the splendid authors & swindlers for embezzling their money — as there is reason to believe no such work ever existed —

We have at length the satisfaction to present to our readers a continuation of the memoirs of the illustrious

Poetical Club

Our historian now brings us to the first meeting of the illustrious members announced by the barking of Flora Mrs Dowsons Lap dog which never failed to precede the hurried footsteps of Gibby across the Common — The members were fraught with the spirit of poesy locked the school room door to prevent the intrusion of any unhallowed mortal and girding themselves up to the enthusiasm of the moment declaimed with the greatest energy — Emelia began pathetically reciting the death of Suffolk & York in Shakespeare Henry IV "Suffolk died first & York all haggled o'er when a burst of vulgar merriment was heard on the outside of the door shocked & mistaken the illustrious members ran out but were pursued till at length they found refuge in the China Closet, but no attempts of Emilia could restore the tone of their feelings during an interrupted & broken recitation — We have been told that Theodore was the delinquent and that

at Hampstead. No such thing is in contemplation ~ the place thought of (which perhaps gave rise to this slanderous report) is Purl Hermitage, a sequestered spot at least 3 yards out of the high road. "Purl Hermitage the seat of the ancient dukes of Purl and now the property of Lord Beaudybate[?] commands the most extensive and varied views ~ vide Grose's antiquities.

JG

We have the pleasure to inform our readers that a sixth edition of that invaluable work the 18 maxims of neatness & order is now in the press and we have been told that it contains some additional instructions to young people. From the extensive circulation of this work we look forward to the most important improvements in the manners & habits of our youth & have no doubt the time will arrive when an untidy Drawer or a young lady not ready dressed for a party when the carriage arrives at the door will be regarded with horror & amazement by all well educated females. We hear from the highest authority that the persuasive eloquence of Theresa Tidy has effected a great change in the habits of his serene Highness the Prince of Hesse Homberg. The Princes Tooi & Teteree have purchased a large number of the maxims to take with them to New Zealand where an observance of them is to be enforced by the laws of the Country, so deeply are those intelligent foreigners convinced that the safety of a state depends upon the internal neatness & order of each family.

We hear that the subscribers to a new publication announced sometime ago by the title of the family Cabinet, intend to prosecute Mess^{rs} Droledessin and Portecrayon the pretended authors as Swindlers in embezzling their money as there is reason to believe no such work ever existed.[1]

We have at length the satisfaction to present to our readers a continuation of the memoirs of the illustrious

Poetical Club

Our historian now brings us to the first meeting of the illustrious members announced by the barking of Silom Mrs. Dawson's Lap dog which never failed to precede the hurried footsteps of Gibby across the Common. The members now fraught with the spirit of poesy locked the school room door to prevent the intrusion of any unhallowed mortal and giving themselves up to the enthusiasm of the moment declaimed with the greatest energy. Emilia began pathetically reciting the death of Suffolk and York in Shakespears Henry IV. Suffolk died first & York all haggled o'er when a burst of vulgar merriment was heard on the outside of the door. Shocked & irritated the illustrious members ran out but were pursued till at length they found refuge in the China Closet, but no attempts of Emilia could restore the tone of their feelings during an interrupted and broken recitation. We have been told that Theodore was the delinquent and that

[1] *It seems like the family planned to publish the Family Cabinet, consisting of sketches and other artwork, on Sunday as a companion to the Chronicle but it never really got going. J.S.*

a window was broken in the fray by him or the Abbess but we do not quite credit it. In general however the dignity of the Society was fully kept up - and it may be said that the purest taste was evinced in the selection of pieces of the highest genius & purest morality - The public may expect that some Sketch will be given of the style of the different readers - Need we say that that of the Abbess was simple pathetic & touching particularly when she recited her favorite pieces of Cowpers address to his mother's picture & Thompsons exquisite delineation of Domestic Happiness and never was "my Mary" in Cowpers address to Mr Unwin echoed in such tones of Silvia - We must however confess that in one of the Society's meetings, having selected Antony's funeral Oration over the dead body of Cesar she learned it so imperfectly, that the unfortunate phrase "So are they all, all honorable men" being reiterated whenever she was at a loss was brought in at least fifty times - In general however she was remarked for the goodness of her memory

To be continued

Copy of a letter addressed to Capt. Tartar of Clapham Common

May 29 1818

My dear fellow

I should have written to you long since but have been so over whelmed with engagements from attending the quadrille parties of all the young prospects of my acquaintance that I have not had a moment to call my own - You were very much regretted at Lady Gypsy's Christening which I assure you was very brilliant The Prince Regent & Prince of Hesse Homburg standing Godfathers to the Infant Puppy who really grows a very lovely little dog and is named Welsh - after his illustrious sponsor I met two very agreable gentlemen at Mrs Grahams lately, a Mr [illegible] and a Mr Pitts a German - I intend to visit the former & left my Card at his house the day - I guess you are in high favor with the London belles - The beautiful Cecilia rides out with me every day in the Park Last week I had the pleasure of accompanying her Sister to the British Gallery - You know my Enthusiasm for the arts You can imagine my transports at beholding the divine cartoons of Raphael - I really wish my dear Tartar you would leave your self to itself for a day or two & come up to my lodgings in Bath Yard when I would take you about to all the exhibitions in town - for you are really in great danger of becoming a Hermit - Adieu I am going with the Grahams to dine at the Cottage

Your faithful

Blucher

Printed at the Journal Office

a window was broken in the fray by him or the Abbess, but we do not quite credit it. In general however the dignity of the Society was fully kept up ~ and it may be said that the present taste was evinced in the selection of pieces of the highest genius & finest morality. The public may expect that some Sketch will be given of the style of the different reciters. Need we say that that of the Abbess was simple pathetic & touching particularly while she recited her favourite pieces of Cowper's address to his mother's picture & Thompson's exquisite delineation of Domestic Happiness and never was "my Mary" in Cowper's address to Mrs. Unwen echoed in such tones of Silvia. We must however confess that in one of the Society's meetings, having selected Antony's funeral Oration over the dead body of Cesar[sic], she learned it so imperfectly that the unfortunate phrase "So are they all, all honourable men" being reiterated whenever she was at a loss was brought in at least fifty times. In general however she was remarked for the goodness of her memory.

To be continued

Copy of a Letter addressed to Capt. Tartar of Clapham Common

May 29 1818

My dear fellow

I should have written to you long since but have been so overwhelmed with engagements from attending the quadrille parties of all the young puppies of my acquaintance that I have not had a moment to call my own. You were very much regretted at Lady Gypsey's Christening which I assure you was very brilliant. The Prince Regent & Prince of Hesse Homberg standing Godfather to the Infant Puppy who really grows a very lovely little dog and is named Whelp ~ after his illustrious sponsor. I met two very agreeable gentlemen at Mrs. Grahams lately, a Mr. Butler and a Mr. Ritio, a German. I intend to visit the former & left my Card at his house to day. I assure you I am in high favour with the London belles. The beautiful Emilia rides out with me every day in the Park. Last week I had the pleasure of accompanying her sisters to the Brixton Gallery. You know my Enthusiasm for the arts & can imagine my transports at beholding the divine creations of Raphael. I really wish my dear Tartar you would leave your estate to itself for a day or two & come to my lodgings in Stable Yard where I would take you about to all the exhibitions in town, for you are really in great danger of becoming a Hermit. Advise I am going with the Grahams to dine at the Curteis's.

Your faithful
Blanche

Printed at the Gower Press

XV

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Dies fasti et nefasti

Saturday June 6th 1818

The Editor has been so much engaged in her public duties as Inspector of packages, that she was at one time in danger of filling her paper with images of disorder heat and battle written on characters of dust — one glimpse however of her old and dear friend Nature clad in her richest robes of verdure — stilled the impetuous whirl of her brain, and she was in the act of seizing a sycamore leaf as the most fit vehicle for her now happy reveries, when she was once more torn from her loved haunts to be stuck up at Lady Graham's piano forte emitting discords softened only by the overpowering din of Chaperons while a foreground of gaudy turbans with plaits and diamonds in the distance, mocked her aching sight Under these circumstances she can hardly again compose herself to give a summary account of the events of the week —

Saturday witnessed the explosion of a first rate sky rocket of the Dundas description — Count Wolgh and his bride communicated the first sparks from the scintillations of their eyes while dukedoms and baronies flew thick and a host of Mitchells, Whites, Harveys, &c made it fly off with eclat. The ceremony concluded with a quadrille, in which Curties, Shaws, Thomsons, Lucys, and Evelinas assisted, but all their efforts could not counteract the effect of a certain heaviness in the atmosphere supposed to be occasioned by the going up of the Dawk.

Sunday the abbess and Sylvia conducted by the learned* Astronomer and Theologian, Eliza, listened to the eloquence of a Wardlaw, and enjoyed a high intellectual treat during the remainder of the day under the auspices of the abbess's female confessor, the venerable Bricktop of Lambeth Mountain

Monday — a placid feeling pervaded our minds, while we sat within the soothing influence of a Doctor's countenance, either shaded with spectacles or not, and more especially when a gentle voice caused the walls melodiously to echo with "Lord's young Dean" While no vulgar accompaniment broke in upon the awful stillness of the parlour. The rivality of Sir Roger must be slightly touched on while we hasten to the presence of Sir Denis Vernon and perceive Sylvia Rhodone and the Chancellor accompanied by the

* Chalmers was an attorney at Dundee before his immediate profession.

XV

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Saturday June 6th 1818

The Editor has been so much engaged in her public duties as Inspector of packages, that she was at one time in danger of filling her paper with images of disorder heat and bustle written in characters of dust ~ one glimpse however of her old and dear friend Nature clad in her richest robes of verdure stilled the impetuous whirl of her brain, and she was in the act of seizing a rhubarb leaf as the most fit vehicle for her now happy reveries, when she was once more torn from her lov'd haunts to be stuck up at Lady Graham's pianoforte emitting discords softened only by the overpowering din of Chaperons while a foreground of gaudy turbans with flirts and dandies in the distance, masked her aching sight. Under these circumstances she can hardly regain composure to give a summary account of the events of the week.

Saturday witnessed the explosion of a first rate sky rocket of the Daub description. Count Bligh and his bride communicated the first sparks from the scintillations of their eyes while Lubbacks and Vernons blew the and a host Pechells, Whites, Harveys, &c &c made it fly off with éclat. [*I have no idea what they are saying here. J.S.*] The ceremony concluded with a quadrille, in which Curteis's, Shaws, Thomsons, Carrs, and Evelinas assisted, but all their efforts would not counteract the effect of a certain heaviness in the atmosphere supposed to be occasioned by the giving up of the Daub.

Sunday the Abbess and Sylvia conducted by the learned* Astronomer and Theologian, Eliza, listened to the eloquence of a Wardlaw, and enjoyed a high intellectual treat during the remainder of the day under the auspices of the Abbess's female Confessor, the venerable Priestess of Lambeth Mountain.

Monday ~ A placid feeling persuaded our minds, while we sat within the soothing influence of a Forster's countenance, either shaded with spectacles or not, and more especially when a gentle voice caused the walls melodiously to echo with "Love's young Dream" while no vulgar accompaniment broke in upon the awful stillness of the pauses. The vivacity of a Ross must be slightly touched on while we hasten to the presence of La Dame Vernon and perceive Sylvia Theodore and the Chancellor accompanied by the

*[??] wait on her immediate patronage

92

Cavalier Tonson mixing in the festive throng and inspired by the sounds of the harp.

Tuesday The spell was broken, our little band — so happily assembled for the last three months was dispersed Emilia attended by the Abbesse retired to the convent at Clapham while the latter was observed to carry a large bottle under her arm intended without doubt to preserve the tears of joy which the sight of the convent would cause to flow — These tears may be bought at a guinea per liter, and have sovereign efficacy in dispelling from all on whom they are sprinkled the slightest remains of love & dissipation and a town life —

A cabinet dinner was the same day given by Mde Stael to the Cav. Tonson and Abbé Dick in which the young people behaved very ill by laughing at dead silence. In the evening the gentlemen adjourned to the Opera —

Wednesday Mde Stael made her escape into the country — 2 hours of the order of Bolton St came to console La Marguerite and Sylvain in the evening — This is an eventful day in the history of Theodore being the first that he made an evening pilgrimage to the shrine of Dr Stefano

Thursday, a grand gala in honor of his Majesty's 81st birthday was given at Lo Sqr Robertson's villa at Hackney where she was herself disposed in the sweetest smiles, and communicated good humor and bonhommie to all present — Many witty remarks had reached us concerning the company present but a circular had been sent to us from the Court of Regency signed Countess Duty and Affection requesting us to stop the publication, and shall only trace the addition of the names of Kings to our list of fashionables, this being her first introduction to the beau monde —

We lament to say that Mde Stael was prevented by a cold and headache from enjoying the fete, and that La Marguerite has been ever since confined with an attack of wheezing —

Friday — In what language shall we describe the feelings of awe and admiration with which we contemplated this morning the figure of Theodore attired in a full court dress — Shall we expatiate on the becoming cut of his hair when powdered with powder, on the beautiful contrast of a richly embroidered waistcoat half covered by a dark brown coat, happy emblem of his dazzling genius so pleasingly veiled by modesty and urbanity of manners — or, shall we dwell on the dignified tout ensemble of his appearance which strikingly reminded us of the harmony of parts and nicely joined equilibrium of his now formed character — but on this occasion, on the occasion of his character being formed, that he was introduced to the Prince Regent by his uncle Sir James, and we have authority to state that his portrait will now be in full length and in his dress order by Mr Dick Lupin.

Saturday — We have already touched upon the employments of the morning in which we are happy to say, Mr Allen has

Cavalier Jonson mixing in the festive throng much inspired by the sounds of the harp.

Tuesday. The spell was broken, our little band so happily assembled for the last three months was dispersed. Emilia [??] by the Abbess retired to the Convent at Clapham while the latter was observed to carry a large bottle under her arm intended without doubt to preserve the tears of joy which the sight of the convent would cause to flow. These tears may be bought at a guinea per tear, and have sovereign efficacy in dispelling from all on whom they are sprinkled the slightest remains of love & dissipation and a town life.

A cabinet dinner was the same day given by M.^{de} Mere to the Cav. Jonson and Abbé Firth in which the young people behaved very ill by laughing at dead silences. In the evening the gentlemen adjourned to the Opera.

Wednesday. M.^{de} Mere made her escape into the country. 2 soeurs of the order of Bolton St. came to console La Marguerite and Sylvia in the evening. This is an eventful day in the history of Theodore being the first that he made an evening pilgrimage to the shrine of Don Stefano.

Thursday, a grand gala in honour of his Majesty's 81st birthday was given at La Sig.^{nr} Robertino's villa at Hackney where she was herself dressed in the sweetest smiles, and and communicated good humour and bonhomie to all present. Many witty remarks had reached us concerning the company present, but a circular having been sent to us from the Court of propriety signed Counts Duty and Affection we instantly stopped the publication, and shall only notice the addition of the name of Rogers to our list of fashionables, this being her first introduction to the beau monde. We lament to say that M.^{de} Mere was prevented by a cold and headache from attending the fete, and that La Marguerite has been ever since confined with an attack of wheeziness.

Friday. In what language shall we describe the feelings of awe and admiration with which we contemplated this morning the figure of Theodore attired in a full court dress. Shall we expatiate on the becoming cut of his hair when filled with powder, or the beautiful contrast of a richly embroidered waistcoat half covered by a dark brown coat, happy emblems of his dazzling genius so pleasingly [??] by modesty and urbanity of manners – or, shall we dwell on the dignified tout ensemble of his appearance which strikingly reminded us of the harmony of parts and nicely poised equilibrium of his now formed character. It was on this occasion, on the occasion of his character being formed, that he was introduced to the Prince Regent by his uncle Sir James, and we have authority to state that his portrait will now be taken full length and in his dress robes by Mr. Droledessin.

Saturday – we have already touched upon the employments of the evening in which we are happy to say M. Mere took her part.

Bulletin

Now exposed to view the numerous inquiries after the health of Emilia, we are happy to state that the Doctors have still full confidence in our powers, tho' the extraordinary heat of the weather which has now continued for three weeks has caused the head frequently to droop — a few seconds of artificial breeze

Signed Doctors — Jones
Hons Ecossais

Dissolution of Quadrille Parliament

Wednesday being the day fixed for the dissolution of Parliament the Queen Chaperone proceeded in state to both Rooms in the following order

Trumpets and Kettle Drums
A troop of Lancers
Lavender and hickory the Band stewards mounted with emyrtle
20 Link Boys
dressed as Hymens with their torches
Paine's Band
Hunter the Confectioner with a moveable strawberry ice, and a surplus of wafer cakes
Mr Glover, the floor Chalker
20 Gentlemen Porters
carrying standards inscribed with the names of the matches made this season
20 Milliners — two and two
carrying the ball dresses in which engagements were made

The whole company of Opera singers singing a Hymeneal ode
Trumpets and Kettle Drums
100 Chaperones — 2 and 2
The Queen Chaperone
in a state car surrounded by captains in chains
Trumpets and Kettle Drums
A troop of Lancers

The streets thro' which the procession had to pass were paved with sponge cake on the occasion —

The Queen Chaperone being seated and the members in their places a report was read of the transactions of the last Session when the following items appeared —

Married — 36 (Loud applause)
Dead by Suffocation 29 — (Hear, hear)
Do by consumption in consequence of thin clothing 107
Died of love — 2
Refused offers — 1
Sent to watering places in love — 30
Married at the age of 18 — 1 — (Loud and continued applause)

The person mentioned in the last item is said to be an illustrious Minister of State

The Queen Chaperone hailed the glorious season in which a spinster of 18 found a match, & concluded by requesting the Ladies of Chaperones not to relax in their exertions —

The Session was then suspended and the procession returned in the same order in which it came

[*I can't decipher this page very well, as my photo was out of focus. Silly me. J.S.*]

Bulletin

Now exposed to view of the numerous inquirers after the health of Emilia at her summer place, the [??]

We have still full confidence in our powers, tho' the extraordinary heat of the weather ~ which has now continued for three weeks has caused the head of the Lady to droop ~ a few seconds of an inch lower.

Signed Doctors Tonic
House Exercise

Dissolution of Quadrille Parliament

Wednesday being the day fixed for the dissolution of parliament, the Queen Chaperone proceeded in state to [??] Rooms in the following order

Trumpets and Kettle Drums
A troop of dancers

Lavender and Vickory the Bond Street officers crowned with myrtle

20 Link Boys
dressed as Hymens with their torches

Paine's Band

[??] the Confectioner with a crown of strawberry ice, and a sceptre of wafer cake

Mr. Glover, the floor Chalker
20 Gentlemen Porters
carrying standards inscribed with the names of the matches made this season

20 Milliners ~ two and two
carrying the ball dresses in which conquests were made.

The whole company of Opera singers singing a Hymeneal Ode

Trumpets and Kettle Drums
100 Chaperones ~ 2 and 2
The Queen Chaperone
in a state car surrounded by captives in chains.

Trumpets and Kettle Drums
A troop of dancers

The streets thro which the procession had to pass were paved with sponge cake on the occasion.

The Queen Chaperone being seated and the members in their places, a report was read of the transactions of the last Session when the following items appeared ~

Married ~ 36 (Loud applause)
Dead by suffocation 99 ~ (Hear, hear)
Ditto by consumption in
consequence of thin clothing ~ 107
Died of love ~ 2
Refused offers ~ 1
Sent to watering places in love ~ 50
Married at the age of 48 ~ 1 (Loud and
continued applause)

The person mentioned in the last item is said to be our illustrious Princess Elizabeth[1]. The Queen Chaperone lauded the glorious season in which a spinster of 48 found a match, & concluded by exhorting the House of Chaperones not to relax in their exertions.

The Session was then suspended and the procession returned in the same order in which it came.

JG

[1] *The Princess Elizabeth (a real Princess this time) married the Landrave of Hesse Homburg at the advanced age of 48. Clearly, this caused considerable amusement to the gentry. J.S.*

Young Ladies who disapprove of that system of the present Ministry are once more earnestly cautioned by the Editor against ever being drawn in by the Queen Chaperone or any of her emissaries to appear at any Ethiop drop balls routs, or parties, and Notice is hereby given that a meeting will be held on the lawn the first moonlight night to consider of the best means of procuring a more fair and free representation, it being well known that Parliament is at present filled with members returned by rotten boroughs, in which there are only half a dozen voters with tastes vitiated by London gaiety and hearts empty of all rationality, and that large societies of ladies of more refined taste and enlarged views do exist whose votes are lost, and who ought now to declare their indignant disapprobation of late measures—

E M G

In consequence of the numerous marriages which have lately taken place in the circle of the Metropolis, a great profusion of bride cake has been issued among the friends of the various parties tied together but it having been discovered that the most baneful effects arise from the indiscriminate distribution of these magazines of flour, sugar, plums, and sweet meats, it is supposed that it will form one of the first subjects of discussion to the new Parliament* and that an act will be introduced to render it unlawful to observe any longer this superstitious custom of our ancestors, who thought no marriage would prosper unless the hands tied by the clergyman were cemented by the hands of the party cook. A hasty observer would perhaps imagine that the chief inconvenience would be confined to the derangement of the stomachs of the parties interested by eating too much, but alas! this is but a small part of the evil, the enlightened disciples of the Theresa System of order and neatness will soon discover the enormity of a practice which introduces upon the stage a parcel sealed up in white paper oozing with grease from the confectioner's warehouse, then hastily seized by the youthful party it is addressed to, the seal torn open, the substance broken and distributed, and an inundation of crumbs thrown upon the table, chairs and carpet, to the subversion of the dawning system of elegance and neatness now rendered the admiration of the Theresa Tidy and Mde Merc have already sat in council upon the affair and till time shall have been afforded to abolish this pernicious custom this latter has issued an order that no cornered parcels sealed with red wax or initials, shall be admitted into her apartments till it is placed upon a large dish with a knife by its side

* Query referring to the new session of the Quadrille Parliament (Editor)

Young ladies who disapprove of the system of the present Ministry are once more earnestly cautioned by the Editor against ever being drawn in by the Queen Chaperone or any of her emissaries to appear at any of their dress balls routs, or parties, and Notice is hereby given that a meeting will be held on the lawn the first moonlight night to consider of the best means of procuring a more fair and free representation, it being well known that Parliament is at present filled with members returned by rotten boroughs, in which there are only half a dozen voters with tastes satiated by London gaiety and hearts empty of all rationality, and that large societies of Ladies of more refined taste and enlarged views do exist whose votes are lost, and who ought now to declare their indignant disapprobation of late measures.

EMG[1]

In consequence of the numerous marriages which have lately taken place in the circle of the Metropolis, a great profusion of bride cake has been issued among the friends of the various parties tied together but it having been discovered that the most harmful effects arise from the indiscriminate distribution of these magazines of flour, sugar, plums and sweet meats, it is supposed that it will form one of the first subjects of discussion to the new* Parliament and that an act will be introduced to render it unlawful to observe any longer this superstitious custom of our ancestors, who thought no marriage would prosper unless the hands tied by the clergyman were cemented by the hands of the pastry cook. A hasty observer would perhaps imagine that the chief inconvenience would be confined to the derangement of the stomachs of the parties interested by eating too much, but alas this is only a small part of the evil. The enlightened disciples of the Theresa System of order and neatness will soon discover the enormity of a practise which introduces upon the stage a parcel sealed up in white paper oozing with grease from the Confectioner's warehouse – then hastily seized by the youthful party it is addressed to, the seal torn open, the substance broken and distributed, and an inundation of crums thrown upon the table, chairs, and carpet, to the subversion of the dawning system of elegance and neatness now rendered the admiration of the age. Theresa Tidy and M.^{de} Mere have already sat in council upon the occasion and till time shall have been allowed to abolish this pernicious custom the latter has issued an order that no three-cornered parcels sealed with [??] or initials, shall be admitted into her apartments till it is placed upon a large dish with a knife by its side.

*Of course referring to the the new Session of the Quadrille Parliament (Editor)

[1] *Elizabeth Maria Graham, or Sylvia. J.S.*

XV

2d Sheet

Marriages

On Monday Miss Fanny Smoach to Nightingale — We have authority to state that the license was procured and that the ring was put on before the clock struck 12

Edw Clayton Tucking Esqre of the order of the hat and stick to the interesting Mary Coe

Theatricals

This day will be acted for the 50th time on Clapham common a new tragedy called the downfal of the Tower in which some beautiful scenery of antique towers is introduced — A dismalled old woman in black creeps out of a ruined arch and mutters a spell, upon which a rumbling noise is heard, the walls totter, and with one awful crash the whole is levelled with the ground — amidst the united screams of horns and Hornblowers

This tragedy having been taken from real history we are very anxious that Mr Pote or Mr Crayon should give us a sketch of the tower as it formerly stood for we have heard that the style of architecture was perfectly unique and those who wish to visit the ruins will be guided to it by a simple labourer — which has sprung up like the white rose on Rutlidge's tomb, and inspires by its drooping flowers a soft melancholy at the recollection of the former sounds of mirth which have echoed thro' the halls, or the vows of fondness & allegiance which its race of barons have received

The New Farce of Miss Pepys and The Gay Wig will be acted every night till further notice.

The actor succeeds particularly well in the scene when his left sence having unfortunately approached too near the ground he flumps down and the curtain drops while Miss Pepys having seized him by the bag of his wig flies with him thro the air amidst the unbounded applause of the audience —

Fashions for the Lawn

Every one who aspires to fashion must instantly procure the Tartar turban so celebrated ever since it was invented by the vivid imagination of Capt[n] Tartar. The forehead must be first bound round by a white cloth and a wooden horn in imitation of an ear having been fastened to one corner of the head, a yellow twisted turban is hung on it giving an expression of canine hunger to the face.

Capt[n] Tartar continues to give instruction in the use of the axe on board a vindispensable a part of dress in this season of dejeuners

Marriages

On Monday Miss Panny Simonet[?] to Bightingale. We have authority to state that the license was procured and that the ring was put on before the clock struck 12.

Also Clayton Freeling Esq^{re} of the order of the hat and stick to the interesting Mary Coxe.

Theatricals

This day will be acted for the 50^{th} time on Clapham Common a new tragedy called the downfall of the Tower in which some beautiful scenery of antique towers is introduced. A shrivelled old woman in black creeps out of a ruined arch and mutters a spell, upon which a rumbling noise is heard, the walls totter, and with one awful crash the whole is levelled with the ground amidst the united screams of horns and Hornblowers.

This tragedy having been taken from real history we are very anxious that Mr. Portecrayon should give us a sketch of the tower as it formerly stood for we have heard that the style of architecture was perfectly unique and those who wish to visit the scene will be guided to it by a simple laburnum which has sprung up like the white rose on Zulinda's tomb, and inspires by its drooping flowers a soft melancholy at the recollection of the former sounds of mirth which have echoed thro' the halls, or the vows of feudal allegiance which its race of barons have received.

The New Farce of Miss Pepys and the Bag Wig

will be acted every night till further notice.

The actor succeeds particularly well in the scene where his left knee having unfortunately approached too near the ground he flumps down and the curtain stops while Miss Pepys having seized him by the bag of his wig flies with him thro the air amidst the unbounded applause of the audience.

Fashions for the Lawn

Every one who aspires to fashion must instantly procure the Tartar turban so celebrated ever since it was invented by the vivid imagination of Capt. Tartar. The forehead must be first bound round by a white cloth and a wooden horn in imitation of an ear having been fastened to one corner of the head, a yellow twisted turban is hung on it giving an expression of canine languor to the face.

Capt.^{n} Tartar continues to give instruction in the use of the veil or shawl so indispensable a part of dress in this season of dejeunes.

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Serious Alarm

The ghost of Lady Margaret Bellenden has been seen to hover very much in the neighbourhood lately and those who are skilled in charms say that it is owing to the very frequent mention of the word Dejeune — It is therefore recommended that some expression should be substituted which may at the same time convey some idea of the kind of fete to be enjoyed for instance —

Fête
Gateau mouille
Marquee
A smile
A kiss and
A broad grin &c

Invitation to Clapham addressed to Sylvia

Come Sylvia to the Clapham bowers
Blooming for you with fairest flowers
Forsake the London rout & ball
And all the joys of Gower Hall
Cast off your tartan's gorgeous fold
Of blue or crimson decked with gold
Your headed and your satin gown
And clad in robes of russet brown
I come, and I will lead the way
To where the gentlest breezes play
Where brightest verdure decks each
And every sound is melody!
For you our Rhododendrons blow
And every Zephyr wafts perfume
Laburnum hangs its wreaths
And woodbine's fragrant leaves
For you the love lorn Nightingale
Tells to the moon her plaintive tale
And thousand little voices aim
At noon to echo your loved name
Come then and tread our daisied
At evening grey or morning's dawn
Leave Theadon to shine in Courts
And kneel where Royalty resorts
The Chancellor still in Bond St
Between the hours of four and
He'll envy not their splendid
Contented with our sylvan state
But dwell unnoticed in these
As simple as when Clapham

CC

Printed at the Strawberry

Serious Alarm

The ghost of Lady Margaret Billenden has been seen to hover very much in the neighbourhood lately and those who are skilled in charms say that it is owing to the very frequent mention of the word Disjune.

It is therefore recommended that some expression would be substituted which may at the same time convey some idea of the kind of fete to be expected for instance

Pine
Gateau Mouillé
Marquee
A smile
A bon mot
A broad grin &c

Invitation to Clapham addressed to Sylvia

Come Sylvia to the Clapham bowr's
Blooming for you with fairest flower's
Forsake the London rout & ball
And all the joys of Gower Hall
Cast off your turban's gorgeous fold
Of blue or crimson decked with gold
Your beaded and your satin gown
And clad in robes of russet brown
O come "and I will lead the way"
To where the gentlest breezes play
Where brightest verdure decks each tree
And every sound is melody!
For you our Rhododendrons bloom
And every Zephyr wafts perfume
Laburnum hangs its wreaths of gold
And woodbine's fragrant leaves unfold
For you the love lorn Nightingale
Tells to the moon her plaintive tale
And thousand little voices aim
At morn to echo your loved name
Come then and tread our daisied lawn
At evening grey or morning's dawn
Leave Theodore to shine in Courts
And kneel where Royalty resorts
The Chancellor still in Bond St. strive
Between the hours of four and five
We'll envy not their splendid fate
Contented with our sylvan state
But dwell unnoticed in these shades
As simple sober Clapham maids

EC

Printed at the Strawseat Press

XVI

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Diis penatibus sacrum.

Chapham — Saturday June 13th 1818

The Editor of this week finds himself so much depressed in consequence of an atrocious attempt against his life mentioned in his columns of this day that he trusts his readers will attribute to its proper source the dullness and insipidity of his paper but he hopes the brilliancy and vivacity of the communications from his correspondents will atone for his deficiencies —

—

Monday — Sylvia skimmed over Waterloo Bridge to the Metropolis, and attended Count and Countess Jugsey and Lady Proby to the Philharmonic Concert.

Emilia had a private conference in Gower Street with Sir Rhubarb Pharos —

Tuesday. Sylvia and Theodore relished the dainties of Princess Shrimpton's table — The benevolent Princess and her illustrious brother Prince Lucre more all condescension — Emilia and Sylvia returned to sleep on their beds of leaves at Chapham —

Wednesday — All was tranquility and peace.

Thursday — Catharine was employed all the day in creating with her fair fingers, numerous jellies, creams, tartlets, and custards all "Upheld with kindliest change". Lord and Lady Park Street, Lady Julia and Baroness Coupe Countess Mecbrought and Mrs Smile, two Miss Curtains's Captain Inglis of an ancient Scotch family, Mr Sharpe nephew of the famous poet Rogers and the Baron de Stein an illustrious foreigner were amongst those who tasted these varieties —

Friday — Had no decided character nor was it stamped at three hours old —

Saturday — An unprecedented attempt was made to stab the Editor — four assassins found means to introduce themselves into the house — about 5 o'clock they rushed upon him with their poniards and horrid to relate, these sanguinary assassins drank his blood — after having shewn all their barbarity they left him — They were seized and put in prison — the next morning they were found dead, so that these cannibals have not been made to confess what

XVI

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham Saturday June 13th 1818

The Editor of this week finds himself so much depressed in consequence of an atrocious attempt against his life mentioned in his columns of this day that he trusts his readers will attribute to its proper source the dullness and insipidity of his paper but he hopes that brilliancy and vivacity of the communications from his correspondents will atone for his deficiencies.

Monday ~ Sylvia skimmed across Waterloo Bridge to the Metropolis and attended Count and Countess [??] and Lady Proby to the Philharmonic Concert.

Emilia had a private conference in Gower Street with Sir Rhubarb Pearson.

Tuesday. Sylvia and Theodore relished the dainties of Princess Shrimpton's table. The benevolent princess and her illustrious brother Prince Ewer were all condescension. Emilia and Sylvia returned to sleep on their beds of leaves at Clapham.

Wednesday ~ All was tranquility and peace.

Thursday ~ Catherine[1] was employed all the day in creating with her fair fingers, numerous jellies, creams, tartlets and custards all "Upheld with kindliest change". Lord and Lady Park Street, Lady Julia and Baroness Coupe, Countess Marlborough and Mrs. Savile, two Miss Curteis's, Captain Inglis of an ancient Scotch family, Mr. Sharpe, nephew of the famous poet Rogers, and the Baron de Stein , an illustrious foreigner, were amongst those who tasted these varieties.

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[1] *This has to be Catherine Elliot, a servant, possibly the cook. J.S.*

prompted them to perpetrate this horrid deed — It has been reported that Mr Gardner a most respectable apothecary was an accomplice in the crime and that the ruffians were concealed in his house some time previous —

The Editor has been wounded in four places but not dangerously — the assassins were four brothers of the name of Leech —

Recapitulation of Military Events during the late Campaign.

The campaign of 1817 is perhaps one of the most celebrated since the commencement of the war waged by the Chaperons upon the Dandies a slight sketch of the events will not be uninteresting to our readers — Easter fell remarkably late this year, and no decided movements were made till after that festival A few skirmishes on the carpet territory were the only signs of hostility The Chaperon army kept its quarters and occupied itself in preparing for the campaign, in training its youth improving their appearance and giving them plenty of rest and sleep to fortify them against the fatigues of the approaching contest. At length after the hot cross buns of good Friday had put the troops in good spirits the whole force of the Chaperons headed by their generals Prince Duchess Marchioness put themselves in motion from the knights of Grosvenor Square opened a fire upon the enemy with a shower of "At Homes" rockets — The Dandy forces advanced in regular order — That fine body of men all cuirassed in whalebone and buckram commanded by Prince Dandy advanced to the contest and formed themselves into a solid square — Brigadier General Shawlstealer with a handful of active bodied spinsters made a feint of forming a quadrille — many of the Dandies joined them, when the light troops sprung upon their prey and some veteran chaperons issuing from ambuscade took several prisoners

Killed — 1 Viscount — 1 Baronet — 3 Eldest Sons — 10 Rank & file. —
Wounded — 3 Eldest sons — 2 Only sons 6 rank and file — —

From the end of April to the beginning of June the troops were in constant service, harassed by forced marches at night, and the Chaperon troops tho they took many prisoners, evidently lost their health and spirits — The Chaperon generals endeavoured to inspirit them, but urged the necessity of constant activity — The campaign ended gloriously to the Chaperon arms as is well known by the totalities of Killed wounded and Missing — Hostilities have now ceased by

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The Dandy forces advanced in regular order. That fine body of men all cuirassed in whalebone and buckram commanded by Prince Dandy advanced to the contest and formed the march into a solid square. Brigadier General Shawlstealer with a handful of active bodied spinsters made a feint of forming a quadrille ~~ many of the Dandies joined them, when the light troops sprung upon their prey and some veteran chaperons issuing from ambuscade took several prisoners.

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Hostilities have now ceased by

mutual consent and the troops are all gone into summer quarters — Farmer Jarvis attended the corps throughout the whole of the contest and kept up their spirits by performing the March of Lodoiska and other favorite airs — His said the new formed regiment of Waltzers have contributed more than any other to the success of the campaign the Misses have all since been heard from the other side of the Inner & Outer St George's Channel — 16

A party which was walking one evening last week in the Inner garden heard a plaintive voice which seemed to issue from one of the trees. after a little examination it proved to be that of the Dryad lodged in the Acacia tree close to the wall of the Queen House — "Alas!" said she "my habitation betrays evident symptoms of decay — Its height annually diminishes by the withering of its upper branches, and its walls of bark are undermined by the indefatigable ant which will infallibly terminate my existence in the same tragical manner as that of my two sisters who lately made their exit from the front lawn — One cousin Robinia after some threatenings of sudden is again the ornament of the dining parlour window, and others of the aborigines of this region are still existing in full glory but none have contributed to its beauty more dutifully than my own tribe — The quickness of the acacia's growth and the delicacy of its foliage and blossom have rendered it one of the earliest favourites on this spot originally laid out by Professor Robinson who exclaimed on being brought 46 years ago to a bare field "What can be done with a sheet of paper?" and yet I have lived to see this sheet of paper beautifully diversified and could relate a series of revolutions accidental and designed, which have made it what it is in wood and lawn hill and dale — That portion before the green House originally called the Kitchen Garden and filled with cabbages, gooseberries and cucumber beds is now splendidly stored with flowering plants and evergreens which are sheltered from the North and East by me and my old neighbours — The Melon ground is turned into a perfect Temple of Flora and the once naked back lawn is feathered with trees till the long favourite object of Chelsea College and almost the tip of Hampstead Hill are but just discernible — Betsey Richard & John the children who used to carry their water pots filled four times every morning to their gardens — now race with the white terriers, & gallop round the field on the grey horse (whose back was broad enough to hold the whole squad and whose full bottomed tail supplied springes to catch larks many winters after he was dead and gone) — These have

mutual consent and the troops are all gone into summer quarters. Paine's band attended the corps throughout the whole of the contest, and kept up their spirits by performing the March of Sodoisha and other favourite airs. It is said the newly formed regiment of Walzers have contributed more than any other to the success of the campaign. The Missing have all since been heard of on the other side of the Tweed or of St. George's Channel.

JG

A party which was walking one evening last week in the Timea Garden heard a plaintive voice which seemed to issue from one of the trees. After a little examination, it proved to be that of the Dryad lodged in the Acacia tree close to the wall of the Green House. "Alas", said she, "my habitation betrays evident symptoms of decay - its height annually diminishes by the withering of its upper branches, and its walls of bark are undermined by the indefatigable ant which will probably terminate my existence in the same tragical manner as that of my two sisters who lately made their exit from the front lawn. One cousin Rubinia after some threatenings of a decline is again the ornament of the dining parlour window, and others of the Aborigines of this region are still existing in full glory but none have contributed to its beauty more dutifully than my own tribe. The quickness of the Acacia's growth and the delicacy of its foliage and blossom have rendered it one of the earliest favorites on this spot originally laid out by Professor Richmond who exclaimed on being brought 46 years ago[1] to a bare field "What can be done with a sheet of paper? and yet I have lived to see this sheet of paper beautifully diversified and could relate a series of revolutions accidental and designed which have made it what it is in wood and lawn hill and dale.

That portion before the Green House originally called the Kitchen Garden and filled with cabbages, gooseberries and cucumber beds is now splendidly stored with flowering plants and exotics which are sheltered from the North and East by me and my old neighbours. The Melon ground is turned into a perfect Temple of Flora and the once naked back lawn is feathered with trees till the long favourite objects of Chelsea College and almost the tip of Hampstead Hill are just discernible. Betsy Richard & John[2] the children who used to carry their water pots filled four times every morning to their gardens, ran races with the white terriers, & gallop round the field on the grey horse (whose back was broad enough to hold the whole squad, and whose full bottomid[sic] tail supplied springers to catch larks many winters after he was dead and gone). These have

[1] *We know The Hall (the Timean palace in Clapham) was built around 1770. I'm guessing it was actually built in 1772, 46 years before 1818. J.S.*

[2] *Elizabeth Davenport and her two brothers. Richard is now at Darwell Bank. J.S.*

given place to the Dinner group and even these latter have thrown aside their childish sports to pore [illegible] in the Shrewsbury write journals of their visitations to the Continent, and prepare Chronicles for the weekly appropriation —

Sheridan has actually made his appearance at Carlton House with a bag and sword, and even Lady Marguerite has disdained the application of little Anne Boleyn —

When the drawing room windows are open, I have observed that the mock trees and birds which came from India to dwell upon the walls of that apartment have resigned their station to pictures, bronzes, china and alabaster from France & Italy the rattling notes of the harpsichord have given place to the softer tones of the Piano Forte, and even the fire place has walked from one end of the room to the other —

"All has undergone a change
But something rich and strange"

But alas, if I lift up my head to look over the paling of this abode what dilapidations do I not perceive in the face of the Common by the rage for building, calling down trees, grubbing up Furze and gravel digging — Where is now Don Christopher, the righter of wrongs, the guardian of the woods, and the shooter of the silly cormorants — he who used to hold up his watch to the tea drinking visitors in powdered wigs and gauze caps if they arrived after ½ past 6 — when the dinners have now taken place at ten visits, and the female guests placed in a gaping semi-circle wait for their husbands return from the dining room at ½ past 9ᵘ Cards it is true are half abolished — but a wood nymph thinks it rather dismal to be sitting round a dining ~~room~~ table in a summer's evening —

This favoured portion of time is no longer tasted by the mortals who in former days wandered in our precincts and courted our shade but me not-them refine at the hour of my dissolution — the golden age is gone !! " — — —

At length these hollow murmurs died away into silence; and the shades of the evening mingled the trees into one mass. —

Mᵈᵉ Merle who had been one of the listening group was also one of the personages interested in the history just related — and could not suppress a sigh at the vision which had called to her recollection images of what her reflections were, must be imagined, for it is a subject too tender to be treated in a paper which has already exceeded its prescribed limits.

Conversation between Mr Simmons and Mr Dick — Two Philosophers

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Mr Dick. "My dear Simmons, I do not think those huge creatures who have shut us up in these wooden houses

given place to the Timea group and even these latter have thrown aside their childish sports to give dejeuners in the Strawseat, write journals of their visitations to the Continent, and prepare Chronicles for the weekly assignation.

Theodore has actually made his appearance at Carlton House with a boy[bag?][1] and sword, and even La Marguerite has disdained the appellation of little Ann Pan. When the drawing room windows are open, I have observed that the mock trees and birds which came from India to dwell upon the walls of that apartment have resigned their station to pictures, bronzes, china an alabaster from France & Italy the rattling notes of the harpsichord have given place to the softer tones of the Piano Forte, and even the fire place has walked from one end of the room to the other.

"All has undergone a change
Into something rich and strange"

But alas, if I lift up my head to look over the paling of this abode what dilapidations do I not perceive in the face of the Common by the rage for building, cutting down trees, grubbing up furze and ground digging. Where is now Don Christopher, the righter of wrongs the guardian of the woods, and the master of the village ceremonies. ~ he who used to hold up his watch to the tea drinking visitors in powdered wigs and gauze caps if they arrived after 1/2 past 6. Seven o'clock dinners have now taken place of tea visits, and the female guests placed in a gaping semi-circle wait for their husbands return from the dining room at 1/2 past 9. Cards it is true are happily abolished but a wood nymph thinks it rather dismal to be sitting round a dining table in a summer's evening.

This favoured portion of time is now no longer tasted by the mortals who in former days wandered in our precincts and courted our shade. Let me not then repine at the thought of my dissolution ~ the golden age is gone!!"

At length these hollow murmurs died away into silence, and the shades of the evening mingled the trees into one mass.

M.^{de} Mere who had been one of the listening group was also one of the chief personages interested in the history just related, and could not suppress a sigh at the vision which had called to her recollection images so dear. What her reflections were must be imagined, for it is a subject too tender to be treated in a paper which has already exceeded its proper limits.

Conversation between Mr. Linneus and Mr Dick ~ Two Philosophers

Mr Dick. "My dear Linneus, the readers think those huge creatures who have shut us up in these wooden houses

[1] *Not sure. What would you wear with a sword when being presented to the Regent? J.S.*

tho' they do not seem to resemble us at all, are of the bird species — I overheard two of them talking last night of their friends the Nightingales, and that one of them had been seen hovering for some time."

Mr Limmens. "This has long been my opinion, my dear Sir, and I was further confirmed in it the other day by hearing a young lady ask a friend of hers to take her under her wing to the hop at the Martins —

A little time ago too as my eye was hung up on the shutter of the drawing room window, a gentleman said in my hearing that he was going to take a flight into the North, upon which an old lady replied "Ah Sir! you are a bird of passage" —

Mr D. "These are incontestable proofs my venerable friend, but I can adduce even more — I was singing in a corner of the room the other evening when two fat old Dowagers seated themselves near me and entered into close confab. — One said that her girl was an unfledged bird, and would not come out of her egg shell for several years — and now pray dear Limmens, explain to me what they mean by cracking jokes? Is it a bird like Hempseed?"

Mr L. "I should think it was — particularly as I have heard it observed that such a one's jokes were not good and that they could not find any kernel in them."

Mr D. "The curious thing is that they moult every day, and sometimes twice a day, whereas we cast our feathers only once a year —

But come my dear Limmens, we will continue this discussion at dinner for it is time to eat our hempseed."

Grand Anniversary Dinner.

A grand dinner was given on Monday last at the Thatched House Tavern St Dairy's in honor of the anniversary of the Linnæan family's return to Clapham — Capt.n Tartar in the chair — The banquet consisted of every delicacy in and out of season, mutton bones, ox shins, spunch, hair and crow were succeeded by a profusion of hay straw tares and other choice vegetables and a magnificent dessert of fruit blossoms of every description, and preserved rapeseed, hempseed and canary seed completed this unique feast. There were present Barnes Bunker their Excellencies the Coach horses, Baronesses Crop, Chesnut, and De[illegible] Lord Tilbury, the Duchess of Guernsey and the Ladies Alderney — Duchess Smithfield & the Ladies — Baroness Jury and the Ladies — The Right Hon.ble the Lord Mayor & the Lady Mayoress — Mr Sheriff Hogwash & Mr Sheriff Wallow with the whole court of Alder Pigs — Capt.n and

tho' they do not seem to resemble us at all are of the bird species. I overheard two of them talking last night of their friends the Nightingales and that one of them had been seen hovering for some time".

Mr. Linneus. "This has long been my opinion, my dear Sir, and I was further confirmed in it the other day by hearing a young lady ask a friend of hers to take her under her wing to the hop at the Martins.

A little time ago too as my cage was hung up on the shutter of the drawing room window, a gentleman said in my hearing that he was going to take a flight into the North, upon which an old lady replied "Ah Sir! you are a bird of passage".

Mr D. "These are incontestable proofs my venerable friend, but I can adduce even more. I was singing in a corner of the room the other evening when two fat old Dowagers seated themselves near me and entered into close confab. One said that her girl was an unfledged bird, and would not come out of her egg shell for several years ~ and now pray dear Linneus, explain to me what they mean by cracking jokes? Is it a seed like hempseed?"

Mr L. "I should think it was ~ particularly as I have heard it observed that such a one's jokes were not good and that they could not find any kernel in them."

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A grand dinner was given on Monday last at the Thatched House Tavern St. Daisey's in honour of the anniversary of the Timea family's return to Clapham. Capt^{n} Tartar in the chair. The banquet consisted of every delicacy in and out of season, mutton bones, ox shins, paunch, liver and even more succeeded by a profusion of hay straw tares and other choice vegetable and a magnificent dessert of fruit blossoms of every description, and preserved rape seed, hemp seed and canary seed completed this unique feast. There were present Prince Blucher, their Excellencies the Coach horses, Baronesses Crop, Chesnut and De Grey, Lord Tilbury, the Duchess of Guernsey and the ladies Aldernay ~ Duchess Smithfield & the ladies ~ Baroness Jury and the ladies ~ The Right Hon^{ble} the Lord Mayor & the Lady Mayoress ~ Mr Sheriff Hogwash & Mr Shereff Walton with the whole court of Alder Pigs ~ Capt^{n} and

Mrs Bantam & the Misses Bantams
The Hon.ble the Cock of the Dunghill
and Viscess Poule de Dunghill — also
the Bullfinch Goldfinch & Chaffinch
families, and a host of fashion from
the Hedges — As soon as the cloth was
removed, "Glorious Apollo" was finely
given by Miss.s Dick & Linnet —
After which the following toasts —
"Madame Mere" — three times three
air — Theresa Tidy — "The Vimen family"
3 times 3 — air — Hail star of Clapham
"Catharina the cook" — 3 times 3. air
"O the Roast beef of old England" —
"The Douglas" — air, "should auld acquain-
tance be forgot" — "Prince Blucher
& the Stud" — air, "Hark, hark! the
dogs do bark" — "The Duchess of Alderney
and Viscess to the Pair" — air, "Char-
maute Gabrielle" — "Capt.n Bantam
and the Army" — "See the conquering
hero comes" — "Admiral Drake and
the Navy" — "You gentlemen of England"
The memory of the deceased Baron
Dicks in solemn silence — air
The Dead March —
The Lord Mayor & Court of Alder[illegible]
air — "Go where Hogwash waits thee"
Capt.n Tartar — 3 times 3 — Loud
cheers.

The thanks of the Meeting were
then voted to Capt.n Tartar for his
able conduct in the chair, and
after a neat speech from the Capt.n
the company rose from table &
waltzing commenced led off by
the Duchess of Alderney — Capt.n Tartar
Lady West Smithfield — Prince Bl[illegible]
The Lady Mayoress — Count Offcourse
Mrs Sheriff Hogwash — Count Mar[illegible]
Mrs Sheriff Dallow — Baron Dick
Baroness [illegible] — Lord Tilbury
Baron[illegible] — Baron Linnet
Lord Tilbury came in his magnif-
icable harness suit lately presented
to him by the Pope — The ladies
dresses were in general white gro
and lace, and some of them ma-
tifully bimilled — The festive
throng did not separate till the
rosy fingered morn opened the
portals of heaven. A M G

We may now look forward with
confidence to as brilliant a season
as the last for dejeuners a splendid
tent having been erected on the lawn
or as it has been named by the
great Etymologist Leighton a "Cricket
Match". We trust gatherings such
will be as liberally encouraged as
formerly, and that the present Bard
Sir Rose Strawberry, now marked
of age, will make as distinguished
a figure in them as his deceased
Ancestor —

(Printed at the Clapham Press.)

Mrs. Bantam & the Misses Bantams. The Hon.^{ble} the Cock of the Dunghill and Princess Poule de Dunghill also the Bullfinch Goldfinch & Chaffinch families, and a host of fashion from the Hedges. As soon as the cloth was removed "Glorious Apollo" was finally given by Mess^{rs} Dick & Linnet. After which the following toasts ~ "Madame Mere" ~ three times three, air ~ Theresa Tidy ~ "The Timea family" 3 times 3 ~ air ~ Hail Star of Clapham "Catherine the cook" ~ 3 times 3. air "O the Roast beef of old England" ~ "The Douglas" ~ air, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot" ~ "Prince Blucher & the Stud" ~ Air, "Hark, hark, the dogs do bark" ~ 'The Duchess of Alderney and Success to the Pail" ~ air, "Charmante Gabrielle" ~ "Capt.^{n} Bantam and the Army" ~ "See the conquering hero comes" ~ Admiral Drake and the Navy" ~ " You gentlemen of England". The memory of the deceased Baron Dick in solemn silence ~ air The Dead March.

The Lord Mayor & Court of Alder pigs, air ~ "Go where Hogwash waits thee". Capt.^{n} Tartar ~ 3 times 3 ~ Loud Cheers.

The thanks of the Meeting were then voted to Capt.^{n} Tartar for his able conduct in the chair, and after a neat speech from the Captain the company rose from table & walking commenced led off by

The Duchess of Alderney ~ Capt.^{n} Tartar

Lady West Smithfield ~ Prince Blucher

The Lady Mayoress ~ Count Off Coach Horse

Mrs. Sheriff Hogwash ~ Count near Coach Horse

Mrs. Sheriff Dalton ~ Baron Duck

Baroness Crop ~ Lord Tilbury

Baroness [??] ~ Baron Linnet

Lord Tilbury came in his magnificent sable harness suit lately presented to him by the Pope. The ladies dresses were in general white grey and bay, and some of them beautifully brindled. The festive throng did not separate till the rosy fingered morn opened the portals of heaven.

AMG

We may now look forward with confidence to as brilliant a season as the last for dejeuners, a splendid tent having been erected on the lawn or as it has been named by the great Etymologist Leighton a "Cricket Match." We trust [??] will be as liberally encouraged as formerly, and that the present Duke Sir Pine Strawberry, now nearly of age will make as distinguished a figure in them as his deceased ancestor.

Printed at the Clapham Press

XVII

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

June 20 1812

"Dies fenatibus sacrum"

Clapham June 20th

The Editor is concerned to offer so uninteresting a paper to the public and can only account for the unprecedented dearth of communications by supposing his correspondents are all engaged in the present electioneering disputes and that the pretensions of Maxwell and Hunt, Wood and Smithman Wilson and Barclay exclude every other object from their minds. Even La Marguerite (who has quitted the suite of invalid apartments) is now continually seen poring over the newspapers, instead of pursuing her usual interesting and scientific employment of drawing heads and bonnets in every variety of shape and feature — and Emilia has been known to read loud for hours together the speeches of her favorite candidate. This with the sincerest sympathy we have observed the increased languor of this young lady which even the balmy air and quiet of Clapham does not remove, and trust the journey to Penrill Bank which she hears she is meditating will have a beneficial effect upon her. We are sorry to attribute the indisposition of Baron Dick which we attribute to his ardent exertions in singing at the late grand feast at the Thatched House Tavern. CMG

Family Diary

June 14th Sunday — Sylvia the abbey Theodore and the Chancellor attended Divine Service at the Clapham Cathedral Lady and Miss Cattley with the Hon. Mrs Savile (who is only 21 years old) called on Mrs Shore and after much interesting conversation walked round the Palace gardens with Theodore and Sylvia.

Monday — The Chancellor went to town immediately after breakfast with Lord Tilbury. Theodore staid to hear the Sunday Chronicle read and after a violent flirtation with Lady Betty, Gumper Leighton followed his brother. At 6 the state barge arrived at the landing place and received Mrs Shore and Sylvia who were rowed to Pall St and joined a distinguished party at Mrs Wm Smith's

Tuesday — Theodore and the Chancellor left London for Luggershall to support

XVII

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham June 20th 1818

The Editor is concerned to offer so uninteresting a paper to the public and can only account for the unprecedented dearth of communications by supposing his correspondents are all engaged in the present electioneering disputes and that the pretensions of Maxwell and Hunt, Wood and Worthman, Wilson and Barclay exclude every other object from their minds. Even La Marguerite (who has quitted the suite of invalid apartments) is now continually seen poring over the newspapers, instead of preserving her usual interesting and scientific employment of drawing heads and bonnets in every variety of shape and feature ~ and Emilia has been known to read loud for hours together the speeches of her favourite candidates. It is with the sincerest sympathy we have observed the increased languor of this young lady which even the balmy air and quiet of Clapham does not remove, and trust the journey to Darwell Bank which she heard she is meditating will have a beneficial effect upon her. We are sorry to notice the indisposition of Baron Dick which we attribute to his constant exertions in singing at the late grand feast at the Thatched House Tavern.

EMG

Family Diary

June 14th

Sunday ~ Sylvia the Abbess Theodore and the Chancellor attended Divine Service at Clapham Cathedral. Lady and Miss Cutley with the Hon.^{ble} Mrs. Savile (who is only 90 years old) called on the M.^{de} Mere and after much interesting conversation walked round the Palace gardens with Theodore and Sylvia.

Monday ~ The Chancellor went to town immediately after breakfast with Lord Tilbury. Theodore staid to hear the Sunday Chronicle read and after a violent flirtation with Lady Betty Gimper Leighton followed his brother. At 6 the state barge arrived at the landing place and received M.^{de} Mere and Sylvia who were rowed to Park St. and joined a distinguished party at Mr W^{m} Smiths.

Tuesday ~ Theodore and the Chancellor left London for Luggershall to support

Mr Sandford Graham candidate for that borough. From the Chancellor's well known talent for politics and brilliant eloquence we have no doubt his speeches were much applauded. The Liggers hall Courier does not say whether Theodore wore his spangled vest or Guido waistcoat when he first appeared on the Hustings — Either would attract multitudes — It is possible that he wore both.

Wednesday — The family dinner party was joined by Miss Salusbury an idene of Mrs Watty's whose unaffected and gentle demeanour gained universal approbation. Music and caricatures were the amusements of the Evening.

Thursday — The barking of Roche and the crowing of the bantams announced the arrival & their patroness de Marguerite — in the grand library for the first time since her illness when she received the enquiries of the Nobility with her usual condescension.

Friday was spent in the tranquility of rural occupations agreeably diversified with politics and maneuvering —

Saturday — Sylvia attended the examination of the children of Battersea School. Theodore and the Chancellor arrived in town with Sir Geoffrey and joined a select party at dinner at Clapham consisting of the Marquis and Marchioness Custeis, Countess Windmill Hill and the Ladies Ann and Charlotte Duchess Kent, Admiral and Mrs Cumberland Bp of Cumberland and Milord Epsom. After dinner Countess W. Hill and the Abbess conducted round the grounds. In the Evening sweetest sounds were elicited from the Piano forte by Sylvia and Miss Cumberland — Admiral and Mrs C warbled an enchanting duet. The Company separated at a late hour.

We have been favored with a sight of the New Comedy that has just appeared, and extract two of the scenes for the amusement of our readers —

Days of Yore — or the Barbon Age

Scene The Nursery — a large table on the stage — a basin of milk in the middle — square slabs of solid bread ranged in heaps all round the table. Theodore Sylvia

Mr Sandford Graham[1] candidate for that borough. From the Chancellor's well known turn for politics and brilliant eloquence we have no doubt his speeches were much applauded. The Luggershall Courier does not say whether Theodore wore his purple vest or Guido waistcoat when he first appeared on the Hustings. Either would attract multitudes. It is possible that he wore both.

Wednesday ~ The family dinner party was joined by Miss Salisbury an éleve of Mrs. Battey's whose unobtrusive and gentle demeanour gained universal approbation. Music and Caricatures were the amusements of the Evening.

Thursday ~ The barking of Blucher and the crowing of the bantams announced the arrival of their patroness La Marguerite in the grand library for the first time since her illness where she received the enquires of the Nobility with her usual condescension.

Friday was spent in the tranquility of rural occupations agreeably diversified with politics and mantua making.

Saturday ~ Sylvia attended the examination of the Children of Battersea School. Theodore and the Chancellor arrived in town with Sir Gross [??] and joined a select party at dinner at Clapham consisting of the Marquis and Marchioness Curteis, Countess Windmill Hill and the Ladies Anne and Charlotte, Duchess [??], [??] and Mrs. Cumberland, Miss Cumberland and Milord Epsom. After dinner Countess W. Hill and the Abbess romanced round the grounds. In the Evening sweetish sounds were elicited from the Piano forte by Sylvia and Miss Cumberland ~ Admiral and Mrs. C warbled an enchanting Ditty. The Company separated at a late hour.

We have been favoured with a sight of the New Comedy that has just appeared, and extract one of the scenes for the amusement of our reader.

Days of Yore or the Barlow Age

Scene. The Nursery ~ a large table on the stage ~ a basin of milk in the middle, square slabs of solid bread ranged in heaps of three round the table. Theodore Sylvia

[1] *He was their cousin, the son of Sir James Graham, Baronet of Kirkstall. See the Preface, page 12. Sandford apparently won this election, as he was the member for Ludgershall, Wilts, for some time. I think our Grahams should take the credit for this. J.S.*

The Chancellor and Comtesse kneeling on stools round it. Princess Barton sitting with La Marguerite in her lap. In the back ground Marinat humming a light working ——

Sylvia "Nurse there is no butter on any bread"—

Prin. B. "Poor Child! There's a power of butter on it (holding it up slanting to the light) see how it shines"

The Chan. "Nurse I have only got two pieces"

Prin. B. "Then give me that piece (cutting it in two) there."

Chan. "Oh thanky Nurse."

Prin. B. (singing) Jack and Gill went up the hill, Marguerite takes up the time accompanied by Nurse on the bassoon. Theodore parades about the room with the basin & knife in his hand.

Prin. B. (dragging him back) Master Graham you're no more manners than a cat or a dog Miss Cawthornes always sat so pretty behind in the middle of their chairs, and when they had done they said please Mrs Nurse may I get up?"

Sylvia (rising in haste) I've done first I've got the golden purse."

Prin. B. (taking off her finger stall) "Then you ought to say Shining money that's French for thanky"

Chan. "I've done second I've got the golden pheasant"!!

Theodore — I've done third, I've got the golden bird"..!!!

Comtesse (rising in haste) I've done four I've got the golden oar"!!!

Edmund Barnes Jy

Private Theatricals
Pavillion Theatre

On Monday, June 29, by particular desire will be performed the first time this season Dejeuné à la Fergus
or
The Cricket Match

Dramatis personæ — Selim, Mr G.
Al Hassan Mr Graham — Zuleika Miss Emily Graham — Badroul Landaar — Miss Anne Margaret — Rosabeke Miss Clunie — Delight of my Eyes — Miss Caroline Curtois — Sugar Cane, Miss Sylvia
In the first act will be introduced a pas seul by Selim and a French air on the Lute by Sugar cane —

The Chancellor and Emilia kneeling on stools round it. Princess Barlow sitting with La Marguerite in her lap. In the back ground Hannah Wainwright working.

Sylvia "Nurse there is no butter on my bread"[1]

Prin^{se}. B. "Poor Child! There's a power of butter on it (holding it up slanting to the light) See how it shines"

The Chan^{r}. "Nurse I have only got two pieces"

Prin.^{se} B. "Here give me that piece (cutting it in two) there".

Chan^{r}. "O thanky Nurse."

Prin.^{se} B. (singing) Jack and Jill went up the hill, Marguerite takes up the tune accompanied by Nurse on the bassoon. Theodore parades about the room with the basin of milk in his hand.

Prin^{se}. B. (dragging him back) "Master Graham you've no more manners than a cat or a dog. Miss Cawthornes always sat so pretty behaved in the middle of their chairs, and when they had done they said Please Mrs. Nurse may I get up?"

Sylvia (rising in haste) "I'm done first I've got the golden purse!"

Prin.^{se} B. (taking off her pinafore) "There you ought to say Shinery mercy that's french for thanks"

Chan^{r}. I'm done second I've got the golden pheasant!!"

Theodore ~ I'm done third, I've got the golden bird"!!!

Emilia (rising in haste) I'm done four I've got the golden oar"!!!

Exeunt Omnes. JG

Private Theatrical
Pavillion Theatre

On Monday, June 29, by particular desire will be performed the first time this season

Dejeuné à la Targue
or
The Cricket Match

Dramatic personae ~ Schiner, Mr G.
Al Hassan Mr. Graham ~
Tulinka[?] Miss Emily Graham ~
[??] Miss Anne Margaret
Porabank Miss Clunie ~
Delight of my Eyes ~ Miss Caroline Curteis
Sugar Cane Miss Sylvia.

In the first act will be introduced a pas seul by Silvia and a Greek air on the Lute by Sugar cane.

[1] *Clearly a long-standing family joke, as the lack of butter on bread is referenced in Vol. L, page 3 also. J.S.*

Theatre Domestique

The Razor and Mug
or
Mary quizzed

Principal characters by Mr Simmons Mr Chalwin Mr Carter and Thirsk Spittle and Bill Moore.

To conclude with a grand wrestling match between Mr Carter and Miss Spittle.

We trust we shall be pardoned in the absence of the usual communications from our faithful correspondent for introducing an original song by an old friend of the family.

Auld Robin Forbes

Auld auld Robin Forbes has geint them a dance
I put on my specs to see them a prance
I thought on the days when I was but fifteen
How I skipt me i' the best upon Forbes's green
Of a' things at is, I think thought is maist queer
It brings that at's bypast and sets it down here
I see Willie as plain as I do this bit page
When he took his coat tapped and slightest his face

The lapses i wondrid what Willie could see
In me at was dark I had features like me
And they wondrid aye main when they talkit o my nek

And sike talkit Willie that could na be it
But Willie he laught and he made me his wife
And who was main happy then i' his lang life
And that's a my comfort now Willie is gone
That he aft said at mutting was like his own

I mind when I carried my work to yon tither
Where Willie was hedging, his time to begin
He'd fling me a daisy to put i my breast
An I hammerd my needle to mak out a rest
But merry or grave, Willie often would tease
There was nane of the lave, at near like my ease
An he said what he thought for I'd hardly a fear
When he made me his wife but the green on my bank

When the clock it struck eight I expected him hame
I wishd mysel to meet him as fared frae toun
But a hours at last'd, eight was doomst to come
But now when it strikes there's a tear in my eye
O Willie, dear Willie! it never can be
That ae fatal time, or death can divide thee frae me
That spot on the earth I like best for to see
Is the turf that hes covered my Willie frae me

Since our paper was put to the press we have heard with the greatest concern that Baron Dirk has been found dead in his bed. His friend and companion Sir John Lemon is inconsolable.

Printed at the Clapham Grocer Press

Theatre Domestique
The Razor and Mug
or
Mary quizzed

Principal characters by Mrs. Simmons Mrs. Chalwin Mr Carter and Mesdames Spittle and Bell Moore.

To conclude with a grand wrestling match between Mr Carter and Miss Spittle[1].

We trust we shall be pardoned in the absence of the usual communications from our faithless correspondents for introducing an original song by an old friend of the family

Auld Robin Forbes

[*I just can't decipher this damn poem, which is written in dialect. However, I don't have to. It's a poem by Susanna Blamire (1747-1794). Originally written in Cumberland dialect that is impossible to read, even in typeface. Apparently her work wasn't published until 1842, but we now know it appeared before then in the pages of the Family Chronicle. I'll give you all just the last few lines of the poem J.S.*]

Oh Willie, dear Willie, it never can be
That age, time, or death can divide thee from me
That spot on the earth I like best for to see
Is the turf that has covered my Willie fra' me.

Since our paper was put to the press we have heard with the greatest concern that Baron Dick has been found dead in his bead. His friend and companion Sir John Linnet is inconsolable.

Printed at the Clapham Press

[1] *One assumes the servants were arguing about something. You just can't get good help nowadays. J.S.*

XVIII

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE.

Diis penatibus sacrum.

Clapham — Saturday June 27 - 1818

It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the present Editor takes upon himself the arduous duty of this week, conscious as he is that he was the original founder of this literary institution, and that it continues to flourish under the benign auspices of the fair sex — On this stated return of his editorship he cannot withhold from the public some flattering documents, he has received from several of the crowned heads not only of Europe, but of Asia, Africa and America — Louis dix huit has been so pleased with some of the members that he has sent the decoration of Saint Esprit to the Editor, and learning that the Abbess of St Cloud was the then Editor, the Duchess D'angoulême sent her an offer of a convent in the south of France — The King of Spain has decreed that all who speak against the Family Chronicle shall be put to the rack — The Pope has blest it The grand Seignieur has admitted it into the Seraglio, and the Emperor of China has sent over one of his Mandarines with the following very condescending and elegant testimonial in its favour —

Events of the week

Monday — The princes of the blood were engaged in town the whole day — The princesses and their household included indulged in rustic retirement —

The Chancellor however accompanied by Mr Thomson visited Vauxhall and were received with applause — They honoured the gardens with sapping there —

Tuesday — Dr Pearson physician extraordinary to Emilia dined at the Palace — Signora Bottinetto Phantonini was the lady in attendance — We lament to say Emilia and the Abbess were ordered into the country —

Wednesday — The Chancellor drove out in the evening for some hours in his Library accompanied by Lord John Carr — they paid a visit to Viscount Hinderley at Highgate — In the evening Theatre and the Chancellor honoured Lady Astley's ball with their presence —

XVIII

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham June 27th 1818

It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the present Editor takes upon himself the arduous duty of this week, conscious as he is that he was the original founder of this literary institution, and that it continues to flourish under the benign auspices of the five muses. On this stated return of his editorship he cannot withhold from the public some flattering documents he has received from several of the crowned heads not only of Europe, but of Asia, Africa, and America. Louis dixhuit has been so pleased with some of the numbers that he has sent the decoration of Sainte Esprit to the Editor, and learning that the Abbess of St Clugny was the then Editor, the Duchess D'Angouleme sent her an offer of a convent in the south of France. The King of Spain had decreed that all who speak against the Family Chronicle shall be put to the rack. The Pope has blest it. The Grand Signeur has admitted it into the Seraglio, and the Emperor of China has sent over one of his Mandarins with the following very condescending and elegant testimonial in its favour ~



Events of the Week

Monday ~ The princes of the blood were engaged in town the whole day. The princesses and their household included indulged in rustic retirement.

The Chancellor however accompanied by H. Thomson visited Vauxhall and were received with applause. They honoured the gardens with supping there.

Tuesday ~ D.^{r} Pearson physician extraordinary to Emilia dined at the Palace. Signora Bobbinetto Thorntonisi was the lady in attendance. We lament to say Emilia and the Abbess were ordered into the country.

Wednesday ~ The Chancellor drove out in the evening for some hours in his Tilbury accompanied by Lord John Carr ~ they paid a visit to Viscount Hinderley at Highgate. In the evening Theodore and the Chancellor honoured Lady Astley's ball with their presence.

Thursday. Coloured lamps arrived in great quantities at the palace —

Friday was the day fixed for Madam Mara's grand champetre entertainment. It was designed to be very select, and numerous were the disappointments in consequence. An account of the entertainment will be found in our columns of this day —

Saturday, all was quiet at the Palace — Princess Birch was the only inmate — The Chancellor spent the greatest part of the afternoon on the hustings, and drove down to Clapham to tea — Theodore arrived at a late hour at the palace after various horsemen having been sent out in quest of him — among the rest Colt Mitcham of the Patchwork dragoons. It appears he had been reconnoitring a travelling carriage which is to convey him and his august sister Sylvia into the North —

Grand Fete Champetre

At an early hour the hammer and chissil were at work in the palace — The Marchioness di Hull mandel arrived in the latter part of the morning to assist in the arrangements. At 4, the Chancellor accompanied by Bishop Pitt reached the palace, and entered at the side door. They were engaged till dinner in arranging the decorations of the grand back staircase —

At 5, they sat down to an elegant dinner, but did not sit long. At 8, the inhabitants of the palace retired to their respective toilets and at nine the company began to enter in at the grand back entrance which was brilliantly illuminated. Constable Symonds as usual presided in the Castle Yard —

The Vestibule

The grand arched entrance (built after the model of the celebrated Piatto) displayed a semicircle of variegated lights which conducted to the foot of the fine mass of stone — we mean the grand back staircase, the balustrades of which were tastefully entwined with laurel oak, and sweet smelling shrubs resembling a verdant hedge; a hanging wood afforded a pleasing shade over the back staircase and patent lamps threw a brilliant light over the whole —

Grand Hall

This celebrated room the work of Michael Angelo afforded a convenient at once elegant and imposing. The sideboard was placed against the state door, spread with the

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Grand Fete Champetre

At an early hour the hammer and chissil[sic] were at work in the palace. The Marchesa di Hullmandel arrived in the latter part of the morning to assist in the arrangements. At 4, the Chancellor accompanied by Bishop Firth reached the palace, and entered at the side door. They were engaged till dinner in arranging the decorations of the grand back staircase.

At 5, they sat down to an elegant dinner, but did not sit long after. At 8 the inhabitants of the palace retired to their respective toilettes and at nine the company proceeded in at the Grand back entrance which was brilliantly illuminated. Constable Symonds as usual presided in the Castle Yard.

The Vestibule

The grand arched entrance (built after the model of the celebrated Rialto) displayed a semicircle of variegated lights which conducted to the foot of the fine mass of stone ~ we mean the grand back staircase, the bannisters of which were tastefully entwined with laurel oak, and sweet smelling shrubs resembling a verdant hedge; a hanging wood afforded a pleasing shade over the back staircase and patent lamps threw a brilliant light over the whole.

Grand Hall

This celebrated room the work of Michael Angelo afforded a coup d'oeil at once elegant and imposing. The sideboard was placed against the state door, spread with bowls

of china containing syllabubs — baskets of aromatic herbs and silver baskets of pastry — four unique festoons of variegated lamps lighted this charming feast — opposite to this were placed the two celebrated busts of Cæsar and Julius Cæsar just brought from Rome — around them rose a grove of exotics —

The State Saloon

This matchless apartment containing every thing that is most rare, shed a flood of light from its bronze and ormolu candelabra tripods and urns Flora had poured her sweets upon the tables, and the setting sun had left a rich tint in the south west which completed the illusion by transporting us to an Italian atmosphere —

The Ball Room

This spacious apartment dedicated to the loves and graces, was entirely illuminated with patent lamps — a parterre of choice plants appeared in each window, and festoons of flowers were hung luxuriantly on the walls —

The Confectionary

This charming séjour was filled with every sort of choice fruit pastry consommes, cold meat and wines — It was open to the dancers at 10 o'clock and was the centre of attraction — Bratts band consisting of two violins, a double bass, a harp clarionette and flageolette performed some charming pieces of music, and the quadrille dancing was kept up with spirit till ½ past one o'clock when the company reluctantly retired — —

Present — Ladies — Sheehan' Astley, Sheffield, Seton &c — Mesdames — Smith Browne Davis, Carr, Curtis, R Martin Gurney Arnold Shore &c — Misses — Sheffield, Astley, 2 Carrs 2 Dawsons, 2 Gurneys, 4 Cockerells 3 Curtis's, Plumer, Majendie Martin, Tibbert, Mr. Tibbert Longley, R Longley Arnold Seton Sylvia appeared in lilac and was much admired — —

The next morning Princess Plumer left the palace at 10 for Canons — The Chancellor and Bishop Blomfield returned to town in the former's Tilbury — —

N. B. We hope if any omissions have occurred in the above account they will be noticed by some of the attendants about the Court who had opportunities of knowing every thing — —

In consequence of the press of matter the most important information is omitted — SG

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Pratt's band consisting of two violins, a double bass, a harp clarionette and flageolet, performed some charming pieces of music, and the quadrille dancing was kept up with spirit till 1/2 past one o'clock when the company reluctantly retired.

Present ~ Ladies ~ [??] Astley, Sheffield, Seton &c Mesdames Smith Browne, Davis, Carr, Curteis, H Martin Gurney Arnold Shore &c. Misses ~ Sheffield, Astley, 2 Carrs, 2 Davisons, 2 Gurneys, 4 Cocherells, 3 Curteis's, Plumer, Majendie, Martin, Hibhert[?], Mr. Hibhert, Longley, R Longley Arnodl &c &c. Sylvia appeared in lilac and was much admired.

The next morning Princess Plumer left the palace at 10 for Canons. The Chancellor and Bishop Firth returned to town in the former's Tilbury.

N.B. We hope if any omissions have occurred in the above account they will be noticed by some of the attendants about the Court who had opportunities of knowing every thing.

In consequence of the press of matter much important information is omitted.

JG

Advertisements—

Plan for striking a series of medals illustrative of the Dimea family—to be completed in 25 medals—one for each year—— The first medal is to represent Theodore reading at a year old—— There will also be a fine one of Miss Pepys and the red waistcoat with a tea urn on the reverse—— another with a fine head of Sleight the Taylor with the motto, "Stripes round the leg"—— The last will be Theodore's introduction to the Regent with the motto, "Character formed"——

Patent Strawberry Couch—

This luxurious article of furniture formed upon a new mechanical principle, will carry any gentleman or lady lying at full length down a strawberry bed at the rate of 300 strawberries an hour it moves itself without any exertion of the eater—— price 10 Guineas—— or fitted up with drawers containing aperient and cooling medicines, nineties &c—— price 20 Guineas—— It is recommended by all the faculty——

State Lottery begins drawing this day—— By buying a ticket any body may have 20,000 strawberries in their pocket——

Fashions for July

Dupes of Maxwell—— orange are much worn à la pastorale with a black rosette in compliment to the absent Emilia—— Redanes are now out of fashion since the abbé's departure——

Published by Authority

Tuesday June 28th

We have just learned that a dejeuner—— comprising every thing that is most recherché is to be given to morrow morning by the Editor of the Sunday Chronicle's pardon for thus intruding upon his department but at present moral reflections give way to pines and grapes and the cardinal virtues to the cardinal sins—— An express arrived at 8 this morning from Bolton House announcing the intention of the illustrious house of Curtici to visit the summer palace of the Stanwoods tomorrow morning—— By this unexpected intelligence confusion has usurped the place of order—— The cobwebs thrown aside—— Davis's scissors set to run in search of preserves—— Mason's self knowledge has given place to Mrs Glasse's cookery—— It is said no one in the palace will go to bed this night——

The Chancellor has been about all this day on a visit to Lord at Down Cot Epsom the seat of Prince Gibson—— The Abbess is in attendance there—— It is said that anarchy has taken place in the Government in consequence of the absence of the Queen all say it is too bad to wear weeds and home applied to the Pope for leave to wear low gowns

(Printed at the Catalpa Press)

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Plan for striking a series of medals illustrative of the Timea family to be completed in 25 medals ~ one for each year. The first medal is to represent Theodore reading at a year old. There will also be a fine one of Miss Pepys and the red waistcoat with a tea urn on the reverse. Another with a fine head of Sleight the Taylor with the motto, "Stripes round the leg". The last will be Theodore's introduction to the Regent with the motto, "Character formed".

Patent Strawberry Couch

This luxurious article of furniture formed upon a new mechanical principle, will carry any gentleman or lady lying at full length down a strawberry bed at the rate of 300 strawberries an hour it moves itself without any exertion of the eater ~ price 10 Guineas ~ or fitted up with drawers containing [??] and cooking medicines, metis & c ~ price 20 Guineas. It is recommended by all the faculty.

State Lottery begins drawing this day. By bringing a ticket any body may have 20,000 strawberries in their pocket.

Fashions for July

Dresses of Maxwell orange are much worn cap à la pastorale, with a black rosette in compliment to the absent Emilia. Rosaries are gone out of fashion since the Abbess's departure.

Sunday June 28^{th}

We have just learned that a dejeuner comprising every thing that is most recherché is to be given tomorrow morning. We beg the Editor of the Sunday Chronicle's pardon for thus intruding upon his departure but at present moral reflections give way to pines and grapes and the cardinal virtues to the cardinal jams.

An express arrived at 8 this morning from Bolton House announcing the intention of the illustrious house of Curtiei to visit the summer Palace of the Strawseat tomorrow morning. By this unexpected intelligence confusion has usurped the place of order. The cooks have thrown aside Law's serious [??] to run in search of preserves and Mason's Self knowledge has given place to Mrs. Glass's cooking. It is said no one in the palace will go to bed this night.

JG

The Chancellor has been absent all this day on a visit to Emilia at Down Cot. Epsom the seat of Prince Gibson. The Abbess is in attendance there. It is said that anarchy has taken place in the Convent in consequence of her absence. The nuns all say it is too hot to wear veils and have applied to the Pope for leave to wear low gowns.

Published by Authority. Printed at the Katalpha Press

N°. 19 & 20

The Family Chronicle

July 11- 1818

Diis Penatibus sacrum

Thesa being again called in rotation to push on the vehicle of family intelligence (which has been unwonly deferred to double the usual term) congratulates Mad^me Mere on the happy achievement of her quadrille undertaking, alluded to in the last number, discouraged as she was by the inauspicious omens which presented themselves - the first of these was the atrocity committed in the grape house from whence 150 Clusters were dislodged the preceding Evening in spite of the Argus and Cerberus placed at the entrance of the Hesperian garden, who were doubtless charmed to sleep by some London ball-giving Countess envious of the delight of fresh air fresh flowers fresh Strawberries, and grapes powdered with the lovely bloom which never makes its appearance in the precincts of Grosvenor Square - Next came the unexpected blow of Emilia's absence who departed to Down Cottage with the Abbess - and lastly was threatened a fatal deprivation of beauty from whom cyprus rained in by the hands of the Postman, for it was thought the great sacrifice to leave the dinner table and taste their usual libation of sobrisqui post for the nectar of syllabub - Madame Mere has therefore made a resolution that if she reaches another anniversary of Theodore's birth, cards shall be issued for an evening breakfast, which will allow the worthies in question time to enjoy the luxury of a London dinner after the Tirsa entertainment is concluded - New guests of this description were however admitted in the place of the sceptors - and Beaux were numerous enough to find themselves of no preponderating consequence - a few indeed manifested signs of coldness when offered to be provided with a partner and it is reported that an introduction of this kind having taken place at a late party, and some conversation having passed between the dame and cavalier, the latter upon the striking up of the music, requested she would know the goodness to excuse him from dancing!!! It is also asserted that a Coterie of dandies have entered into an agreement for next season to abstain from exhibiting in the Dance till the old custom of chusing partners is revived - and the female suitors approach their lords of the creation to wait for the misgivings Yes, or shilling No - Nay, some

IXX & XX

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have supposed that the great question of matrimony will be involved in this arrangement, and that the right of refusal will be vested in these monarchs of the earth - Should this be the case, the general subversion of order will be still more alarming than that dreaded in the reform of parliament & universal suffrage —

Family Diary

Saturday ——— June 27

Col & Mrs Dalrymple drove up to the Door at Tea time and demanded a plentiful supply of Strawberries and Cream, but being politely reminded that they should have come the day before, they good naturedly laughed at their own wit & acknowledged their failure of duty to Mad'lle and Theodore — All the family retired early being fatigued —

Monday 29th There was a grand champetre breakfast - for which we refer to the head of Correspondence —

The divine Plumeria made her appearance in the evening with a magnificent pyramidical bouquet a present to Mad'lle from the Master of the Rolls —

30th They all repaired to that abode of the Muses called the Hibernian Villa where every luxury regaled the senses of taste sight and hearing - Poor Theodore indeed was compelled to face a host of opposition politicians in which he pursued his usual modest shadowy, but the Hero Maxwell was doted by all - Sylvia appeared in pale blush Broglie, but the Plumeria was attired in a resplendent pink sarsenet with a superb necklace of aqua marine, which evidently was not lost upon that paragon of genius Nathanael, for upon the shawls being called for at their departure he selected a pink Handkerchief as decidedly manifesting its relationship to the pink drapery and led its fair wearer to the Carriage —

Wednesday July 1st was a fête day at the palace when a party arrived at dinner consisting of that venerable and interesting legal Character Lord Coke and his Lady - their was also that distinguished member of the Bibliomaniac Club Mr Harding with his fascinating Daughters - the Olivarian family and the Baron & Baroness Giovanni di Casanova with their offspring the elegant Eleonora whose infantine grace

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crowned the Company till dinner was announced — Mr. Mrs. Thrale supported Cecilia and Darling diverted themselves at the head of the Table with creating a political Trio or rather prophetic rhapsody which it is hoped may never be realized — In the evening a quartette party of the Cara nova family arrived who with Sylvia & Plumeria, joined by the Obsidian Syrens, performed a delicious musical Interlude to which the Duchess of Pamdon & train deigned to unite in performing audience — The latter are on the point of making a Tour on the Continent & joining the illustrious Jean de Rosignol — Last but not least upon the list of the Tinia Guests appeared the Prince Rich Duchess Norman, who remained at the Palace & took up her residence as usual in the North western Wing — The next morning Thursday, she mounted the verdant Throne in the Temple of Flora dedicated to her Serene Highness where young & old soon assembled round their favorite — The faithful Douglas too assisted to pay her Devoirs & receive commands — At 2 o'Clock Plumeria and soon after the enchanting Brithina departed to their respective homes.

Friday — All was domestic Tranquillity till night when a Detachment went to Vauxhall, under the auspices of the elegant Baronne de Casanova whose Coiffure was much admired.

Saturday — The Horn was sounded at the gate & the guard of honor drew up to receive the parting compliments of the travelling equipage which transported to their expecting friends the Emelia & her faithful Abbess after a weeks residence at Down Cottage — Gladly were they hailed in the Hall & Mrs Thrale's sentimental & anxious eye was by no means discouraged by the appearance of the beloved Invalid — but as change is the inevitable order of things in human life, no sooner did this meeting take place than the Giovanni group were condemned to take their departure & break up the late cheerful circle — For the proceedings of these agreeable departing guests, see the Correspondence from Epsom — At dinner made their appearance Sir Ralph Carr & the Honble Fred Eden who perambulated the grounds and turned over the gallery of portraits in the Evening

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Monday The 2d breakfast took place on the Lawn for which see Correspondence

Tuesday 7th The Cutlers family made their farewell visit and were met by Mrs Stilly and Pothill

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[1] *It's a little known fact that the Graham family were actually hobbits. J.S.*

[2] *And thus the first (and only) mention of the Polhills in the Chronicle. Anne Margaret married Edward Polhill in 1824. J.S.*

at Dinner a quadrille & Syllabub concluded the day — The departure was much lamented

Wednesday 8th Theodore & the Chancellor went to Town in the morning and the Colonel and his Lady from the Portland palace called in the Evening — This was the birth day of the illustrious Chancellor who completed his 24th year

Thursday 9th The beloved Emilia under the protection of the venerable mother of the Abbess and Isabella Lady of the Bed Chamber took their departure upon a marine progress — Her travelling arrangement was one of the completest assemblages of comfort that can be imagined, particularly her Library and writing apparatus and we trust that many scintillations of genuis may be elicited in the course of this expedition, where health & amusement will it is hoped combine to repay the Discomfort of separation — After her departure the Archduchess Sylvia went to London & returned late at night —

Correspondence

We insert the following account of the fete champetre on the 29th from a confidential communication of one of the party to her friends in the Country.

Clapham monday 29th

. . . . . a little after 8 this morning a carriage drew to the Door and five Miss Curtis's with Baby were ushered in before a single Table plate flower or Board of Drapery were prepared They were turned into the flower garden and set off scampering backwards & forwards to the Straw Seat — the servants all assisting — and Anne & Eliza picking flowers till in a short time every thing was in order — 6 Shawls festooned up with flowers made a tolerable show of Drapery — the arch of course hung with evergreen & flowers — two Tables were covered with the contents of a large Box of Confectionary from Town — in the midst a pine on each side a plate of bon bons (Baby's delight) nectarines, melons, Cakes, Marmalades, ices, fruits Coffee &c elegantly scattered with flowers — The Archduchess bestowed them assistance more in the possession of the flower Garden than in decorating the Straw Seat — Imagine now a deputation to lead the party to the scene of action — Baby borne in triumph on a Tray and bursting with delight, exclaiming "what an odd breakfast it must be" — "and there are flowers growing out of the bread" — I see myself surrounded by 9 faces all eager with expectation and not heeding to the Combat — However we had a very respectable show of meats which

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were supported towards the end by the mother - We then withdrew into the Tent and paid our devoirs to Baby as an Eastern Princess strewing her with offerings of Flowers - Theatricals were the next amusement - a gallery of Boxes was placed under the Beech Tree - the Tambourine was thumped with great Effect and Tom advanced with an elegant pas seul supposed to have been learned in Caroline's present of the Quadrilles manual - a tragical scene of Tom hanging by a handkerchief to a Tree in which a heroine, Jane or Charlotte, came forward to save him, followed and the last scene of Bellamira, Tom's face smeared with Currant Jelly pursuing with his stick Caroline and Baby, was followed with unbounded applause — The screams of the children were real — children, for Emma was introduced, & Baby took to her amazingly, just her arms round her tho' nothing could overcome her maneuvering hook - Promenading succeeded gossiping exchange of Presents, Tea in the sleeping room - & Extracts from the Chronicle till they all departed about one, protesting that they had received great amusement

Thus plenty more to tell you & will write again - only this I cannot omit that your Abbess is the Thorn, is the slang, is whatever you please to call it that lies at the root of all our pleasure —

Ever &c

Down Cottage July 6

The details from this new Colony of the Tonna family lately occupied by Emilia & the Abbess, have of late been so exceedingly interesting and important, that we feel confident our Readers would be greatly disappointed, did they not perceive this date at the head of one of our Columns for to day - The unprecedented occurrences which have rendered it the centre of attraction for so large a portion of the literary and fashionable World, seem not indeed likely to recur; nor shall we attempt to delineate in future the petty transactions of this undistinguished neighbourhood — our chief object is to lay before the public an act of delicate benevolence and imposing generosity in the illustrious personages who have just left us which we are convinced their retiring worth would conceal - We understand in short that the unfortunate Baron de C — with his wife & family are actually in possession of this elegant retreat while the noble possessors invent the plea of a tour for health - They arrived there on Saturday Evening, after having passed some most luxurious days of delight at the paternal seat of their ancient & revered family on their road - The agitated Baroness de C. who had exerted herself during the whole of the journey to preserve a composure so necessary to her noble Lord, was quite overcome by the air of respectful & cheerful attention displayed

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[1] *Clearly the Curteis family did something nice, but I can't work out what. I find this section very confusing. J.S.*

throughout the household by the fulsing watchfulness of its late Inmates — the Baron and his Lady strolled through the village at a late hour to elude observation leaving the younger part of their Train to arrange themselves in the Chateau — Such is the levity & buoyancy of French character that we can confidently state from the report of Eye witnesses Mde E de C under all the accumulated afflictions of her parents was seen amusing herself on Sunday morning with the most perfect appearance of hilarity among the children of some of the dependants of the Estate for a considerable time — The french habits may excuse her devoting so large a portion of the invaluable day to such puerile employment — but the want of sensibility it displayed is to us very revolting — The Baron and his lovely Spouse attended the Protestant Church, where as soon as the Service was over, the bright eyes of the Vic Jesse espied the latter seen in the secluded corner of the Church they had chosen looked things unutterable and begged them to visit her superb mansion — the Baron was persuaded to join the Vic & ordered rides upon one of the Steeds so kindly left for his use —

Monday the Baron proceeded at an early hour to London where he will be anxiously engaged in endeavours to recover part of the wreck of his fortune from the French funds — The domestic employments of his family have only been interrupted by a short visit to the Viscountess and an enquiry for a superior Esculapius for the Maitre d'Hotel, whom a recent stroke still causes him much pain — it is hoped a few days may relieve him —

8 o'Clock Even.

Prince G has not yet arrived to cheer his daughters solitude who generously invited to take refuge here

Pavillon Dejeuné

The elegant Dejeuné given by the Chancellor to the Clapham fashionables is generally allowed to have surpassed in novelty of Decoration & brilliancy of wit all former fetes in the neighbourhood —

The Pavilion adorned by the Chancellor own hands was worthy to receive his exalted Guest the Archduchess Normandy festoons of the finest muslin confined by bunches of flowers floated from Tree to Tree — the Table were covered with every delicacy that Mr Bonvivant could procure from the Tropics to the Pole, and all the Nature seemed to unite in embellishing the Scene — Most of the distinguished Guests appeared in fancy dresses — but the Archduchess in Satin and flowers — the Abbess of Fontevraud in her robes and Mr R Carr in an

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*sometimes denominated puppies

[1] *It was his birthday party. He turned 24. J.S.*

English morning Costume presented their own respective chambers — The mother of the Abbess (as an elderly quaker Lady) had the honor of breakfasting at the Archduchess's table — Sylvia adopted the classical costume of a roman peasant which displayed to advantage her charming figure — La marquise (who officiated her mother to do the honors) was an interesting young Normandaby — but the most striking figure was Theodore dressed à la Bernoise who professed to be of the Wm Tell family — This athletic young woman boxed the timid Englishman (Mr R Carr) for not paying more homage to her charms, insulted the abbess, laughed cried shouted, and screamed till the whole assembly rose up in confusion — She then insisted upon dancing in a quadrille which she performed à l'Amazone, & ended by pretending to faint upon the Lawn, The noble Host himself surrendered at discretion to the yellow haired Laddie for he wore the Highland Costume, a dress we hear he is particularly attached to because it suits his complexion —

Mr Clere arrived as the Company were separating, but in time to receive the respects of most of the distinguished characters present —

It is said an act of parliament to the following effect will be passed at the next meeting of the Chaperone Representatives —

" Whereas divers evils have arisen from " the public not knowing what to do " with their eyes during the performance of a fine piece of music while sitting in a circle, for casting them down implies sleepiness — casting them up, singularity & casting them sideways — sheepishness as to casting them straight forwards, that only brings them into contact with an opposite pair of eyes, & in consequence of the conception all soon fall to the ground Formerly the above inconvenience therefore be it enacted that an eye basket be placed in the middle of the circle and let all eyes be turned loose in it during the performance of a sonata and as many bright eyes may sometimes meet in the basket, let it be made of Ashes too, to prevent its being consumed

JC

Lowdale Vicarage

Dear Mr Editor July 9 1818.

a report having reached our village that a great revolution is likely to take place in the empire of Love and matrimony, and that it will soon be decreed that offers of marriage are to be made, instead of received by the female members of the Community I am anxious to obtain some information upon this interesting subject. Nothing can be more alarming to the delicacy of the female mind than such an arrangement; but yet those who have the misfortune to come

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A report having reached our village that a great revolution is likely to take place in the empire of Love and matrimony, and that it will soon be decreed that offers of marriage are to be <u>made</u>, instead of <u>received</u> by the female members of the Community, I am anxious to obtain some information upon this interesting subject. Nothing can be more alarming to the delicacy of the female mind than such an arrangement; but yet those who have the misfortune to come

[1] *OK, fine, so maybe he wasn't so serious after all. J.S.*

upon the Stage at these trying times, must submit to their fate. Having just completed my 15th year, I naturally look forward to my establishment in life. My mother who is a great favorite generally entrusts me in our village engagements to the care of a good old Aunt; but should I be condemned to look out myself for a protector, my choice would naturally fall in another quarter. – You're to understand then that my father, the vicar of this place has under his care, a pupil about two years older than myself, whose countenance and manners are amiable. His expectations considerable. I cannot boast indeed that his attention has hitherto been particularly manifested to myself, being devoted to study for his head seems fuller of Greek & Latin than any thing else – and he appears much more interested in the cabals & intrigues of the French & the populace of ancient Rome, than in those of Sir F. Burdett and Henry Hunt. – The time however must come that the laws of his own country & the revolutions of the present moment form part of his Studies, and as these are represented in an interesting manner by the publications of the day in addition to more elaborate works, my father admit them upon his Table and our family circle looks anxiously for the arrival of the Mail. Let me therefore entreat you Mr. Editor to give us an authentic account of the plan in agitation which I have just alluded to in order that the object so intimately connected in my present speculations may be in some degree prepared for any step that I may be compelled to take in obedience to the system established by the higher powers.

I am Mr. Editor
Your devoted Servant
Amaryllis

P.S. to the domestic intelligence of the family Chronicle — Sat. 11

An Express has just arrived from the beloved Emba dated the Banks of the Thames, bringing us favourable an account as could be expected under her own hand, and expressing the greatest content under her travelling arrangements – The next communication is anxiously waited for, as it will enable us to form some decisive prospect concerning her future journey & plan of operations —

We have also to record a tragical accident that occurred in the farm yard. A family of six young Bantams has been destroyed by an invisible monster. Their Owner Marguerite has displayed more fortitude than could be expected

upon the stage at these trying times, must submit to their fate. Having just completed my 15th year, I naturally look forward to my establishment in life. My mother who is a great Invalid generally entrusts me in our village engagements to the care of a good old Aunt, but should I be condemned to look out myself for a protector, my choice would naturally fall in another quarter. You're to understand there that my father, the vicar of this place has under his care a pupil about two years older than myself, whose countenance and manners are amiable & his expectations considerable. I cannot boast indeed that his attention has hitherto been particularly manifested to myself, being devoted to Study, for his head seems fuller of Greek & Latin than any thing else ~ and he appears much more interested in the cabals & Intrigues of the Gracchi & the populace of ancient Rome than in those of Sir Burdett and Henry Hant. The time however must come that the laws of his own country & the revolutions of the present moment from part of his Studies, and as these are represented in an interesting manner by the publications of the day in addition to more elaborate words, my father admits them upon his Table and our family Circle looks anxiously for the arrival of the Mail. Let me therefore entreat you Mrs. Editor to give us an authentic account of the plan in agitation which I have just alluded to in order that the object so intimately concerned in my present speculations may be in some degree prepared for any step that I may be compelled to take in obedience to the system established by the higher powers.

I am Mrs. Editor
Your devoted Servant
Amaryllis

PS to the domestic intelligence of the family Chronicle

Sat^{d} 11

An Express has just arrived from the beloved Emilia dated the Banks of the Thames, bringing as favourable an account as could be expected under her own hand, and expressing the greatest content under her travelling arrangements. The next Communication is anxiously waited for, as it will enable us to form some decisive project concerning her future powers & plan of operations.

We have also to record a tragical accident that occurred in the farm. A family of six young Bantams has been destroyed by an invisible monster. Their owner Marguerite has displayed more fortitude than could be expected.

XXI

The Family Chronicle.

Diis Penatibus sacrum

Clapham 18 July 1818

The Editor laments much the absence of Emilia which has so materially affects the funds of family wit — Our pages will prove however that it has been the cause of Wit in others, & we shall not fail to give extracts of her correspondence in order to complete the family History since —

Saturday — When the Chinese Admiral Buch (who has filled our tables with Cups & our Toilettes with Tea) with his interesting Wife & daughter met the Locuta Philosophia Wilkinson — 1st Course, Chinese Conversation 2° Course Naval D° with an interesting from John Gun Carr. —

Sunday. we leave to our Sister Cheerfulness —

Monday all Dulwich was in commotion at the arrival of the literati from the Athenaeum to view the celebrated collection of pictures of which they were pleased to express their high approbation —

Tuesday Eat fish Soup with the Barclay faction. Sylvia was fascinated with the simplicity of some gentle Quaker girls while Thirza Tidy & Mrs Ofie kept up a continual fire of Compliments.

Wednesday Theodore and the Chancellor being in Town, the nuns employed themselves in visits of kindness to their neighbors, and attending vespers in the Evening

Thursday a select party of Dealtry Lynch Gibson & Mrs Babbini —. The Editor's well known Admiration & veneration for the first mentioned Guest must prevent her making any remark on the party which would be deemed partial —

Friday The Turner family were all attired in Cypress — and all the plants in Flora's drawing room were observed to hang their heads on the departure of their beloved Archduchess to her palace Carlotta —

We are credibly informed however that a Treaty has been signed making agreement for the re-union of the two Courts at the Eastern Bourne —

Lamanguite has again suffered from a severe attack of the two monsters

XXI

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham 18 July 1818

The Editor laments much the absence of Emilia which has so materially affected the funds of family wit. Our pages will prove however that it has been the cause of Wit in others, & we shall not fail to give extracts of her correspondence in order to complete the family History since.

Saturday ~ When the Chinese Admiral Birch (who has filled our tables with Cups & our Toilettes with Fans) with his interesting wife & daughter met the Locuta Philosopher Wilkinson. 1.st Course, Chinese Conversation. 2^{d} Course Naval D^{o} with an entremots from John Gun Carr.

Sunday. We leave to our Sister Chron.

Monday. All Dulwich was in commotion at the arrival of the literati from the Athenaeum to view the celebrated collection of pictures of which they were pleased to express their high approbation.

Tuesday. Eat fish & Soup with the Barclay faction. Sylvia was fascinated with the simplicity of some gentle Quaker girls while Theresa Tidy & Mrs. Opie kept up a continual foré of Compliments.

Wednesday. Theodore and the Chancellor being in Town, the nuns employed themselves in visits of kindness to their neighbours, and attending vespers in the Evening.

Thursday. A select party of Dealtry Lynch Gibson & Mrs. Bobbin. The Editor's well known admiration & veneration for the first mentioned Guest must prevent her making any remark on the party which would be deemed partial.

Friday. The Timea family were all attired in Cypress ~ and all the plants in Floras drawing room were observed to hang their heads on the departure of their beloved ArchDuchess to her palace Carlotta. We are credibly informed however that a Treaty has been signed making agreement for the reunion of the two Counts at the Eastern Bourne. La Marguerite has again suffered from a severe attack of the two monsters

light Wearmess & Perspiration - they have at length crossed their graves & it is supposed that the name of the captivating Sir Charles Grandison who was called in on the occasion acted as a charm in expelling them -

Extracts of Emilia's Correspondence -

Hurrell Grove Sunday

Sunday is arrived & we have only got 40 miles from London We are determined to despise the gossip of the World & only mind our own ease & comfort - I enjoy travelling as much as I expected & am the better for it which I should not do, if I was to go faster than I could bear - passed Runnymede a quarter of a mile without knowing known it - Unfortunately Sir Francis Burdett & Mr Hunt were not in the road to make known to us the spot from whence all our happiness & liberty are derived - The changing prospect of hills & valleys is to me delightful, so imprisoned as I have been (in my ideas at least for no one can feel the want of reading who sees a beautiful Country before them & who is possessed with the smallest love of Nature - Vide Wordsworthy Collection -

Amesbury July 11th

My prediction as to strength will I think be quite verified - I enjoy certainly à vue d'oeil & enjoy the drive on the Box more than I can describe - What Emilia Wyndham can I make use of to describe the feelings of enjoyment it gives me! To a person just liberated from a prison who had been confined six months or to a delightful draught of Soda Water after excessive Heat - I am beginning to feel a healthy sleepiness at night which I do not think a little step but arrives - misfortune - I do not be too sanguine -

You seem dying with heat & drought I only taste the dews of the morn & repose during the heat of the day issue forth again in the freshness of the Evening & see sometimes the sun set in all its splendour -

Mrs Opie has mentioned Thomas Tidy in one of her stories - after some paragraph about Want not Want not - some sentence like this is put in Brackets (one doubt if Thomas Tidy had been then published Mrs - would have

hight Weariness & Perspiration. They have at length ceased their grasp & it is supposed that the name of the captivating Sir Cha^{s} Grandison who was called in on the occasion acted as a charm in expelling them.

Extracts of Emilia's Correspondences Murrel Green, Sunday

Sunday is arrived & we have only got 40 miles from London. We are determined to despise the gossip of the World & only mind our own ease & comfort. I enjoy travelling as much as I expected & am the better for it, which I should not do, if I was to go faster than I could bear ~ passed Runnymede a quarter of a mile without having known it. Unfortunately Sir [??] Burdett & Mr Hunt were not in the road to make known to us the spot from whence all our happiness & liberty are derived[1].

The changing prospect of hills & vallies is to me delightful, so imprisoned as I have been (in my ideas at least) for no one can feel the want of reading who sees a beautiful Country before them & who is possessed with the smallest love of Nature. Vide Wordsworths ballads.

Amesbury July 14th

My prediction as to strength will I think be quite rarified. I improve certainly à vu d'oeil & enjoy the drive on the Box more than I can describe. What Emiliar simile can I make use of to describe the feelings of enjoyment it gives me! To a person first liberated from a prison who had been confined in it for months or to a delightful draught of Soda Water after excessive thirst. I am beginning to feel a healthy sleepiness at night which I do not think a little step but arretez ~ ma plume ~ I must not be too sanguine.

You seem dying with heat & drought I only taste the dews of the morn & reposing during the heat of the day issue forth again in the freshness of the Evening & see sometimes the sun set in all its splendour.

Mrs. Opie[2] has mentioned Theresa Tidy in one of her stories. After some paragraph about waste not want not ~ some sentence like this is put in Brackets (no doubt if Theresa Tidy had been then published Mrs. — would have

[1] *The Magna Carta was signed at Runnymede. J.S.*

[2] *Amelia Opie, a well-known author of the time. J.S.*

added it to the acquirements of the Sheiks. Could not some poverty stricken author be prevailed upon by gods to introduce Lemuel in a similar manner.?

We go to Salisbury this evening by Stone henge — I firmly believe it was the work of Merlin with the assistance of this infernal friend. With this opinion I shall view it with much more genuine horror than if I gave into the sceptical opinion that it was formed by the Druids — Bell thought it was a little curiosity to be seen in a shop.

Extract from a Letter addressed to Emilia — dated from the Turks Summer Palace July 14 — 1818

You are subject I know to poetical fits
And the good Muse Clariope 'll sharpen your wits
That Muse who's left Worley, Wordsworth & Hollyer
And other fine preachers on purpose to follow ye
Who's given to the world a wonder no less
Than that Glory of Convents the fair saint Abbess
Who t'other day jaunted to Epsom's gay races
While her nuns took to dusting & painting their faces
Which call'd forth a thundering bull from old Rome
And brought Lady Abbess so suddenly home —
Has so metamorphosed the life of the nun
That taking the Veil is synonimous to fun
That all the Nun's veils now with Brussels are lac'd
And the Abbess herself wears a sash round her waist
They are pale — not with vigils & Stripes & Starvation
But with late hours & Claret & frequent perspiration
And now, O but listen, instead, who would think it
Of living in Hermitage lonely they drink it —
A Picture they have too (to add to their tricks
Of Monks storing punch with a bar Crucifix
They postpone early matins & make vespers later
To comply with the gay hours of each fete champetre
Among our arrivals from great foreign Courts
Is Arch Duchess Norman the queen of the Sports
Each morning we offer a flower on her Shrine
And hail with delight her good humour divine
No Breakfast goes off with the requisite grace
Unless the Arch Duchess first takes the State place
Margaretta as usual is on the alert
To get ready the Banquet (you know the young flirt)
Now she trickles out the table with myrtle & rose
From the Lawn clears the dews with her elegant toes —
Then with mention she fashions a bank of the East
"Come Come" she exclaims to the Ottoman feast
"The Tables are spread & waits you to sit"
"Come in smargus way one not be sparing in wit"
Then forth came the Crew with laughter resounding
Here's a matron of Rome — there a Highlander bounding
Here a challenging fisherlass sunburnt Conchoise
There a quaker demure & a six foot Bavoise
And now dear Emilia I take my adieu
With love to yourself respect to your muse
And with hopes that your Brothers handmaid the Grace
Who so boldly presides in the Charioteers place
Is neither distorted in figure or face —
That the Box is not Punch, nor prudence grimace
No! for be the tortures which racked poor Spitella

added it to the acquirements of her Scholars). Could not some poverty stricken author be prevailed upon by gold to introduce [??] in a similar manner?

We go to Salisbury this evening by Stone henge. I firmly believe it was the work of Merlin with the assistance of his infernal friend. With this opinion I shall view it with much more genuine horror than if I gave into the sceptical opinion that it was formed by the Druids. Bell thought it was a little curiosity to be seen in a shop.

Extract from a Letter addressed to Emilia - dated from the Timea Summer Palace. July 14 1818

You are subject I know to poetical fits
And the good Muse Cluniope'll sharpen your wits
That Muse who's left Wesley, Wadlow, Hollyre
And other fine preachers on purpose to follow ye
Who's given to the work a wonder no less
Than (that Glory of Convents) the trés saint Abbess
Who t'other day jaunted to Grom's gay races
While her nuns took to dressing & painting their faces
Which call'd forth a thundering bull from old Rome
and brought Lady Abbess so suddenly home.
Has so metamorphosed the life of the nun
That taking the Veil is synonymous to fun
That all the Nun's veils now with Mecklin are lac'd
And the Abbess herself wears a sash round her waist
They are pale -- not with vigils & Stress & Starvation
But with late hours & Claret and chequed perspiration
And now, O but listen, instead, who would think it
of living in Hermitage lonely they drink it
A Picture they have too (to add to their tricks)
Of Monks stirring punch with a bare Crucifix
They postpone early matins, & make vespers later
To comply with the gay hours of each fete champetre

Among our arrivals from great foreign Courts
Is ArchDuchess Norman the queen of the Sports
Each evening we offer a flower on her Shrine
And hail with delight her good humour divine
No Breakfast goes off with the requisite grace
Unless the ArchDuchess first takes the State place.

Margaretta as usual in on the alert
To get ready the Banquet (you know the young flirt)
Now she tricks out the tables with myrtle & rose
From the lawn clears the dews with her elegant toes
Then with muslin she fashions a bow'r of the East
"Come Come" she exclaims "to the Ottoman feast
"The Tables are spread & invite you to sit"
"Come in masques every one nor be sparing in wit"
Then forth came the Crew with laughter resounding
Here a matron of Rome -- there a Highlander bounding
Here a chattering personified[?] seer burnt Couchoise
There a quatiér demure & a six feet Bernoise
And now dear Emilia I take my adieux
with love to yourself & respects to your muse
And with hopes that your beauteous handmaid (the Grace
Who so boldly presides in the Charioteer's place)
Is neither distorted in figure or face
That the Box is not French, nor produces grimace
No! far be the tortures which rocked poor Spitella

In the chief of yellow & spread umbrella
Expect to hear from me again in due time
And (if no Hymen) I shall strike to any rhyme
I always loved rhyme, for dull prose does but fill a
Drawer like mine – sans adieu – Yours et catera
The Chancellor

Advertisements

Case of real Distress

A personage of high rank whose name delicacy forbids me to mention has lately been reduced to extreme poverty by paying the demands of his Creditors – The debt which has brought on his final ruin is said to be an enormous bill for cards to furnish a concert at the house of an illustrious personage – as the public feel sensible of the pleasure of that fete & know how to appreciate the taste displayed on the occasion it is hoped they will more generally come forward in support of a distressed nobleman especially when it is considered that he is the owner of a horse & Tilbury who look up to him for support –

Subscriptions received by all the Coutts & all the principal Bankers

Amount of Subscr.s already received

£ 0. 0. 0 –

The following amiable adieu was picked up during a moonlight ramble & it is supposed that the romantic stream in which it is written rendered it illegible except by moonlight & caused it to lie so long concealed – We have borrowed some essence of moonlight to prepare our paper –

Ballad

Fair Emily rode from Clapham hall
With Plenty's Abbess sage
And away to Lord Gibbon's cottage walk
They hied with their faithful page
Then under the shade of an ancient tree
They lingered the livelong day
And the moments they flew right pleasantly
With Books or gossiping gay

Fair Emily said to her faithful friends
As they sat by their favorite Tree
The little page John our steps shall attend
And on the Downs we'll drive to tea

So when it toll'd seven they met on the lea
And sat on the verdant sod
Most fair was the scene around them
And soft was the Turf they trod

The little page John then opened his store
Of Butter of milk & Brocade
The green grassy turf was then table & floor
Their Heaven its Canopy spread

Then Thomas the Groom & the page little John
And the three generous Steeds
Retired to a Bank but a few paces on
And talk'd of their Master Deeds

In Kerchief of yellow & upraised umbrella
Expect to hear from me again in due time
And (if no offence) I shall stick to my rhyme
I always loved rhyme, for dull prose does but
fetter a
Genius like mine -- sans adieu -- Yours et cetera
The Chancellor

Advertisements
Case of real Distress

A personage of high rank[1] whose name delicacy forbids me to mention has lately been reduced to extreme poverty by paying the demands of his Creditors. The debt, which has brought on his final ruin is said to be an enormous bill for cards to furnish a concert at the house of an illustrious personage. As the public partook of the pleasure of that fete & know how to appreciate the taste displayed on the occasion it is hoped they will now generally come forward in support of a distressed nobleman especially when it is considered that he is the owner of a horse & Tilbury who look up to him for support.

Subscriptions received by Mess^{rs} Coults & all the principal Bankers.

Amount of Subsc.^{pn} already received
£0.0.0.

The following ancient relique was picked up during a moonlight ramble & it is supposed that the romantic strain in which it is written rendered it illegible except by moonlight & caused it to lie so long concealed. We have borrowed some essence of moonlight to prepare our paper.

Ballad

Fair Emily rode from Clapham halls
With St. Clugny's Abbess sage
And away to Lord Gibson's cottage walls
They hied with their faithful page

Then under the shade of an ancient tree
They lingered the livelong day
And the moments they flew right pleasantly
With Bookes or gossiping gay

Fair Emilye said to her faithful friend
As they sat by their favorite Tree
The little page John our steps shall attend
And on the Downs we'll drive to tea

So when it toll'd seven they met on the [??]
And sat on the verdant Sod
Most faire was the scene around & about
And soft was the Turfe they had.

The little page John then opened his [??]
of Butter of milk & breade
The green grass turf was their table & chair
There, Heaven its Canopy spread

Then Thomas the Groom & the page little John
And [??] their generous Steeds
Retired to a Bank but a few paces on
And talked of their Master's Deeds

[1] *The Chancellor, of course. Referring to the expenses of his recent birthday party. J.S.*

The Sun was now sinking near Claremont's sad Shade
In all its own lovely hues
And the milde brow of Evning fann'd the fair maid
And fragrance around did diffuse

Oh stay come here faire Emily cried
And say if you do not see
From the Baron of Gosse's castle ride
Some Knights that are arm'd cap a pie

Oh yes faire Ladye the little page cried
From the Baron of Gosse's halle
His vassals are riding to seize the faire
And bear you to Dungeon wall

Oh Abbesse Oh Abbesse tell o'er your beads
Tell over your Rosarie
The Baron of Gosse he has thought of my deeds
And we at his mercy lye—

For he is a Baron of high Degree
His wife is a haughty Dame
And alas! I forgot me to bow my knee
When to sue for my homage they came—

Oh fear not I pray, my faire Ladye dear
The hill it is high and steepe
Your palfray is swift & will bear you from here
Oh mount it & cease to weep—

Then quickly Emilia mounted her horse
And galloped away away
Till far out of sight of the proud Baron Gosse
The Abbesse implored her to stay—

Mild Evning now in her mantle grey
Shed round them her vesper light
And one bright star with a tremulous ray
Bespoke the approach of the night

The hum of the hamlet came on the breeze
And sweetly the Nightingale sung
While the bells of the Church behind the Elm Trees
Their simple notes wildly rung—

And Emily faire & the sage Abbesse
Have come to their sylvan bow'rs
And soon in soft Sleep forget their distresse
And fears of the Baron's powers—

Sir Lancelot

EE

The Sun was now sinking near Clarmonts sad Shades
In all its own lovely hues
And the mild breeze of Ev'ning fanned the fair maids
And fragrance around did diffuse

Oh pages come here faire Emilye cried
And say if you do not see
From the Baron of Gosse's castle side
Some Knights that are arm'd cap a pie

Oh yes faire Lady the little page cried
From the Baron of Gosse's halle
His vassals are riding to seize the prize
And bear you to Dungeon wall

Oh Abbesse Oh Abbesse! tell o'er your bead
Tell over your Rosarye
The Baron of Gosse he has thought of my deeds
And we at his mercy lye

For he is a Baron of high Degree
His wife is a haughty Dame
And alas! I forgot me to bow my knee
When to sue for my homage they came

Oh fear not I pray, my faire lady deare
The hill it is high and steepe
Your palfrey is swift & will bear you from here
Oh mount it & cease to weep

Then quickly Emilia mounted her horse
And galloped away away
Till far out of sight of the proud Baron Gosse
The Abbesse implored her to stay

Mild Evening now in her mantle gray
Shed round them her vesper light
And one bright star with a tremulous ray
Bespoke the approach of the night

The hum of the hamlet came on the breeze
And sweetly the Nightingale sang
While the bells of the Church, behind the Elm Trees
Their simple notes wildly rang

And Emilye faire & the sage Abbesse
Have come to their sylvan bow'rs
And soon in soft Sleep forget their distress
And fears of the Baron's powers

Sir Lancelot
EC

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Clapham Aug 1st 1818

Diis Penatibus Sacrum

It is our melancholy task this day to announce to the public the sad tidings of the breaking up of the Pimm family. Sylvia and Theodore set off yesterday morning at ½ past 8. The particulars of their equipage will be seen in our subsequent columns. The present desolate state of the illustrious house of Pimm calls loudly for condolence and sympathy. It is not known what on any former occasion the commune palace has been so deserted — Antiquarians are obliged to go back as far as the year 1806 when Theodore and the Chancellor were exhanted from the palace and lodged in the peasant Neale's cottage on account of the measles and the beloved Emilia hired in pension at Linton seminary. However this may be, the walls of the Pimm palace have ceased for a while to resound with the voice of jollity and uproar, and the forms of an abbess, a Madonna Rose or a Marguerite are the only objects seen flitting thro' the now vacant galleries of the palace —

Stocks have fallen 2 per cent.

Weekly Report.

Saturday July 26th a grand dinner party — Present the Earl and Countess of Brandon and Lady Maria Coape — Baron Lutwidge & Barton — and Abbé Simpson Curé de Village de Clapham. The Earl of Brandon gave Letters of introduction to Theodore for different Scotch families — Lady Maria Coape & the Chancellor were seen in earnest conversation on the lawn in the light of the moon — we did not hear the result of their conference, but it is said to be all moonshine.

Sunday — Lady M Coape and Baron Lutwidge accompanied the Royal family to church and the Baron returned to town by the diligence at 2 o'clock the members of the house of Clugny arrived on a visit at the palace. They were sprinkled with holy water by the Abbess, and reclined on the lawn or walked in the cool recesses of the shrubberies till dinner when the Abbess's father and brother having finished their meal returned to the metropolis.

Monday — Lady Maria Coape entertained the breakfast table with a recital of various occurrences gleaned from the fashionable circles in which she moves. She was conveyed to town at 3 in the Chancellor's carriage — inside Miss Sylvia & La Marguerite down to the ranks of the Graces opposite the mental Heaven from whence Theodore was despatched to waft them to the embraces of their friends —

XXII

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham Aug. 1st 1818

It is our melancholy task this day to announce to the public the sad tidings of the breaking up of the Timea family. Sylvia and Theodore set off yesterday morning at 1/2 past 8. The particulars of their equipage will be seen in our subsequent columns. The present deserted state of the illustrious house of Timea calls loudly for condolence and sympathy. It is not known that an any former occasion the summer palace has been so deserted. Antiquarians are obliged to go back as far as the year 1895 when Theodore and the Chancellor were absented from the palace and lodged in the peasant Neale's cottage on account of the measles and the beloved Emilia dined en pension at Lorton Seminary. However this may be, the walls of the Timea palace have ceased for a while to resound with the noise of jollity and uproar, and the form of an Abbess, a Madame Mere or a Marguerite are the only objects seen flitting thro' the now vacant galleries of the palace.

Stocks have fallen 2 per cent.

Weekly Report

Saturday July 26th. A grand dinner party. Present the Earl and Countess of Poindon and Lady Maria Coape, Barons Lutwidge & Turton and Abbé Simpson Curé de Village de Clapham. The Earl of Poindon gave letters of introduction to Theodore for different Scotch families ~ Lady Maria Coape & the Chancellor were seen in earnest conversation on the lawn in the light of the moon. We did not hear the result of their conference, but it is said to be all moonshine.

Sunday ~ Lady M. Coape and Baron Lutwidge accompanied the Royal family to church and the Baron returned to town by the diligence. At 2 o'clock the members of the house of Clugny arrived on a visit at the palace. They were sprinkled with holy water by the Abbess, and reclined on the lawn or walked in the cool recesses of the shrubberies till dinner when the Abbess's father and brother having finished their meal returned to the metropolis.

Monday ~ Lady Maria Coape entertained the breakfast table with a recital of various occurrences gleaned from the fashionable circles in which she moves. She was conveyed to town at 3 in the Chancellor's carriage. M.^{de} Mere Sylvia & La Marguerite drove to the banks of the Thames opposite the oriental palace from where a gondola was dispatched to waft them to the entrances of their friends.

Tuesday — The Chancellor and Prince John Carr drove from the Queen Palace before breakfast to Barnshall where Bartlett the state waterman was in attendance with his barge, and they indulged in the recreation of swimming for half an hour — we understand the Chancellor takes much pleasure in this salubrious exercise.

Wednesday — The state travelling equipage was launched and therefore signified his satisfaction at the arrangements for his journey.

Thursday — The Chancellor dined at the palace to take leave of his illustrious relatives previous to their departure for the North. M^de Mere dined at Princess Sophia's a relation of the family of Prince but returned early stating that she was anxious to have some conversation with her illustrious progeny before they set off.

Friday — at ½ past 8 — Theodore and Sylvia were seated in their travelling carriage having bid a tender adieu to every member of their family — they departed in the most private manner, and it is said even wished the equipage not to draw up to the grand entrance however this was a ceremony which could not be dispensed with — They were attended by Sir W^m Millard and Lady Charlemont Gibbs as groom and Lady in waiting the latter it is said is a daughter of the venerable Abbé Fiff —

Shortly after their departure the Chancellor left the palace for London and is expected this day to dine with the remaining members of the family.

Foreign Affairs

Ten mails have arrived from the southern coast bringing favorable accounts of Emilia — She is now at Titchfield in Hampshire — She stated the means to visit the courts of Curtici and Darnell Bank and then to return to the bosom of her family.

Letters from Darnell state "The drought here begins to be alarming — Many people will be obliged to put their cattle on winter food and many to drive them away and sell them to be killed."

Milford Haven July 24th

"The first thing they told me on my arrival here was, that none of the young ladies had married since last I was here — 4 years ago."

Post Cornwall

During the present heat it is said that ice has become so scarce that several eminent confectioners have contracted for one to the Iceberg now in the

Tuesday ~ The Chancellor and Prince John Carr drove from the Gower Palace before breakfast to Vauxhall where Bartlett the state waterman was in attendance with his barge, and they indulged in the recreation of swimming for half an hour. We understand the Chancellor takes much pleasure in this salubrious exercise.

Wednesday ~ The state travelling equipage was launched and Theodore signified his satisfaction at the arrangements for his journey.

Thursday ~ The Chancellor dined at the palace to take leave of his illustrious relatives previous to their departure for the North. M.^{de} Mere dined at Princess Anne's[1] a relation of the family of Timea but returned early stating that she was anxious to have some conversation with her illustrious progeny before they set off.

Friday ~ At 1/2 page 8 Theodore and Sylvia were seated in their travelling carriage having bid a tender adieu to every member of their family. They departed in the most private manner, and it is said even wished the equipage not to draw up to the grand entrance however this was a ceremony which could not be dispensed with. They were attended by Sir W^{m} Millard and Lady Marianne Gibbs as groom and lady in waiting. The latter it is said is a daughter of the venerable Abbé Tift.

Shortly after their departure the Chancellor left the palace for London and is expected this day to dine with the remaining members of the family.

Foreign Affairs

Ten mails have arrived from the southern coast bringing favourable accounts of Emilia. She is now at Titchfield in Hampshire. This stated she means to visit the counts of Curtiei and Darwell Bank and then to return to the bosom of her family.

Letters from Darwell state "The drought here begins to be alarming. Many people will be obliged to put their cattle on winter food and many to drive them away and sell them to be killed."

Milford Haven July 24th. "The first thing they told me on my arrival here was, that none of the young ladies had married since last I was here ~ 4 years ago.

Firth Convent

During the present heat it is said that ice has become so scarce that several eminent confectioners have contracted for one of the Icebergs now floating from the [??]

[1] *Most likely Anne Graham, daughter of James Graham, and thus a cousin of the Timeans. J.S.*

Bon Mot

At a late fashionable party a young lady was recommended by a polite gentleman not to sit in a draught — she replied that she was not afraid of it — "I believe you are right rejoined the Gentleman for it has drawn it injures your complexion as much as your apothecary's draught will set all right again."

It is said that Sir Davenport complains of the tardy supply of wax paper at his Chateau. To remedy this inconvenience our government have thought of establishing a set of carrier pigeons who will set off every Monday morning from the Weekly Chronicle office — and after taking a feed of peas they will return. They are to be attended by a guard similar to those used by the mail coaches, in order to protect the letters and their bearers from violence on the road.

It has been noticed amongst the first circles that no chronicle was published last week — we are at a loss to account for this irregularity but we own we think the establishment is on the wane — Some people spread a report that the Editor of last week had too much Madeira at the last Cabinet dinner — others stated that it was done intentionally in order to make the public feel the void occasioned by no paper appearing However it may be, we hope it will be the last caste blanche that is given to the public —

We cannot help noticing a custom (or rather an omission) grown too common of neglecting the cuspidores in the grand hall of the palace. We do not know to what part of the royal establishment is entrusted the office of decorating this brilliant apartment but we do know that at present it is a public nuisance and as such endangers the health of the inhabitants of the palace. It was originally thought that the task of pickling and preserving and housekeeping, tho an important was but a slender service performed by the female part of the family but now so degenerate are we grown that (cookery and preserving out of the question) it is thought too great a task to deck the apartments with flowers!! — So a certain knowledge a hydrangia remained in the grand hall for upwards of a month, and after impregnating the air with foul odours was at length carried out dead — By this is a subject which concerns the health of all who have apartments in the palace we hope it will be enquired into and proper means used for having fresh flowers in this apartment

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if any are brought there at all

The following trio composed on the late melancholy occasion has been set to music, and it is said will shortly be performed in the Consert hall of the Palace accompanied on the organ by the Abbe de St Clugny

Andante

(1st voice)

Alack alack and a well a day!
What's left for us wretched three
But for all to go out on the broad highway
And be hanged on the Gallows tree?

(2 voice)

Alack alack and a well a day!
You only our misery mock
Let us rather all three on the common stray
And drown ourselves in the lock

(3 voice)

Alack alack and a well a day!
Lets search for a death more refined
Can we with more grace with ourselves
Than if we with danger pined? make away

All 3 voices together

Then hey to the fatal gallows tree
And hey to the miry pond
And hey to the cupboard where no victuals be
All hail to the Demon Despond &c.

J. J.

Advertisements

This day is published
Beauties of the Chronicle
containing the choicest extracts
both prose and verse from that
valuable periodical paper the
Family Chronicle — The first
number is published this day
price 1 shilling & down —

A Hundred Guineas
Reward

Lost — a morocco pocket book containing valuable memoranda
intended for insertion in the
family Chronicle whoever empty
=ploys them for his or her own use
be prosecuted with the utmost rigour
of the law —

Fingan Armoury

This splendid exhibition is now
open every day from 10 till dark
It contains some of the most ancient
& curious illustrations of the early and
primitive manners of the
Finnegan family — the celebrated old
armour in which Theodore engaged
with the Dragon Peppy — bronze
armour for the legs with the stripes
going round — Blisks used by the
Amazons in the age of Chivalry
heavers turned up behind with
plumes of feathers before and in
astonishing variety — Continued
daily at Boyle's Show rooms.

if any are brought there at all.

The following trio composed on the late melancholy occasion has been set to music, and it is said will shortly be performed in the Convent hall of the Palace accompanied on the organ by the Abbess de St. Clugny.

Andante

(1st voice)

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All 3 voices together

Then hey to the fatal gallows tree
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And hey to the cupboard where no victuals be
All hail to the Demon Despond!

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Advertisements

This day is published

Beauties of the Chronicle

containing the choicest extracts both prose and verse from that valuable periodical paper the Family Chronicle. The first number is published this day. Price 9 shillings sewn.

A hundred Guineas
Reward

Lost ~ a [??] pocket book containing valuable memoranda intended for insertion in the family Chronicle. Whoever embezzles them for his or her own use will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

Timea Armoury

This splendid exhibition is now open every day from 10 till dusk. It contains some of the most ancient dresses illustrative of the early [??] and primitive manners of the Timea family. The celebrated red cuirass in which Theodore engaged with the Dragon Pepys ~ ancient armour for the legs with the stripes going round ~ Whisks used by the Amazons in the age of Chivalry ~ beavers turned up behind with plumes of feathers before and after ~ astonishing variety of our [??] ~ to be seen at Slight's Show rooms.

XXIII

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Diis penatibus sacrum

Vimina Palace August 8th 1818

"Time rolls its ceaseless course"
Scott

The abbess de Clugny is again called to the office of Editor though her nerves are still so shattered by the late dismal event that she can scarcely hold a pen — we allude to the flight of the novice Sophia and the lay sister Marian from the convent with two desperate young men, who are mercenary hunties — Beside this heart rending stroke the convent is threatened with the loss of Mlle. Millet and La Marguerite for some time, who are going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Chapman — Under these accumulated misfortunes the abbess trusts an indulgent public will forgive her if the chronicle issued under her auspices should be like its author dull and melancholy — She can only promise that it shall be brief, as in truth an abbess's worldly occupations ought to be —

Weekly Events

Sunday Aug 2 — The Chancellor departed for Brighton on a short visit to his sister Emilia who was expected to be there that day —

Monday — La Marguerite and the abbess called on La Sig.ra Robertina Montonima and took her in the Open carriage round Battersea and Wandsworth Commons — They returned at sunset to tea at the palace.

Tuesday — Notwithstanding the pattering of the day Mlle. Millet and La Marguerite travelled thro' London to Mrs Roberts's villa at Hackney leaving the youngest branch of the Clugny family (who had been hospitably entertained at the palace for some days) in the metropolis — After paying their devoirs to the venerable and amiable Aunt Roberts, and conversing on

XXIII

The Family Chronicle

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Timea Palace August 8th 1818

"Time rolls its ceaseless course"

Scott

The Abbess de Clugny is again called to the office of Editor though her nerves are still so shattered by the late dismal event that she can scarcely hold a pen. We allude to the flight of the novice Sylvia and the lay sister Marian from the convent with two desperate young men, who are moreover heretics. Beside this heart rending stroke the convent is threatened with the loss of M^{me} Mere and La Marguerite for some time, who are going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Chapman. Under these accumulated misfortunes the Abbess trusts an indulgent public will forgive her if the Chronicle issued under her auspices should be like its author dull and melancholy. She can only promise that it shall be brief, as in truth an Abbess's worldly compositions ought to be.

Weekly Events

Sunday Aug 2 ~ The Chancellor departed for Brighton on a short visit to his sister Emilia who was expected to be there that day.

Monday ~ La Marguerite and the Abbess called on La Sig.^{ra} Robertina Thorntonina and took her in the open carriage round Stratham and Wandsworth Commons. They returned at sunset to tea at the palace.

Tuesday ~ Notwithstanding the sultriness of the day M.^{me} Mere and La Marguerite travelled thro' London to Mrs. Roberts's villa at Hackney leaving the youngest branch of the Clugny family (who had been hospitably entertained at the palace for some days) in the metropolis. After paying their devoirs to the venerable and amiable Aunt Roberts, and conversing on

most important subjects with Il Dottore Pitto the fair sacristines returned to town dined with their illustrious but aged relative the Duchess of Kirkstall, paid evening visits to Mesdames Thornton and Vernon and came back in the coach of the evening to the palace where the Abbess who had spent the whole day in her cell joyfully received them and listened to the history of their various adventures —

Wednesday The Clapham trio spent the morning together in the state drawing room engaged in their various occupations — Madame Mere in painting an altar piece for the Convent — La Marguerite in penning a letter of advice to the fugitive Sylvia and the Abbess in transcribing the travels and good deeds of le Pere Thomas Jamboragnis, for the use of her nuns — In the evening la dame R. Thornton-ina and her two companions enjoyed the sweet sea breezes in the open carriage —

Thursday — After the customary instruction of the convent pupils the nuns were alarmed by seeing a gay equipage containing a gentleman and his servant driven nearly to the gates of the Palace Cloister They were relieved to find it was their old friend and Confessor the venerable Chancellor who brought favorable tidings of the beloved invalid Lucilia though he disappointed their hopes of seeing her at the Palace so soon as they expected as she is to reside some time at the Darwell and Windmill Hill convents, before she returns to her own cell —

Friday. The nuns were occupied from break of day in making travelling robes for la Marguerite — In this hazardous expedition she is to wear six veils, four rosaries, three scapularies, and the houses of all the towns thro' which the procession will pass, are to be shut up —

The wife and daughters of the celebrated pleader Lord Gurney spent the evening at the palace —

Before tea they rambled thro' the park, conservatories, &c and were afterwards conducted through the portrait and caricature galleries by the noble hostess herself —

When the hour of 10 chimed they departed to their own abodes

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Friday. The nuns were occupied from break of day in making travelling robes for La Marguerite. In this hazardous expedition she is to wear six veils, four rosaries, & three rope girdles, and the houses of all the towns thro' which the procession will pass, are to be shut up. The wife and daughters of the celebrated pleader Lord Gurney spent the evening at the palace. Before tea they rambled thro' the park, conservatories, &c and were afterwards conducted through the portrait and caricature galleries by the noble hostess herself. When the hour of 10 chimed they departed to their own abodes.

Communications

Extract from Searle's Sentimental Journey —

Aug 5th 1818

It was near 7 o'clock when our light skiff was pushed from the Brighton sands, and so smooth and clear was the sea that the rocks and sea weed appeared at the depth of 20 feet — The sun gradually sinking behind the Miller's hill cast a deep orange tint over the western part of the ocean — the eastern reposed in a rich lilac — The distant sails of the packets flagging in the calm were the only objects on one side of us — on the other were the gay cliffs of Brighton crowded with promenaders and equipages the oriental pinnacles of the royal pavillion, and the swelling dome of the Stables —

We glided along the glassy mirror which seemed too brittle to bear us, and at length came in sight of Rottingdean mill which always excites such tender sentiments — Soon after, the stately gable ends of the cliff houses rose to the view, and these were followed by the more humble buildings of the village — We now arrived opposite the romantic gate — In the shade of the beach reposed the venerable forms of the bathing machines, but alas! how changed!! — In the days of thy prosperity O Rottingdean how coveted! fair machines! — In course of time one became unfit for use, but still graced the beach — Now alas, two only exist — an awful instance of the instability of human machinery — What figure stands erect on a rock above the sea? Sir Davy Davy! prime of bathers, and ye the Phebian sisters, the not visible to us! May it be long before the sun of Rottingdean sets what glorious remembrances awake in contemplating thy marine grandeur, O Rottingdean Here a Vaughan declaimed, a Ford charmed with her conversation — a Hooker preached — Here the Roscius of Pantomime lived, and was worshipped! — Impressed with these sentiments we bent our course homewards by the light of the crescent Moon The oars went in unison with our feelings, which continued absorbed in reflection till we disembarked on the beach —

. . . . . .

Communications

Extract from Seasniff's Sentimental Journey.

Aug 5^{th} 1818

It was near 7 o'clock when our light skiff was pushed from the Brighton sands, and so smooth and clear was the sea that the rocks and sea weed appeared at the depth of 7 or 8 feet. The sun gradually sinking behind the Miller's hill cast a deep orange tint over the western part of the ocean. The eastern reposed in a rich lilac. The distant sails of the packets flagging in the calm were the only objects on one side of us -- on the other were the gay cliffs of Brighton crowded with promenaders and equipages the oriental pinnacles of the royal pavillion, and the swelling dome of the Stables.

We glided along the glassy mirror which seemed too brittle to bear us, and at length came in sight of Rottingdean mill which always excites such tender sentiments. Soon after, the stately gable end of the cliff houses rose to the view, and these were followed by the more humble buildings of the village. We now arrived opposite the romantic gap. In the shade of the beach reposed the venerable forms of the bathing machines, but Alas! how changed!! In the days of thy prosperity O Rottingdean thou countedst five machines! In course of time one became unfit for use, but still it graced the beach. Now alas, two only exist -- an awful instance of the instability of human machinery. What figure stands erect on a rock above the sea? This Davy Black Davy! prince of bathers, and ye the Tholian sisters, tho' not visible to us! May it be long before the sun of Rottingdean sets. What glorious remembrances awake in contemplating thy marine grandeur, O Rottingdean. There a Vaughan declaimed, a Ford charmed with her conversation -- a Hoooker preached. There the Roscious of Pantomime lived and was worshipped! Impressed with these sentiments we bent our course homewards by the light of the crescent Moon. The oars went in unison with our feelings which continued absorbed in reflection till we disembarked on the beach.

The following is read of a letter from the runaway Sylvia, which has fallen into our hands, gives little hopes of any lenitence for this daring action of leaving the asylum of her youth ——

Ripon Aug 3d

"Our journey of course gets more interesting every day in proportion as we get farther from you, and our cockney friends — I had no idea that a field of ripe wheat was so beautiful an object, and as you are disposed to mourn over the dry weather, I must comfort you by the latest information from the country, that the grass in general has not appeared much parched and that in this neighbourhood it has all the brightness and freshness of spring —— —

Saturday, we stopped to see Burleigh, a fine old mansion built by Queen Elizabeth's minister — It is full of fine pictures among which you would have admired a beautiful portrait of Henrietta Maria by Vandyke — The abbess too would have been delighted with a boudoir decorated to a beautiful Carlo Dolce, and a case of ancient reliques not quite in her style — though, only

she would admit Queen Elizabeth's watch and even look into her convent —— Kirkstall Abbey called forth all my romantic, and it is reported that two tall figures were seen flitting in an upper gallery of the abbey, which had never before been trod by any but the holy foot of the Abbot ——

I afterwards changed my character in order to examine the intricacies of cloth manufactory, and was extremely entertained with what I saw" . . . . . .

We do not doubt, our readers will be as much shocked as ourselves with the levity of this epistle — There is no regret of her peaceful convent — no deploring the rash step she has taken — no horror of her companion — no mention of the abbess but to jeer her, and her sacred relics — no name of Death written in tears — Ah Sylvia, Sylvia! such is the pernicious influence of the world, that even those, my favorite novices, have already lost the taste for meditation and stillness —— — —

The abbess is overwhelmed by her mortifications, and can say no more!! — — — —

Printed at the Convent Press.

The following extract of a letter from the runaway Sylvia, which has fallen into our hands gives little hopes of any penitence for this daring action of leaving the asylum of her youth.

Rippon Aug 3^{rd}

Our journey of course gets more interesting every day in proportion as we get farther from you, and our cockney friends. I had no idea that a field of ripe wheat was so beautiful an object, and as you are disposed to mourn over the dry weather, I must comfort you by the latest information from the country, that the grass in general has not appeared much parched and that in this neighbourhood it has all the brightness and luxuriance of spring.

Saturday, we stopped to see Burleigh, a fine old mansion built by Queen Elizabeth's minister. It is full of fine pictures among which you would have admired a beautiful portrait of Henriette Marie by Vandyke. The Abbess too would have been delighted with a boudoir devoted to a beautiful Carlo Dole and a case of ancient reliques, not quite in her style though, unless she would admit Queen Elizth [??] watch and mem.^{an} book into her convent. Kirkstall Abbey called forth all my romancities, and it is reported that two tall figures were seen flitting in an upper gallery of the Abbey, which has never before been trod by any but the holy foot of the Abbot.

I afterwards changed my character in order to examine the intricacies of cloth manufactory[1], and was extremely entertained with what I saw.

We do not doubt, our readers are as much shocked as ourselves with the levity of this epistle. Here is no regret of her peaceful convent ~ no deploring the rash step she has taken ~ no horror of her companion ~ no mention of the Abbess but to jeer her, and her sacred relic ~ no name of Dealtry written in tears. Ah Sylvia Sylvia! such is the pernicious influence of the world, that even thou my favorite novice hast already lost thy taste for seclusion and stillness.

The Abbess is overwhelmed by her recollections, and can say no more!!

Printed at the Convent Press

[1] *Kirkstall Abbey was close to, but not part of, the Kirkstall estate of Sir James Graham, which he got from his wife. A cloth factory was a major feature of the estate and it seems the Grahams of Edmond Castle liked to visit it. Certainly Thomas had visited a few years before. J.S.*

Family (N° XXIV) Chronicle

Diis Penatibus Sacrum

Gower Street Aug.t 15. 1818

"My friends where are they! and Echo answered where are they." Such are the words of the Poet Ossian - and such are we compelled to use on the present occasion - The Tinian palace stands quoted, which was but lately the abode of festivity & merriment - We will not exactly say that "the fox looks out of the Windows" but the lower apartments are inhabited by "Silence & Darkness solemn Twins" while the upper ones answer only to the plaintive notes of the Italian Sister and the Savoyard Princesses - No longer does the lamp sparkle at eventide from the vaulted roof of the baronial Hall - No longer does the breakfast Salon resound with the fun & Esprit of the Court - Even the Convent parlour is deserted - and shame to the Abbess! the Confessional seat! Thus the palace is void of pomp, the Convent of nuns, and the whole Building exhibits a melancholy pile of past greatness -

Mirror of Fashion

Monday. Madame Mere complained of indisposition brought on we fear by the too violent motion of the Chancellor's two wheeled Carriage in which she took an airing on Saturday - The inventor of this species of Carriage is in consequence of this ordered to be shot -

Tuesday Mad.me Letitia Bonaparte prepard to leave the palace for Taplow the seat of Abbess Chapman - The Chancellor took an affectionate farewell of his relatives and the Abbess of St. Cloyny after giving her nuns a parting benediction set off in a light travelling Carriage for Lambeth Hill palace the seat of her mother -

Wednesday. The Chancellor gave a Cabinet Dinner - It was expected that the Chancellor would honor Sir Ira.t & Lady Melman with his Company to Dinner this day Brief at the chateau of Marchesa Carr at Pimlico -

In consequence of it being the intention of the Court to give no more Dejeuners this Summer - the Marquee has been removed from the Lawn

XXIV

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Gower Street Aug.^{t} 15 1818

"My friends where are they? and Echo answered where are they"

Such are the words of the poet Ossian, and such are we compelled to use on the present occasion. The Timean palace stands deserted, which was but lately the abode of festivity & merriment. We will not exactly say that "the fox looks out of the Windows" but the lower apartments are inhabited by "Silence & Darkness solemn sisters" while the upper ones answer only to the plaintive notes of the State Jester and the Javanese princess. No longer does the lamp sparkle at eventide from the vaulted roof of the baronial Hall. No longer does the breakfast Saloon resound with the Jeux d'Esprit of the Court. Even the Convent parlour is deserted – and shame to the Abbess! The Confessional shut! Thus the palace is void of princes, the Convent of nuns, and the whole Building exhibits a melancholy pile of past greatness.

Mirror of Fashion

Monday. Madame Mere complained of indisposition brought on we fear by the too violent motion of the Chancellor's two wheeled Carriage in which she took an airing on Saturday. The Inventor of this species of Carriage is in consequence of this ordered to be shot.

Tuesday. Mad^{m} Mere & La Marguerite prepared to leave the palace for Taplow the seat of Abbess Chapman. The Chancellor took an affectionate farewell of his relatives, and the Abbess of St. Clugny after giving her nuns a parting benediction set off in a light travelling carriage for Lambeth Hill palace the seat of her mother.

Wednesday. The Chancellor gave a Cabinet Dinner. It was expected that the Chancellor would honor Sir [??] & Lady Melman with his Company to Dinner this day & sleep at the chateau of Marchesa Carr at Penrier.

In consequence of its being the intention of the Court to give no more dejenuers this Summer, the Marquee has been removed from the Lawn.

Extract from the Pocket Book of a Sentimental Traveller

"It was near dusk when we reached the village of Clapham but being anxious to visit the classical abode of the Jermain family we directed our postillion to stop and rung at the gate - a venerable Domestic informed us that the family had left the Country - he added with a sigh "they are scattered like leaves in the Wind - part were in the north of the Island - part had fled to an abbey Benedictine at Taplow One was at a hermitage in Surrey & another was immured in the monastery of S^t Lincoln" But the Convent of S^te Clugny, we can see that" - Alas Madam - that is deserted too - the Abbess - the nuns - all all are gone" - With this he shed a profusion of Tears But - added he, recovering himself "I will shew you over the building most willingly - We followed him down a rough flight of Steps where he took a portentous bunch of Keys from the Wall & leading the way up a winding a Stone Staircase desired us to follow - Over our head hung the Vesper Bell now silent - On reaching the head of the Stairs we turned to the left & entered the Convent Parlour - Every thing remained exactly the same state in which it was left - nothing had been suffered to be touched - A Volume lay open on the window seat which the Abbess had been reading the last time she was here - It was the 2^d volume of the Robbers of S^t Dominic & the fatal mystery - near it lay one of the nuns pocket Handkerchiefs in exactly the same state as when she last blew her nose with it - It was marked in letters of blood ANC Some half finished Letters - some paints - Some sugar plumbs, and some coals lay scattered on the floor Our guide gave us some relics - They consisted of Crumbs of candied sugar of a red yellow & white colour which were blest by the abbess at the last public Breakfast - The charm of them consists in this - that if you have occasion to take an Emetic, these will produce sickness when nothing else will - provided you believe in the Abbess's infallibility

The State Sister now invited us to attend to shew us the State rooms but we declined and taking a melancholy adieu of these Scenes we again mounted our Carriage & proceeded on our Journey "

Extract from the Pocket Book of a Sentimental Traveller

It was near dusk when we reached the village of Clapham but being anxious to visit the classical abode of the Timean family we directed our postillion to stop and rung at the gate. A venerable Domestic informed us that the family had left the Country ~ he added with a sigh "they are scattered like leaves in the Wind ~ part wise in the north of the Island ~ part had fled to an Abbey Benedictines at Taplow. One was at a hermitage in Sussex & another was immersed in the monastery of St. Lincoln" But the Convent of St. Clugny, we can see that " ~ Alas Madam, that is deserted too ~ the Abbess ~ the nuns ~ all all are gone". With this he shed a profusion of Tears. But, added he, recovering himself "I will show you over the Building most willingly". We followed him down a rough flight of Steps where he took a ponderous bunch of Keys from the Wall & leading the way up a winding Stone Stair Case desired us to follow. Over our head hung the Vesper Bell now silent. On reaching the head of the Stairs we turned to the left & entered the Convent Parlour. Every thing remained in exactly the same state in which it was left ~ nothing had been suffered to be touched. A Volume lay open on the window seat which the Abbess had been reading the last time she was here. It was the 2^{d} volume of The Robbers of St. Dominic or the fatal mystery. Near it lay one of the nun's pocket Handkerchiefs in exactly the same state as when she last blew her nose with it. It was marked in letters of blood AMG. Some half finished Letters ~ some paints ~ some sugar plumbs, and some coals lay scattered on the floor. Our guide gave us some relics ~ they consisted of crumbs of candied sugar of a red yellow & white colour which were blest by the Abbess at the last public Breakfast. The charm of them consists in this that if you have occasion to take an Emetic, these will produce success when nothing else will ~ provided you believe in the Abbess's infallibility. The State Jester now met us & offered to show us the State rooms but we declined and taking a melancholy adieu of these scenes we again entered our Carriage & proceeded on our Journey.

JG

Bon mot in high Life.

At a late agricultural meeting Prince Blucher was asked amongst other questions whether he killed his own sheep. "No." replied the Prince with great readiness "but I like other people."

Nuisances.

The Tuscan palace has been so long annoyed by vagrant Pocket handkerchiefs, that an order has been issued to the following effect

"Notice is hereby given that whoever in future shall not carry a pocket handkerchief either by fair means or foul, shall not be allowed to inhabit any part of this palace except the basement story."

signed Theresa Tidy
Inspectress of Nuisances.

Note. By "fair means" is meant a pocket. by "foul" a ridicule. It appears therefore by this new law that even ridicule will entitle persons to sit above ground. It is said however that Madame Mere sets her face very much against this clause.

Foreign Intelligence.

Our foreign relations are now so extensive that a separate Mail will be commenced to the most interesting extracts taken from the numerous mails that have arrived. They will consist in extracts from

The Edmonds Castle mail
The Darwell Mail
The Pinner Mail
The Taplow mail
The Cookham Mail
& the Lambeth Hill Mail

It is said the whole will be completed by no less a personage than the Abbé Sicard.

To the Editor of the Town Chronicle

Sir In the early days of your paper, you condescended to give us columns of occurrences & amongst other things a report of the Weather. Now as your supercilious pen has taken no notice of these meanes subjects for so long a time, I beg leave to inform you & all malle of fact readers that the Weather has been extraordinary hot since the beginning of June. that no rain to signify has fallen. that the harvest is over in all the southern Counties. that the colour of green is obsolete. that brown is the fashion that the Thermometer & Barometer are very high. the ponds very low. fruit never known so plentiful, nor wit so scarce.

Your old friend & reader
Tom Squaw Jones.

Bon mot in high Life

At a late agricultural meeting Prince Blucher was asked amongst other question whether he killed his own sheep "No" replied the Prince, with great readiness, "but I kill other peoples"

Nuisances

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The Edmond Castle mail
The Darwell mail
The Penner mail
The Taplow mail
The Cookham mail
& the Lambeth Hill mail

It is said the whole will be compiled by no less a personage than the Abbess St. Clugny.

To the Editor of the Fam Chronicle

Sir

In the early days of your paper, you condescended to give us common occurrences & amongst other things a report of the Weather. Now as your supercilious pen has taken no notice of these mean subjects for so long a time, I beg leave to inform you & all matter of fast readers that the Weather has been extraordinary hot since the beginning of June ~ that no rain to signify has fallen ~ that the harvest is over in all the southern Counties ~ that the colour of green is obsolete ~ that brown is the fashion, that the Thermometer & Barometer are very high ~ the ponds very low, fruit never known so plentiful, nor wit so scarce.

Your old friend & reader
Tom Square Toes

We are sorry to say Prince Postar has lost one of his fore teeth — his highness Dentists say they can make a very good substitute out of Beef-bone but the prince declines their assistance on the ground of the danger there would be of his swallowing a tooth of such materials —

It is said the Lady Abbess intends during her sejour with her mother to compose a Chaunt for her Convent. It is to be a requiem suggested by the departure of her favourite Confessor the Abbé Bongo Collyer —

Second Edition

Saturday 6 o'Clock

We are informed that the Chancellor is just arrived at Prince Lodge the seat of Marchioness Carr — he was met at the door by Lord John Carr —, who conducted him to his Dressing room, , where the Marchioness had placed a large bouquet of Geranium & Carnation to decorate his robes.

Our Correspondent adds that the Carriage was at the door to drive them to Sir Francis Milnanes's to Dinner & that one of the Horses was a Waterloo Hero — The Chancellor was in excellent spirits on revisiting the haunts of his boyish days & very affably recognized the Parish Clerk as he passed thro' Harrow —

Fashionable Changes

The following are among the changes that will take place this month or shortly after

Theodore & Sylvia from Edmonds Castle into Scotland on a Tour

Emilia from Darwell Bank to Windsor Hill the Seat of Duke Curtius —

Mad.elle Hamanguriik from the Tuscan Summer palace to their Seat Heatherley Lodge near Eastbourne

Abbess of St Clugny — from D.o to D.o

The Chancellor from the Gown palace to the Continent on a Tour

Theatre Domestic

This Evening will be acted

The Visit to Tapslows

or the adventures of Thomas Tidy

To which will be added

The sick Cat

on Thursday by particular desire

The Friends

or Elvira and Anne

after which the Midnight ride

or Simmons bewitched

to conclude with a grand procession with a real Chariot Horses Tilbury &c &c and a moonlight view of the Tuscan palace —

Printed at the Gown Press —

We are sorry to say Prince Tartar has lost one of his fore teeth. His highness's Dentists say they can make a very good substitute out of Beef-bone but the prince declines their assistance on the grounds of the danger there would be of his swallowing a tooth of such materials.

It is said the Lady Abbess intends during her sejour with her mother to compose a Chant for her Convent. It is to be a requiem suggested by the departure of her favourite Confessor the Abbé Bingo Collyer.

Second Edition
Saturday 6 ^{o}Clock

We are informed that the Chancellor is just arrived at Prince Lodge the Seat of Marchesa Carr. He was met at the door by Lord John Carr, who conducted him to his Dressing rooms, where the Marchesa had placed a large bouquet of Geranium & Carnation to decorate his robes. Our Correspondent adds that the Carriage was at the door to draw them to Sir Francis Melmain's to Dinner & that one of the Horses was a Waterloo Hero. The Chancellor was in excellent spirits on revisiting the haunts of his boyish days & very affably recognised the Parish Clerk as he passed thro' Harrow.

Fashionable Changes

The following are among the changes that will take place this month or shortly after.

Theodore & Sylvia from Edmond Castle into Scotland on a Tour.

Emilia from Darwell Bank to Windmill Hill the Seat of Duke Curties.

Mad^{m} Mere & La Marguerite from the Timean Summer palace to their Seat Heatherley Lodge near Eastbourne.

Abbess of St. Clugny from D^{o} to D^{o}.

The Chancellor from the Gower place to the Continent on a Tour.

Theatre Domestic

This Evening will be acted
The Visit to Taplow
or the adventures of Theresa Tidy
To which will be added
The sick Cat
on Thursday by particular desire
The Friends
or Elvia and Anne
after which the Midnight rede
or Summons bewitched
to conclude with a grand procession with a real
Chariot & horses Tilbury &c &c and a
moonlight view
of the Timean palace

Printed at the Gower Press

The Family Chronicle XXV

Diis Penatibus sacrum

Clapham Aug. 22 1811

It is now the Satisfaction of announcing to the patrons of the Tania family that the late deserted Halls of the Summer palace (so affectingly described in our last) is again the abode of their illustrious owner Mrs Miller their ghostly Companion the Abbess: but the youthful form of La Marguerite no longer adorns them having preferred the Society of her fond Parents Brahma at Hampton Wick Villa, the report says she will return next week to her desolate parents — We trust Mrs Miller will favor the public with some account of her Travels in next week's Chronicle, as we can only relate that she went from the Jaffa's Convent to Baron Cockburn's on Monday and returned to Clapham on Thursday Evening when the gates of the palace were flung open to admit her Brilliant Equipage & and that of the Chancellor who had accompanied her from Ar Bricks — The noble pair were met at the entrance of the Grand Hall by the Lady Abbess who gave them her Benediction & and accompanied them into the Drawing room, where numbers of Visitors from all parts of the World crowd the Table waiting their arrival —

Friday 21st The palace guns were fired to celebrate the Birthday of the adored Marguerite who is now a great thing of Seventeen — Lord & Lady Jane Sparrow with the Honble Mr Lennet left their Cards on the occasion — Dispatches received from the Castle announcing the good health & great enjoyments of the regretted Arantes Sylvia & Theodore —

Sat. 22 The venerable Abbess St Evigny entered (as we have been told) her grand Climacteric, the the Movies Emilia (who attended in her cell this morning) complained from her grey locks and wrinkles that she was at least 100 years old — Such are the effects of fasting & vigils — The Chancellor & Miss Gibson are expected to dine in the Refectory to day —

The Darwell Bank Morning Post gives a most favorable report of Emilia —

XXV

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham Aug. 22 1818

We have the satisfaction of announcing to the patrons of the Timea family that the late deserted Halls of the Summer palace (so affectingly described in our last) are again the abode of their illustrious owner. M.^{de} Mere & her ghostly Companion the Abbess: but the youthful form of La Marguerite no longer adorns them ~ having preferred the Society of her friend Princess [??] at Hampton Wick Villa, the report says she will return next week to her desolate haunts. We trust M^{d}. Mere will favor the public with some account of her Travels in next week's Chronicle, as we can only relate that she went from the Taplow Convent to Baron Cookham's on Monday and returned to Clapham on Thursday Evening when the gates of the palace were flung open to admit her brilliant Equipage and that of the Chancellor who had accompanied her from St. Buchs. The noble pair were met at the entrance of the Grand Hall by the Lady Abbess who gave them her Benediction, and accompanied them into the Drawing room, where numbers of Epistles from all parts of the World covered the Table waiting their arrival.

Friday 21st. The palace guns were fired to celebrate the Birthday of the absent Marguerite who is now a great thing of Seventeen. Lord & Lady Java Sparrow with the Honble Mr. Linnet left their Cards on the occasion. Dispatches arrived from the Castle announcing the good health & great enjoyments of the regretted Absentees Sylvia & Theodore.

Sat.^{y} 22. The venerable Abbess St. Clugny entered (as we have been told) her grand Clun'achere[?], tho the Novice Emma (who attended in her cell this morning) conjectured from her grey locks and wrinkles that she was at least 100 years old. Such are the effects of her fastings & vigils. The Chancellor & friar Gibson are expected to dine in the Refectory today.

The Darwell Bank Morning Post gives a more favourable report of Emilia.

Advertisements

The follow advertisements have occasioned a great sensation in the fashionable world — The Lady whose establishment is announced for sale is said to be C — l — ra and the current story is that her Steward having laid before her the Expences of her Tour & of her Physicians she fainted & on recovering ordered her jewels to be pawned and announced her immediate intention of disposing of all her property by auction With feelings of extreme regret we subjoin the advertisement —

Sale of the whole Establishment &c of a Lady of Fashion on her Retirement —

1st Days Sale —

a new Parisian net Ball Dress trimmed à la marguite
Muslin Do. with 50½ yds white satin Piping
Swiss Pinle Do
100 yds gold & Silver Band
Assortment of bouquets &c —
Mirror of the most becoming hue
Fans inscribed with hints for ball Conversation
Patent chemical electrical flint for eliciting sparks from dense Skulls

Library

Companion to the Toilette, or Taste and Effect analysed —
Receipts for Rout Cunui or Disgust
Bon mots for Evening parties
Do for Dinner &c
Do for morning visits.
Grave Conversation for select Parties

To Amateurs 2d Day

Harp — of a loud tone particularly adapted to the purpose of raising a buzz of Conversation in a stagnant party
airs with variations
Quadrilles with Do
Classical Stool harmonizing with the present fashion
Desk surrounded with reflecting surface
10 Vols of Waltzes —
1 Do of Haydn and Mozart,

To Invalids last Day

Prescriptions by Pill & Spasm bound in Letters in 8 Vol 8vo a large Assortment of Couches of different forms
The Editorship of the Family Chemist formerly possessed by C — l — ra & also to be disposed of — The qualifications necessary for this office are few but indispensable — an adherence to Truth & total freedom from exaggeration — An even temper not easily affected by

Advertisements

The follow advertisements have occasioned a great sensation in the fashionable world. The Lady whose establishment is announced for sale is said to be E—l—ia and the current story is that her Steward having laid before her the Expences of her Tour & of her Physicians she fainted & on recovering ordered her Jewels to be pawned and announced her immediate intention of disposing of all her property by auction. With feelings of extreme regret we subjoin the advertisement.

Sale of the whole Establishment &c of a Lady of Fashion on her Retirement

---

1st Days Sale

A new Parisian net Ball Dress trimmed à la Marguerite

Muslin D^{o} with 50$\frac{1}{2}$ y.^{ds} white satin Piping Swiss Pink D^{o}.

100 y.^{ds} gold & Silver Band

Assortment of bouquets &c

Mirror of the most becoming hue.

Fans inscribed with hints for ball Conversation

Patent chemical electrical flint for eliciting sparks from dense Skulls.

Library

Companion to the Toilette, or Taste and Effect analysed.

Receipts for Rout Ennui or Disgust.

Bon mots for Evening parties

D^{o} for Dinner d^{o}.

D^{o} for morning visits

Grave Conversation for select Parties

To Amateurs 2^{d} Day

Harp ~ of a loud tone particularly adapted to the purpose of raising a buzz of Conversation in a stagnant party.[1]

Airs with variations.

Quadrilles with D^{o}.

Classical Stool, harmonising with the present fashion.

Desk surrounded with a flirting Curtain[?].

10 Vols of Walzes

1 d^{o} of Hayden and Mozart

To Invalids last Day

Prescriptions by Pett & Pearson bound in letters in 8 vols. 8.00. A large assortment of Couches of different forms. The Editorship of the Family Chronicle formerly possessed by E—l—ia is also to be disposed of. The qualities necessary for this office are few, but indispensable ~ an adherence to Truth & total freedom from exaggeration. An even temper not easily affected by

[1] *Ha. We still put on background music, or (if we want to impress people) hire expensive bands to play background music, to encourage visitors to relax and yak to each other. Plus ca change, etc. J.S.*

public Clamor and partiality – a strong Constitution & deep Knowledge of ancient history is highly necessary – a character for wit & humour will not be asked for – a love of rhiming would be dangerous – & an immoderate fondness for titles will insure a total dismission – Candidates to bring samples of their style which are to consist in a compleat family Chronicle written on nothing

apply at the Timan palace at the hour of desert.

We are assured that whoever succeeds in obtaining this highly honorable post will find a valuable collection of MS in the Desk of the late Editor among which rumour has spoken of the following Titles –

Strictures on the present manners
Thoughts in a Ball Room
Fragments of ancient Records
Skeleton of a Farce entitled
"Pepys, Theodore & the Tea Urn"
or
"Old Wit worn thread bare –"
followed by a plan for the total suppression of worn out stories, anteDiluvian jokes Apullios – Theologico Disquisitions with other fragments in an illegible hand –

We are assured that Emilia would have continued in the fashionable world for some time longer, had not her health been ruined by the attendance of Physicians which has consequently rendered her a misanthrope

The Towgood Evening paper

Foreign Correspondence –

"I went to Court the next morning and was exquisitely amused with the Cross questionings – Scarlett particularly amused me – I never saw in any one such an expression of acuteness and sarcastic triumph as in the glances to which a poor trembling witness was exposed – R – e however provoked me – He did not care how ill natured or how unfair he was, so that he could provoke a laugh, or gain an advantage. I was delighted with a blunt honest farmer who completely sat him down with the rough simplicity of his answers With such men as these before one grappling together with the whole force of their intellect & in the pride of health and vigour you may suppose what an affecting Contrast was formed by the appearance of a witness who was almost at the point of death & brought in reclining on a chair with scarcely Power to give

public Clamor and partiality ~ a strong Constitution & deep knowledge of ancient history is highly necessary ~ a Character for wit & humour will not be asked for, a love of rhyming would be dangerous & an inordinate fondness for titles will insure a total dismission. Candidates to bring samples of their style which are to consist in a complete family Chronicle written on nothing.

Apply at the Timean palace at the hour of dessert.

We are assured that whoever succeeds in claiming the highly honourable part will find a valuable collection of MS in the Desk of the late Editor among which rumour has spoken of the following Titles ~

Strictures on the present manners

Thoughts in a Ball Room

Fragments of ancient Records

Skeleton of a Farce entitled "Pepys, Theodore & the Tea Urn" or "Old Wit worn threadbare", followed by a plan for the total suppression of worn out stories, antediluvian jokes & follies ~ theological Discussions with other fragments in an illegible hand.

We are assured that Emilia would have continued in the fashionable world for some time longer, had not her health been ruined by the attendance of Physicians which has consequently rendered her a misanthrope.

The Towgood Evening paper

Foreign Correspondence

"I went to Court the next morning and was excessively amused with the cross questionings. Scarlett particularly amused me. I never saw in any one such an expression of acuteness and sarcastic triumph as in the glances to which a poor humbling witness was exposed. R—e however provoked me. He did not care how ill natured or how unfair he was, so that he could provoke a laugh, or gain an advantage & I was delighted with a blunt honest farmer who completely set him down with the rough simplicity of his answers. With such as these before me grappling together with the whole force of their intellect & in the pride of health and vigour you may suppose what an affecting Contrast was formed by the appearance of a witness who was almost at the point of death & brought in reclining on a chair with scarcely Power to give

his evidence — I should have felt inclined to give up my cause as not worth the trouble of trying when another world was brought so forcibly before me — Very fortunately he was not subjected to the examination of any enemy of R — but was cross examined by a gentlewoman — I was so ogled up at last by some fat Carlisle ladies that I was literally obliged to stand on tiptoe & raise myself above the protuberances of a geographical Bonnet whenever I wished to turn my head & was not sorry to quit the Court — after having become so far acquainted with its mysteries —

Edmond Castle Esq

It is rumoured in fashionable circles that the late unhappy differences in the noble family of B — t — en are now quite terminated — for the young Peer has been frequently seen strutting & crowing very amicably with his father and it is even said constantly dines with him at the Lawn palace

Lord & Lady Jane Spencer continue to be patterns of conjugal felicity —

Lines on reading the last Chronicle

How quickly the line which the Editor draws
Gradations of rank & distinctions efface —
The palace — the scene of such gay dejeuners
Is changed to a Convent in less than 2 days
Now a troop of gay maids full of humour & fun
Are confin'd to a cloister & rul'd by a nun
Now the gayest of Chancell' pulls off his Dress
For the Garb of a friar to hear them confess
And th' unfortunate guest who's a wine-bibbing
Is chang'd by to morrow to an humble Abbé
For every distinction of rote & of ranks
Is completely effaced by the Editors pranks
But fair Abbess I'm certain there can be no one
Who living with you would object to be Nun
And oh say what man would refuse to retire
To the Abbess's cloister & live as a friar.

Arcadian of the Sanity Chronicle &c

In the Press & speedily will be published
Coombe's review of the Voyage to Lowe
respectfully dedicated to Lemuel Gulliver

The Cumbrian Farmer or Sense and Simplicity — by a Lady in the County

Wanderings from the Cloister by the Abbess of Clugney — with Etchings of Lambeth Hill Palace & Fulham Hall Priory by her Reverence 2 Vol 8vo Printed & sold by the nuns for the benefit of the Convent —

Printed at the Times Press

his evidence. I should have felt inclined to give up my cause as not worth the trouble of trying when another world was brought so forcibly before me. Very fortunately he was not subjected to the examination of my merry Mr. R— but was cross examined by a quieter person. I was so squeezed up at last by some fat Carlisle ladies that I was literally obliged to stand on tiptoe & raise myself above the protuberances of a geographical Bonnet, whenever I wished to turn my head & was not sorry to quit the Court after having become so far acquainted with its mysteries.

Edmond Castle
EMG

It is rumoured in fashionable circles that the late unhappy differences in the noble family of B—t—m are now quite terminated. For the young Peer has been frequently seen strutting & crowing very amicably with his father and it is even said constantly dines with him at the Lawn Palace. Lord & Lady Java Sparrow continue to be patterns of conjugal felicity.

Lines on reading the last Chronicle

How quickly the line which the Editor traces
Gradations of rank & distinctions effaces
The palace -- the scene of such gay dejeuners
Is changed to a Convent in less than 2 days
Now a troop of gay maids full of humour & fun
Are confined to a cloister & rul'd by a nun
Now the gayest of Chancellors pulls off his Dress
In the Garb of a friar to hear them confess
And th'unfortunate guest who's a [??] today
Is changed by tomorrow to a humble Abbeé
For every distinction of seats & of ranks
Is completely effaced by the Editors pranks
But fair Abbess I'm certain there can be no one
Who living with you would object to be nun
And oh say what man would refuse to retire
To the Abbess's Cloister & live as a friar

A reader of the family Chronicle EG

In the Press & speedily will be published Crombie's review of the Voyage to Locuta respectfully dedicated to Lemuel Gulliver.

The Cumbrian Farmer or Sense and Simplicity, by a Lady in the Country

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Wanderings from the Cloister by the Abbess St. Clugny, with Etchings of Lambeth Hill Palace & Tatters Hall Priory by her Reverence. 2 Vol. 800. Printed and sold by the nuns for the benefit of the Convent.

Printed at the Timea Press

N.o XXVI.

The Family Chronicle

Diis Penatibus sacrum

August 29th 1818

It is with the deepest feeling that the present Editor now takes up his pen — This paper must relate the dispersion of the Tomo Family, like the autumnal leaves blown by the wind —

Theodore & Sylvia have already been blown by a southerly Blast into Cumberland — Emelia has for some time been flitting about in the Sea breezes, & it is supposed that a wind from the East will drive Mad.e Mere the Abbess of Ste Marguerite to East Bourne, while the Chancellor will be impelled towards the Continent What then will become of the unfortunate Editor & his printing press — Where will he find an Asylum? Must his papers no longer be read by a generous public? Yes Mad.m Mere the generous patroness of the arts offers him an Asylum in her marine palace: what a fine field for his pen & The Ghosts which ~~rule~~ flit about the walls, the various topographical new Comers at Church conjectures concerning who inhabits No 8 & when the people come from who live in the round House, will furnish ample materials for his Columns But the public must pardon this precipitancy & he will turn to his Diary

Events of the Week

Monday Mad.m Mere & the venerable Abbess drove to Town in the demi Barge to make purchases — We were shocked to learn that the Abbess quite laid aside all decorum this morning — She exchanged the black veil of her order for a thin bobbinet one — Her rope girdle she has replaced by several flaunting French Ribbons & it has been stated that some of the most fashionable milliners are making her low gowns

Tuesday Ste Marguerite returned in Sir John Monier's Carriage from Hampstead where she had spent her time very pleasantly at the chateau of admiral Brisk —

Wednesday The Chancellor drove down with Tilbury & made a splendid Bath day present to Ste Marguerite of a set of Coral

XXVI

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

August 29th 1818

It is with the deepest feeling that the present Editor now takes up his pen. This paper must relate the dispersion of the Timea family, like the autumnal leaves blown by the wind.

Theodore & Sylvia have already been blown by a southerly Blast into Cumberland. Emilia has for some time been flitting about in the Sea breeze, & it is supposed that a wind from the Coast will drive Mad^{m} Mere, the Abbess, & La Marguerite to EastBourne, while the Chancellor will be impelled towards the Continent. What then will become of the unfortunate Editor & his printing press. Where will he find an Asylum? Must his papers no longer be read by a generous public? Yes Mad^{m} Mere, the generous patroness of the arts offers him an Asylum in her marine palace: what a fine field for his pen. The Ghosts which flit about the walls, the various geographical new bonnets at Church, conjectures concerning who inhabits No. 8 & where the people came from who live in the round House, will furnish ample materials for his Columns. But the public must pardon this prolixity & he will turn to his Diary.

Events of the Week

Monday. Mad^{me} Mere & the venerable Abbess drove to Town in the demi Barge to make purchases. We were shocked to learn that the Abbess quite laid aside all decorum this morning. She exchanged the thick veil of her order for a thin bobbinet one. Her rope girdle she has replaced by several flaunting french Ribbons & it has been stated that some of the most fashionable milliners are making her low gowns.

Tuesday. La Marguerite returned in Sir John Morice's Cariage from Hampton where she had spent her time very pleasantly at the chateau of Admiral Birch.

Wednesday. The Chancellor drove down in his Tilbury & made a splendid Birth day present to La Marguerite of a set of Coral.

Thursday - The Chancellor & Baron Kinderly partook of a Cabinet dinner at the Palace —

Friday - The Allys Hamaguick paid visits by proxy all round the Common —

Saturday The Editor wrote his Chronicle and huge Trunks announced packing up.

Forgery of Titles

Some Culprits were this day brought before the sitting magistrate charged with the Crime of confusing the readers of the Chronicle wasting their own time & offending common sense by the inestimable number of titles which they had created - The frustrations of several towns attended - They stated that an immense revenue had been lost to Government by this misdemeanor — On opening undaimed Letters the signatures of Silvio - Mad'Moiselle Y other unknown titles were discovered, to whom it was impossible to send them - The Editor of the F.E attending proved that those were respectable Individuals, members of this paper & the charge was declared null - Three fashionable young men then appeared charged with the same Crime - a post Boy appeared ~~charged with the same Crime~~ as witness & declared that he had heard them continuing a chain of titles such as Lady Mary Aylesbury - Lady Stone Henge, Baroness Portchaise &c &c a Waiter deposed that he had heard the young gentlemen talking of Sir Grose Butter Lord Egg & mentioning various other titles, none of which he believed were in the peerage - He further said that they were succeeded by violent bursts of laughter the thought the prisoners insane - a medical gentleman appeared to prove that the prisoners had been affected by an epidemic Disorder which was exceedingly infectious and that tho' he was plain Mr — they had called him Sir Rhubarb Salts - The Jury after being closeted for some hours returned the verdict of Insanity, & he given up to their friends to place them in some private Madhouse —

Correspondence

" Thick as autumnal leaves which " strew the brook in Vallombrosa " while all the world is in agitation concerning the evacuation of the last of troops now upon the Continent, it

Thursday. The Chancellor & Baron Kinderly partook of a Cabinet dinner at the palace.

Friday. The Abbess & La Marguerite paid visits by proxy all round the Common.

Saturday. The Editor wrote his Chronicle and huge Trunks announced packing up.

Forgery of Titles

Some Culprits were this day brought before the sitting magistrate charged with the Crime of confusing the readers of the Chronicle wasting their own time & offending common sense by the incalculable number of titles which they had created. The postmasters of several towns attended. They stated that an immense revenue had been lost to Government by this misdemeanour. On opening unclaimed letters the signatures of Silvia, Mad^{m} Mere & other unknown titles were discovered, to whom it was impossible to send them. The Editor of the F.C. attending proved that those were respectable Individuals, members of his paper & the charge was declared null. Three fashionable young men then appeared charged with the same Crime. A post Boy appeared as witness & declared that he had heard them continuing a chain of titles such as Lady Mary Aymesbury ~ Sir Stone Henge, Baroness Portchaise &c &c. A Waiter deposed that he had heard the young gentlemen talking of Sir Grose Butter & Lord Egg & mentioning various other titles, none of which he believed were in the peerage. He farther said that they were succeeded by violent bursts of laughter & he thought the prisoners insane. A medical gentleman appeared to prove that the prisoners had been affected by an epidemic Disorder which was exceedingly infectious and that tho' he was plain Mr — they had called him Sir Rhubarb Salt. The Jury after being closeted for some hours expressed the verdict of Insanity, to be given up to their friends to place them in some private Madhouse.

Correspondence

> Thick as autumnal leaves which
> strew the brook in Vallambrosa

While all the world is in agitation concerning the evacuation of the [??] of troops now upon the Continent, it is

very remarkable that they should witness with perfect apathy an event of a still more interesting nature which at this moment is taking place upon our own shore viz the departure of an army to which we owe defence repose & shelter from the burning blast of pitiless Sun during the last few months — Silently is it now proceeding to its destination in different divisions & under different Commanders — The Event has indeed been hastened by the want of water to refresh the troops which are in a state of such debility that they can no longer maintain their station but sink down in heaps upon the ground — One of the first divisions was led under the orders of Prince Leiden whose lines are nearly lost — His Brother Sycamore is on his march: Generals Plane, Birch Elm & Ash are preparing to depart & it is thought that Field Marshall Oak will bring up the rear ere long — The light troops under Brigadier Magnolia & other brilliant officers, after a very campaign are under marching orders & the colours of the Ensigns are folded up for the Season — Some of the Regiments from warm climates are to be lodged in barracks under the auspices of Captain Douglas: but a small army of observation is stationed under the orders of General Pine — Sir Sky & Holly & the whole compose what is denominated an evergreen Corps: being veterans of unpenetrable Constitution — It will be some weeks before the different allies have entirely disappeared & they will probably be removed finally from their stations by a severe disciplinarian called General Frost who is inexorable in his Commands & irresistible in his progress —

A Ballad

In the style of "There was a Cock lived on a Hill" —

1

Ufamily there once did live
And Graham was named they
And still wherever they went, they said
Mama desires me to say &c &c
Mama desires me to say —

2

When cold neglect did them assail
As visits they did pay
No words from them it ever did draw
But 'Mama desires me to say &c &
Mama desires me to say &c —

What Mrs Graham of Govan Street
All would ask some Lady gay?
But still no answer did she get
But 'Mama desires me to say &c &c —

very remarkable that they should witness with perfect apathy an event of a still more interesting nature which at this moment is taking place upon our own shore viz the departure of an army to which we owe defence, repose & shelter from the burning blast & pitiless Sun during the last five months. Silently is it now proceeding to its destination in different divisions & under different Commanders. This Event has indeed been hastened by the want of water to refresh the troops which are in a state of such debility that they can no longer maintain their station but drop down in heaps upon the ground. One of the first divisions was led under the orders of Prince Linden whose traces are nearly lost. His Brother Sycamore is on his march. Generals Plane, Birch Elm & Ash are preparing to depart & it is thought that [??] Marshall Oak will bring up the rear ere long. The light troops under Brigadier Magnolia & other brilliant officers, after a fierce campaign are under marching orders & the colours of the Ensigns are folded up for the Season. Some of the Regiments from warm climates are to be lodged in barracks under the auspices of Captain Douglas: but a small army of observation is stationed under the orders of General Pine, Fir, Hex & Holly &c who compose what is denominated an evergreen Corps: being veterans of impenetrable constitution. It will be some weeks before the different allies have entirely disappeared & they will probably be removed finally from their station by a severe disciplinarian called General Frost who is inexorable in his Commands & inimitable in his progress.

A Ballad

In the style of "There was a Cock lived on a Hill"

1

A family there once did live
And Grahams were named they
And still where'er they went, they said
Mama desires me to say &c &c
Mama desires me to say

2

Where cold night did them assail
As visits they did pay
No words from them it e'er did draw
But Mama desires me to say &c &c
Mama desires me to say

What M^{rs} Graham of Gower Street
oft would ask some Lady gay?
But still no answer did she get
But Mama desires me to say &c &c

And note too often would they write
But still from day to Day
Dear Madam every note began
Mama "desire me to pay — A M G

Travels into the Taplow and Cookham Countries by Mad^{lle} Mee

On Monday Ev^{g} Aug 10^{th} Mad^{lle} Mee on looking round upon her forsaken Drawing Room signified her intention of making a progress into Berks & no sooner had the golden gate of the Earl given entrance to another day, than preparations were made for her departure — At 12 o'Clock the equipage appeard at the door, and after taking an affectionate leave of the Abbess who retired to the Convent at Lambeth Hill, the party consisting of Mad^{lle} Lamarguerite, her youngest hope and the faithful Joanna entered the Carriage — Soon were they involved in Clouds of Dust, their road lay thro' Richmond Twickenham and across Hounslow Heath, when they found themselves upon a tremendous Bridge of three Arches, intended to stretch over a foaming Torrent, now reduced to a languid stream, which had not however failed to deck with greener Turf the few blades of grass which grew on its side the only spot which had relieved itself from the universal Brown — at the farther end of the bridge was raised a modest Dwelling where the Travellers were hospitably received & ushered into an adjoining room surrounded with a Colonade which declared a shady walk furnished with a Sofa where Mad^{lle} Mee threw her weary limbs & amused herself with a tale of Trials while her Companion walked in the garden — After partaking of a refreshing collation they set forth with renewed Spirits: The swiftly revolving wheels were at length arrested by the Gate at Maidhead which obliged them to turn suddenly to the right & ascend its steep back covered with wood — Upon enquiring for the Taplow Priory, the Travellers were directed to the left side of the road whose deserted its Turrets half covered with Ivy upon driving into the yard a venerable Concierge received them & in a moment they found themselves in the arms of the beloved Prioress † After Tea they beguiled the hours in Conversation & walking till Vespers when retired to the Dormitory The morning Sun discovered the beauty of the Site — The garden looks over the River towards Windsor Castle & winds, beautifully thro' a grove of lofty elms till it arrives at a Bosthouse formed for Contemplation — a little further a gate is discovered which leads to the church & higher up is seen the village which spreads itself on the Rise

† Miss Chapman

And notes too often would they write
But still from day to Day
Dear Madam every note began
Mama desires me to say

AMG

Travels into the Taplow and Cookham Countries by Mad^{m} Mere

On Monday Ev^{g} Aug 10^{th} Mad^{m} Mere on looking round upon her forsaken Drawing Room signified her intention of making a progress into Berks & no sooner had the golden gates of the East given entrance to another day, than preparations were made for her departure. At 12 oClock the equipage appeared at the door, and after taking an affectionate leave of the Abbess who retired to the Convent at Lambeth Hill, the party consisting of Mad Mere La Marguerite, her youngest hope and the faithful Joanina entered the Carriage. Soon were they enveloped in Clouds of Dust, their road lay thro' Richmond Twickenham and across Hounslow Heath, when they found themselves upon a tremendous Bridge of three Arches, intended to stretch over a foaming Torrent, now reduced to a languid stream, which had not however failed to dress with greener Tint the few blades of grass which grew on its side, the only spot which had relieved itself from the universal Brown. At the farther end of the bridge was reared a modest Dwelling where the Travellers were hospitably received & entered into an adjoining wing surrounded with a Collonade which disclosed a shady recess furnished with a Sofa where Mad^{m} Mere threw her weary limbs & amused herself with a tale of Trials while her Companions walked in the garden. After partaking of a refreshing collation they set forth with renewed Spirits: The swiftly revolving wheels were at length arrested by the [??] at Maidshead which obliged them to turn suddenly to the right & ascend its steep bank covered with wood. Upon enquiring for the Taplow Priory, the Travellers were directed to the left side of the road & soon descried its Turrets half covered with Ivy. Upon driving into the yard a venerable Concierge received them & in a moment they found themselves in the arms of the beloved Prioress*. After Tea they beguiled the hours in Conversation sweet till Vespers & then retired to the Dormitory. The morning Sun discovered the beauty of the Site. The garden looks over the [??] towards Windsor Castle & winds beautifully thro' a group of lofty elms till it arrives at a [?]house formed for Contemplation. A little further a gate is discovered which leads to the church & higher up is seen the village which spreads itself on the Slope

*Miss Chapman

of the Hill started by the prating of Taplow Park, once inhabited by the late Prince of Wales — Several mornings were employed in examining this beautiful scenery — in one of their rides they found themselves in a thick wood descending a steep hill which suddenly opened, like the ascent of a Curtain, upon a magnificent view in which Bisham Abbey formed the foreground, upon a lawn close to the Thames which wormed its way in many a graceful Turn — La marquise was attended in her Excursions by an amiable Lay-sister, but on the 4th morning a circumstance of alarm occurred which destroyed the enjoyment of the happy groupe, by the illness of a favourite domestic — Night Mlle Tolly * Her figure was petite, but elegant, her Complexion dark, but her Hair beautifully soft, her Eye round & quick but full of fire, her voice musical & plaintive — This angelic Creature was reduced to a state of extreme danger, but by the application of proper remedies she happily recovered & the guests of the Priory took leave on the 17th when they discended the hill on which the Priory stands crossed the Thames & proceeded on the flat opposite Bank to the village of Cookham where they were received with rapture by the Baron of the Elms, his daughter then husband who inhabited a beautiful Libary opening to the Lawn & crowned with with the magnificent Elms from which the Spot takes its name — At one end of it winds our faithful Companion the Thames & on the opposite side is seen the magnificent outline of the Clifton Woods — A little farther is discovered the white villa of Formosa inhabited by Sir Samuel Young & his lady the sister of the Elms Baronets — On ascending to the Nursery Grounds Mme was introduced to its blooming inhabitants, under the age of 3 years in the figures of a lovely aunt Uncle & Niece & Grand Daughter of which the second was the youngest — at the 18 Inst. arrived at Dennis the Formosan Inhabitant Coll. Tellis Whately, of whom the former was an old acquaintance of Mad. Mme and there commenced a series of Stories old & days long past. At Monsuch Park, it grows in gardens for

* a black Cat

of the Hill skirted by the paling of Taplow Park, once inhabited by the late Prince of Wales. Several mornings were employed in examining this beautiful Scenery ~ in one of their rides they found themselves in a thick Wood descending a steep hill which suddenly opened, like the ascent of a Curtain, upon a magnificent view in which Bisham Abbey formed the foreground, upon a tower close to the Thames which wormed its way in many a graceful Turn. La Marguerite was attended in her Excursions by an amiable lay-sister, but on the 4^{th} morning a circumstance of alarm occurred which destroyed the enjoyment of the happy group, by the illness of a favourite domestic ~ hight M^{lle} Totty*. Her figure was petite, but elegant, her complexion dark, but her Skin beautifully soft, her eyes round & green but full of fire, her voice musical & plaintive. This angelic creature was reduced to a state of extreme danger, but by the application of proper remedies she happily recovered & the guests of the Princess took leave on the 17^{th} when they descended the hill on which the Priory stands, crossed the Thames & proceeded on the flat & opposite Bank to the village of Cookam where they were received with rapture by the Baron of the Elms, his daughter & her husband who inhabited a beautiful library opening to the Lawn & crowned with with[sic] the magnificent Elms from which the Spot takes its name. At one end of it winds our faithful Companion the Thames & on the opposite side is seen the magnificent outline of the Clifton Woods. A little farther is discovered the white villa of Formosa inhabited by Sir Samuel Young & his Lady the sister of the Elms Baronness. On ascending to the Nursery Madame Mere was introduced to its blooming inhabitants, under the age of 3 years in the figure of a lovely aunt Uncle & niece & Grand Daughter of which the second was the youngest. At the 18 Ins^{t}. arrived at Dinner the Formosan Inhabitants Mr & Mrs. Whately, of whom the former was an old acquaintance of Mad^{m} Mere and these conversed of, "Stories old & days long past. At Nonsuch Park, its groves & gardens fair

*A black Cat

Mrs Carr Dame Bell her health & pleasure took
to Coach Key when sketch aboun the walls
Have changed to Photos by Robin Lemon
That trusty wight in jacket blue attired
And silver Laperled Cap - bright shone the coal black Hair
With marks of care unwearied on their front
Behind them pale the Parkward Thin Dame
With foot becoming with the reckless groupe
Of school Boys Thin Sisters fair was seen
Planting the reverend pair on scenic grey -
Forth thence they sally off & oft were seen
A Jolly Group of friends to skirt the Downs
And all the varied beauties to explore
Of Dorking Norbury & Boxhill steep
Or climb the height of Leith with eager Eye
To realize the map of Surrey lovely haunts
Which still with recollection sweet they trace

On Saturday 20th Mad Mere & Marguerite
were invited to Windsor Castle by the Chev
+ Baron Thin Son in law who wandered
Thro' the melancholy apartments full of
recollections of the amiable Princess lying in
the Tomb of her Ancestors, which is soon
likely to be opened for her august Grand
Mother, while the venerable King is
immured as a Lunatic, in another part
of the Pile - After visiting the park
they again joined the Thames and
dined at the Brick Chateau, when they
left la Marguerite, while the Chancellor
+ Mr Canning

escorted Mad Mere home & at eight
o'Clock the venerable Abbess welcomed them
home at the shrine of Cæsar Hymn to
the Tuscan Apollo

Reports having been spread that the
august family at Clapham have been
attacked by the blue devils & are in
dreadful low spirits, it is necessary
to inform the public that it is all an
Invention of a certain mischievous person
named Baron Exaggeration whose
delight it is to circulate unfounded

Departures - This day from their
the Chicken Yard, Mr & Mrs Bar
eldest Son & daughter of Colonel
of the Army to Hampton, to spend some
time with their friend Miss Bar
The whole noble family of Trunk
went yesterday for the seven Sis

Where erst Queen Bess her health & pleasure took[1]
In Coach & six whose sketch adorns the walls
These changed to Phaeton by Robert [??]
That trusty wight in Jacket blue attired
And silver tasseled Cap -- bright shone the coal black Steeds
With marks of care unwearied on their coat
Behind them sate the [??], & his Dame
With part becoming while the reckless groupe
of School Boys & their Sisters fair was sure
Flanking the reverend pace on ponies grey
Forth issued they full oft & oft were seen
A Jolly Group of friends to skirt the Downs
And all the varied beauties to explore
of Dorking Norbury & Boxhall steep
Or climb the height of Leith with eager Eye
To realise the map of Surrey lovely haunts
Which still with recollection sweet they trace.

On Saturday 20^{th} Mad^{m} Mere & Marguerite were escorted to Windsor Castle by the Elms Baron* & his Son in law who wandered thro' its melancholy apartments full of recollections of the amiable Princess lying on the Tomb of her Ancestors, which is soon likely to be opened for her august Grand Mother while the venerable King is immured as a lunatic, in another part of the Pile. After skirting the park they again joined the Thames and dined at the Brick Chateau, where they left la Marguerite, while the Chancellor & Mr. Coney escorted Mad^{m} Mere home & at eight oClock the venerable Abbess welcomed them home at the shrines of Cesar & Cicero in the Timean Hall.

Reports having been spread that the august family at Clapham have been attacked by the blue devils & are in dreadful low spirits, it is necessary to inform the public that it is all an Invention of a certain mischievous person named Baron Exaggeration whose delight it is to circulate unfounded reports.

Departures. This day from their home the Chicken Yard, Mr & Mrs. Bantam, eldest Son & daughter of Colonel Bantam of the Army to Hampton, to spend some time with their friend Miss Birch. The whole noble family of [??] went out yesterday for the Sea Side.

*Mr. Coney[?]

[1] *I have absolutely no idea what this poem is about. It's definitely poetry, but goodness knows what it's saying, or whether it's original. J.S.*

FAMILY CHRONICLE
OF
EAST BOURNE MESSENGER

Sept.r 3.rd 1814 (Suis penatibus sacrum

Marine Pavilion — East Bourne —

Nothing is talked of in this crowded spot — long consecrated as the autumnal abode of the Timean family amongst the flirts and Dandies of the promenade but the appalling intelligence that their old enemy and censor the Family Chronicle is established in the very centre of lounging and billiard rooms the Library tho' they are somewhat consoled by hearing that one of the Editors who is particularly skilled in interpreting the language of their eyes is gone abroad to study the glances of the belles and beaux of Germany — Ocean alone unappalled with the presence of the Timeans, and delighted to welcome again his faithful votary Archduchess Norman — bids his stiffest breezes and wildest music accompany them as they imprint the first footsteps on his unsullied sands or sit in Normans cave with Mr Mew listening to the songs of his sea nymphs or watching the ever varying lights and shades that heaven impresses on his waters — It is said that the Archduchess is composing a Marine ode inspired by the picturesque beauty of the scene —

Family Occurrences

Monday 21.st August

This day at 11 o'clock, a travelling carriage arrived at the hall door of the Timea Palace into which Cesar and Licco politely handed Madame Mere and La Marguerite and assisted the plaid Joanna to mount on the coach box after which escorted by Prince Blucher at the head of a guard of honour the party proceeded to East Grinstead where apartments had been prepared for their reception — After their departure the Abbess busied herself till the hour of 3 in depositing the relics and legends of the convent in places of safety till her return and having packed up her rosaries and beads departed to her father's residence —

XXVII

The Family Chronicle or East Bourne Messenger

Diis penatibus sacrum

Sept.^{r} 5th 1818
Marina Pavilion ~ East Bourne.

Nothing is talked of in this crowded spot (long consecrated as the autumnal abode of the Timean family) among the flirts and Dandies of the promenade but the appalling intelligence that their old enemy and censor the Family Chronicle is established in the very centre of lounging and billiardism, the Library, tho' they are somewhat consoled by hearing that one of the Editors who is particularly skilled in interpreting the language of their eyes is gone abroad to study the glances of the belles and beaux of Germany. Ocean alone unappalled with the presence of the Timeans, and delighted to welcome again his faithful votary Archduchess Norman bids his softest breezes and wildest music accompany them as they imprint the first footsteps on his unsullied sands or sit in Norman's cave with M.^{de} Mere listening to the songs of his sea nymphs or watching the ever varying lights and shades that heaven impresses on his waters. It is said that the Archduchess is composing a Marine ode inspired by the picturesque beauty of the scene.

Family Occurrences

Monday 31st August.

This day at 11 o'clock, a travelling carriage arrived at the hall door of the Timea Palace into which Cesar and Cicero politely handed Madame Mere and La Marguerite and assisted the placid Joanna to mount on the coach box after which escorted by Prince Blucher at the head of a guard of honour the party proceeded to East Grimstead where apartments had been prepared for their reception. After their departure the Abbess busied herself till the hour of 3 in depositing the relics and legends of the Convent in places of safety till her return and having packed up her rosaries and veils departed to her father's residence.

Tuesday — The abbess under the protection of her father entered the East Bourne stage / having previously given orders that no secular eyes should be admitted into it / and enjoyed all the luxuries of solitary musing till she met the Princess equipage at Horsebridge — After giving her benediction to its inmates, she soon arrived at the Prince palace of East Bourne, and the fatigued was ready to welcome the travellers once more to its simple apartments

Wednesday — How shall we describe the mingled feelings of delight and anxiety with which the long absent child sister and friend, Emilia was received here after her toilsome wanderings in search of the elixir of health — O may the genii of this place present it to her, or rather we should say in the language of other truth, may He who knoweth our frame and, alone, healeth all our sicknesses, restore to her the strength she once possessed, and till then, mercifully support her weakness —

This day is also memorable for the arrival of the dear Archduchess among the Princess, who left her town abode early in the morning and seemed quite uninjured by the fatigues of the journey —

Thursday, — Emilia and La Tour took a retired drive in the demi barge; the latter left her dinner undinished in her haste to mount her palfrey and ride on the sands where the afterwards walked with the abbess till the evening star shone brightly, and warned them that it was teatime —

Friday All was joy in the palace for Emilia was better and able to go out in a hired open carriage to breathe the sea breezes — In the mean time M de Chevreuse & the Archbishop after strolling some time on the beach entered a romantic cave which they discovered, and there stood so long soliloquizing or posturizing (we do not know which) that their absence caused a serious alarm at the Palace —

Saturday — Emilia is not quite so well as yesterday — she is however able to go on with a splendid sea piece she is painting for the Castrini palace

Tuesday. The Abbess under the protection of her father entered the East Bourne stage (having previously given orders that no secular eyes should be admitted into it) and enjoyed all the luxuries of solitary musing till she met the Timean equipage at Horsebridge. After giving her benedicite to its inmates, she soon arrived at the Marine palace of East Bourne, and tho fatigued was ready to welcome the travellers once more to its simple apartments.

Wednesday. How shall we describe the mingled feelings of delight and anxiety with which the long absent child sister and friend, Emilia, was received here after her toilsome wanderings in search of the elixir of health. O may the genii of this place present it to her, or rather we should say in the language of sober truth, may He "who knoweth our frame and alone healeth all our sicknesses", restore to her the strength she once possessed and till then, mercifully support her weakness.

This day is also memorable for the arrival of the dear Archduchess among the Timeans, who left her town abode early in the morning, and seemed quite uninjured by the fatigues of the journey.

Thursday. Emilia and La Marguerite took a retired drive in the demi barge; the latter left her dinner unfinished in her haste to mount her palfrey and ride on the sands where she afterwards walked with the Abbess till the evening star shone brightly, and warned them that it was teatime.

Friday. All was joy in the palace for Emilia was better and able to go out in a hired open carriage to breathe the sea breezes. In the mean time M.^{de} Mere & the Archduchess after strolling some time on the beach entered a romantic cave which they discovered, and there stood so long soliloquizing or poeticizing (we do not know which) that their absence caused a serious alarm at the Palace.

Saturday. Emilia is not quite as well as yesterday. She is however able to go on with a splendid sea view she is painting for the Curties palace.

Correspondence

To the Editor of the Sam. Chron. or East Bourne Messenger

Madam It may probably be agreeable to your readers to hear from one who visited the Tuscan Palace yesterday that all was well in that quarter. The state fool being out, the cravats destined by her for Count Paulet were obliged to be sent by proxy. They are of the finest cambric muslin hemmed by her Dolly the State Fool —

As I walked thro' the flower garden I picked up the following fragment at the foot of the Sun Dial, and as no birthday ode has been published in honor of La Marguerite's birthday I send the following in lieu of a better

Ode

I wandered thro' each dewy bower
To seek the fairest sweetest flower
To lay on Margarette's throne
For 'twas her natal day
But ah, the burning noontide heat
Had parch'd each flower of fragrance sweet
The rose, the pink, the jessamine
And honeysuckle gay.
Against the dial stood my place
And gazed upon its sunburnt face
Round which the hours are dancing
When Phœbus smiling looks from high
But when the clouds o'erspread the sky
From their void haunts away they fly
They mark the time serene, but never
The tempests storm!
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
On the smooth plate engraved seem
These words
'So rolls the sun, so wears the day
And measures out life's painful way
Thro' changing scenes of shade & light
To endless day or endless night.
What better moral can the muse
In this her birthday gift infuse
Than bid fair Marguite well improve
The hours which now in gladness move
And build herself a sheltered bower
Wherein to rest when tempests lower
For let the gentle summer's wave
Be ruffled with the storms of age
. . . . . .
Yet distant be the tempest's rage
For youth's fair stream should gently lave
The shores of joy thro' which it flows
. . . . . .
It appears incoherent but perhaps some of the sea poets can string it better together — Yours Madam

Philo: Tuscan

19

Corrrespondence

To the Editor of the Fam. Chron. or East Bourne Messenger.

Madam

It may probably be agreeable to your readers to hear from one who visited the Timean Palace yesterday that all was well in that quarter. The state fool being out the cravats destined by her for Count Poulet were obliged to be sent by proxy. They are of the finest cambric muslin hemmed by her dolly the State Fool. As I walked thro' the flower garden I picked up the following fragment at the foot of the Sun Dial, and as no birthday ode has been published in honor of La Marguerite's birthday I send the following in heir of a better.

Ode

I wandered thro' each summer bow'r
To seek the fairest sweetest flow'r
To lay on Margaretta's throne
For turns her natal day
But ah, the burning noontide heat
Had parch'd each flow'r of fragrance sweet
The rose, the pink, the jessamine
and honeysuckle gay.
Against the dial I took my place
And gazed upon its sunburnt face
Round which the hours are dancing [??]
When Phoebus smiling looks from high
But when the clouds o'erspread the sky
From their loved haunts away they fly
They mark the time serene, but never
The tempest's storm

On the smooth plate engraved were seen these words

"So rolls the sun, so wears the day
And measures out life's painful way
Thro' changing scenes of shade & light
To endless day or endless night"
What better moral can the muse
In this her birthday gift infuse
Thou bid fair Margrite will improve
The hours which now in gladness move
And build herself a sheltered bow'r
Wherein to rest when tempests low'r
Nor let the gentle summer's wave
be ruffled with the storm of age
...
Far distant be the tempest's rage
For youth's fair stream should gently love
The shores of joy thro' which it flows
...

It appear incoherent but perhaps some of the sea parts can string it better together.

Yours Madam
Philo: Timea
JG

Extract of a New Publication entitled "Letters from the Castle" being the real correspondence of a young lady with her family —

Edmond Castle Esq.

. . . . . My latest adventure was a ride home last night on horseback in the dark, when it would have amused me very much to have had you at my side. It had the oddest effect, to feel the motion of the horse without appearing to go forward, for there were no objects to measure your progress. My spirits were worked up to the most adventurous pitch by the perils of the way and I went foremost leaving Tom to follow my lead. When I first got on my horse, I felt as if I was placed upon one of those stiff horses we see on the stage whose head and legs move up and down without any sense or feeling to direct them but by degrees I grew a horseman bold and darted into the thickest darkness with an undaunted heart resolved to encounter all the spirits of earth and air.

N.B. We have a glen here called Bottle Bord from the well known circumstance that a bottle or ghost perambulates the place at night . . . . .

. . . . . .

You do not know how much I have enjoyed the pleasant family party that have been assembled here for the last fortnight — Query, whether innumerable circumstances about stone walls, frigitys, seats and improvements would not have diminished your pleasure — certain it is, that I never have, and probably never shall in the whole course of my life have the image of a stone wall so often recalled to my imagination, as I have during the 3 weeks I have been here, but you know, at least you will know, that there is always a certain quantity of matter without more character than the same dust that fills the chinks of a packing case, which must be expected to fill up the most interesting parts and scenes of our life. . . . . &c &c

Printed at the Marine Press

Extract of a New Publication entitled "Letters from the Castle" being the real correspondence of a young lady with her family

Edmond Castle Aug 30^{th}

... My latest adventure was a ride home last night on horseback, in the dark, when it would have amused me very much to have had you at my side. It had the oddest effect, to feel the motion of the horse without appearing to go forward, for there were no objects to measure your progress. My spirits were worked up to the most adventurous pitch by the perils of the way and I went foremost leaving Tom to follow my lead. When I first got on my horse, I felt as if I was placed upon one of those tin horses we saw on the stage whose head and legs move up and down without any sense or feeling to direct them but by degrees I grew a horseman bold and darted into the thickest darkness with an undaunted heart resolved to encounter all the spirits of earth and air.

N.B. We have a glen here called Pottle Ford from the well known circumstance that a pottle or ghost perambulates the place at night...

...You do not know how much I have enjoyed the pleasant family party that have been assembled here for the last fortnight ~ Query, whether innumerable [?]cusions about stone walls, pigsties, rents and improvements would not have diminished your pleasure ~ certain it is, that I never have, and probably never shall in the whole course of my life have the image of a stone wall so often recalled to my imagination, as I have during the 3 weeks I have been here, but you know, at least you will know, that there is always a certain quantity of matter without more character than the same dust that fills the chinks of a packing case; which must be expected to fill up the most interesting parts and seams of our life.

EMG

Printed at the Marina Press

XXVIII

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE
or
EAST BOURNE MESSENGER

Diis penatibus sacrum

East Bourne Saty Sept 12th 1818

The Editor of this week having just returned from a long ride on horseback finds to her dismay that only two hours are before her to compose her Chronicle arrange her letter press &c &c Having just dismounted from her horse, she feels but little inclined to ascend her Pegasus; however she will not trouble her readers with complaints, but only beg their indulgence to her paper

Monday — The Editor has only a confused recollection of the Band playing and bonnets parading at the hour of twelve —

Tuesday — The family of Curtius paid a flying visit on their way to Count Gilberts —

Wednesday — The family of Curtius dined at the Pavilion

Thursday — The goddess of monstony provided —

Friday — The archduchess Romana and le Marquise Canada made a excursion to Windmill Hill & returned laden with fruit flowers &c &c — —

Saturday — Mails brought dispatches from the Chancellor to Her Majesty, the contents of which will appear in columns —

Correspondence

Ostend ce 6me de Sept. 1818

The clock of St Clements had boldly struck twelve
And the angel smiled over her gateway
When Giovanni & Ralpho with passports and
Umbrellas portmanteaus & bags took their
On the well cushioned seats of the Carriage
Giovanni and Ralpho two knights of the Royale
The parcels were packed & the trunks were all
And the coursers impatient to drag forth their load
But who can describe Giovanni's dismay
I find that his surtout and plaid were
This dear French surtout, his plaid of green
And all in an old hackney charioteer's gripes
O horror! this cloak which the Champ de Mai
To be in the hands of a pawnbroker placed
The M'Callomore tartan of high Scottish
To be jumbled with Blue sile bags of the
The thought is too shocking — Farewell dear

XXVIII

The Family Chronicle or East Bourne Messenger

Diis penatibus sacrum

East Bourne Saty Sept.^{r} 12th 1818

The Editor of this week having just returned from a long ride on horseback finds to her dismay that only two hours are before her to compose her Chronicle, arrange her letter press &c &c. Having just dismounted from her horse, she feels but little inclined to ascend her Pegasus; however she will not trouble her readers with complaints, but only beg their indulgence to her paper.

Monday. The Editor has only a confused recollection of the Band playing and bonnets parading at the hour of twelve.

Tuesday. The family of Curties paid a flying visit on their way to Count Gilbert's.

Wednesday. The family of Curties dined at the Pavilion.

Thursday. The Goddess of Monotony presided.

Friday. The Archduchess Norman and La Marguerite made an excursion to Windmill Hill & returned laden with fruit flowers game &c &c.

Saturday. Mails brought dispatches from the Chancellor to La Marg^{te}, the contents of which will appear in columns.

Correspondence

Ostend le 6eme de Sept.^{re} 1818

The clock of St. Clements had boldly struck twelve
And the angel smiled over her gateway with grace
When Giovanni & Ralpho with passports and [??]
Umbrellas portmanteaus & bags took their place
On the well cushion'd seats of the Europe Royale
Giovanni and Ralpho two knights straight & tall
The parcels were pack'd & the trunks were all
stow'd
And the coursers impatient to drag forth their load
But who can describe Giovanni's dismay
To find that his surtout and plaid were away
His dear French surtout, his plaid of green stripe
And all in an old hackney charioteer's gripe
O horror! The cloak which the Champ de [??]
graced
To be in the hands of a pawnbroker placed
The McCullomore tartan of high Scottish birth
To be jumbled with other vile rags of the earth
The thought is too shocking! Farewell dear
Surtout.

I never shall meet with another like you
To me you were always the best unawares friend
Oh! Oh! shall I miss you ere reaching Ostend
Other cloaks from the tempest may Quiver may
From the rains of the sky & the mist of the sea
But still in while the memory haunts the past scene
I'll forget not my surtout of deep bottle green
Now Morpheus reclined giovanni's affliction
And Ralph dreamt his journey was only a fiction
Two companions we had who both chatted away
So we sword & we chatted till dawning of day
At 12 the next day we arrived safe at Dover
Not sorry this part of our journey was over
On the quay I met Mad.lle demoiselle Cox
Who offered me dinner with any kind looks
The latter look pretty, and fresh from a town
To Paris from whence they are on the return
And now we expanded our wings to the gale
The name of our vessel the Flandrian mail
Some ladies seemed ready to give up their breath
To sea sick ere they'd to slumber in death
But descending from deck, each soon slept in her berth

Which restored to the owners their effects and mine
I forgot to relate that at Dover I bought
A Dutch coat to struggle with many a frosty
Which had kept out the cold most delightfully
And made me so hearty my story to tell
Dear Ralph would send his best love to
If he was not at church now, attending
I left him just now in the house on
Where he hears a Dutch sermon of
I might me go on to old Bruges from
We proceed to Ghent's town by canal
Do not think I compared my rough
They mostly have crept in my brain
And assure you if this were all
I'd publish them up for your
Adieu them, with love to the
I wish you could see the brown cloak
Which envelope the forms of the
And conceal their light figures from
You would then see the fashion to
And promenade all, à la mistake on the
My kisses now fly o'er the channel to
And continue each hour fly till I meet you

I never shall meet with another like you
To me you were always the best warmest friend
& oft shall I miss you ere reaching Ostend
Other cloaks from the tempest my person may keep
From the rains of the sky & the surf of the deep
But still e'en while Mem'ry haunts the past scene
I'll forget not my surtout of deep bottle green
Now Morpheus relieved Giovanni's affliction
And Ralph dream'd his journey was only a fiction
Two companions we had who both chatted away
So we snored & we chatted till dawning of day
At 12 the next day we arrived safe at Dover
Not sorry this part of our journey was over
On the quay I met Mad^{me} & demoiselles Cook
Who offered me dinner with ev'ry kind look
The latter look pretty, and fresh from a tour
To Paris from whence they are on the retour
And now we expanded our wings to the gale
The name of our vessel the Flanderian mail
Some ladies seemed ready to give up their breath
(So sea sick were they) & to slumber in death
But descending from deck, each soon slept in
her berth
Which restored to the owners their spirits and mirth
I forgot to relate that at Dover I bought
A Dutch coat of druggil with many a fine [??]
Which has kept out the cold most deliciously well
And made me so hearty my story to tell
Don Ralpho would send his best love and
dear kiss[?]
If he was not at church now, attending his miss[?]
I left him just now in the nave on a [??]
Where he hears a Dutch sermon of elegant [??]
To night we go on to old Bruges, from whence
We proceed to Ghent's town by canal Diligence
Do not think I compos'd my rough verses this day
They mostly have crept in my brain on the way
And assure you if this were not Sunday my dear
I'd polish them up for your censure I fear
Adieu then, with love to the nymphs of the [??]
I wish you could see the brown cloak & large hood
Which envelop the forms of the [??] fair
And conceal their light figures from [??]
You would then set the fashion to Eastbourne's
gay bands
And promenade all, à la vestale on the sands
My kisses now fly o'er the channel to you
And continue each hour to fly till I meet you

We must fear that the weather is breaking
and himself to the clouds that the sun
is betaking
But we care not for sun rain hail tempest
or drought
Having laid in a stock of content for the rest
&c

Theatre Eastbourne

To night is performed the grand
farce of
"Who can the black girl be?"
to which is added
"The Vulgar Promenaders"
displaying a grand spectacle of geographical bonnets pelisses &c —

Lost

A pocket book with abbess de Clugny
written in the first page, containing
ten addresses to the Moon, lines to the
Planet hermes — do Jupiter — a smooth
or Brachy head — the fragment of a
poem entitled Tender Despondency
or Ethelinda Charpigny &c &c —
Whoever possessing the said pocket book
shall refuse to send it to Heathcliffe's
library will be excommunicated —

Fashionable Parties

Friday next Mde de Kere gives a
grand dinner party to the Curtis
family Major & Mrs Pickard &c
Saturday Archduchess Norman
will give a grand dinner in the
cave named after her ladyship
Monday Countess gives a grand
invalid dinner — Cooks Chefs &c
Rowers and Rowes

Printed at the Eastbourne Press

P.S. I much fear that the weather is breaking
And himself to the clouds that the sun is betaking
But we care not for sun rain hail tempest or drought
Having laid in a stock of content for the route.

JG

Theatre Eastbourne

Tonight is performed the grand farce of

"Who can the black girl be?"
to which is added
"The Vulgar Promenaders"

displaying a grand spectacle of geographical bonnets pelisses &c.

Lost

A pocket book with Abbess de Clugny written in the first page, containing an address to the Moon, Lines to the Planet Venus ~ do Jupiter ~ a sonnet on Beachy head ~ The fragment of a novel entitled Tender Despondency or Ethelinda Charpigny &c &c. Whoever possessing the said pocket book shall refuse to send it to Heatherby's Library will be excommunicated.

Fashionable Parties

Friday next M.^{de} Mere gives a grand dinner party to the Curties family Major & Mrs. Willard &c.

Saturday. Archduchess Norman will give a grand pic-nic dinner in the cave named after her ladyship.

Monday. Emilia gives a grand invalid dinner. Cooks Mess^{rs} Raven and Raven.

Printed at the Eastbourne Press

THE EAST BOURNE MESSENGER
OR
FAMILY CHRONICLE

Diis penatibus sacrum

Eastbourne Sept^r 19 1818

This has been a most eventful and at the Marine Pavilion — a tea party — a grand dinner party — a departure and an arrival have diversified this period — The Editor roused from her lethargy by these brilliant events, flies to his printing press and presents his readers with his

Diary

Monday

That grand and magnificently furnished chamber the Marine Drawing Room was thrown Open & Mde Mere the Adjutant (who in the flurry of putting on his best rose pickle slit fine to the seam of his curtain) and La Marguerite awaited the arrival of Madame & the Demoiselles Wilson to tea — The repast was magnificent — coffee sent by the Grand Signior as a present to Mde Mere — green & black tea presented by lord Amherst from the Emperor of China the finest produce of the sugar cane, tea cakes &c were handed about in profusion —

In the Evening Swiss landscapes & drawings were shewn to the admiring guests who continued lost in wonder and admiration to a late hour — Scribe did not think himself equal to the bustle of the scene —

Tuesday — A light travelling carriage with four horses waited at the door of the Marine Pavilion at the hour of 8, into which ascended the Archduchess accompanied by her Lady of the Bedchamber Countess Uxbridge & her first gentleman in waiting Sir Thomas Cosby — Many families postponed their departure to the following day, as all the horses were engaged for relays on the road for the Archduchess but near a most frightful accident might have taken place, for as her grace was honouring the hill of Hailsham by ascending it, the linch pin broke, & had it not been for the laudable exertions of Sir Thomas Cosby, her Grace's carriage must inevitably have been overturned —

The Mayor and Corporation of Hailsham came in procession to offer the Archduchess respects to mend her carriage by which she was enabled to continue her journey to the Metropolis

Wednesday Madame Mere honoured Lady Piggott with a morning visit in which the above mentioned distinguished characters settled the day and hour in which the Revolution will take place —

XXIX

The East Bourne Messenger or Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

East Bourne Sept.^{r} 19th 1818

This has been a most eventful week at the Marine Pavilion. A tea party ~ a grand dinner party ~ a departure and an arrival have diversified this period. The Editor roused from his lethargy by these brilliant events, flies to his printing press and present his readers with his

Diary

Monday. That grand and magnificently furnished chamber the Marine Drawing Room was thrown open & M.^{de} Mere the A.Duchess the Abbess (who in the flurry of putting on her best rope girdle set fire to the window curtain) and La Marguerite awaited the arrival of Madame & the Demoiselles Wilson to tea. The repast was magnificent ~ coffee sent by the Grand Signior as a present to M.^{de} Mere ~ green & black tea presented her by Lord Amhurst from the Emperor of China the finest produce of the sugar cane, tea cakes &c were handed about in profusion.

In the Evening Swiss landscapes & drawings were shown to the admiring guests who continued lost in wonder and admiration to a late hour. Emilia did not think herself equal to the bustle of the scene.

Tuesday. A light travelling carriage with four horses waited at the door of the Marine Pavilion at the hour of 8, into which ascended the Archduchess accompanied by her Lady of the Bedchamber Countess Threadgold & her first gentleman in waiting Sir Thomas Cross. Many families postponed their departure to the following day, as all the horses were engaged for relays on the road for the Archduchess. We hear a most frightful accident might have taken place, for as her Grace was honouring the hill of Uckfield by ascending it, the linch pin broke, & had it not been for the laudable exertions of Sir Thomas Cross, her Grace's carriage must inevitably have been overturned.

The Mayor and Corporation of Uckfield came in procession to offer the Archduchess ropes to mend her carriage by which she was enabled to continue her journey to the Metropolis.

Wednesday. Madame Mere honoured Lady Piggott with a morning visit in which the above mentioned distinguished characters settled the day and hour in which the Revolution will take place.

Lucia & La Marguerite with their usual suite of attendants took an airing in the State gondola Thursday — The archduchess returned from her mysterious expedition at the hour of six — Her countenance seemed still affected with the horrors she had witnessed —

Friday All the provisions in the place were bought up for the Grand dinner which was to take place in the afternoon The state cutlers were ordered to manufacture a sufficient quantity of knives and forks, & the State Upholsterers of chairs, to supply the company with — At 4 o'clock a cannon fired from the redoubt announced that dinner was ready — The party who sat down to this unique repast consisted of the noble families Of Cortini & Don Willaird —

Saturday The archduchess appeared on the Parade to discountenance the reports lately spread, that her grace was confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition —

The late Extraordinary Expedition of the Archduchess

There has been great agitation of late, expresses have arrived daily for the Archduchess, but of what nature is still secret — Rumour is busy & some suppose she has been instigating Lucia to drown herself & that she was actually twice in great jeopardy just by bathing and secondly by [illegible] to Bradley Head — where they were [illegible] washed overboard as she obstinately persisted in going — Poor Lucia certainly in a very unhappy state some say from disappointment, and that she had actually engaged [illegible] to Gretna Green with a certain [illegible] man when her mother discovered the affair and happily put an end to it — However an express arrived that at once silenced these rumours for the Archdss. set off post haste for [illegible] last Tuesday to attend the secret [illegible] burial next day — She arrived [illegible] and had scarce taken some refreshment when one of the Familiars [illegible] and as the conference was private [illegible] can give no detail of the business but the next day at 11 o'clock, a coach arrived & the Archdss. was conducted into it, where a lady & gentleman seated & the carriage set off rapidly till it came to some great iron gates which were open, and driving this numerous courts & gardens [illegible] close to a ruinous chapel where [illegible] waited above an hour as the Inquisitors had not gone thro' all the ceremonies — at last 2 men in black [illegible] the Archduchess out of the carriage & carried her up a dark staircase a door was opened & she was led a room where 6 men in dark habits

Emilia & La Marguerite with their usual suite of attendants took an airing in the State Gondola.

Thursday. The Archduchess returned from her mysterious expedition at the hour of six. Her countenance seemed still affected with the horrors she had witnessed.

Friday. All the provisions in the place were bought up for the Grand dinner which was to take place in the afternoon. The state cutlers were ordered to manufacture a sufficient quantity of knives and forks & the State Upholsterers of chairs, to supply the company with. At 4 o'clock a cannon fired from the redoubt announced that dinner was ready. The party who sat down to this unique repast consisted of the noble families of Curties & Don Willard.

Saturday. The Archduchess appeared on the Parade to discountenance the reports lately spread, that her Grace was confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

The Late Extraordinary Expedition of the Archduchess

There has been great agitation of late. Expresses have arrived daily for the Archduchess, but of what nature is still secret. Rumour is busy & some suppose she has been instigating Emilia to drown herself & that she was actually twice in great jeopardy first by bathing and secondly by sailing to Beachy Head where they were nearly washed overboard as she obstinately persisted in going. Poor Emilia is certainly in a very unhappy state, some say from disappointment, and others that she had actually engaged to go to Gretna Green with a certain gentleman when her mother discovered the affair and happily put an end to it. However an express arrived that at once silenced these rumours for the Archdss. set off posthaste for London last Tuesday to attend the secret tribunal next day. She arrived in town and had scarce taken some refreshment when one of the Familiars [??] and as the conference was private I can give no detail of the business. But the next day at 11 o'clock, a coach arrived & the Archdss. was conducted into it, where a lady & gentleman were seated & the carriage set off violently till it came to some great massive gates which were open, and driving thro' numerous courts & gardens, came close to a ruinous chapel where they waited above an hour as the Inquisitors had not gone thro' all the [?]nations. At last 2 men in black took the Archduchess out of the carriage & carried her up a dark staircase. A door was opened & she was led into a room where 10 men in dark habits

there nothing — one before a table with a sheet of paper on which were hieroglyphics which the Archbishop could not understand — He had a very red face & a piercing eye — After a slight obeisance with his head, he ordered a chair and desired the Archduchess to sit — She then had an opportunity of examining the rest of the Inquisitors — None had she ever seen before but on the left of the Grand Inquisitor sat a short hand writer as she presently discovered for on the Grand Inq.r stopping after each question and waving his hand, he immediately went to work — After numberless most previous questions the Grand Inq.r waved his head again & said he had done; but on her rising to go, another Inquisitor desired the Archduchess to be seated again, as he had other questions to ask — The Archbishop immediately turned round & beheld a meagre pale countenance with a consumptive figure & hollow voice who now questioned all that had been delivered before, but as he could not make the Archbishop contradict herself she was dismissed & conducted back to the carriage by the Inquisitors, & set down not at her home but in a wide place where she was to find her way back again tho' not before she had been urged to go back with the Familiar who first conveyed her — She resisted all solicitation, and the next day at 8 o'clock set out on her journey & arrived at the Marine Pavilion by 6 o'clock in high health & spirits — The household consider she must be supernaturally supported to go thro' this extraordinary exertion & begin to wish her away as they are convinced she has something bewitching about her, tho' more sensible people say that has been long over, and it is hoped she may go on peace to her grave without being ducked for a witch —

Friday — There was a grand entertainment at the Marine Palace — The Archbishop of Ct Bourne came in the morning & had a long conference with the Princess she called him angelical but his modesty could not accept the title — At noon the W. Hillsboroughs came in full paraphernalia & his Excellency Baron Von Willard & his lady — The entertainment as usual was magnificent & the dessert superior to any thing that has appeared this season — It was the "feast of reason" & continued till a late hour when the company departed —

Foreign Correspondence

Pompeii Sept 9 1818

I hope Morganetta received & admired the lines which the Muses of Ostend inspired — If so, she'll be anxiously waiting for more — To be drawn from the same inexhaustible source yet whom can I call on to inspire my strains — Do the nine maiden ladies dont visit their classic — No mountain Parnassus is found in the Pagoda — No stream fit to gush from Pegasus' grey paw — The vines are green & mawkish as the grass and every thing is low here excepting high mass — On Sunday then after the Mass was concluded

were sitting, one before a table with a sheet of paper on which were hieroglyphics which the Archdss. could not understand. He had a very red face & a piercing eye. After a slight obeisance with his head, he ordered a chair and desired the Archduchess to sit. She then had an opportunity of examining the rest of the Inquisitors. None had she ever seen before but on the left of the Grand Inquisitor sat a short hand writer as she presently discovered for on the Grand Inq.^{er} stopping after each question and waving his hand, he immediately went to work. After numberless most frivolous questions the Grand Inq.^{r} waved his hand again & said he had done; but on her rising to go, another Inquisitor desired the Archdushess to be seated again, as he had other questions to ask. The Archdss. immediately turned round & beheld a meagre pale countenance with a consumptive figure & hollow voice who re-questioned all that had been delivered before, but as he could not make the Archdss. contradict herself she was dismissed & conducted back to the carriage by the Inquisitors, & set down not at her home but in a wide place where she was to find her way back again, tho' not before she had been urged to go back with the Familiar who first conveyed her. She resisted all solicitation, and the next day at 8 set out on her journey & arrived at the Marine Pavilion by 6 o'clock in high health & spirits. The household consider she must be supernaturally supported to go thro' this extraordinary exertion & begin to wish her away as they are convinced she has something bewitching about her, tho' more sensible people say that has been long over, and it is hoped she may go in peace to her grave without being ducked for a witch.

Friday. There was a grand entertainment at the Marine Palace. The Archbishop of E. Bourne came in the morning & had a long conference with M.^{de} Mere. She called him angelical, but his modesty could not accept the title. At noon the W. Hill family came in full paraphernalia & his excellence Baron von Willard & his lady. The entertainment as usual was magnificent & the dessert superior to any thing that has appeared this season. It was the "feast of reason" & continued till a late hour when the company departed.

Foreign Correspondence

Brusselles Sept^{r} 9 1818

I hope Margaretta received & admired
the lines which the Muses of Ostend inspired
If so, she'll be anxiously waiting for more
To be drawn from the same inexhaustible store
Yet whom can I call on to inspire my rhymes
For the nine maiden ladies don't visit
these climes
No mountain Parnassus is found in the [??]
No stream fit to gush from Pegasus' grey paws
The rivers are green & unmoved as the grass
And every thing's low here excepting
high mass
On Sunday then after the Mass was concluded

We quickly ourselves & our baggage
all into a carriage — heavy construction
To get to the steamer where we travelled by pleasure
& rained — in the cabin we found our selves seated
fellow travellers both English & Flemish and quoted
a pair invalid on the sofa reclined
who poor sick & weak to her fate seemed resigned
a brave English General on her side impatient
who with arm round her waist supported her bride
a dashing French lady in pink crape & feathers
with her beau militaire in green jacket & feathers
& at the Anglaise with lashes as languissante
The Moon quite eclipsed all the Frenchified
a rich farbelowed dame looked each one charmer
ment for one

A band of musicians roved after our boat
who pleased us with many a gladdening air
a violin horn & a pipe that you'd say
Must surely be played by divine Colinet
Near to Bruges fine town we again disembarked
and thro' a green alley to the gateway we walked
Here we find ourselves safe at the sign of the
Where much kindness we meet & enough Cow-flower
Next noon to the tomb of old Charles the Bold
Who with Mary his daughter had flaunting lineage
All 9 we ascended the dark Belfry longest
Not unlike our own — if it were but so large
The motto Reach The Shrine is "Slow Speed"
They are each called coches de cau & each
On the deck you may sit in a painted Partition drawn by the
Or recline in the cabin on seats soft as pillow
At 1 of the clock they a dinner bell rang
And we all ran down stairs to chuse places
What was most pleasing while each at his post
& comfort reposed, we kept travelling still

without noise without motion we flow
Over the watery mirror as smooth as
At length we arrived at the city of
and straight to the inn of the Post
The family of Clarence had been here
and Beatles & gentry a plentiful
Next noon to the gothic Cathedral
They say that this church is 9 centuries
And saw with customs & awe in
The priests & their prayer books
At 11 we mounted the dark Diligence
Each armed with a stock & some patience
Thus patience & diligence joined
will produce (note the moral) wealth
This Judge or her brother have
In dullness & sad stupefaction
But I hope my dear girl that when
The roads may run light & the wheels
With this wish I conclude & so with
For the walls & the towers of

P. S.

The arrival of Parcel the safe
Is worthy printing in this my short
Must love to dear Ann & remember
This I hope that the former grows
I'll write to her next but I cannot
As I've written to Brother I wonder
In short as I've got nothing further

Yours

Received from Her Convent
The Abbess de Clugny
who for the last few weeks has been
missing. her friends are all in such
state & distraction about her absence
that they have made it a point to
by different watering places in
Ghent Whoever may be
may be rewarded with

Printed at the Coast Bonsens Press

We quickly ourselves & our baggage intruded
All into a carriage of heavy construction
To get to the stream where we travelled by fluxion
It rained[?]. In the cabin we found ourselves seated
Where travellers both English & Flemish are greeted
A fair invalid on the sofa reclined
Who fev'rish and weak to her fate seem'd resigned
A brave English General sat by her side
Who with an arm round her waist supported
his bride
A dashing French lady in pink crepe & feathers
With her beau militaire in green jacket & leathers
But the Anglaise with looks as languissante &
calm as
The Moon quite eclipsed all the Frenchified
charmers
A rich furbelowed dame looked each moment
forlorn[?]

A bank of musicians named after our boat
Who pleased us with many a gladdening note
A violin horn & a pipe that you'd say
Must surely be played by divine Colinet
Near to Bruges fine town we again disembarked
And thro' a green alley to the gateway we walked
Here we find ourselves safe at the sign of the
corn flower
Where much kindness we meet & much
supper devour
Next morn to the tomb of old Charly the Bold
Who with Mary his daughter he's flaunting in gold
At 9 we ascended the deck of the barge
Not unlike our own if it were not so large
The motto of each I believe is "Slow Speed"
They are each called coches d'eau & each drawn by
the Dead
On the deck you may sit in a painted pavilion
Or recline in the cabin on seats soft as pillin[?]
At 1 of the clock they a dinner bell rang
And we all ran down stairs to relieve hunger's pang
But what was most pleasing as each ate his fill
Of soups and ragouts, was we kept travelling still.

Without noise without motion we floated all day
O'er the watery mirror as smooth as may say
At length we arrived at the city of Ghent
And straight to the inn of the Poste Royale went
The family of Clarence had been here before
And of nobles & gentry a plentiful chore[?]
Next morn to the Gothic Cathedral we strolled
They say that this church is 9 centuries old
And saw with emotions of awe in our brains
The priests crop their prayer books their
[??] & chains[?]
At 11 we mounted the dull Diligence
Each armed with a stack of [??] patience
Thus patience & diligence joined hand in hand
Will produce (note the moral) wealth [??] & [??]
Miss Fudge or her brother have likened this
carriage
In dullness & sad stupefaction to marriage
But I hope my dear girl that whenever you marry
The roads may run light and the wheels never tarry
With this wish I conclude & so wish you goodbye
For the walls & the towers of Brussells are nigh.

P.S.
The arrival of Panlet the valet (you know him)
Is worthy of noting in this my short poem
Best love to dear Em & remembrance to Clugny
I hope that the former grows less & less puny
I'll write to her next but I cannot today
In short as I've got nothing further to say

JG

Wandered from Her Convent, The Abbess de Clugny, who for the last few weeks has been missing. Her nuns are all in such a state of distraction at her absence that they have made it a pretext to visit different watering places in search of her. Whoever will bring her to return may be rewarded with the [??].

Printed at the East Bourne Press

XXX.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE
OR
EASTBOURNE MESSENGER

Diis penatibus sacrum

Monsieur Pomkin
Sept 26th 1818

In the absence of any brilliant event to agitate the general current of affairs at this marine abode of the Parisian Court Theresa is happily released in her labors to furnish her turn of the weekly Chronicle by the rich repast of foreign correspondence which has flowed in from the absent members and which will be found under its proper head. This will immortalize their names as well as embellish the work & wants no comment to recommend it. The divine Eunice has contributed by her returning strength and spirits to the happiness of the domestic scene, and the Archduchess has received a letter from one of the Parisians engaged in the late transaction which called her to London — this announces that four of the points in discussion have been cleared up, and hopes are entertained that on the present occasion the fatal list will not be increased by unhappy wretches destined to suffer on the next Auto da Fe — The Archduchess is therefore rewarded for her benevolent exertions in the cause of truth — Letters from His Excellency the Chevalier Lebrun announce his intention of proceeding to Egypt Syria & Turkey and encountering a new series of giants dragons plague famine and shipwreck before he returns to the land of comfort. This itch of travelling has infected so large a portion of our British youth as to occasion alarm to the state as well as anxiety to their friends — It has therefore been suggested by an eminent physician, that could they be inoculated for the swiss disorder called the "maladie du pays", it might prove a preservative against this spirit of emigration; and as these feelings are excited in the Swiss by the air of "Ranz des vaches", the patients in question might be recalled to their national affections by a few bars of "God save the King" or "Rule Britannia"

To return to the occurrences of the week

Sunday morning Mr Hare repaired with the Abbe and Le Monguenite to the church of La Bourne where a sermon was preached for the benefit of the school — Three august personages were received into the vicar's pew recently hung with green cloth and furnished with cushions — The church is much improved by new arrangements, & the group of children under the organ in the ark

XXX

The Family Chronicle or East Bourne Messenger

Diis penatibus sacrum

Marine Pavilion Sept.^{r} 26th 1818

In the absence of any brilliant event to agitate the general current of affairs at this marine abode of the Timean Court, Theresa is happily relieved in her labours to furnish her turn of the Weekly Chronicle by the rich repast of foreign correspondence which has flowed in from the absent members, and which will be found under its proper head. This will immortalise their names as well as embellish the Work & wants no comment to recommend it. The divine Emilia has contributed by her returning strength and spirits to the happiness of the domestic scene, and the Archduchess has received a letter from one of the Familiars engaged in the Secret Transaction which called her to London. This announces that four of the points in discussion have been cleared up, and hopes are entertained that on the present occasion the fatal list will not be increased of unhappy wretches destined to suffer in the next Auto da Fé. The Archdss. is therefore rewarded for her benevolent exertions in the cause of truth. Letters from His Excellency the Chevalier Harburton announce his intention of proceeding to Egypt Syria & Turkey and encountering a new series of giant dragons, plague, famine and shipwreck before he returns to the land of comfort. This itch of travelling has infected so large a portion of our British youth as to occasion alarm to the state as well as anxiety to their friends. It has therefore been suggested by an eminent physician, that could they be inoculated for the Swiss disorder called the "maladie du pays" it might prove a preservative against this spirit of emigration, and as these feelings are excited in the Swiss by the air of "Ranz des Vaches", the patients in question might be recalled to their national affections by a few hours of "God save the King" or "Rule Brittania". To return to the occurrences of the week.

Sunday morn M. Mere repaired with the Abbess and La Marguerite to the church of E. Bourne where a sermon was preached for the benefit of the school. These august personages were received into the vicar's pew recently hung with green cloth and furnished with cushions. The church is much improved by new arrangements, & the group of children under the organ in the arch

of the western window is highly ornamental and gratifying to the beholder — A long train of carriages were in waiting to receive the retiring audience, many of whom had been seated in the new gallery half an hour before service began — On the return of Mde Mere & her attendants to the pavilion, they found Her Serene Highness seated at her wonted place in the window watching the towering waves in a fresh gale, and "calling up spirits from the vasty deep", which furnishes constant employment to her active mind — at the same time she is amused with the passing figures on the beach from the Dandy & Elegante to the ruthless gang of children who are amusing themselves and plaguing their nurses

Monday — Ha Mayte repaired to Windmill Hill, and in the evening the Bathers Dorothy & Joan repaired from their abode in the field house to tea at the Pavilion —

Tuesday — The Archduchess & Mde Mere took an airing in the demi barge, called at the favorite old woman Eldridge's cottage and supplied her toilette with some head attire — She told them she was in her 81st & introduced a great grandchild being in high glee

Wednesday — Mde Mere was seduced by her companion the Abbe to a distant walk of 2 miles & a half to the beach where they watched the breakers for ½ an hour & returned fatigued — Ha Mayte came back from Windmill to dinner bringing word that the luminary in Law & Literature Caroline Rutherens had made his appearance there, and won all the hearts of the young ladies with the bonny broom & the leather bottel which he sang with great glee

Thursday Nothing occurred worth this day

Friday — The Archdss & Mde Mere paid their respects at the Neilland hills where the Lord & Lady of the manor introduced them to another great potentate the Rt Hon Sir Gilbert upon which they were invited to his beautiful domain finely wooded & commanding a fine distant view — The apartments were hung with very good paintings by her own hand, & the heir apparent was introduced —

Saturday Emilia Ha Mayte & their suite embarked in the state barge under the command of the Admiral Knight & sailed in the bay for ½ an hour at 12 o'clock the Archduchess party joined with their illustrious inmate

Correspondence

Cologne 16th Feb

All perfumed with a bottle of Eau de Cologne again I visit thy nice gentle tone and request ½ an hour's chit chat with thee a favor I think which thou cannot refuse I can't tell all mine own & done since we As soon might one count all the simples which in habit the waters or the valleys The task would exhaust any practical Ye sing Waterloo's field the mustering

of the western window is highly ornamental and gratifying to the beholder. A long train of carriages were in waiting to receive the retiring audience, many of whom had been seated in the new gallery half an hour before service began. On the return of M.^{de} Mere & her attendants to the pavilion, they found Her Serene Highness seated at her wonted place in the window watching the towering waves in a fresh gale, and "calling up spirits from the vasty deep", which furnishes constant employment to her active mind. At the same time she is amused with the passing figures on the beach front the Dandy & Elegant to the reckless group of children who are amusing themselves and plaguing their nurses.

Monday. La Marg.^{te} repaired to Windmill Hill, and in the evening the Banker[?] Darby & Joan repaired from their abode in the field house to tea at the Pavilion.

Tuesday. The Archduchess & M. Mere took an airing in the demi barge, called at the favouite old woman Edridge's cottage and supplied her toilette with some head attire. She told them she was in her 84 & introduced a great grandchild being in high glee.

Wednesday. M. Mere was seduced by her companion the A.D.ss to a distant walk of 2 miles & a half to the beach where they watched the breakers for 1/2 an hour & returned fatigued. La Marg.^{te} came back from W. Hill to dinner bringing word that the great luminary in love & Literature Carolus Butlericus had made his appearance there, and won all the hearts of the young ladies with the [??] & the leather bottle which he sang with great glee.

Thursday. Nothing occurred worth recording.

Friday. The Archdss & M. Mere paid their respects at the Willard Villa where the Lord & Lady of the mansion introduced them to another Great potentate the Princess Gilbert, upon which they were invited to her beautiful domain finely wooded & commanding a fine distant view. The apartments were hung with very good paintings by her own hand, & the heir apparent was introduced.

Saturday. Emilia La Marg^{te} & their suite embarked in the state barge under the command of the Admiral Knight & sailed in the bay for 1/2 an hour. At 12 o'clock the Curties party arrived with their illustrious inmate.

Correspondence

Cologne Sept [??]

All perfumed with a bottle of Eau de Cologne
Again I elicit the lyre's gentle tone
And request 1/2 an hour's chit chat with the muse
A favour I think which she cannot refuse
I can't tell all we've seen & done since
yesterday morn
As soon might one count all the tempests and
storms
Which inhabit the waters on the [??]
The talk would exhaust any partial [??]
To sing Waterloo's field the muse begs [??]

is that battles and sieges are out of the
but so many have hitherto failed in the article
and the theme is so threadbare she really quite
tired of all we heard Angleterre's Marquis's leg
and dropped each a tear as large as a leg of
on the side of a grassy or willow tree weeps
and all round the roots spicy mignionette creeps
a fellow leg still tries to kick up a dust
beneath it, lie stretched one day on their arms
heads the boys fire bullets and shot
out of mine fine feathers cockades & what not
which they dig from the earth with swords
but mine fought at the barre, but when now grave
from hence we proceed to the post of Gymappe
when the dark coming on, we indulge in a nap
& manner we arrive in our bonnet & wrapper
here the food we find good & the beds very soft
next day we arrive at the town of old Liege
strong fortress for those who delight to besiege
here a sweetly the Carillons chime cary quarter
and sing to the sound of some murmuring water
hymns waltzes & marches by merry they're played
and a sweet little spire tinkles Austria's gabotte
here I purchased some pistols to shoot a brigand
and adventures we soon mean to have on our hands
next day at sunset we reached Aix la Chapelle
where stay many a gay beau & elegant belle
and every Wednesday they dance the quadrille
while gamblers their purses or empty or fill
the Cathedral is rich in old bones & high relics
can many a wonderful story unfold
Charlemagne in an arm chair of wrought like a
there's a peep hole you see the great Charlemagne
a tooth from the jaw of St Catherine brought home
which certainly never has seen Racquet Court
besides many gifts from the good Charlemagne
this cure pope, and che the Infanta of Spain
we then put a crown in the good canon's purse
I think we do it for the good of the church be it
Thus we had all the country we traverse today

Crops of buckwheat (called Saracens) grow by the way
And what will you say when I tell you the bread
which the people eat here is made of Saracen's head
and now at Cologne we're contented to stay
Till the sun her illumined another bright day
A band of horns reels & drums in the street
Has afforded all night a delicious treat
Give dear Margarita I wish you good night
And slumbers profound & dreams of delight
P.S. you'll excuse some French words in my song
I do tell you the truth I forget my own tongue
I forgot to inform you 3 hours we dine
You'd laugh to see how the postilions combine
The wheelers abreast whom many a rope ties
While the leader is lost in the distant horizon

Yours

To Capt^n Tartar

17 Sea Horse

Dear Captain I think you will not be
sorry to hear from your old friend
in the gay world, while you are moping to
death at home, but perhaps like some
other toothless veterans you prefer your
own fireside to all other places, and
content yourself with chirping with the
cat — I pass my time here in squiring
the young ladies on horseback or attend
ing the barge en cavalcade under Commo
dore Timmons — Before these daily
excursions I generally take a lounge
in the Library where all the Misses
stare at me and think me the most
dashing fellow in the place (which perhaps
is true enough) but I seldom honour
them with the most notice — Sometimes
I take a fish up to the drawing room
clear the sandwich board, for the air
of this place gives a desperate appetite
we live by the side of an immense
pond which is as full of roaring waves
that I am not very fond of plunging

Sidman Esq^re Surgeon & Dentist

† les montons P passes ‖ The seat of —

But that battles and sieges are out of her line
But so many have hitherto failed in the outset
And the theme is so threadbare she really
quite [??] it
Best of all we viewed Anglesey's Marquis's leg's
tomb
We dropped each a tear at so noble a leg's doom
On the relic of brav'ry a willow tree weeps
And all round the roots spicy mignonette creeps
The fellow leg still tries to kick up a dust
Tho' beneath it, lie stretch'd one day or other it must
The guide & the boys offer bullets and shot
Bits of cuirassors feathers cockades & what not
Which they dig from the earth with swords
pistols & buttons
Where once fought the knave, but which now graze
the muttons*
From hence we proceed to the port of Genappe
Where the dusk coming in, we indulge in a nap
At Namur we arrive in our bonnet & wrapper
Here the food we find good & the bed very proper†
Next day we arrive at the town of old Liege
A strong fortress for those who delight to besiege
How so sweetly the Carillons chime every quarter
You'd say tis the sound of some murmuring water
Hymns waltzes & marches by memory they've got
And a sweet little spina tinkles Westin's gavotte
Here I purchased some pistols to shoot at brigands
And adventures we soon meant to have on our
hands
Next day at sunset we reach'd Aix la Chapelle
Where stay many a gay beau & elegant belle
And every Wednesday they dance the quadrille
While gamblers their purses or empty or fill
The Cathedral so rich in old bones & bright gold
Can many a wonderful story unfold
Enclos'd in an [??] gill & wrought like a honey comb
Thro' a peephole you see the great Charlemagne's
funny bone
A tooth from the jaw of St. Catherine brought
Which certainly never has seen Racquet Court‡
Besides many gifts from the good Charlemagne
His successors, and she the Infanta of Spain
We then put a crown in the good canon's purse
Which no doubt for the good of the church
he'll disburse
Throughout all the country we've traversed today
Crops of buckwheat (called Sarrasins) grows
by the way
And what will you say when I tell you the bread
Which the people eat here's made of Saracen's head
And now at Cologne we're contented to stay
Till the sun has illumined another bright day
A band of horns viols & drums in the street
Has afforded all night a delicious treat
Here dear Margaretta I wish you good night
And slumbers profound & dreams of delight
P.S. you'll excuse some French words in my song
To tell you the truth I forget my own tongue
I forgot to inform you 3 horses we drive
You'd laugh to see how the postillions contrive
The wheelers abreast whom many a rope ties on
While the leader is lost in the distant horizon.

JG

*Les moutons
†propre
‡The seat of — Kidman Esq Surgeon & Dentist

To Capt^{n} Tartar

17 Sea Houses

Dear Captain

I think you will not be sorry to hear from your old friend in the gay world, while you are moped to death at home, but perhaps like some other toothless veterans you prefer your own fireside to all other places, and content yourself with flirting with the cat. I pass my time here in squiring the young ladies on horseback or attending the barge cavalcade under Commodore Simmons. Before these daily excursions I generally take a lounge in the Library where all the Misses stare at me and think me the most dashing fellow in the place (which perhaps is true enough) but I seldom honour them with much notice. Sometimes I take a frisk up to the drawing room & clear the sandwich board, for the air of this place gives a desperate appetite. We live by the side of an immense pond which is so full of roaring waves that I am not very fond of plunging

into it like any friend the Newfoundlander, besides the water has a very odd taste; and to say the truth I have never been quite so fond of ponds, since my adventure with the wool coated gentleman on our Common. These cowardly creatures are fated to torment me, and because they have got a trick of running away from me like a pack of fools, all the world thinks I am going to murder them, and in my races on the Downs I am absolutely hampered with a leather chin Cappet and a nose band which confine my jaw and my tongue, till I can neither speak nor breathe & am almost mad with vexation. — This is the only trial I have met with but the Le Duchess has kindly interceded for me & I have been again treated as deserves

Your friend Bucker

Fort William
Sept 12

. . . . . .

My chief intelligence is quite in your style no longer Highland scenery but Scotch society — society that we have been delighted with. After leaving Glenorchy on Loch Awe we slept at Oban and eat there too to our sorrow, for every thing was so filthily dirty that we were very glad when our meals were over — The place itself is extremely pretty — There we set out on an expedition to Staffa proceeding up the Sound of Mull a beautiful voyage, castles & ruins & mountains & islands at every turn & the most beautiful bays islands & mountains in scholar's description — At Staffa we landed and crept the narrow neck of land in the middle of Mull on horseback — such horses! Tom's came from the same and mine a little Shetland one who formed a precipitous descent of some feet below my knee, making me appear like a giant oppressing all the poor animals that came in my way — Well, now I will bring you to dine at a place on the western coast belonging to Col Campbell, and introduce him to us he comes to help us off our horses & is followed by his sister a middle aged & remarkably the gentlewoman in her appearance and manner, and who is a great favorite of mine, therefore I hope you like her too — a degree of decent solemnity made us feel rather awkward on being seated in silence up stairs & 2 more ladies sisters of the Colonel soon found however that we were to experience every friendly & officious act of kindness that Scotch hospitality could possibly suggest — quite a pattern in that respect to all Southrons except Cutteris's who I think stand unrivalled

. . . . . .

What room did they sit in? Say you? Why, the house as close to the bottom of a steep high & beautifully formed mountain in the centre of a fine bay & set in by beautiful islands — in front a wild heath quite en deshabille & the road full of cattle on the left a fresh water lock from which they see the wild deer scampering about the mountains — The house is small but very nice in the clean style every thing in the grande famille and propriety further than without any parade — the present Col is not a male & has little spruce boys for grandsons & people out & door with the low that look & fly in boards & in the

Printed at the Coast Courier Press

into it like my friend the Newfoundlander, besides the water has a very odd taste, and to say the truth I have never been quite so fond of ponds, since my adventure with the wool coated gentleman on our Common. These cowardly creatures are fated to torment me, and because they have got a trick of running away from me like a pack of fools, all the world thinks I am going to murder them, and in my races on the Downs I am absolutely hampered with a leather chin lappet and a nose band which confine my jaw and my tongue, till I can neither speak nor breathe & am almost dead with vexation. This is the only trial I have met with but the A. Duchess has kindly interceded for me & I have been again treated as deserves

Your friend Blucher

Fort William

Sept^{r} 12

My chief intelligence is quite in your style no longer Highland scenery but Scotch society ~ society that we have been delighted with. After leaving Glenorchy on Loch Awe we slept at Oban and eat there too to our sorrow, for every thing was so filthily[sic] dirty that we were very glad when our meals were over. The place itself is extremely pretty. Then we set out on an expedition to Staffer[?] proceeding up the Sound of Mull a beautiful voyage, castles & ruins of former grandeur at every turn & the most beautiful bays islands & mountains in endless procession. At Aros we landed and crossed the narrow neck of land in the middle of Mull on horseback. Such horses! Tom's came from the [??] and mine a little Shetlander whose [??] formed a precipitous descent of some feet below my knee, making me appear like a giant oppressing all the poor animals that came in my way. Well, now I will bring you to know a place on the western coast belonging to Col Campbell, and introduce him too as he comes to help us off our horses followed by his sister a middle aged lady remarkably the gentlewoman in her appearance and manner, and moreover a great favorite of mine, therefore be sure you like her too. A degree of Scotch solemnity made us feel rather awkward on being seated in silence up stairs with 2 more ladies sisters of the Colonel. We soon found however that we were to experience every friendly & officious sort of kindness that Scotch hospitality could possibly suggest. Quite a pattern in that respect to all Southrons except Cretteis's who I think stand unrivalled...

... What room did they sit in? Say you why, the house is close to the bottom of a steep high & beautifully formed mountain in the centre of a fine bay shut in by beautiful islands. In front a wild heath quite en deshabille & the road full of [??] on the left a fresh water loch from where they see the wild deer scampering about the mountains. The house is small but they live in the clan style every thing "[??] with grande facilité" and propriety within [??] without any parade. At present there is only a maid & one little spruce[?] boy for the crowds of people out of doors ready to [??] low this ... [??]... in all directions. [*I can't decipher this end bit. I took too poor a photograph of the page, which is annoying. J.S.*]

Printed at the Eastbourne Press

XXXI

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE
or
EAST BOURNE MESSENGER

Diis penatibus sacrum

Marine Pavilion Oct 3rd 1818

In this gloomy morning when "chill blustering winds and driving rain" forbid our willing feet "to wander as usual over the smooth sands or muggy Downs the Editor imprisoned in her Printing Office feels her mind partake of the sombre character of the day which has been much heightened by the faithlessness of her continental Correspondent who has withheld his accustomed poetical tribute to her paper but when upon reviewing the events of the week, she recollects how the domestic circle has been cheered by the returning health and gaiety of Emilia, and indulges the hope of seeing her at no very distant period as strong and blooming as in days of yore when no female foot could emulate her swift progress over hill and dale. She rises above the saddening influence of the atmosphere, and is ashamed to express such querulous feelings instead of owning in the name of the family their thankfulness to that gracious Being who has thus hearkened their painful anxieties for their invalid and so much alleviated her sufferings. Nor should we forget to be grateful for the favorable journey and safe return to England of the wanderers among the Highlands lakes & mountains who we hope have received additional health & strength from the excursion

Family Diary.

Monday — The waves rose on the beach mountains high, and while the Archbishop was taking her accustomed lounge on the Parade & condescendingly conversing with one of Emilia's sub-physicians Conrad, she was suddenly enveloped in a cloud of spray which very unpolitely wetted her from head to foot, but we are most happy to state she has received no material injury from the shock

Tuesday Emilia & the Abbess paid their devoirs at the Gilbert shrine when they were most graciously received and conducted by the youthful heir to the gallery of natural curiosities & ancient armoury of this fair mansion from whence there is a goodly prospect of wood and lawn & distant sea — among the nobility present at this levee, we discerned a female descendant of the illustrious Duke of Sully Emilia afterwards proceeded to the ancient castle of New Lewes where she conversed some time with its present inhabitants the accomplished family De Wilson —

Wednesday M. Mere & the Archbishop ascended the heights of Beachy Head in the dumb barge accompanied by Prince Pyrrhus who galloped by their side — La Marguerite rode to her

XXXI

The Family Chronicle or East Bourne Messenger

Diis penatibus sacrum

Marine Pavilion Oct.^{r} 3^{d} 1818

On this gloomy morning when "chill blustering winds and driving rain" forbid our willing feet to wander as usual over the smooth sands or breezy Downs the Editor imprisoned in her Printing Office feels her mind partake of the sombre character of the day which has been much heightened by the faithlessness of her Continental Correspondent who has withheld his accustomed poetical tribute to her paper but when upon reviewing the events of the week, she recollects how the domestic circle has been cheered by the returning health and gaiety of Emilia, and indulges the hope of seeing her at no very distant period as strong and blooming as in days of yore when no female foot could emulate her swift progress over hill and dale. She rises above the saddening influence of the atmosphere, and is ashamed to express such querulous feelings instead of owning in the name of the family thine thankfulness to that Gracious Being who had thus lessened their painful anxieties for their invalid and so much alleviated her sufferings. Nor should we forget to be grateful for the favorable journey and safe return to England of the wanderers among the Highland lakes & mountains who we hope have received additional health & strength from the excursion.

Family Diary

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Wednesday. M. Mere & the Archdss ascended the heights of Beachy Head in the demi barge accompanied by Prince Blucher who galloped by their side. La Marguerite rode to her

favourite village of Jessington
Thursday — Emilia and her inse-
parable Queenna the venerable abbess
were driven by their chaperone Georg
to Beachy Head from whence they
saw the foaming waves which in all
their grandeur were deluging the prom-
-enade diminished in appearance
to the gentlest silver ripples while
the thunder of their roar sounded as
soft as an autumnal zephyr —
Letters to the Abbess announced the
arrival of Sylvia & Theodore announ-
-ced the arrival among the North
-umbrians Vassals.
Friday M. Shere the archdss. the Abbess
had a delightful drive over the
marshes to the willingdon decoy.
Upon their return to the Pavilion they
found two of the Sussex nymphs who
had rode from Lewes to Salute the
Jemeans but what was the consterna-
-tion of Mde. there to find the state
(Yacht) containing Emilia La Marche
de who had embarked in it at 6 o'clock
still at sea — after some hours anxiety
the trusty Spear who had been posted
as centenel on the cliff descried
their distant sail, the news spread
like lightning to the Pavilion & the
expecting party on the beach had soon
the happiness of hailing the fatigued
voyagers who had just strength
enough to wave their handkerchiefs
to their friends after having been
becalmed off Beachy Head till they
were overcome by sickness & hunger
In the evening M. Shere & the Archdss
drank tea at the Baden palace
da Marg.te from the uneasy effects
her voyage was obliged to adopt
them in the Baden way.
Saturday — Rain, rain, rain —
consequence of which a projected
visit to the Gilbert Heights
been reluctantly postponed to a fair
opportunity —

Medical Report

The bulletin issued this morning
the Jemean Pavilion gives a favou
report of the lovely Emilia who has
not only spent five hours upon the
bosom of the sea, but has several time
immersed her tender frame in the
Nereian waves, and already enjoys
additional bloom in the countenance
The Archduchess continues to cheer the
horizon with her smiles and tho
she occasionally complains of stiffness in
her limbs is hop for the most active
of the group. Mr Shere has manifested
astonishing powers of appetite
in the destruction of partridges, apri
pies and fruit, but is attacked with
a new malady which returns at the
same hour every morning things that
on the sofa, pulls the tambour
out of her hand — and sometimes
her insensible for near half an hour
case when the silken tones of the Abbe
are heard in reading the interesting
cal of Jocelyn. Upon a consultation
the homely Physicians it is pronou
not to be of alarming kind & will
yield by proper remedies

favourite village of Javington.

Thursday. Emilia and her inseparable duenna the venerable Abbess were driven by their charioteer George to Beachy Head from whence they saw the foaming waves which in all their grandeur were deluging the promenade diminished in appearance to the gentlest silver ripples while the thunder of their roar sounded as soft as an autumnal zephyr.

Letters to the Abbess announced the arrival of Sylvia & Theodore announced the arrival [sic] among the Northumbrian Vassals.

Friday. M. Mere the Archdss the Abbess had a delightful drive over the marshes to the Willingdon decoy. Upon their return to the Pavilion they found two of the Curties nymphs who had rode from W. Hill to salute the Timeans but what was the consternation of M.^{de} Mere to find the State yacht containing Emilia La Marg^{te} &c (who had embarked in it at 10 o'clock) still at sea. After some hours anxiety the trusty Spear who had been posted as sentinel on the cliff descried their distant sail. The news spread like lightning to the Pavilion & the expecting party on the beach had soon the happiness of hailing the fatigued voyagers who had just strength enough to wave their handkerchiefs to their friends after having been becalmed off Beachy Head till they were overcome by sickness & hunger. In the evening M. Mere & the A. Duchess drank tea at the Border place. La Marg^{te} from the uneasy effects of her voyage was obliged to accompany them in the Barker way[1].

Saturday. Rain, rain, rain. In consequence of which a projected [??] visit to the Gilbert [??] has been reluctantly postponed to a fairer opportunity.

Medical Report

The bulletin issued this morning by the Timean Pavilion gives a favorable report of the lovely Emilia who has not only spent five hours upon the bosom of the sea, but has several times immersed her tender frame in insalubrious waves, and already infused additional life in the domestic scene. The Archduchess continues to cheer the horizon with her smiles and tho' she occasionally complains of stiffness in her limbs is by far the most active of the group. M. Mere has manifested astonishing powers of appetite in the destruction of partridges, apple pies and fruit, but is attacked with a new malady which returns at the same hour every evening flings herself on the sofa, pulls the tambour from out of her hand and sometimes leaves her insensible for near half an hour even when the silver tones of the Abbess are heard in reading the interesting novel of Joclyn. Upon a consultation with the family Physicians it is promising not to be of alarming kind & will yield by proper remedies.

[1] *I think this is slang for saying she didn't go. The phase "The Barker way" appears in one other place in the Chronicle, where it implies the same thing. J.S.*

Such is the medical report of this week signed — Rankin Physician in ordinary
Conrad
Hyde } Sub. physician

Advertisement Extraordinary

East Bourne
Sept.r 29. 1815

This and every day till further notice will be presented to the Nobility & Gentry of this marine residence a Grand Aquatic Pantomimic Ballet d'action entitled

Oceana

with magnificent scenery, dresses, and decorations — All the strength of the company is put in force. The tides having already gathered up to an unprecedented height. Millions of waves will be seen marching up to display their unrivalled talents in fighting against the beach — dazzling the eyes of the spectators with an endless succession of roaring cataracts and adopting the most fantastic varieties of shape and colour. All this is performed with real water of which an immense reservoir is provided and to which that of the aquatic Theatre, Sadlers Wells is a mere deception. A reinforcement of Equinoctial gales is appointed to intire additional spirit and call forth the energies of all the performers, and a number of Sloops & Cutters is arranged to give their portion of grandeur to the scene — But one concern we feel to state that an apology is received from the Lunar Sphere announcing that her Imperial Majesty Cynthia has an indispensible engagement in another quarter to prevent the possibility of her appearance upon this occasion; but the beloved Archduchess has promised her patronage and taken a splendid circular box which is expected to be filled with cent. per cent. fashion, amongst whom are to be reckoned M.e Stael and her lovely daughters with the abbeys de Lugny so earnest is the Screne Highness in the cause of this transcendent performance that she had dignified her intention of placing herself upon the boards of the stage but upon trying that situation during one of the Rehearsals she found it too much for her nerves, being nearly immersed in a shower of spray thrown up by the evolutions of the Corps de ballet which obliged her instantly to retire and change her robes.

Places to be taken of Mr Featherley.

N.B. Those ladies who are afraid of the accidents from fire which have too frequently occurred in theatrical representations may be assured that all the smallest means for alarm exists on the present occasion as from the principle adopted in the machinery it would not be more difficult to set the Thames itself on fire

Fashionable Varieties

Monday at sunrise, Cynthia will give a

Such is the medical report of this week.
Signed

Rankin Physician in ordinary.
Conrad, Hybla ~ sub physicians.

Advertisement Extraordinary

East Bourne
Sept 29 1818

This and every day till further notice will be presented to the Nobility & Gentry of this marine residence a Grand aquatic melodramatic, ballet d'action entitled

Oceana

with magnificent scenery, drapes, and lunations. All the strength of the company is put in force. The tides having already gathered up to an unprecedented height Millions of waves will be seen marching up to display their unrivalled activity in fighting against the beach dazzling the eyes of the spectators with an endless succession of roaring cataracts and adopting the most fantastic varieties of shape and colour. All this is performed with real water of which an immense reservoir is provided and to which that of the aquatic Theatre, Sadlers Wells, is a mere deception. A reinforcement of Equinoctial gales is appointed to infuse additional spirit and call forth the energies of all the performers, and a rendezvous of clouds is arranged to give their portion of grandeur to the scene. We are concerned to state that an apology is received from the Lunar Sphere announcing that her Imperial Majesty Cynthia has an indispensable engagement in another quarter to prevent that possibility of her appearance upon this occasion, but the beloved Archduchess has promised her patronage and taken a splendid circular box which is expected to be filled with rank of fashion, amongst whom are to be reckoned M. Mere and her lovely daughters with the Abbess de Clugny. So earnest is Her Serene Highness in the cause of this transcendent performance that she had signified her intention of placing herself upon the boards of the stage but upon trying that situation during one of the Rehearsals, she found it too much for her nerves, being nearly immersed in a shower of spray thrown up by the exertions of the Corps de ballet which obliged her instantly to retire and change her robes.

Places to be taken of Mr. Heatherley.

N.B. Those ladies who are afraid of the accidents from fire which too often occurred in theatrical representations may be assured that not the smallest reasons[sic] for alarm exists on the present occasion as from the principle adopted in the machinery it would not be more difficult to set the Thames itself on fire.

Fashionable Parties

Monday at sunrise, Emilia will give a

Marine dejeuner on the Marbello sands, consisting of shrimps, sea weed limpets anemonies &c and all the delicacies of the ocean —

Ode to the Moon
by the Athop[ian] B[ard] C— y 8 o'clock P.M.

Arise O lonely queen of night
Arise and bless my longing sight
With thy celestial ray
How far more dear art thou O Moon
Than vulgar morning dazzling noon
Or aught of garish day

Ye spectres of the moon begone!
That love the promenade to haunt
And tire the gazing eye
Brownies avaunt! ye elfs that wear
Your petticoats so high in air
And fashion's laws defy

And Squinney, thou with visage grim
And reddened nose & figure slim
Dunce of the Pearson school
Thou restless ghost who never still
Couldst never suit thy wayward will
And fix thy three-legged stool

Dragon! whose penetrating eye
It said thro' envy dead to spy
And threaten all romance
In the pale moonlight now secure
No etiquette I need endure
Or fear thy dreaded glance!

For where so lately swept the sands
Of poney carts the motley bands
And Cacouchistic train
Now shines that peaceful silver light
By which the tiny fays delight
To weave their mystic chain.

O might I join their fairy ring
And nothing to my meaning bring
The inhabitants of earth
Until the morning broke the spell
And changed the scene to bricks &c
For images &c Smith Esq[r]

Exctract of a letter to the Athop[ian] Editor

. . . . . Monday we set out on an expedition to Holyrood House — I trod the long gallery where Prince Charlie and his gallant suite — Dundee & Claverhouse & the modest Waverley were happily assembled on that memorable night — I almost felt the inspiration one has on entering a ball room the day after the dance — For different scenes have however passed in it since that time. The French princes were for some years living in Holyrood House, and crossed this gallery into their chapel — but not the chance & fortune, or rather the dispensation of Providence entombed that the long line of Scotch Kings looking far into the fabulous histories of Caledonian times here ranged round the walls with their grim faces countenanced should have looked down upon the exiled princes of a kingdom arrived at the lowest pitch of refinement — I must now conduct you up an antiquated staircase into a small bed room of poor Mary — the chamber The bed hangings the very work of her fingers the work box fitted up with pincushion which itself was covered with a piece of her school girl like embroidery — the carved gilt tables she brought from France like our modern imitation of Buhl ormolu &c — . . . . . C[harles] W[illiam]

(Printed at the Covenant Press)

* Figures accustomed to walk on the Parade attired in brown Italian gauze
† Cha[rles] mocked at E[dinburgh] who constantly preoccupied Londinis mores, & vide more favourable on the subject
‡ Sol[omon] at E[dinburgh] who with what foundation he knows not obtained the surname of the Magnificent (vide Hist. Maladies)

Marine dejeuner on the Martells sands, consisting of shrimps, seaweed limpets anenomies &c and all the delicacies of the Ocean.

Ode to the Moon
by the Abbess St. C–y

8 o'clock

Arise O lonely queen of night
Arise and bless my longing sight
With thy celestial ray
How far more dear art thou O Moon
Than vulgar morning, dazzling noon
Or aught of garish day

Ye spectres of the morn Avaunt!
That love the promenade to haunt
And tire the gazing eye
Brownies avaunt! ye elfs that wear
Your petticoats so high in air
And fashion's laws defy*

And Squinney†, then with visage grim
And reddened nose of figure slim
[??] of the Pearson school
Thou restless ghost who never still
Couldst never suit they wayward will
And fix thy three-legged stool

Dragon!‡ whose penetrating eye
Is said thro' every deed to spy
And threaten all romance
In the pale moonlight now secure
No etiquette I need endure
Or fear thy dreaded glance!

For where so lately swept the sands
Of fancy casts the motley hands
And Cavendishio's train
Now shines that peaceful solemn light
By which the tiny fays delight
To weave their mystic chain

O might I join their fairy ring
And nothing to my memory bring
Th'inhabitants of earth
Until the morning broke the spell
And changed the scene he lov'd so well
For images of mirth

EG

Extract of a letter to the Abbess

Edinburgh

... Monday we set out on an expedition to Holyrood House. I [??] trod the long gallery where Prince Charles and his gallant suite of nobles [??] [??] & the modest Waverly were happily assembled on that memorable night. I almost felt the impression one has on entering a ball room the [??] after the dance. Far different scenes have however passed in it since then. The French princes were for some years living in Holyrood House, and converted this gallery into their chapel. Is not the chance of fortune, or rather the dispensation of Providence extraordinary that the long line of Scotch Kings extending far into the fabulous histories of fabulous time here ranged round the walls with their grim fierce countenances should have looked down upon the [??] princes of a kingdom arrived at the highest pitch of refinement. I must now conduct you up an antiquated staircase into the very bedroom of poor Mary. The chamber the bed fringe the very work of her fingers the work box fitted up with pincushions which itself was covered with a piece of her school girl like embroidery. The carved gilt table she brought from France like our modern importation of ormolus &c ...

EMG

Printed at the Convent Press

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*Figures accustomed to walk on the Parade attired in brown Italian gauze

†An invalid at EL's who constantly preoccupied Emilia's seats & was never known to [??]

‡A Col^{l} at EL's who with what foundation we know not obtained the surname of the Dragon (vide Irish Melodies)

XXXII

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE
EAST BOURNE MESSENGER

East Bourne Oct.r 3.rd Diis penatibus sacrum

The events of this week have been extremely important. We left our readers in the greatest doubt in our last paper as to whether a visit would take place from the inhabitants of the Marine Palace to the family of the De Wilsons at New Susans. Telescopes had discovered the arrival of Signor Wilson at Rehfield as far back as the Thursday before last, had distinctly watched his progress as far as East Bourne, seen him alight from his carriage, pay the post boy, wipe the dust from his shoes and embrace his wife & daughters. Days rolled away after this event & no invitation from the inhabitants of New Susans arrived. In consequence scouts were sent out by the court they stationed themselves at the Spiral tubes erected by Lord Attyn de Gossip, the late proprietor of New Susans. They heard various conversations at dinner & tea, heard the dig.y We praise the flavor of the dishes describe his journey, question his son and heir on the subject of his travels, and even descend to puerile subjects, but not a word was pronounced on the subject of the highly important visit. This is said to have exasperated the Simean Court that even the Simean papers were ordered not to touch their hat to the Wilsonian Sovereign — affairs were in this state when the event occurred recorded in our columns. It is needless to say that Stocks have risen, that tea dealers sell at an enormous price and that small table is in such high requisition that hardly any is to be got in the market — We suppose our correspondents partly allude to the expected cabinet dinner at Major Von Willard's of which we have not yet received an account. On the whole we cannot but congratulate the Marine Court on the brilliant gaieties of this week. Were it not for the importance of these events we should have devoted some lines to an occurrence now totally eclipsed by them — the improved health & strength of Emilia. We conclude our paragraph by expressing our wish that all there could have a share with less fatigue of the various amusements of this place.

Sunday Oct.r 4. The abbess Emilia & Sta Maria attended E Bourne Church — Mellore & the Archduchess were home Protestants. Dispatches were received from Germany and the North of England, but no local communications have arrived from the former country

Monday — Nothing of importance occurred — the abbess gives evening

XXXII

The Family Chronicle or East Bourne Messenger

Diis penatibus sacrum

EastBourne Oct. 9th

The events of this week have been extremely important. We left our readers in the greatest doubt in our last paper as to whether a visit would take place from the inhabitants of the Marine Palace to the family of the De Wilsons at New Susans. Telescopes had discovered the arrival of Signor Wilson at Uckfield as far back as the Thursday before last, had distinctly watched his progress as far as East Bourne, seen him alight from his carriage, pay the post boy, wipe the dust from his shoes and embrace his wife & daughters. Days rolled away after this event. No invitation from the inhabitants of New Susans arrived. In consequence scouts were sent out by the court. They stationed themselves at the spiral tubes erected by Lord Atteyne de Gossip, the late possessor of New Susans. They heard various conversations at dinner & tea, heard the Sig.^{r} W— praise the flavor of the dishes describe his journey, question his son and heir on the subject of his travels, and even descend to frivolous subjects, but not a word was pronounced on the subject of the highly important tea visit. This is said so to have exasperated the Timean Court that even the Timean pages were ordered not to touch their hat to the Wilsonian Saubrettes. Affairs were in this state when the event occurred recorded in our columns. This needless to say that stocks have risen, that tea cakes sell at an enormous price, and that small talk is in such high requisition that hardly any is to be got in the market. We suppose our correspondents partly allude to the expected cabinet dinner at Major Von Willard's of which we have not yet received an account. On the whole we cannot but congratulate the Marine Court on the brilliant gaieties of this week. Were it not for the importance of these events we should have devoted some lines to an occurrence now totally eclipsed by them. The improved health & strength of Emilia. We conclude our paragraph by expressing our wish that M.^{de} Mere could partake with less fatigue of the various amusements of this place.

Sunday Oct. 4. The Abbess, Emilia & La Marg^{te} attended E. Bourne church. M. Mere & the Archduchess were home Protestants. Dispatches were received from Germany and the North of England, but no practical communications have arrived from the former country.

Monday. Nothing of importance occurred. The Abbess gives readings

every night from Evelyn's Memoirs which the Archduchess seems particularly interested in. Her silver tones also is admirably adapted to promote refreshing slumbers in persons already drowsy from the sabine atmosphere.

Tuesday. It is said that a strict league of amity was formed with the Princess Gilbert and a day fixed for the long expected evening fete to be given to the Tuscans. Our ambassadors presented specimens of the finest sagar and laid them at her feet. They were returned by presents of equal value paid in specie of the greatest delicacy, and it is said that the friendship was carried so far that the ambassadors were on the point of betraying every secret of their court and disclosing the state papers.

Wednesday. Emilia and La Margherite ordered their rascals to prepare their boat and having prevailed on the Signorina Wilson to accompany them sailed towards Langley Point. The Sig.na Wilson is exceedingly lively and pleasant and the gliding of the boat on the water could not be more easy than was the conversation between this female trio. Indeed they are said to have conversed on every subject that ever was discussed. We regret to have omitted mentioning a magnificent visit on the day before from her illustrious parents which removed every shadow of jealousy between the noble families. We have now to record the visit of the evening.

At 7 o'clock the Archdss Norma appeared ready attired in a magnificent demi mourning robe festooned with satin, a coronet on her head. Mde Ellere in an elegant half dress of lilac silk de carrying her work the symbol of intimacy on her arm. The abbess wore her simple robe of sunshaw looped up with grass green ribbons, and Emilia and La Margherite studiously avoided bright colours knowing on former occasions how strongly they had contrasted with the deep stillness and calm of the party. We must own however that we were perfectly surprized at the total disappearance of all stiffness in the circle of these Tuscans, and we must acknowledge that it would be a real gratification to us to give extracts from the conversation of the evening, but that our reporter declared that he actually could not follow the thread of any, being interrupted by the clamour of the different groupes. It is said however that Mde Ellere and the Sig.na De Wilson planned a new constitution, that the young ladies recited with emphasis poetry extempore and selected the Archdss was occupied in examining moths and fossils, while Henri de Bourbon glided from one party to another attentive to their wishes and convenience. The noble families parted with every expression of mutual regard, and it is reported that the library clock had struck four before the abbess closed her eyes. It must have

every night from Evelyn's Memoirs which the Archduchess seems particularly interested in. Her silver tone also is admirably adapted to promote refreshing slumbers in persons already drowsy from the saline atmosphere.

Tuesday. It is said that a strict league of amity was formed with the Princess Gilbert and a day fixed for the long expected evening fete to be given to the Timeans. Our ambassadors presented specimens of the finest sugar and laid them at her feet. They were returned by presents of equal value paid in spices of the greatest delicacy, and it is said that the friendship was carried so far that the ambassadors were on the point of betraying every secret of their court and disclosing the state papers.

Wednesday. Emilia and La Marg^{te} ordered their vassals to prepare their boat and having prevailed on the Signorina Wilson to accompany them sailed towards Langley Point. The Sig.^{ra} Wilson is exceedingly lively and pleasant and the gliding of the boat on the water could not be more easy than was the conversation between this female trio. Indeed they are said to have conversed on every subject that ever was discussed. We regret to have omitted mentioning a magnificent visit on the day before from her illustrious parents which removed every shadow of jealousy between the noble families. We have now to record the visit of the evening.

At 7 o'clock the Archdss Norman appeared ready attired in a magnificent state demi mourning robe festooned with satin, a coronet on her head. M.^{de} Mere in an elegant half dress of lilac silk &c carrying her [??] symbol of intimacy on her arms. The Abbess wore her simple robe of sunshine looped up with grass green ribbons, and Emilia and La Marg^{te} studiously avoided bright colours knowing on former occasions, how strongly they had contrasted with the deep stillness and calm of a tea party. We must own however that we were perfectly surprised at the total disappearance of all stiffness in the circle of New Susans, and we must acknowledge that it would be a real gratification to us to give extracts from the conversation of the evening, but that our reporter declared that he actually could not follow the thread of any, being interrupted by the clamour of the different groups. It is said however that M.^{de} Mere and the Sig.^{r} de Wilson followed a new constitution, that the young ladies united with emphases[?] poetry extempore and selected.

The Archdss was occupied in examining moths and fossils, while Henri de Wilson glided from one party to another attentive to their wishes and conversations. The noble families parted with every expression of mutual regard, and it is reported that the library clock had struck four before the Abbess closed her eyes, so much had she

been excited by the conversation in which she had joined. The report is however untrue of the illness of the abbess. She has increased so much in size that her old convent habit is far too tight for her.

Thursday was a fine autumnal day and Emilia La Marguerite & the abbess now never enter the house but for meals. Admiral Scardon dined at the palace, a friend of the archduchess's, who gained every heart by the frankness and good humour of his manners. He is stationed on the coast to exterminate the horde of pirates which infest these seas.

Mr Shere slept for only 20 min this morning.

Friday - Our correspondents have just galloped in with intelligence of the grand cabinet dinner at Major Von Willard's, at which were present the Curtice family with several officers of high rank. Le de la Marguerite made her debut on this occasion, and we hear that it went off with the greatest eclat. In the evening there announced the Princess Gilbert with 2 foreign Princesses, the Duke & Duchess of Delmar &c &c &c.

Saturday was a cloudy unpromising day. Mr Shere was confined to her bed with a severe headache. The archduke also was slightly indisposed but the Curtice family entertained the Pavilion with a morning visit.

Mirror of Fashion

East Bourne — Departures — The Dragon for his den in the wilds of Devonshire — Squinney for Harrogate — Admiral Sea Gull for his Hermitage in the Rock — Lord Prawn & the Misses Shrimp for their winter residence in the Sands —

Arrivals — The Herring family from the north of Europe with Lord High Admiral Porpoise from a stormy voyage in the Channel —

Strong reports have arisen of an exclusive flirtation between the Archduchess N — & Major V — W — but we are resolved not to countenance scandal of this description. We understand both Emilia and La Marguerite are engaged to marry fishermen and embrace their line of life.

The Establishment of the Court has been exceedingly discontented lately — Lady Catherine Elliott has been in the habit of giving large parties in her suite of apartments under Emilia's bed chamber after the latter has retired to rest which disturbed the invalid so much, that Lady Isabella first lady in waiting was desired to request that the feast of reason and flow of soul might be carried on in a more tranquil manner — Lord Spean was at

been excited by the conversation in which she had joined. The report is however untrue of the thinness of the Abbess. She has increased so much in size that her old convent habit is far too tight for her.

Thursday was a fine autumnal day and Emilia La Marguerite & the Abbess now never enter the house but for meals. Admiral Scardon dined at the palace, a friend of the Archduchess's, who gained every heart by the frankness and good humour of his manners. He is stationed on this coast to exterminate the horde of pirates which infect these seas. M.^{de} Mere slept for 20 min^{tes} this evening.

Friday. Our correspondents have just galloped in with intelligence of the grand cabinet dinner at Major Von Willard's, at which were present the Curties family with several officers of high rank &c. La Marguerite made her debut on this occasion, and we hear that it went off with the greatest éclat. In the evening were announced the Princess Gilbert with 2 foreign princesses, the Duke & Duchess of Filmer &c &c.

Saturday was a cloudy ennuyante day. M.^{de} Mere was confined to her bed with a severe headache, the Archdss also was slightly indisposed but the Curties family enlivened the Pavilion with a morning visit.

Mirror of Fashion

East Bourne Departures.

The Dragon for his den in the wilds of Devonshire. Squinney for Harrogate. Admiral Sea Gull for his Hermitage in the Rock, Lord Prawn & the Kripes Shrimp for their winter residence in the sands.

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The Establishment of the Court has been exceedingly discontented lately. Lady Catherine Elliott has been in the habit of giving large parties in her suite of apartments under Emilia's bed chamber after the latter had retired to rest, which disturbed the invalid so much, that Lady Isabella first lady in waiting was desired to request that the feast of reason and flow of soul might be carried on in a more tranquil manner. Lord Spear was at

that moment in the midst of an eloquent harangue, and has been so discontented ever since that we fear he will resign. Lady C Elliot declared openly that if she could no longer season the discourse with her attic salt, she would cease to give flavor to the court dishes. The Princess Thundgold who is of a retiring and sweet disposition quietly retired to her boudoir, but Sir Thomas Croft declared, that water parties were indifferent to him, if he was not at liberty to give descriptions of his adventures in the evening. In short the whole court is in confusion — but some thousand are entertained of preparing the loweest suite of apartments for the reception of the malcontents where the most eloquent discourses may be carried on without penetrating to the ceilings above.

Extraordinary Circumstance

The following fragment was picked up in a very mutilated state by a gentleman walking on the beach who perceiving it was written by a person of fashion and naturally guessing that it might belong to one of the Prince's household, politely sealed it up and gave it to the porter.

Sept. 29. This morning was announced in the papers the death of Marshal Blucher. If it be true, I am the reigning Prince. I do not intend however to resign my post of Equerry to the Prince's Establishment on to Joseph my old friend Tartar and Miss Tabby as too many would have done in my place.

Oct. 2. Sauntered into the library saw nobody of any consequence, dined attended the equipage of the Princess to the Theatre where I met with a large group of the Woolcoat family who looked as sheepish as ever, gave them a nod and passed on. Soon after we came to a troop of guards in a brown uniform with large white helmets in the shape of two spreading horns. Upon paying my devoirs to one of the foremost rank he stepped back with a great deal of mauvaise honte and looked frightened. His comrade took the alarm and the whole troop soon turned their tail in a very unsoldierlike manner — After making a little circuit to reconnoitre the ground, I approached them the second time upon which they faced me in a hostile manner and menaced me with the pointed helmet which is their weapon of attack. I therefore took my ground, called forth all my energies, invoked the spirit of my renowned ancestor and soon wonted heaven and earth shame away with my deeds of valour — had not the Theatre called me off to attend my post at her box.

Oct. 3 all the Nobility on the Prince were confined by rain and I shut myself in my lodgings with the Commodore.

that moment in the midst of an eloquent harangue, and has been so discontented ever since that we fear he will resign. Lady C. Elliott declared openly that if she could no longer season the discourse with her attic salt, she would cease to give flavor to the Court dishes. The Princess Threadgold who is of a retiring and sweet disposition quietly retired to her boudoir, but Sir Thomas Cross declared, that water parties were indifferent to him, if he was not at liberty to give descriptions of his adventures in the evening. In short the whole court is in confusion. But some thoughts are entertained of preparing the lower suite of apartments for the reception of the malcontents where the most eloquent discourses may be carried on without penetrating to the ceilings above.

Extraordinary Circumstance

The following fragment was picked up in a very mutilated state by a gentleman walking on the beach who perceiving it was written by a person of fashion and naturally guessing that it might belong to one of the Timean household, politely sealed it up and gave it to the porter.

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Oct 2. Sauntered into the Library saw nobody of any consequence, attended the equipage of M.^{de} Mere to the Marshes where I met with a large group of the Woolcoat family who looked as sheepish as ever, gave them a nod and passed on. Soon after we came to a troop of guards in a brown uniform with large white helmets in the shape of two spreading horns. Upon paying my devoirs to one of the foremost rank he stepped back with a great deal of mauvaise honte and looked frightened. His comrade took the alarm and the whole troop soon turned their tail in a very unsoldierlike manner. After making a little circuit to reconnoitre the ground I approached them the second time upon which they faced me in a hostile manner and menaced me with the pointed helmet which is their weapon of attack. I therefore took my ground, called forth all my energies, invoked the spirit of my renowned ancestor and soon would heaven and earth have rung with my deeds of valour had not M. Mere called me off to attend my post at her side.

Oct. 3. All the Quality on the Parade were confined by rain, and I shut myself in my lodging with the Commodore.

Oct^r 4 (Sunday) – An extraordinary circumstance occurred – the barge having been taken from its moorings without my receiving information, and the Commodore not to be found, I proceeded with alarm to the Pavilion and Library which were locked up. Not a human being was to be seen but the Arch duchess reading at the window who rather seemed to feel for me. After an anxious search of three hours I discovered the Commodore returning from church with the young Ladies seated at the head of the barge, with his arms folded in his great coat instead of guiding the vehicle – Upon further examination I learned that the active Officer Lord Stately was confined from duty by indisposition and the etiquette not permitting Capt^n Crest his colleague to act without him a detachment of foreign troops was called in with their commanding Officer who were soon recognized by their forlorn appearance –

3^rd The light troops & horse under the command of Signor Thomaso were placed on the sick list, and a medical staff appointed consisting of" . . . . . .

Here the M.S. was torn off –

We insert

A Boat Song

which is now sung in chorus by Emilia La Marguerite &c

Fishermen our boat prepare
Conrad and the bright Gulnare
See the curly haired Medora
Beckons us to come aboard her

Chorus { Sickness sickness, come not here
Thy approach we do not fear

The mountains, sky and ocean smile
And every care and woe beguile
And on the face there is a grin
Of Sir Thomas Crop who helps us in

Away then, let the boat be sped
To the hanging cliffs of Beachy Head
Nor care we if the dashing wave
Our garments in our tresses lave

Ch. { For sickness never can come here
Its power we neither mind nor fear

Fair Katharina stoops her head
Stoops it to the Ocean's bed
Poised maiden take this cup
Of briny wave and drink it up

Ch. { Sickness, sickness come not here
Thy power we now begin to fear

Conrad wake thee from thy gloom
Gulnare a blither air assume
Recount your deeds of manly glory
Of smugglers feats & ancient story

Ch. { The wind is still the sea is calm
The strongest heads must feel a calm

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which is now sung in chorus by Emilia La Marguerite &c

Fisherman our boat prepare
Conrad and the bright Gulnare
See the curly haired Medora
Beckons us to come aboard her

Chorus:
Sickness sickness, come not here
Thy approach we do not fear

The mountains, sky and ocean smile
And every care and woe beguile
And on the face there is a grin
Of Sir Thomas Cross who helps us in

Away then, let the bark be sped
To the hanging cliffs of Beachy Head
Nor care we if the dashing wave
Our garments or our tresses lave

Chorus:
For sickness never can come here
Its power we neither mind nor fear

Fair Katharina stoops her head
Stoops it to the ocean's bed
Fairest maiden take this cup
Of briny wave and drink it up

Chorus:
Sickness sickness, come not here
Thy pow'r we now begin to fear

Conrad wake thee from thy gloom
Gulnare a blithe air assume
Recount your deeds of naval glory
Of smugglers feats & ancient story

Chorus:
The wind is still the sea is calm
The strongest heads must feel a calm

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Now on the homeward cliff is seen
Spear in his coat of Emerald green
Recalls us to returns — he comes
And touch the heart, the beats at home

Ch. { Then let us sing and shout with glee
Never such sailors were as we

C.G.

The Weather

We have received such contradictory statements with regard to the atmosphere that we really cannot tell its actual state. Some have sent us word that the weather is extremely sultry, and that the windows of the Pavilion are obliged to be thrown open every night. On the contrary a correspondent whose veracity can be depended upon declares that the thermometer is at freezing point, and that winter is already begun. We therefore suppose that the degree of heat is between these two extremes —

A Proclamation has been issued by the court signifying that no loyal subjects are obliged to praise, laugh at or testify admiration of the Family Chronicle without they are really obliged and no one will be thought dissatisfied should there be a total silence after the reading of it.

This proclamation is caused by some good people declaring that they have had scruples of conscience in saying "Very Good", without thinking so —

Correspondence

Edinburgh
Sept 12

. . . . . But alas I am sorry to inform you that the visit to Mull was productive of another attachment which seems to have swept away all traces of the former — You have doubtless heard the praises of the amiable Miss C but have you been joined with those of her accomplished brother? What, though his figure presents every possible deformity, Sylvia had too much penetration not to discover like the sensible Caroline de Litchfield the worth and amiable qualities which were concealed in this object of ugliness and the effect was such as to awaken the most tender feelings — When three months after us we coasted up the banks of Loch Lomond we saw the distant mountains of Mull crowned with their tops of deep purples, the contrast

Now on the homeward cliff is seen
Spear in his coat of Emerald green
He calls us to return. We come
We touch the beach, the boat's at home

Chorus:
Then let us sing and shout with glee
Never such sailors were as we.

EG

The Weather

We have received such contradictory statements with regard to the atmosphere that we really cannot tell its actual state. Some have sent us word that the weather is extremely sultry, and that the windows of the Pavilion are obliged to be thrown open every night. On the contrary a correspondent whose veracity can be depended upon declares that the thermometer is at freezing point, and that winter is already begun. We therefore suppose that the degree of heat is between these two extremes.

A Proclamation has been issued by the court signifying that no loyal subjects are obliged to praise, laugh at or testify at probation of the Family Chronicle without they are really disposed and no one will be thought dissatisfied should there be a total silence after the reading of it. This proclamation is caused by some good people declaring that they have had scruples of conscience in saying "Very Good", without thinking so.

Correspondence

Edinborough, Sept [??]

... But Alas I am sorry to inform you that the visit to Mull was productive of another attachment which seems to have swept away all traces of the former. You have doubtless heard the praises of the amiable Miss C but have they been joined with those of her second brother? What, though his figure presents every possible deformity, Sylvia had too much penetration not to discover like the sensible Caroline de Litchfield the worth and amiable qualities which were concealed in this suit of ugliness and the effect was such as to awaken the most tender feelings. When three mornings after as we coasted up the beautiful banks of Loch Lomond we saw the distant mountains of Mull covered with their mantle of deep purple, she exclaimed

little do they think the feelings with which I am agitated in beholding that lovely island for the last time — . . . . . I conclude you have also heard of the very large acquaintance we have made in the Highlands among the lower orders and of the heroic friendships we have formed with Landlords Landladies Innkeepers waiters &c. and have you heard of the sudden prosperity entertained by a young friend 4 years for obtaining Highlands and Highland fare which is faithfully depicted in a curse made by one of our British friends the other day "Sylvia loves whiskey grog & punch and Sylvia loves good toddy Sylvia & oatmeal cake a hunch as well as any body" —

. . . . . Theodore

Carlisle Sept^r 30th

. . . . . Last night's ball is over and another drawing on — I am dining with Mrs Talbot and going with her. Oh what a budget of gossip I have been listening to — Every body — & very earnest about the merest trifles. Who do you think was the belle? — Oh do you think so quite puffed by — her hair was dressed so becomingly — Well at home there has been any mistakes made of — Yes I think such and such a one — Oh no his too wife but the Greys! — Oh what a time it was when they were here — One grey was enough to make a party go off — The young ladies have not at all recovered their spirits since the Greys went — Whose carriage was that on the race ground? Mrs Warwick's is a very small equipage — There were three ladies in it — but whose was the dark grey?

Good bye — Your affte Mrs —

P.S. I forgot to mention my amazement at the trifle enclosed in your note to me — the situation of my poor letters (pressed up as they are) reminds one of Tartar stripped up with a handkerchief and then called a General — Pray leave the veil on as long as you can —

Printed at the Carlisle Journal Office

"Little do they think the feelings with which I am agitated in beholding that lovely island for the last time" ... I conclude you have also heard of the very large acquaintance we have made in the Highlands among the lower orders and of the bosom friendships we have formed with landlord landladies boatmen waiter &c, and have you heard of the sudden propensity entertained by a young friend of ours for [??] liquors and Highland fare which is faithfully depicted in a verse made by one of our Scotch friends the other day.

"Sylvia loves whiskey grog & punch
And Sylvia loves good toddy
Sylvia of oat bread eats a lunch
as well as any body"

Theodore

Carlisle Sept^{r} 30^{th}

... Last night's ball is over and another drawing on. I am dining with Mrs. [??] and going with her. Oh what a jargon of gossip I have been listening to. Every body so very earnest about the merest trifles, "Who do you think was the belle?" ~ "Oh do you think so quite passed by ~ her hair was dressed so becomingly" ~ "Well but have there been any matches made up" ~ "Yes, I think such and such a one" ~ "Oh no he's too wise" ~ "but the Greys!. Oh what a time it was when they were here. One Grey was enough to make a party go off" ~ "The young ladies have not at all recovered their spirits since the Greys went" ~ "Whose carriage was that on the [??] ground? Mrs. Parwick's is a very smart equipage. There were five ladies in it ~ but whose was the dark grey?"

Goodbye. Your affect.

Marie

P.S. I forgot to mention my amazement at the treble refined sugar you sent me. The situation of my poor letters praised up as they are reminds me of Tartar dressed up with a handkerchief and then called a General. Pray leave the veil on as long as you can.

Printed at the Eastbourne Press

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE
OF EAST BOURNE MESSENGER

Marine Pavilion Oct 17th Diis penatibus sacrum 1818

"The Archduchess is fled like a dream
To vanishes pleasure alas!
But has left a regret and esteem
That will not so suddenly pass."

Such were the lines which presented themselves to the Editor upon sitting down to the mournful task of recording the departure of the beloved Archduchess Saxonia, and surely Cowper's admired Catharina did not more enchain the little circle of Olney than our distinguished and amiable guest has illumined in the domestic hours at the Pavilion as well as diffused the sunshine of her cheerfulness on all ranks & ages that came into her presence. It is said that a statue will be erected to her on the Promenade as near as possible to the waves she loves.

East Bourne is indeed doubly shorn of its beams, for the De Wilson constellation has disappeared from its horizon, and the towers of New Sussex no longer echo to the footsteps of the beauteous sisters or the walls reverberate with their loud laugh & joyous look — and last but not least in the train of its hopes is the expected departure of its munificent patroness Mde de Merce de la Marguerite & the towers of Windmill Hill, which will take place on Monday. It is said the abbess has persuaded Emilia to take the veil next week in consequence of these calamities and that the ceremony will be performed in the billiard room —

Family Occurrences

Monday — at an early hour the blooming lady of Barkby escorted by the French Compte de Bourdeaux arrived from Hastings to pay her affectionate devoirs to her grandmother the Archduchess — At 3 an elegant repast was prepared for the strangers by the orders of Mde de Merce, and at five o'clock they returned again to Hastings —

Tuesday Il Capitano Inglese drove down to the Pavilion with the accomplished Anna de Curtesi to salute the Duncan family upon his return from Cheltenham —

Wednesday — Emilia La Mangle and the Abbess called at Rose

XXXIII

The Family Chronicle or East Bourne Messenger

Diis penatibus sacrum

Marine Pavilion Oct^{r}. 17th

The Archduchess is fled like a dream
So vanishes pleasure Alas!
But has left a regret and esteem
That will not so suddenly pass

Such were the lines which presented themselves to the Editor upon sitting down to the mournful task of recording the departure of the beloved Archduchess Norman, and surely Cowper's admired Catharina did not more entrain the little circle at Olney than our distinguished and amiable guest has illumined the domestic hours at the Pavilion as well as diffused the sunshine of her cheerfulness on all ranks & ages that came into her presence. It is said that a statue will be erected to her on the Promenade as near as possible to the waves she loves.

East Bourne is indeed doubly shorn of its beams, for the De Wilson constellation has disappeared from its horizon, and the towers of New Susans no longer echo to the footsteps of the beauteous sisters or the walls reverberate with the loud laugh of their joyous Lord and last but not least in the train of its losses is the expected departure of its munificent patroness M.^{de} Mere & La Marguerite to the towers of Windmill Hill, which will take place on Monday. It is said, the Abbess has persuaded Emilia to take the veil next week in consequence of these calamities and that the ceremony will be performed in the billiard room.

Family Occurrences

Monday. At an early hour the blooming Lady of Barkley escorted by the french Compte de Vandes arrived from Hastings to pay her affectionate devoirs to her grandmother the Archduchess. At 3 an elegant repast was prepared for the strangers by the orders of M.^{de} Mere, and at five o'clock they returned again to Hastings.

Tuesday. Il Capitano Inglese drove down to the Pavilion with the accomplished Anna de Curtiei to salute the Timean family upon his return from Cheltenham.

Wednesday. Emilia La Margte and the Abbess called at New

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Lessons shortly after wards motion
in spite of the remonstrances of the
Teller at such a breach of decorum
to invite the Signorina Frances de
Lacson to ascend Emilia's car &
accompany her on a sketching ex-
pedition. After exhausting every
sea side topic from the spring tides
to the Round House, the party se-
parated. Emilia carrying off the
fair Frances to East Bourne ac-
companied by the abbess who did
likewise on foot — and La Marg.te
returning to the Pavilion —
In the evening Mr Moore took the
Archduchess and Emilia with her
to a conversazione at the Horace
Gibbets, where two foreign griffins
endeavoured to amuse Emilia who
notwithstanding had some slight
touches of Mr Moore's extraordinary
evening disorder. La Marguerite
who stayed at the Pavilion was so
completely overwhelmed with the
same complaint that she laid
almost lifelessly on the sofa till
bedtime — We suppose this infection
Thursday was the day appointed
for the Archduchess's departure to
Hastings, and as the clock struck 12
her equipage arrived at the hall
door amidst the tears of the sur-
rounding populace. Her Serene
Highness after embracing her sor-
rowing friends in the Pavilion &
receiving the last benediction of the
bishop, was assisted into her carriage
by Sir Spear Busty, first lord in wait-
ting, while Primate Threadgold and
Sir Thomas Crop took a tearful
leave of their late pantry and
kitchen companions — Emilia
and La Marguerite went to Bromp-
castle where they met one of the
curtius nymphs and sketched
and explored for an hour.
Friday at the hour of 10 as trains
were left at E Bourne & the accom-
plished De Wilsons, who returned
to their paternal mansion at Hughen
carrying dispatches from Emilia
to the Lady of Casa nova —
At 11 the abbess who had received
orders from the Holy See to inspect
the parochial schools of E.B. pro-
ceeded to the Rev. Brodie's, who
conducted her over the whole estab-
lishment with the order & regu-
larity of which she was particularly
pleased as well as with the admi-
rable plan of instructing the rising
generation, which was explained
to her Reverence by the superior
She desired on parting that a rea-
sonable proportion of the girls should
be educated for the cloister.
Saturday — The cup mare was

Susans directly after matins in spite of the remonstrances of the latter at such a breach of decorum to invite the Signorina Frances de Wilson to ascend Emilia's car & accompany her on a sketching expedition. After exhausting every seaside topic from the spring tides to the Round House, the party separated. Emilia carrying off the fair Frances to East Bourne accompanied by the Abbess who did penance on foot, and La Marg^{te} returning to the Pavilion.

In the evening M. Mere took the Archduchess and Emilia with her to a conversazione at the heiress Gilbert's, where two foreign griffins endeavoured to amuse Emilia who notwithstanding had some slight touches of M. Mere's extraordinary evening disorder. La Marguerite who staid at the Pavilion was so completely overwhelmed with the same complaint that she laid almost lifelessly on the sofa till bedtime. We suppose it is infectious.

Thursday was the day appointed for the Archduchess's departure to Hastings, and as the clock struck 12 her equipage arrived at the hall door amidst the tears of the surrounding populace. Her Serene Highness after embracing her sorrowing friends in the Pavilion & receiving the last benediction of the Abbess, was assisted into her carriage by Sir Spear Trusty, first lord in waiting while Princess Threadgold and Sir Thomas Cross took a tearful leave of their late pantry and kitchen companions.

Emilia and La Marguerite went to [??] Castle where they met one of the Curtiei nymphs and sketched and explored for an hour.

Friday at the hour of 10 no traces were left at E. Bourne of the accomplished De Wilsons, who returned to their paternal mansion of Highbury carrying dispatches from Emilia to the Lady of Casa nova.

At 11 the Abbess who had received orders from the Holy See to inspect the parochial Schools of E.B. proceeded to the Pere Brodie's, who conducted her over the whole establishment with the order & regularity of which she was particularly pleased, as well as with the admirable plan of instructing the young generation, which was explained to her Revereness by the Superior. She desired on parting that a sizeable proportion of the girls school be educated for the cloister.

Saturday. The crop mare was

pronounced sufficiently recovered from her late dangerous indisposition to carry her young Mistress La Mara[illegible] a short way as a forerunner at least Bonduca. Our readers will perceive from our account of Sontini's engagements that she is stronger than ever. We wish we could give the same account of Mr Clare who has been far from well this week. We can only excuse the stupidity of our paper by the simple fact that we have been doing accounts with Mr Clare the whole time that we were composing it and we are happy that we have a communication so brilliant as the following to atone for our own insipidity ——

Correspondence

Mayence Oct 3

Adieu Marguerita the hours that are flown
And now from the valley of Mayence I send
You remind my last number no doubt from Cologne
And now I have writ you my 4th Excursion
Confiding in you that whenever I'm print
In type and in margin I shall not be stinted
By my printer he Murray of Albemarle St
The notes & vignettes we'll arrange when we meet
As I ascended from Cologne to Bonn in the van
Of the mountains in view o'er a rich fertile plain
Thro Solomon studied his troubles & how

And I said first to make those remarks on the prince
Of these Brethren too, whose duetto in the nursery co
No doubt you have practis'd & wish'd him at Venice
But my dear Margaritta, tho' she can depose
Any paint, or embroider the beauties of Rhine
Any sketches I'll show you when I return
For that time you'll excuse me I can't say I learn
The fountains the forests the floods & the fells
The defiles, the dark caverns, the dingles & dells
The towns upon rocks & the rocks upon towers
The cottages buried in vineyards & flowers
The castles high perch'd on crags rugged & bare
Here alone you may find real castles in air
The grapes hang in bunches on every vine
Which afford you at dinner delicious wine
In short this whole country's the first to my thinking
For maids who love moonshine & men who love drinking
At Kreuznach we slumbered, and in the saloon
I espied harpsichord furnished as many a time
At my first & worst the dog of the Lord of the land
Had a chicken marshal'd in & pecked out of my hand
If your cheeks & hands come here to excuse education
Pretend not to scoff that chagrin of the fault of their nation
Here the barn door fowl struts with the air of a beau
Boors clogs dark in style, & jig & grunt command il faut
Thro' we entered Coblentz with its forts so fine
Where the charming Mynheer Saumberg & sister
Pat Hospitality sleeps having plentifully fed
Perch'd on the top of a curious bed
Where Theodore slept once & then this may be
But as still the mystery dies he'd unravelled

1 Grape & the juice of the grape † Landlord
2 At a bookseller's shop at Mayence I saw a book entitled "Plan der Education des Menschen"

pronounced sufficiently recovered from her late dangerous indisposition to carry her young Mistress La Marguerite a short way as a farewell ride at East Bourne. Our readers will perceive from our account of Emilia's engagements, that she is stronger than ever. We wish we could give the same account of M. Mere who has been far from well this week. We can only excuse the stupidity of our paper by the simple fact that we have been doing accounts with M. Mere the whole time that we were composing it, and we are happy that we have a communication so brilliant as the following to atone for our own insipidity.

Correspondence

Insbruck Oct 3

[??] Margaretta the hours that are fleeting
And now from the valley of Insbruck send greeting
You received my last number no doubt from
Cologne
And now I transmit you my 4th livraison
Confiding in you that whenever I'm printed
In type and in margin I shall not be stinted
Let my printer be Murray of Albemarle St.
The notes & vignettes we'll arrange when we meet
We proceeded from Cologne to Bonn in the rain
The mountains in view o'er a rich fertile plain
These Solomon [??] his [??] & [??]
And learn'd first to make these bewitching [??]
There Beethoven too, whose duetto is the merrygo
No doubt you have practis'd & wish'd him at
Jericho
But my dear Margaretta, tho who can define
By paint, or embroider the beauties of Rhine
My sketches I'll show you whene'er I return
For that time you'll excuse me I can't say I burn[?]
The foundation the forests the flood & the fells
The defiles, the dark caverns, the dinghs[?] & dells
The towr's upon rocks & the rocks upon towrs
The cottages buried in vineyards & flowers
The castles high perch'd on crags rugged & bare
Here alone you may find real castles in air
The grapes hung in bunches on every vine
Which afford you at dinner delicious wine*
In short this whole country's the first to
my thinking
For maids who love moonshine & men who love
drinking
At Rusinagen we slumbered, and in the saloon
An old harpsichord furnish'd us many a tune
At my feet snored the dog of the lord of the land†
And a chicken march'd by and pecked out of
my hand
O your chicks should come here to receive
education
And rub off that shyness the fault of their nation
Here the barn door fowl struts with the air of a beau
Even dogs bark in style & pigs‡ grunt comme il faut
Then we entered Coblentz with its fortress so fine
Where the charming nymph Samber[?] salutes
father Rhine
At Boppact[?] we slept having plenteously fed
I perch'd on the top of a curious bed
Where Theodore slept once when this way he
travelled
But not till the mystery dire he'd unravelled

*Grape and the juice of the grape
†Landlord
‡At a bookseller's shop at Mayenne I saw a book entitled "Essai sur l'education des Moutons"

On a board sticking sideways displays to your right
A staircase convenient for retirers at night
Here we point once many a stale of the days ago
And the next day reached Wagenes Rhenanos
Past the village of Rockheim we rapidly
Those wine from green glasses to tipple you
And arrived in the town of Frankfort our
So crowded — we found out a lodging with
For emperors kings dukes & princes pele-mele
Are rending themselves all to dice to chaps
Here are gardens delicious & palaces rare
Here you should come to take lessons in plain
From hence to old Heidelberg's towers we flew
Where the dainties we ate & the picturesque
Saw the tun Here a giant might well take
On a platform above you may dance a quadrille
Once in past times as soon as the vintage was
To the sound of the pipe danced the maid &
And here I must stop for the present my dear
For my muse shows some symptoms of
And I must allow her to nurture her strength
Which muses will do when they go their whole
She's retired to keep quiet at present a while
And to roam on the banks of the Rhine & the Isle
To get rid of her feasts & her carnival folly
And learn the sublime & the pure melancholy

For once becomes painter — already she's
Good night Marguerite — sweet dreams be
" Schlegel

Dispatches from the North state
that Theodore & Sylvia having
acted as Steward & Stewardess to
the races at Penrith, whereby they
won all hearts by their graceful
urbanity & manners and intelli-
genes of conversation — went there
to stay a few days with the noble
Proprietors of Lowther Castle, and
we suppose are now returned to
their own lovely abode of Edmun
Castle —

Amongst other fashionable depar-
from this place we must not omit
to mention that of the retired young
student Mr Maginsil for Oxford
as well as Sir Spencer Rustys return
to his family seat at Claptrap

Theatricals

This and every other day till further
notice will be performed the new
Comedy of

Red Stripe & Dirtilla

or

Twenty Eight & Eighteen

with preception & children Standard
Castor &c

(Printed at the Eastbourne Press)

In a board sliding sideways displays to your sight
A staircase convenient for robbers at night
Here we pos'd over many a tale of the before ages
And the next day reached [??] so famous for
sausages
Next the village of Hackheim we rapidly drove thro'
Whose wine from green glasses to tipple you love so
And arrived in the even at Frankfurt sur Main
So crowded -- we found out a lodging with pain
For emperors kings dukes & princes pell-mell
Are rendr'ing themselves all to Aix la Chappelle
Here are gardens delicious & palaces rare
Here you should come to take lessons in plaiting
your hair
From hence to old Hiedelberg's towr's we flew
Where the dainties we ate & the picturesque drew
Saw the tun where a giant might well take his fill
On a platform above you may dance a quadrille
Where in past times as soon as the vintage was over
To the sound of the pipe danced the maid &
her lover
And here I must stop for the present my dear
For my muse shows some symptoms of wobbling
I fear
And I never allow her to outrun her strength
Which muses <u>will</u> do when they go their
whole length
She's advised to keep quiet at Insbruck a while
And to roam on the banks of the Inn & the [??]
To get rid of her freaks & nonsensical folly
And learn the sublime & the pure melancholy
Her voice becomes fainter -- already she's off
Good night Margaretta -- sweet dreams to
your "Schloff"
JG

Printed at the Eastbourne Press

Dispatches from the North state that Theodore & Sylvia having acted as Steward & Stewardess of the races at Penrith, where they won all hearts by their graceful urbanity of manners and intelligence of conversation, went thence to stay a few days with the noble possessors of Lowther Castle, and we suppose are now returned to their own lovely abode of Edmond Castle.

Amongst other fashionable departures from this place we must not omit to mention that of the retired young student Mr. Maguish for Oxford as well as Sir Spears Trusty's return to his family seat at Clapham.

Theatricals

This and every other day till further notice will be performed the new Comedy of

Red Stripe & Flirtilla
or
Twenty Eight & Eighteen

with processions of children Standard [??] &c.

XXXIV

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE
or
EAST BOURNE MESSENGER

Marine Pavilion — Dis penatibus sacrum

Oct. 24th 1818

The Editor cannot arrange her Letter press for the last time at the Pavilion without some feelings of melancholy, though she is returning to her beloved Seclusion at Clapham and anticipates the delight of meeting there the absent members of the community —

Any change which reminds us of time for ever fled, opportunities of improvement never to be recalled must impress a thinking mind with a sentiment of melancholy Besides this, East Bourne must be doubly dear to every loyal Duncan heart as the scene of Emilia's advancing recovery, and who that sees her now and reflects upon what she was only four short weeks ago can refrain from owning the interposition of that all pervading Power whose tender mercies are over all his works, who gives strength to an insect's wing, and wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds" —

Then let the young and gay accuse the Editor of ill timed serious ness — Religion is "of all hours," nor will a grateful thought of Him who created us & has given us our faculties and social affections when we glow over an innocent enjoyment of this

Family Records

Sunday Emilia & the Abbess upon returning from church found a letter from the Archduchess charged with affectionate remembrances of her friends and giving an account of her arrival at Hastings —

Monday — The whole household was awakened at 6 o'clock by the noise of preparations for the journey to Windmill Hill — which Mr. Moore & La Marguerite were to perform in one day — The sun veiled in clouds seemed to sympathize with the latter who took a sorrowful farewell of the cliffs and promenade so often the scenes of her rambles — She could not even pass the airy Jetties of the Brownies without a sigh of regret at parting — At length the Library clock struck 12 and La Marguerite was hurried from this scene of sorrow, but running into the carriage where Mr. Moore was already seated after entreating her fears and her hopes about Emilia's health to the attendant Abbess. Every thing being now arranged, the procession moved off slowly leaving the worst part of the family to amuse themselves as they could. It is said that Emilia and the abbess did not once quarrel the whole evening ——

XXXIV

The Family Chronicle or East Bourne Messenger

Diis penatibus sacrum

Marine Pavilion Oct^{r}. 24th 1818

Family Records

The Editor cannot arrange her letter press for the last time at the Pavilion without some feelings of melancholy, though she is returning to her beloved seclusion at Clapham and anticipates the delight of meeting there the absent members of the community.

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Nor let the young and gay accuse the Editor of ill timed seriousness. Religion is "of all hours", nor will a grateful thought of Him who created us & has given us our faculties and social affections throw any gloom over our innocent enjoyment of them.

Sunday. Emilia & the Abbess upon returning from church found a letter from the Archduchess charged with affectionate remembrances of her friends and giving an account of her arrival at Hastings.

Monday. The whole household was awakened at 6 o'clock by the noise of preparations for the journey to Windmill Hill, which M. Mere & La Marguerite were to perform in one day. The sun veiled in clouds seemed to sympathise with the latter who took a mournful farewell of the cliffs and promenade so often the scenes of her rambles. She could not even pass the airy figures of the Brownies without a sigh of regret of parting. At length the Library clock struck 2 and La Marguerite was hurried from this scene of sorrowful musing into the carriage where M. Mere was already seated after reiterating her fears and her hopes about Emilia's health to the attendant Abbess. Every thing being now arranged, the procession moved off slowly leaving the worst part of the family to amuse themselves as they could. It is said that Emilia and the Abbess did not once quarrel the whole evening.

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Thursday - Emilia assumed the tone and air of a complete housewife, decided upon the respective merits of the chickens in her larder and would have made the pudding for dinner if she had not been tempted by the beauty of the day to take the opportunity of sketching in the Watery Lane - to the attention she resumed the fine lady and called upon the widow Atkinson.

Wednesday morning the demi barge sailed with a brisk gale to Wexhall conveying Emilia and the abbess to spend a few hours with the social circle assembled there which was gilded with the smiles of none but dear and well known friends the Duke and Duchess of Darnell having flown thither for a day or two as well as Mr Mrs & La Marguerite - The abbess led by the fair Caroline thro' the elegant apartments and beautifully diversified gardens and woodland walks of this lovely villa was lost in admiration and we much fear has contracted a taste for luxuries and gaiety incompatible with the pendent solitude of her convent if we may judge by one of her letters which has fallen into our hands - At 9 o'clock the visitors took a reluctant farewell of the shades, but carried back with them the Lady Jane Curtis to animate their retirement at the Marine Pavilion -

Thursday - While Emilia took her usual ride the abbess & Lady Jane had an important conference and from the gravity of their countenances we conjecture the Reverend Mother had been urging her companion to enter the cloister but without effect - upon Emilia's return she proceeded to the Watery Lane to read sketch & walk the evening was devoted to fire side enjoyment and the midnight bell had tolled before the abbess ceased her lectures -

Friday The breakfast was dispatched before nine o'clock when the demi barge arrived at the door which was to convey the Lady Jane away from her sorrowing friends - this task them laden with benedictions & tears while they endeavoured to forget their loss by reading a letters just arrived from Sylvia and another from Sig.ra Casanova giving an account of the safe arrival of the Widow at Highbury -

Saturday - While the abbess was employed in refitting her cassock Emilia in spite of the efforts of the dress a sketching remembrance of the varied architecture of this magnificent line of palaces commonly called the Sea Shore with the appropriate figures of Browne Sylvia - Red Stripe - Conrad &c on the terrace before them -

Tuesday. Emilia assumed the tone and air of a complete housewife, decided upon the respective merits of the chickens in her larder and would have made the pudding for dinner if she had not been tempted by the beauty of the day to take the opportunity of sketching in the Watry Lane. In the attention[sic] she resumed the fine lady and called upon the widow Atkinson.

Wednesday morning the demi barge sailed with a brisk gale to W. Hill conveying Emilia and the Abbess to spend a few hours with the social circle assembled there which was gilded with the smiles of none but dear and well known friends the Duke and Duchess of Darwell having flown thither for a day or two as well as M. Mere & La Marguerita. The Abbess led by the fair Caroline thro' the elegant apartments and beautifully diversified gardens and woodland walks of this lovely villa was lost in admiration, and we much fear has contracted a taste for luxuries and gaiety very incompatible with the penance & solitude of her convent, if we may judge by one of her letters which has fallen into our hands. At 3 o'clock the visitors took a reluctant farewell of these shades, but carried back with them the Lady Jane Curtiei to animate their retirement at the Marine Pavilion.

Thursday. While Emilia took her usual ride, the Abbess & Lady Jane had an important conference and from the gravity of their countenances we conjecture the Reverend Mother had been urging her companion to enter the cloister but without effect. Upon Emilia's return the trio proceeded to the Watr'y Lane to read sketch & walk. The evening was devoted to fire side enjoyments and the midnight bell had tolled before the Abbess ceased her lectures.

Friday. The breakfast was dispatched before nine o'clock when the demi barge arrived at the door which was to convey the Lady Jane away from her sorrowing friends. She left them laden with benedictions &c while they endeavoured to forget their loss by reading a letters[sic] just arrived from Sylvia and another from Sig^{ra} Casanova giving an account of the safe arrival of the De Wilsons at Highbury.

Saturday. While the Abbess was employed in refitting her convent, Emilia in spite of the opposing [??] drew a striking resemblance of the varied architecture of that magnificent line of palaces commonly called the Sea Houses with the appropriate figures of [??] and Flirtilla, Red Strip Conrad &c on the terrace before them.

Letter from the Abbess St. C. to her Nuns at the Convent

My dear daughters

I hope to return to my dear convent very soon. Fear that the walls of my cloister are damp; so air them, and be ready to open the iron gates next Thursday after vespers. I have been living my dear nuns near a broad walk resembling your garden walk only without walls where maidens as young as yours walk without veils, convers with men that are not dressed like our father confessors and carry on flirtations, a word I hope and trust you will never know the meaning of. Your reverend mother would rather that all her altar service were consumed than that you should even hear it again. We live over a library containing nothing but fabulous histories. By the bye I hope nobody has by any means got possession of the key of my closet bookcase containing the works of Ratcliffe. Let there be a good fire to air my novels on my return. I hope my dear children you have all lived on the plain broth I prescribed for you before I went away as simple fare is the only way to avoid stomach complaints. Mine you know requires a warmer regimen and having dined lately at a worthy friend's I came where I met some soup similar to but richer than our lentil, I have sent the receipt to our cook with one for well seasoned omelettes. Let one be ready for me next Thursday. I have purchased for each of you a new black veil. I have been obliged to wear a very thick one here, and must get absolution from our father confessor for the mind having one day blown it off. Lenlarge my convent habit. I am less meagre than I was, and I fear it will be much too tight. My sisterly regards to your father confessor.

Your truly maternal
Abbess St. Clugny

Hard living

It is astonishing how little the abbess St. Clugny and Emilia are said to have lived upon in the last week their finances being in so low a state sometimes a quarter of a chicken has sufficed for dinner, at other times mutton three times hashed. At length driven to extremity they gladly accepted of the offer of Conrad to give them some whiting a fish rather inferior to limpets they intended to have dined upon them, but on being dressed and brought to table they proved so hard of digestion that they were obliged to be sent down. We hope these ladies will no more venture on so indigestible

Letter from the Abbess St. C–y to her Nuns at the Convent

My dear daughters

I hope to return to my dear convent very soon. I fear that the walls of my cloister are damp, so air them, and be ready to open the iron gates next Thursday after vespers. I have been living my dear nuns near a broad walk resembling your garden walk only without walls where maidens as young as yourselves walk without veils, converse with men that are not dressed like our father confessors and carry on flirtations, a word I hope and trust you will never know the meaning of. Your reverend mother would rather that all her altar service were consum'd than that you should even hear it again. We live over a library containing nothing but fabulous histories. By the bye I hope nobody has by any means got possession of the key of my cloister bookcase containing the works of Ratcliffe[1]. Let there be a good fire to air my novels on my return. I hope my dear children you have all lived on the plain broth I prescribed for you before I went away as simple fare is the only way to avoid stomach complaints. Mine you know requires a warmer regimen and having dined lately at a worthy friend's of mine where I met some soup similar to but richer than our lentil, I have sent the receipt to our cook with one for well seasoned omeletts[sic]. Let one be ready for me next Thursday. I have purchas'd for each of you a new black veil. I have been obliged to wear a very thick one here, and must get absolution from our father confessor for the wind having one day blown it off. Enlarge my convent habit – I am less meagre than I was, and I fear it will be much too tight. My sisterly regards to your father confessor.

Your truly maternal
Abbess S^{t}. Clugny

EG[2]

Hard Living

It is astonishing how little the Abbess S^{t} Clugny and Emilia are said to have lived upon in the last week their finances being in so low a state sometimes a quarter of a chicken has sufficed for dinner, at other times mutton three times has had. At length driven to extremity they gladly accepted of the offer of Conrad to give them some Whilkes a fish rather inferior to limpets. They intended to have dined upon them, but on being dressed and brought to table they proved so hard of digestion that they were obliged to be sent down. We hope these ladies will no more venture on so indigestible

[1] *She means Mrs. Radcliffe. For some reason the Timeans persistently spell it Ratcliffe. J.S.*

[2] *Confusing. Looks like this was written by Emilia, pretending to be the Abbess. This kind of thing seems to happen a lot in the Chronicle. Oh, my spinning head. J.S.*

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Caution to Young Persons

Young Persons are particularly cautioned by the following accident to hold their Prayer books in church with a firm grasp. Emilia yesterday in evening service was kneeling down to Prayers, the book tottered, her hand shook, and her prayer book was precipitated from a prodigious height in the gallery on the head of a worthy farmer below. After grazing his skull it fell on the pavement of the aisle with a tremendous noise. No other injury was done.

"That the poor persecuted man
soon shifted his abode"

The words of the above great poet may with truth be applied to the inhabitants of Heatherley's. If Emilia begins to faint Mrs H. cries from below for the tumbler which holds the water. If they wish to go out Heatherley stops up the door way. If they sit down to reading a bill is sent in for broken glasses. In short Heatherley's wild perplexing plan — the maidens so dear to "that we shall be heartily glad for their sakes when the last chaise drives off and they turn their backs on this incessant persecution.

We have not room to insert as we intended Sylvia's account of her visit at Hautboy Castle. Our readers will sympathize with us in hearing that Sylvia has been actually confined to her room by the happiness to say the last accounts were favourable.

On Emilia's Recovery

East Bourne, scene of many a joy
When rosy fearless health was mine
Where autumn's charms me lov'd to cheer
In seasons fled and vanish'd fair

For dearer now thy peaceful vales
Thy woodland haunts, and upland dells
Thy glittering ocean crown'd with sail
And chalky cliffs that silent frown

Since every breeze that wantons free
Has wafted balsams on its wing,
And taught Emilia's cheek to vie
Again the roses of the spring

No more her drooping pallid form
Stretch'd feebly on the pebbled beach
The stranger's sympathy shall claim
And to the young Sylvania teach

The lines — the breather — she moves once more
With bounding step & cheerful glow
Light, active, as in days of yore
The days of health and liberty

Health sits triumphant in her eye
And tunes her voice, & mounts her lyre
Yields her no more sweet communion
Again the social hour beguile

The laugh, the song, again resound
Where erst the leaden footed hour
With mournful silence crept along
In sick Emilia's joyless bower

Oh! Nature still thy strings prolong
And round her breathe thy gentle lay
The farm beheld from sickness rise
In Clapham's groves or Eastbourne gay

66

Caution to Young Persons

Young persons are particularly cautioned by the following accident to hold their prayer books in church with a firm grasp. Emilia yesterday in evening service was kneeling down to Prayers, the book tottered, her hand shook, and her prayer book was precipitated from a prodigious height in the gallery on the head of a worthy farmer below. After grazing his skull it fell on the pavement of the aisle with a tremendous noise. No other injury was done.

"That the poor persecuted man
Soon shifted his abode"

The words of the above great poet may with truth be applied to the inhabitants of Heatherley's. If Emilia begins to paint M. H cries from below for the tumbler which holds the water. If they wish to go out Heatherley stops up the doorway if they sit down to reading a bill is sent in for broken glasses. In short Heatherly's "wild perplexing plan the maidens so does goad" that we shall be heartily glad for their sakes when the post chaise drives off and they turn their backs on their incessant persecution.

We have not room to insert as we intended Sylvia's account of her visit at Lowther Castle. Our readers will sympathise with us in hearing that Sylvia has been actually on fire!! Tho' we have the happiness to say she has not been burnt.

On Emilia's Recovery

East Bourne, scene of many [??]
When rosy fearless health was ours
Where autumn's charms we lov'd & [??]
In seasons fled and vanished hours
Far dearer now thy peaceful vales
Thy woodland haunts, and upland downs
Thy glittering ocean crown'd with waves
And chalky cliffs that silent frown
Since every breeze that wantons [??]
Has wafted balsams on its wing
And taught Emilia's cheek to wear
Again the roses of the Spring.
No more her drooping pallid frame
Stretch'd feebly on the pebbled beach
The stranger's sympathy shall claim
And to the young submission teach
She lives - she breathes - she moves once more
With bounding step & careless glee
Light, active, as in days of yore
The days of health and liberty
Health sits triumphant in her eye
And tunes her voice, & moulds her smile
Bids her no more sweet converse fly
Again the social hour beguile
The laugh, the song, again resounds
Where erst the leaden footed hours
With mournful silence crept their rounds
In sick Emilia's joyless bow'rs
Oh! Nature still thy votr'y guard
And round her breathe thy [??] [??]
Her form belov'd from sickness ward
In Clapham's groves or Eastbourne [??]

EC.

XXXV

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Clapham Oct. 31. Dies penatibus sacrum

The Editor of the country paper called the East Bourne Messenger has now resigned his office after simply giving a detail of the subjoined events and our old clerk has taken up his residence in the Paper Office at the Pimean Palace — but he complains that the damp so affects his head and the sight of a grove of bonnets instead of trees which he has been used to, so cramps his imagination that he finds it impossible to proceed with his usual spirit — He seems however to give a good salary to his post for we find our columns filled with news part of which we can recommend to our readers as forming a part of that delightful foreign journal which has met with such unbounded approbation.

The Departure

Scene Library — East Bourne Abbey — Mr Heathenley — I cannot say for that pane of broken glass it was cracked before we came Heathenley — Madam may I permitted to say that you utter that which is not true — I can assure you that the fracture has taken place since your arrival

Gentleman in the library (rising from his seat) It is quite impossible to read during this very noisy argument — I must go to look at the waves

Abbey — Mr Heathenley — the (last) crack was made — . . . . . I. . . .

Heath. Your and defence Madam if you please

Gb. — As I was sitting at work —

H. I must beg for the money if you —

(Noise heard in the back ground — Post chaise arrives &c &c — Mrs C Elliott screaming)

Pray Madam what's to be done with that handsome piece of beef that's left?

Emilia — Oh Bell bring up some milk for my sketches — Are the books taken back to Mr Rankin?

The postman! the postman! Good man have you brought our 10£ note from Mr Domville?

C. Elliott — Ma'am the post horses can't possibly wait and here's ten Jersey cart bills just come in

The Abbess hearing the noise throws down the 4/6 on the counter opens her veil and rushes to the post chaise — Their way is impeded by a crowd of creditors who stretch

XXXV

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham Oct^{r}. 31

The Editor of the country paper called the East Bourne Messenger has now resigned his office after simply giving us a detail of the subjoined events and our old clerk has taken up his residence in the Paper Office at the Timean Palace. But he complains that the damp so affects his head and the sight of a grove of houses instead of trees which he has been used to, so damps his imagination that he find it impossible to proceed with his usual spirit. He seems however to give a good salary to his part for we find our columns filled with verse part of which we can recommend to our readers as forming a part of that delightful foreign journal which has met with such unbounded approbation.

The Departure

Scene. Library ~ East Bourne.

Abbess ~ Mr Heatherley, I cannot pay for that pane of broken glass. It was cracked before we came.

Heatherley ~ Madam may I be permitted to say that you utter that which is not true. I can assure you that the fracture has taken place since your arrival.

Gentleman in the Library (rising from his seat) ~ It is quite impossible to read during this very noisy argument. I must go to look at the waves. (Exit).

Abbess ~ Mr. Heatherley, the crack was made ... I ...

Heath^{y} ~ Four and sixpence Madam if you please.

Ab. ~ As I was sitting at work ...

H. I must beg for the money if you ....

(Noise heard in the background. Post chaise arrives &c &c. Mrs. C. Elliott screaming.)

Pray Ma'am what's to be done with that handsome piece of beef that's left?

Emilia ~ Oh Bell bring up some milk for my sketches. Are the leeches taken back to Mr. Rankin? The postman! The postman! Good man have you brought our 10 £ note from Mr. Danville?

C. Elliott ~ Ma'am the post horses can't possibly wait and here's ten pony cart bills just come in.

The Abbess hearing the noise throws down the 4/8 on the counter open her veil and rushes to the post chaise. Their way is impeded by a crowd of creditors who stretch

out their hands with long scrolls of paper, but they burst through them rush into the post chaise & drive off to Windmill Hill

Our correspondent now seems tired of the dramatic style and becomes rather a stupid in his description of the

Visits

At ½ past 12 o'clock the travellers arrived at the seat of the Curtis family — The scene was dismal for it was the parting visit to their dear companions and friends — They were even more kind and affectionate than usual — at ½ past one they were taken into the school room where the Abbess cheered her spirits with some hot soup and Emilia likewise refreshed herself. They were very much prest to leave a memorial in C C & J A's album of their friendship, but the Abbess declared that she never could call upon the muse with success except amidst a grove of trees bustled with the purling of brooks Emilia seized the pen and with a tremulous hand traced some lines sacred to Friendship.

Some say it was an impromptu but the general opinion is that she was kept awake the preceding night by the trouble occasioned by the rhymes. In the meantime the Abbess and Le Cardonel strolled down the walks and enjoyed the luxury of unrestrained discourse till they were startled by the sound of the post chaise They were in very low spirits for the first nine miles. after having bid adieu to the dear circle in which the sweet little Mary [illegible] must always be included —

The travellers had a beautiful ride through the grounds of Lord Ashburnham from Windmill Hill to Darnell Bank, a place of which we have often expected a description from our correspondent but they have hitherto disappointed us. We announce at present to the public that

The Library

is completed. The Duke of Darnell has had the windows made to open to the pleasure grounds The house looks upon an extensive hilly country richly ornamented with plantations of hops. The pleasure grounds are not yet finished completed, but the air of comfort and elegance diffused thro' this apartment, when the shutters are

out their hands with long scrolls of paper, but they burst through them rush into the post chaise & drive off to Windmill Hill.

Our correspondent now seems tired of the dramatic style and becomes sober & stupid in his description of the

Visits

At 1/2 past 12 o'clock the travellers arrived at the seat of the Curtiei family. The scene was dismal for it was the parting visit[1] to their dear companions and friends. They were even more kind and affectionate than usual. At 1/2 past one they were taken into the school room where the Abbess cheered her spirits with some hot soup and Emilia likewise refreshed herself. They were very much pressed to leave a memorial in CE & JA's album of their friendship, but the Abbess declared that she never could call upon the muse with success except amidst a grove of trees lulled with the purling of brooks. Emilia seized the pen and with a tremulous hand traced some lines sacred to Friendship. Some say it was an impromptu but the general opinion is that she was kept awake the preceding night by the trouble occasioned by the rhymes. In the meantime the Abbess and La Carolina strolled down the walks and enjoyed the luxury of unrestricted discourse till they were startled by the sound of the post chaise.

They were in very low spirits for the first five miles, after having bid adieu to the dear circle in which the sweet little Mary Ingham must always be included. The travellers had a beautiful ride through the grounds of Lord Ashburnham from Windmill Hill to Darwell Bank, a place of which we have often expected a description from our correspondent but they have hitherto disappointed us. We announce at present to the public that

The Library

is completed. The Duke of Darwell has had the windows made to open to the pleasure grounds. The house looks upon an [??] hilly country richly ornamented with plantations of hops. The pleasure grounds are not yet fully completed, but the air of comfort and elegance diffused thro' this apartment, when the shutters were

[1] *Windmill Hill is much closer to Eastbourne than to Clapham, and hence the need for parting. J.S.*

shovel, "the sofa drawers reminded us strongly reminded us of the scene in which the poet Cowper used to taste of his moments of happiness.

The Drawing Room has an air of greater splendour and stateliness, and is adorned by a rich collection of drawings but we feel our incompetency for the task of description, and therefore hasten to say how very much the Abbess Cecilia and the rest of the Simcan party enjoyed this visit. The Abbess and de Marguerite went on a shooting party one day and with the assistance of the Duke of Darnville enjoyed the expedition very much in which no injury was occasioned except the Abbess's best lawn habit being irreparably soiled with large splashes of mud in which she sat, and the patella's of the Duke's knee being put out by her stepping upon it. The pleasures of the visit, the more melancholy were the Sabina, but we tried to hear of the arrival of the dear Duke & Duchess at the Simcan palace at Dover

The Arrival

Hills and dales now began to disappear, the flat environs of London succeeded, and thoughts of home began to fill the minds of the travellers

They pictured to themselves the delightful reunion of their family in the Simcan palace an edifice which though not rising in the midst of romantic scenery or adorned by picturesque views is made dear to their hearts by a thousand associations ancient as their birth But let us not moralize — the chesnut is in view — the ancient cotton trees bend in majesty — Dirty Dick is already seen — Now Miss Pink's bow is in further perspective — My heart beats — 'Tis Mrs Bibb's — The gate itself opens and the state liveries with cheerful countenance and lilac silk bows appears on the steps with Lord Spear to whom it is said she is shortly to be united in marriage —

The travellers got out of the chaise and on the hall table saw these cards —



This bundle of cards speaks volumes. They continued their search, and

closed, "the sofa drawn round" strongly reminded us of the evening scene in which the poet Cowper used to taste of his moments of happiness.

The Drawing Room

has an air of greater splendour and stateliness, and is adorned by a rich collection of drawings but we feel our incompetency for the task of description, and therefore hasten to say how very much the Abbess Emilia and the rest of the Timean party enjoyed this visit. The Abbess and La Marguerite went on a shooting party one day and with the assistance of the Duke of Darwell enjoyed the expedition very much in which no injury was occasioned except the Abbess's best lawn habit being inseparably soiled with large splashes of mud in which she sat, and the patella's of the Duke's knee being put out by her stepping upon it. The pleasanter the visit, the more melancholy were the Adieux, but we trust to hear of the arrival of the dear Duke & Duchess at the Timean palace at Xmas.

The Arrival

Hills and dales now began to disappear, the flat environs of London succeeded and thoughts of home began to fill the minds of the travellers. They pictured to themselves the delightful reunion of their family in the Timean palace an edifice which though not rising in the midst of romantic scenery or adorned by picturesque views is made dear to their hearts by a thousand associations ancient as their birth. But let us not moralize – the church is in view – the ancient cotton trees bend in majesty. Fifty Frift is already seen. Now Mrs. Rick's bow's in farther perspective. My heart beats. Tis Mrs. Bok's. The gate itself opens and the state buffoon with chearful[sic] countenance and lilac ribbons appears on the steps with Lord Spear to whom it is said she is shortly to be united in marriage.

The travellers got out of the chaise and on the hall table saw these cards

[see the picture on the left]

This bundle of cards speaks volumes. They continued their search, and hid

under a heap of applications for the Orphan School and tax fathers, two valuable and interesting dispatches from the Chancellor were found—tho they had not the happiness of meeting with the face itself of the dear Chancellor—after curtseying to the Catalpa, paying their respects to the deciduous Cypress, calling to enquire after Portuguese and English Laurels Esqre and walking the half round with Capt Tartar, a magnificent dinner of chops de mouton was served up—News and fun with the state Buffoon filled up the evening, and the travellers soon retired to repose after the harassing fatigues of the day



EJ

We insert the greatest part of the Chancellor's poetical journal who we trust will excuse us for shortening it in some degree on account of the fullness of our paper—

Given at the Hotel de Russie at Berne
Le 27 Octr 1814

Well at last we leave Switzerland and back from Austriche into Bavaria
Who has been told one can't be in two places at once
But now I believe the who says so is a dunce
For here while on one leg in Austria you rest
The other you rest in Bavaria's land
The nurse here falls asleep for 10 days—
Some suppose owing to her drinking too much eau de cerises by way of chaser
If this is so, it must not be imputed to
a fondness for tippling but to drown her melancholy caused by receiving no letters from her sister (Mrs Bc.)
You'd be charmed with the city of Berne
Berne according to Lucy the capital of Switzerland
Such cleanness and neatness are here to be seen
I Tidy herself might learn not to be
Here no idle persons are suffered to beg
And the convicts are dressed with stripes
But alas here the smoking of pipes is not
For otherwise at Zurich when nothing
leaving Berne we then journied to
Where good wine they will know how to
Next day o'er the rocks & great snow
And ourselves in the house of Sea
At length we approached good Lingshut
And at Besancon found the reward
In letters from friends long unseen
Sad Bourne reporters & tides hanging

under a heap of applications for the Oakham School and tax gatherers, two valuable and interesting dispatches from the Chancellor were found, tho they had not the happiness of meeting with the face itself of the dear Chancellor. After curtseying to the Contessa, paying their respects to the deciduous Cypresses, calling to enquire after Portuguez and English Laurels Esq^{re}, and walking the half round with Capt. Tartar, a magnificent dinner of chops de mouton was served up. News and fun with the State Buffoon filled up the evening, and the travellers soon retired to repose after the harassing fatigues of the day.

EG

We insert the greatest part of the Chancellor's poetical journal who we trust will excuse us for shortening it in some degree on account of the fullness of our paper. [1]

Given at the Hotel de Rivoli at [??]
Le 27 Oct^{re} 1818

Well at last we leave Insbruch our tears wipe away
And back from Autrichse into Baniere stray
I've been told one can't be in two places at once
But now I believe he who says so's a dunce
For here while on one leg in Austria you stand
The other you rest in Bavaria's land

(The muse here falls asleep for 10 days -- some suppose owing to her drinking too much eau de [??] by way of [??]. If this is so, it must not be imputed to a fondness for tippling but to drown her melancholy caused by receiving no [??] from her sister Muse.)

You'd be charm'd with the city of Berne my
Dear Miss
Berne (according to Lucy) the capital of Swiss
Such cleanness and neatness are here to be found
T. Tidy herself might e'en eat off the ground
Here no idle persons are suffered to beg
And the convicts are dressed with stripes [??]
the leg
But Alas here the smoking of pipes is neglected
Far otherwise at Zurich where smoking [??]
Leaving Berne we then journeyed to neat
Neufchatel
Where good wine they well know how to [??]
& to [??]
Next day o'er the rocks of great Jura we wound
And ourselves in the house of Gen Jacques [??]
At length we approached good King David [??]
And at Besancon found the reward of [??]
In letters from friends long unseen & [??]
East Bourne repartees & rides bringing [??]

[1] *The photograph is so poor, and the writing so cramped, that I can barely decipher half of the following poem. Sorry. J.S.*

XXXV 2d Sheet

The same night we carried at the ball of Dole
where some supper we paid for some dances we stole
The music and the mirror to complete the bowl of punch
Lays the ground but this town where most crowded is Dole fair
We passed the next night in our accustomed coterie
The dry weather prevented our emitting a splash
But we kicked up a dust which is much the same thing
And for fifty long hours remained on the wing
Left at Poitiers renowned for its comfits of rose
Which eat themselves up and are good for no more
On Saturday even we ended our flight
And rested in Paris (dear Paris!) that night
But how shall I tell you my feelings my dear
On the same night "les femmes savantes" I hear
The words which Locusta has rendered immortal
By inscribing at length on her erudite portal
La grammaire du verbe et du nominatif
Comme de l'adjectif avec le substantif
Nous enseigne les lois "Je vais Madame à votre dîner"
"Quoique je ne connois pas ces gens là" "Quel martyre"
Ce sont les noms des mots et l'on doit les regarder
Lorsque c'est qu'il les faut faire accorder
Quand ils s'accordent entr'eux ou se gouvernent
Quelquefois l'un l'autre

you may guess how I laughed at their acting In short
Nièce was more pleasant Henriette was delightful
And Isabelle and Tripotin charmingly spiteful
Of the Opera Francoise how much could I say
They rather should call it the Temple des Fées
Here alone you can learn how to walk air a grace
To sit down on a chair or to open a door
But enough, here she must take a stride to the right
Makes her best Paris curtsey & bids you good night

P.S. You must know that in all the Swiss convents towns flowing
The monks enquired after the Abbé de Lisgny
Told me and all that she carried herself well
And still offered the aid to each young demoiselle
They said they had heard she read all the romances
And was known to frequent concerts & operas dames!!
I defended her keenness thro' fire and water
And said she read nothing but Radcliffe & Porter
"Oh that's all it is not so bad" replies one
But I heard she had twice read the Knight of St John"

The same night we arrived at the old town of Dole
Where supper we paid for some dinner we stole
The [??] and the [??] to empty the bowl full
Says the proverb but this town when most
crowded is Dole-full
We passed the next night in our verdant caleche
The dry weather prevented our cutting a splash
But we kicked up a dust which is the much the
same thing
And for fifty long hours remained on the wing
Slept at Provins renowned for its comfits of roses
Which [??] themselves up and are good for
sore noses
On Saturday even we ended our flight
And rested in Paris (dear Paris!) that night
But how shall I tell you my feelings my dear
To see the same night "Les femmes savantes
& Lear"
The words which Locuta has rendered immortal
By inscribing at length on her erudite portal
La grammaire du verbe et du nominatif[1]
Comme de l'adjective avec le substantif
Nous enseigne les lois "J'ai Madame à vous dire
Que je ne connais point ces gens-là."
"Quel martyre!"
"Ce sont les noms des mots, et l'on doit regarder
En quoi c'est qu'il les faut faire ensemble accorder"
"Qu'ils s'accordent entr'eux, ou se gourment,
qu'importe"
You may guess how I laughed at these verses.
In short
I ne'er was more pleased. Henriette was delightful
And badrin[?] and Tripotin charmingly spiteful
Of the Opera Francaise how much could I say
They rather should call it the Temple des Fées
Here alone you can learn how to walk o'er a floor
To sit down on a chair or to open a door
But enough, here the muse takes a stride
to the right
Makes her best Paris curtsey & bids you
good night

P.S. you must know that in all the Swiss convents
we flew nigh
The monks enquir'd after the Abbess de Clugny
I told one and all that she carried herself well
And still offered the veil to each young demoiselle
They said they had heard she read all the romances
But was known to frequent concerts
operas dances!!
I defended her Reverence thro' fire and water
And said she read nothing but Ratcliffe & Porter
"If that's all it is not so bad" replies one
"But I heard she had twice read the Knights of
S^{t} John"
JG

[1] *At first I swore and said rude words about this part of the letter, until I realised it's just a straight quote from Molière's play Les Femmes Savantes. JG is poking gentle fun at his mother, Theresa Tidy, for her book "Voyages to Locuta" which was a guide to grammar for children. Well, gave me a giggle at any rate. J.S.*

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Extract from a late Popular Review

"Christmas Sketches – or a comparison of Highland manners with those at Home" 8vo £1.1.0. Cadell and Davies – Strand –

"These lines we present to our readers are intended by the author to illustrate the superiority of Southron or civilized life to the state of barbarism and uncultivation so much vaunted by modern travellers – He begins however with affected humility to disparage our own manners"

"Let not returning Sylvia compare
The Highland manners with that dull and
to void of poesy, romance, and fire
On which unpoet ever trod his lyre
Their looks unrefined their language rude
With scorn manners, stupid quiet cabin
He however soon bursts out in a different strain, and shews his real intention of giving the superiority to that soil which gave him birth
We insert at random some passages from the Canto called "The Dinner"

"Instead of oaten cake & Highland fare
And meals romantic which our travellers
Snatched hastily amidst a woody glen
In cottage rustic far from the haunts of men
See the long table plentifully spread
With dishes made and wine to whet
See the fair dame in clearest muslin
Invite the circling guests to eat among
Who in the interval of each grave
Of family wit and stories have room
Instead of moonlight walk by flood
With strange adventures that as these
Where Sylvia's hair not curled nor braided
Flew out dishevelled by the ravery land
See in N. Lane or stylish coaches placed
Ladies by fashion's latest ornaments
Admiring the skilled consummate art
Of handscreens painted, where on
While countless nicknacks & allurements
Their praise solicit and attract their
Till roads grown heavy and fatigued
An opening door the coffee tray reveals
Coffee which lasts till bustling
Prepaid, must make the carriage
Till guests fatigued who talk or play
By rapid steeds are hurried from
Now change the scene to St. Mark's
The hall door rings – the company
The L – l – y – H – y b –
With fish & soup to tempt
The last important filled by
A Highland wanderer wild
The lively Chameleon, and for as
To seem a face of gravity to wear
Attempting to maintain some

Extract from a Late Popular Review

of "Christmas Sketches ~ or a comparison of Highland manners with those of Home" 8.vo £1.0.0. Cadell and Davies, Strand

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These lines we presume are intended by the author to illustrate the superiority of Southron or civilized life to the state of barbarism and uncultivation so much vaunted by modern travellers. He begins however with affected humility to disparage our own manners.

> Let not returning Sylvia compare
> The Highland manners with that Lowland air
> so void of poesy, romance and fire
> For which no part ever struck his lyre
> Their looks expressive & their language warm
> With Saxon manners, stupid quiet calm

He however soon bursts out in a different strain, and shews his real intention of giving the superiority to that soil which gave him birth. We insert at random some passages from the Canto called "The Dinner".

> Instead of oaten cake & Highland fare
> and meals romantic which our traveller share
> Snatch'd hastily amidst a woody glen
> In cottage rustic far from the haunts of men
> See the long table plentifully filled
> With dishes made and wine no heretics spilled
> See the fair dame in clearest muslin ruff
> Invite the circling guests to eat enough
> Who in the interval of each grave course
> To family wit and stories have recourse
> Instead of moonlight walk by wood & fell
> With strange adventures that us there befell
> Where Sylvia's hair nor curled nor bound
> with pin
> Flew out dishevelled by the raving wind
> See in N. Lane on softest couches plaid
> Ladies, by fashion's latest ornaments [??][1]
> Admiring the skilled consummate art
> of handskreens painted, shewn in every part
> While countless nicknacks of allure & [??]
> Their praise solicit and attract their [??]
> Till roads grown heavy and fatigued the [??]
> An opening door the coffee tray reveals
> Coffee! which lasts till brilliant [??]
> Propos'd must make the evening to [??]
> Till guests fatigues who talk or play [??]
> By rapid steeds are hurried from their [??]
> Now change the scene to M.^{de} Mere's [??]
> The hall door rings -- the company is [??]
> The L—ls G—r H—y W—m
> With fish & soup to mingle Xmas fare
> The post important filled by Theodore
> A Highland wanderer -- wild & [??] no more
> The lively Chancellor, as free as air
> Is seen a face of gravity to wear
> Attempting to transfuse some French éclat

[1] *Once again, very poor photographic reproduction precludes a complete and accurate transcription. Gawd, I'm even beginning to write like them! J.S.*

To English parties which is awful and
dull! the Frenchman's wit & repartee
By English tongues can never equalled be
the tea is seen — Emilia get your harp
that string is drawn too high — and pray
and play the fine duett of Vaderman
which you to day with Bullenandel began
the harp is playing — gently goes the door
what figure is that? — 'tis Theodore
Under a heap of news his figure bows
and to the tea table his way he wends
Ballads he brings — a lady's eye detains
Or foreign landscapes — illustrates explains
Now other ladies join the classic group
and over views so interesting stoop
All from Emilia all are drawn away
No ear is left to hear the sisters play
And as the wheels so merrily advance
The straggling end is only heard by chance
At length the labors of the evening o'er
Stretched on the sofa lies our Theodore
The tired Chancellor in haste repairs
To music & prayer & plays his favorite airs
While on their couch in soft slumbers lay
The rest and dream of all the labours of the day

E G

Advertisement

In consequence of the lamentable
inconvenience which has befallen
this Majesty's liege subjects by the
introduction of the reigning bonnet of
the season, an artist of distinguished
eminence has exerted himself
to relieve his fair country women
from the grasp of the tyrant fashion.
To describe the suffering occasioned
by the enormous size of this machine
would exceed that allowed by the
editor of this paper, nor can it be
supposed to perform the office of a
piranda to the human façade, since
it is placed in a diverging line from
that which would defend its win-
dows from the sun. At the same
time when taken in profile, it com-
pletely bars up the portal of the car
and hinders all access to the next
door neighbour, by the wall of chip
or straw which it presents. May, the
very corner of that elegant aperture
called the mouth, elegant from
the play of the muscles over which
the lips are closed is lost under the
ominous blind. To sum up all,
it destroys the possibility of a friendly
embrace — witness the fatal encoun-
ter of Mrs Ellers and the Duchess
of Darwell, who upon meeting after
a long absence, and attempting to
salute, dashed each other's bonnets

To English parties which so awful are
Alas! the Frenchman's wit & repartee
By English tongues can never equalled be
The tea is o'er -- Emilia get your harp
That string is drawn -- too high - not near
so sharp
And play the fine duet of Haderman
Which you today with Hullmandel began
The harp is playing -- gently opes the door
What figure's that? I see 'tis Theodore
Under a heap of views his figure bends
And to the tea table his way he wends
Ballast he brings -- a lady's eye detains
On foreign landscapes -- illustrates -- explains
Now other ladies join the classic groupe
And over views so interesting stoop
Till from Emilia all are drawn away
No ear is left to hear the sisters play
And as the wheels so merrily advance
A straggling cord[sic] is only heard by chance
At length the labours of the evening o'er
Stretched on the sofa lies our Theodore
The tired Chancellor in haste repairs
To music's power & plays his fav'rite airs
While on their couch in softest slumbers lay
The rest and dream of all the labours of the day
EG

Advertisement

In consequence of the lamentable inconvenience which has befallen his Majesty's liege subjects by the introduction of the reigning bonnet of the season, an artist of distinguished eminence has exerted himself to relieve his fair country women from the grasp of the tyrant fashion. To describe the suffering occasioned by the enormous size of this machine would exceed that allowed by the editor of this paper, nor can it be supposed to perform the office of a viranda[sic] to the human facade, since it is placed in a diverging line from that which would defend its windows from the sun. At the same time when taken in profile, it completely bars up the portal of the ear and hinders all access to the next door neighbour, by the wall of chip or straw which it presents. Nay, the very corner of that elegant aperture called the mouth, eloquent from the play of the muscles even when the lips are closed is lost under the envious blind. To sum up all it destroys the possibility of a friendly embrace ~ witness the fatal encounter of M.^{de} Mere and the Duchess of Darwell, who upon meeting after a long absence, and attempting to salute, dashed each other's bonnet

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to the opposite corners of the room
To prevent such a catastrophe
and enable the fair wearers of
morning costume to see and be seen
hear and be heard, a simple
machine is contrived by which
a specimen will be seen and
the secret disclosed, for the trifling
remuneration of fifty guineas.
Apply to M. M. Pimlico Palace

Edmond Castle Oct 23

Any one being desirous to purchase
second hand, the finest mahogany
silver gravy spoons, sandpaddles,
epergnes with cut glass for whipt
cream, candlesticks, toilette do. for wax
lights, hussias carpets do. and various
other articles of furniture, will be able
to obtain them at a cheap rate at
Edmond Castle Cumberland, the
owner of that noble mansion having
drained his fortune with his late
purchase of furniture.
N.B. Tickets are distributed for admission
into the above ancient castle, and
a guide appointed to prevent strangers
from losing themselves in the various
opened apartments & corridores.

Wanted a secretary for the department
of correspondence to Windmill
Hill, who can fill a folio sheet accord-
ing to the dictation of the corres-
pondent in the shortest given space of
time.

Speedily will be published
The Effects of Procrastination
or the Risk & Delay — a Tale
addressed to young People
embellished with engravings
The first represents the study of a
young lady — Her desk is open and
a letter is left in it unfinished
beginning My dear friend I am
shocked — The rest is blotted by
some ink fallen upon it, and in
the distance is seen a young lady
galloping on the Downs.
The next represents a stranger
going to the letter box, with joy
and expectation in his countenance
but in the one succeeding he is in
the attitude of despair. No letter is
in his hand, and the postman
is represented making a quick pace
towards for the desired letter
Sold by J. Whitehead Riverside

---

to the opposite corners of the room. To prevent such a catastrophe and enable the fair wearers of morning costume to see and be seen, hear and be heard, a simple machine is contrived of which a specimen will be seen and the secret disclosed, for the trifling renumeration of fifty guineas. Apply to M.M. Timea Palace.

Edmond Castle Octr 23

Anyone being desirous to purchase second hand, the finest massive silver gravy spoons, soup ladles, opergnes with cut glass for whipt[sic] cream, candlesticks, toilette do. for wax lights, besides carpets &c and various articles of furniture, will be able to obtain them at a cheap rate at Edmond Castle Cumberland, the owner of that noble mansion having drained his fortune with his late purchase of furniture.

N.B. Tickets are distributed for admission to the above ancient castle, and a guide appointed to prevent strangers from losing themselves in the newly opened apartments & corridors.

Wanted a secretary for the department of correspondence to Windmill Hill, who can fill a folio sheet according to the dictation of the correspondent in the shortest given space of time.

Speedily will be published The Effects of Procrastination or the Risk of Delay ~ a Tale addressed to Young People embellished with engravings. The first represents the study of a young lady. Her desk is open and a letter is left in it unfinished beginning "My dear friend I am shocked" The rest is blotted by some ink fallen upon it, and in the distance is seen a young lady galloping on the Downs.

The next represents a stranger going to the letter box, with joy and expectation in his countenance but in the one succeeding he is in the attitude of despair. No letter is in his hand, and the postmaster is represented making a fruitless search for the desired letters.

Sold by J. Hatchard Piccadilly.

XXXVI

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Clapham Nov^r 7^th 1818 — Diis penatibus sacrum — 1818

The Chancellor is returned to give new brilliancy to our Chronicle — we congratulate our readers on the event, and trust that we shall soon have to felicitate them on the return of the whole brotherhood of Editors at the Simeon Palace. What a blaze of wit and eloquence will then dazzle the world. What millions of communications must have been gleaned in their north ern and continental tours. But we must arrest our speculations, or we shall never write one

Diary.

Monday — all day in vain were the family "all ear all eye to the centre" No bell betokened the approach of the Chancellor — no Tilbury appeared Mr Wilberforce Emilia & La Marguerite made a pilgrimage into the Sheen country, tho they have not yet ventured to explore the Home, Clarke, Buttrill, & Gurney dominions.

Tuesday — Dorando The hour of three a most ring at the bell was heard too strong for the feeble hand of Miss Bobbin, too decided for the Miss Buttrills, too smart for the Miss Gurneys so his Man could it be but the Chancellor Prince Blucher and Captain Dartan immediately gallopped down to the gate to ascertain the truth, when the splendid cream coloured postaks were thrown open and the Chancellor was seen to drive in, in his green Tilbury accompanied by his first Clerk Mr Lightfoot — The Waiters turned down the page in one of the most heart rending crisis's for Mr Ratcliffe — Emilia sprung from her sofa La Marguerite left off head making and all with one accord ran to welcome their dear relatives. After the first salutations, the whole party two steps at a time ran up to the Dressing Room which used always to witness the meeting with Theodore and the Chancellor good boys in Corbeau suits just inflated in the barge from Harrow or Greenwich. It is said tho we can hardly credit it, that in the hurry of the moment Theresa Tidy did not remark the dirty prints of the Chancellor's feet on the green cloth Cries of "Come out" "Come out" induced the Chancellor with his usual affability to shew himself to the mob on the Common in which were seen the figures of Donna Rosenhill and the Abbe Philips —

Wednesday The Chancellor de

XXXVI

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Tuesday. Towards the hour of three a smart ring at the bell was heard too strong for the feeble hand of Princess Bobbin, too decided for the Miss Luttrells, too smart for the Miss Hornes. Who then could it be but the Chancellor? Prince Blucher and Captain Tartar immediately galloped down to the gate to ascertain the truth, when the splendid cream coloured portals were thrown open and the Chancellor was seen to drive in, in his green Tilbury accompanied by his first Clerk Mr. Lightfooot. The Abbess turned down the page in one of the most heart-rending crisis's of Mrs. Ratcliffe. Emilia sprung from her sofa La Marguerite left off head making and all with one accord ran to welcome their dear relative. After the first salutations, the whole party two steps at a time ran up to the Dressing Room which used always to witness the meeting with Theodore and the Chancellor good boys in Corbeau suits just imported in the barge from Harrow or Greenwich. It is said tho' we can hardly credit it, that in the hurry of the moment Theresa Tidy did not remark the dirty prints of the Chancellor's feet on the Green cloth. Cries of "Come out" "Come out" induced the Chancellor with his usual affability to show himself to the mob on the Common in which were seen the figures of Donna Ravenhill and the Abbé Philips.

Wednesday. The Chancellor

departed early in the morning to attend his professional duties but in the evening returned to the Pimean palace —

Thursday had no event to distinguish it in the Calendar —

Friday — Baron Stockmar arrived at the hour of five in a travelling chariot — Soon after the Chancellors elegant equipage drove into the yard — The evening elapsed with much sincerity and amusing discourse —

Saturday Mrs. Allen honoured the flower garden by sitting in it on her camp stool. A circle of plants was formed around her. Her Serene Highness was remarkably affable, talked to the Dahlias she stood near her and occasionally chatted with the Rhododendrum family — The Pimean family continue in good health notwithstanding their copious sapper —

Many reasons have been assigned of late for the Chancellor's fourth visit to Paris. The most prevailing one is that he went to consult the Parisian milliners on a reform in the dress of the English barristers, and that a plan was suggested for introducing a little of Montaigne into their wigs and trimming their robes with trebe — Others say, that he went for the express purpose of examining into the Traces de Dahlias, several engravings of that transaction having been found in his trunk, however, we have authority to contradict these sentiments and to give the real reason which was to collect communications for the Family Chronicle —

Serious Accident

The last Bourne Stage broke down the day before yesterday in consequence of being laden with immensely heavy dispatches from the Graham to the Curtis family — Melancholy to relate the bag containing them fell upon a poor young woman's leg and broke it. No other injury was done.

Government has entered into the matter, and the following order has been issued from the Post Office In consequence of the late rupture of the Eastbourne Stage Coach, Government has ordered that the mail Stage coach on those days that it carries Clapham & Windmill Hill dispatches shall have a pair of horses additional and carry a man on the outside —

Signed Francis Freeling.

To the Editor of the Family Chronicle

Madam,

Being a constant reader of your excellent paper, I cannot refrain from giving you a humble hint that one thing is still deficient to a liberal and patronizing public and that is a good type — You'll pardon me when I say that no thing can be more vile than the

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[illegible] last and the choice morceau which are sent week after week to the Editor's box lose half their brilliancy for want of being decently printed. They are like jewels elegantly set and tho' they do not lose their intrinsic value to the careful observer, yet they certainly do not dazzle as they ought to do at first sight. To remedy the above defect I have taken upon me to contract with an eminent engraver for a rolled paper headed with a chaste title and motto of the paper to be neatly engraved on one quarto & ready for the Editor to begin without the trouble of ruling and printing the title. The expence will be 30 shillings which may be easily defrayed by each of the subscribers contributing 6 shillings — hoping that this plan will meet with the public's approbation and certain that it will contribute to the glory of the Chronicle I remain Madam Your devoted Servt. Phile Simcox

Ey

We have been favored with the copy of the following letter from a lady in high life to her brother & hasten to present it to our readers.

Dear Elfin I hope you remember poor Sprite in the land of the stranger far far from your sight. Ever since I saw Trip's figure reach'd Thro' they delicate form & white shaggy hair Adieu too to Fairy's maternal cares Ah! how can I tell you what words can express The emotions I feel when I think that no more Shall his master behold call or Sprite to caress

The haunts of the wild fowl & or hill & dale From the warm sunny morning till evening Yet think not my friend I was treated with By the nymphs that conveyed me from Parnelle They parted my tresses & dried up my tears And bid me dismiss my regrets & my fears Then kindly endeavoured my mind to amuse By showing me all the grand pictures & views That we passed as we sail'd the drear sea by land Till at length we arrived at the damsels abode But then my dear Elfin my grief was renewed The Sheikely appeared to deal on my food Do stroke me and call her own pretty dear Ah must I no longer that charming squire Put a grim looking figure forbad me to stay Any more with the friends I had made on the way And told me I thenceforth in darkness must dwell With straw for my bed in a cold lonely cell Far far from the smile & bright hitchen Or a laugh with dear Elfin whose jokes Jinn Full many an hour had thro' gloomy past When entered my company he decayed At last My freedom she gave me, my fetters untied And insisted me kindly to walk by her side Then told me in future the days I should Spend In a pleasant apartment with her and my friend And now my dear Elfin I've nought more to say Except that I'm happy and merry all day Do I'm petted & patted & loved & caressed And (were Darnell forgot) I should be perfectly blest Pray tell my dear Master when next you attend him Sprite thinks of him oft and her last duty sends him Now farewell once more — forget not to write Very soon to your faithful affec te Sprite

EC

present text and the choice morceaux which are sent week after week to the Editor's box lose half their brilliancy for want of being decently printed. They are like jewels clumsily set and tho' they do not lose their intrinsic value to the careful observer, yet they certainly do not dazzle as they ought to do at first sight. To remedy the above defect I have taken upon me to contract with an eminent engraver fro a rilled paper headed with the title and motto of the paper to be neatly engraved on wove[?] quarto & ready for the Editor to begin without the trouble of ruling and printing the title. The expense will be 30 shillings which may be easily defrayed by each of the subscribers contributing 5 shillings. Hoping that this plan will meet with the public's approbation and certain that it will contribute to the glory of the Chronicle. I remain Madam

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Philo Timea

JG

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Nor thy delicate form & white shaggy beard
Adieu too to Fairy's maternal caress
But how can I tell you what words can express
Th'emotions I feel when I think that no more
Shall his master belov'd call on Sprite to explore
The haunts of the wild fowl o'er hill & o'er dale
From the warm sunny morning till evening pale
Yet think not my friend I was treated with scorn
By the nymphs that convey'd me from Darwell that morn
They pitied my sorrows & dried up my tears
And bid me dismiss my regrets & my fears
Then kindly endeavoured my mind to amuse
By showing me all the grand picturesque views
That we passed as we swiftly drove over the road
Till at length we arrived at the damsel's abode
But then my dear Elfin my grief was renewed
No Stukely appeared to deal out my food
To stroke me and call me her own Judy dear
(Ah must I no longer that charming voice hear)
But a grim looking figure forbad me to stay
Any more with the friends I had made on the way
And told me I henceforth in darkness must dwell
With straw for my bed in a cold lonely cell
Far far from the smile of a bright kitchen fire
Or a laugh with dear Elfin whose jokes never tire
Full many an hour had thus gloomily past
When entered my compagne de voyage at last
My freedom she gave me, my fetters untied
And invited me kindly to walk by her side
Then told me in future the days I should spend
In a pleasant apartment with her and her friend
And now my dear Elfin I've nought more to say
Except that I'm happy and merry all day
For I'm petted & patted & loved & caressed
And (were Darwell forgot) should be perfectly blessed
Pray tell my dear Master when next you attend him
Sprite thinks of him oft and her best duty sends him
Now farewell once more -- forget not to write
Very soon to your faithful affec^{te}

Sprite

EC

Our foreign Correspondent having returned from abroad we have applied to our Antiquarian who having explored the Barlow Century now presents us with

The Rann Age

Scene II

The School room — Miss Rann sitting at the breakfast table tying on La Marguerite is clean pinafore — large china cups full of milk are placed round the table with rounds of dry toast. The sound of a wheelbarrow and enter Sylvia in a large blue gardening apron covered with earth — and a pruning knife she takes off her apron — under which is seen a gown formerly Mad^me Mere's adapted to her shape with tremendous hip plaits —

Sylvia — I have been wheeling a barrow all the way from Sylvia's garden to put in our ~~Colour~~ so I shall eat off a Humphrey's piece, just a lady's, not a gentleman's —

Enter Theodore and the Chancellor

Chorus — Ditty woo woo woo Meanaky how dye do? —

Theodore — I have finished the dolphin scene, Matamatae — it is so perfect that Manning's — I have used up all the silver sheet the gold paper bright colour and spangles — now I only want you to make me a Columbine a Minerva and a Calypso — I must go down to Watts's to day for some more gold paper and to ask if any soldier with the new ornament is finished — A little milk Sir if you please Meanaky —

Miss Rann — There Master Graham they all begin eating and breakfast is nearly over when the door slowly opens and Emilia appears dressed down the plaits of a high colored gown, her hair arranged exactly in two clumps of small curls

Miss Rann — Miss Emily how can be you so late? — do you not see breakfast is nearly finished —

Emilia — I cannot do with less sleep I'm sure — —

Chancellor — Good morning Lady Hundred Curl —

Much conversation ensues on the course of which the Chancellor says something while Theodore and Emilia are drinking their milk which makes them laugh and occasions choaking

Chanc^r — I must go to Dame Barford's

Miss Rann — takes up her words, which she repeats to herself "Dardanapalus how to reign A.D. de La Mayo's works and the curtain drops!

Clapham Theatre

Is acting the grand comic Opera of

The Present Dame

or Indeed I'm ashamed to say "Bin Dame." Emilia La Mayo the Abbess, after which will be performed the favorite little interlude of

Mary & Polar

Wants a Place a young woman of genteel appearance as Visitor who can have an excellent recommendation from her last place — delivers out Bills with the greatest accuracy & has always on a pony at her command — In her last place she left 150 cards at a time without being detected

Printed by Authority

Our foreign Correspondent having returned from abroad we have applied to our Antiquarian who having explored the Barlow Century now presents us with

The Rann Age
Scene II

The Schoolroom. Miss Rann sitting at the breakfast table tying on La Marguerite's clean pincloth. Large china cups full of milk are placed round the table with rounds of dry toast. The sound of a wheel barrow and enter Sylvia in a large blue gardening apron covered with earth ~ and a pruning knife. She takes off her apron, under which is seen a gown formerly Mad^{me} Mere's adapted to her shape with tremendous hip plaits.

Sylvia. I have been wheeling a briony[?] all the way from Glover's garden to put in our arbour so I shall cut off a ploughboy's piece, not a lady's, nor a gentleman's.

Enter Theodore and the Chancellor.

Chorus. Itty waw waw waw Wanaky how d'ye do?

Theodore. I have finished the dolphin scene, Matawadge, it is superber than Manning's. I have used up all the silver feast the gold paper bright silver and spangles ~ now I only want you to make me a Columbine a Minerva and a Calypso. I must go down to Wattens today for some more gold paper and to ask if my selector[?] with the new ornament is finished. A little milch kine if you please Wanaky.

Miss Rann. There Master Graham. (They all begin eating and breakfast is nearly over when the door slowly opens and Emilia appears smoothing down the plaits of a high coloured gown, her hair arranged exactly in two clumps of small curls.

Miss Rann. Miss Emily how can be you so late? Do you not see breakfast is nearly finished.

Emilia. I cannot do with less sleep I'm sure.

Chancellor. Good morning Lady Hundred Curls.

Much conversation ensues in the course of which the Chancellor says something while Theodore and Emilia are drinking their milk which make them laugh (and exeunt choking).

Chanc^{r}. I must go to Dame Bedford's party[?].

Miss Rann takes up her work and repeats to herself "Sardanapolis began to reign AD &c. La Marg^{te} works and the curtain drops.

JG

Clapham Theatre

Is acting the grand comic Opera of

The Present Dance
or Indeed I'm ashamed!!

Prin. Danc.^{rs} Emilia La Marg^{the} & the Abbess, after which will be performed the favorite little interlude of

Mary & Polar

Wants a Place a young woman of genteel appearance as "Visitor by [??]" who can have an excellent recommendation from her last place. Delivers messages with the greatest accuracy & has always an apology at her command. In her last place she left 150 cards at different [??] without being detected. Apply to [??] at Mr Hanton's the Station.

Printed by Authority

XXXVII

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Dies funestibus sacrum

Saturday Novr 14th 1818

The Duncan palace is now once more the scene of mirth and cheerfulness and will be the abode of festivity as Christmas approaches The Chancellor has been much at the palace since his return and has had frequent conferences with his august mother and sisters — The Princess Coapina enlivens the circle with her presence and the apartments of the Crown Prince and Sylvia are ordered to be got in readiness as they are now daily expected. Couriers arrive every day from Edmund Castle but as yet no intelligence has arrived of a new princess or prince being added to the House of Bruce. Should any news be known we will publish the result in a second Edition —

Diary

We have had charming weather throughout the week — Emilia rises at 6 or 7 and calls for the homely repast of boiled milk (a custom brought over from the continent by the Chancellor) and La Marguerite grows partial to the same beverage. It was quite a subject for a painter to see these august personages eating their frugal repast, while they consulted over their bowls for the good of the nation. We cannot give any daily account of this week, the time has flowed imperceptibly, the Duncan family living in the utmost privacy with the exception of Tuesday when the Chancellor dined with Sir Ralph Carr, and Friday when the Serene family paid a dinner visit to the house of Gilpin at Sheen. We regret to say Mr Allen has laboured under a severe cold and headache but the bulletins were more favorable yesterday and hope

XXXVII

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham Nov^{r}. 14th 1818

The Timean palace is now once more the scene of mirth and cheerfulness and will be the abode of festivity as Christmas approaches. The Chancellor has been much at the palace since his return and has had frequent conferences with his august mother and sisters. The Princess Coapina enlivens the circle with her presence and the apartments of the Crown Prince and Sylvia are ordered to be got in readiness as they are now daily expected. Couriers arrive every day from Edmund Castle but as yet no intelligence has arrived of a new princess or prince being added to the House of Ross[1]. Should any reach town we will publish the result in a Second Edition.

Diary

We have had charming weather throughout the week. Emilia rises at 6 or 7 and calls for the homely repast of boiled milk (a custom brought over from the continent by the Chancellor) and La Marguerite grows partial to the same beverage. It was quite a subject for a painter to see these august personages eating their frugal repast while they consulted over their bowls for the good of the nation. We cannot give any daily account of this week ~ the time has flowed imperceptibly ~ the Timean family living in the utmost privacy with the exception of Tuesday when the Chancellor dined with Sir Ralph Carr, and Friday when the Serene Family paid a dinner visit to the house of Gilpin at Sheen. We regret to say M^{me} Mere has laboured under a severe cold and headache but the bulletins were more favorable yesterday and have

[1] *Lady Ross is cousin of the Timeans. More detail is given in the footnote to XXXVIII/4. J.S.*

from today discontinued
Lady J Cotter is in constant
attendance

Extract of a Letter

from a country clergyman (who came up for the Lord Mayor's show) written to his wife in the country.

---You will no doubt wish to know something of the female fashions—a great many ladies were present but very little beauty—all I can tell you is that there were harrow fulls of feathers and cart loads of naked necks a large fat woman with her gown much too low held up her dying lapdog challenged a curate to drink acros the table I do not like the present way of dressing the head—Great bunches of false blown roses—very bad taste that—a little bird or two I like best. For instance a curl bird with a sprig of jessamine interwoven with pearls—that looks very neat—but your great bunches of cabbages and cabbage roses I don't approve of—The Lady Mayoress's hoop was as wide as she was high—I send you a drawing of it. She was very gracious to me and told me not to call her Ladyship

---

The above correspondent might have taken notice of a very industrious custom now very prevalent of going about in Contradictory mourning in order to be in readiness for the Queen's death. Every lady wears a black bonnet with a huge mass of scarlet flowers and ribbons which are to be removed on the Queen's death and a black crape bow to be worn as a sign of their affliction. Others go flaunting about in the costumes of summer and spring and wear nothing but silk to defend their limbs from the November blasts because they will not buy warm clothing till the Queen dies. We fear many valuable lives will be sacrificed to this imposition

---

A curious observer has communicated to us his firm conviction that La Marguerite's late cold was caught in the following manner. Every lady knows that

been today discontinued. Lady J. Cooker is in constant attendance.

Extract of a Letter

from a country clergy man (who came up for the Lord Mayor's show) written to his wife in the country.

... You will no doubt wish to know something of the female fashions. A great many ladies were present but very little beauty. All I can tell you is that there were barrow fulls of feathers and cartloads of naked necks. A large fat woman with her gown much too low held up her wine glass & challenged a cavalier to drink across the table. I do not like the present way of dressing the head. Great bunches of full blown roses -- very bad taste that ~ a little bud or two I like best. For instance a moss rose bud with a sprig of jessamine interwoven with pearls ~ that looks very neat. But your great bunches of cabbages and cabbage roses I don't approve of. The Lady Mayoress's hoop was as wide as she was high. I send you a drawing of it. She was very gracious to me and told me not to call her Ladyship.

JG

The above correspondent might have taken notice of a very indecorous custom now very prevalent of going about in Contradictory mourning in order to be in readiness for the Queen's death. Every lady wears a black bonnet with a huge mass of scarlet flowers and ribbons which are to be transplanted on the Queen's death and a black crape bow to be hoisted as a sign of their affliction. They go flaunting about in the costumes of summer and spring and wear nothing but silk to defend their limbs from the November blasts because they will not buy warmer clothing till the Queen dies.

We fear many valuable lives will be sacrificed to this infatuation.

JG

A curious observer has communicated to us his firm conviction that La Marguerite's late cold was caught in the following manner. Every body knows that

it is the custome of the palace to have pocket handkerchiefs about — the consequence is that persons blow their noses with other people's handkerchiefs, and colds are thought to be infectious; La Marguerite is supposed to have caught her indisposition in the above manner —

The same curious observer has furnished us with the following rare document —

Numbers of times that La Marguerite sneezes in a year —	6059
Quantity of James's powder swallowed by her in a year —	3 barrels

Ly

Birth Extraordinary!

On Monday last in the gardens of the Sheddon Palace the Lady Gipsey of Twins — They are all doing well except those who are drowned She suckles them herself

Six in number —

We have received the following lines from a poor Poet, we suspect that of Capt^n Tartar —

The Wish.

Mine be a kennel 'neath a tree
My collar free from lock & key
An old bit rug I'll rest my haunch
And never want a bit & paunch
An open kitchen window nigh
Shall ever be before my eye
A fire to go to when I'm cold
Nor dread of cookmaid's angry scold
Licence to walk out where I please
Freedom to jump on ladies knees
Whether my paws be fair or foul,
Free access to the skim milk bowl
Ask no more except a tear
Dropp'd on my solitary bier
When in I die as die I must
And mingle with my native dust

† Northumberland dialect learned no doubt from the author's intimacy with his kind protectress the late Lord

Advertisements

The following public amusements are about to take place

it is the custom of the palace to leave pocket handkerchiefs about. The consequence is that persons blew their noses with other people's handkerchiefs, and as colds are thought to be infectious, La Marguerite is supposed to have caught her indisposition in the above manner.

The same curious observer has furnished us with the following rare document.

Numbers of times that La Marguerite sneezes in a year	6059
Quantity of James's powder swallowed by her in a year	3 barrels

JG

Birth Extraordinary!

On Monday last in the gardens of the Shedden Palace the Lady Gipsey of Sins*. They are all doing well except those who are drowned. She suckles them herself.

We have received the following lines from a poetical Paw, we suspect that of Capt^{n} Tartar.

The Wish

Mine be a kennel 'neath a tree
My collar free from lock & key
On old bit rug I'll rest my haunch
And never want a bit of paunch
An open kitchen window nigh
Shall ever be before my eye
A fire to go to when I'm cold
Nor dread of cookmaid's angry scold
Licence to walk out where I please
Freedom to jump on ladies knees
Whether my paws be fair or foul
Free access to the skim milk bowl
I ask no more except a tear
Dropp'd o'er my solitary bier
Whene'er I die (as die I must)
And mingle with my native dust.

†Northumberland dialect learned no doubt from the author's intimacy with his kind protectoress the State fool.[1]

Advertisements

The following public amusements are about to take place

*Six in number

[1] *This was meant to be a footnote I think, but I couldn't see where it belonged. J.S.*

Theatre Domestic

Every evening till further notice

I'm sick I'm waiting

or

The unconscionable Travellers

to which will be added

Recitations and Songs by the

Signora Coapina

Theatre Servants Hall

The Clandestine Marriage

with

The Fool in Love

Theatre Gower Street

The Tragedy of the Empty House

with

Robinson Crusoe

in which will be introduced

an Ode to Gypsey and her pups

N.B. The Stage Box No 64 is

again engaged for the season

by the Revd Dr Morrice

The grand dance in commemoration of the annual tax of presents is postponed till the arrival of the Highland Travellers

French Cotillions and Scotch reels will be the prevailing dance

Ladies and gentlemen are requested not to laugh during the ball

Reward

The following Rewards are offered by the Timeus Government

To any person finding an Inkstand with ink in it within the precincts of the palace

10 Guineas!

To any persons finding a pen fit to write with

30 Guineas!

The above rewards to be paid on production of the articles in question

---

New Price of Furniture

Messrs Snivel and Stuffnose beg leave to recommend to the public their new patent Receveir des Mouchoirs patronized by D. Tidy

The article in question is a neat tripod supporting an antique bowl to be placed in the middle of a sitting room, so that every person can conveniently throw his or her pocket handkerchief into it without the trouble of putting it in their pocket. Thanks to the embellishment of the room and saves much trouble in search for pocket handkerchiefs

Beware of the Bronze Medicinale as a bad counterfeit and buy only of the Receveir des Mouches in front of the

Printed by Authority

Theatre Domestic

Every evening till further notice
I'm sick of Waiting[1]
or
The unconsciable[sic] Travellers
to which will be added
Recitations and Songs by the
Signora Coapina

Theatre Servants Hall
The Clandestine Marriage[2]
with
The Fool in Love

Theatre Gower Street
The Tragedy of the Empty House
with
Robinson Crusoe

in which will be introduced an Ode to Gypsey and her pups.

N.B. The Stage Box No. 54 is again engaged for the Season by the Rev^{d} D^{r} Morrice.

The grand dance in commemoration of the Annual [??] of presents is postponed till the arrival of the Highland Travellers. French Cotillions and Scotch reels will be the prevailing Dances. Ladies and gentlemen are requested not to laugh during the ball.

Reward

The following Rewards are offered by the Timean Government.

To any person finding an Inkstand with ink in it within the precincts of the palace

20 Guineas!

To any persons finding a pen fit to write with

30 Guineas!

The above rewards to be paid on production of the articles in question.

New Piece of Furniture

Mess^{rs} Snivel and Stuffnose beg leave to recommend to the public their new patent Recevoir des Mouchoires patronized by T. Tidy. The article in question is a neat tripod supporting an antique bowl to be placed in the middle of a sitting room, so that every person can conveniently throw his or her pocket handkerchief into it without the trouble of putting it in their pocket. It adds to the embellishment of the room and saves much trouble in searching for pocket handkerchiefs.

Beware of the Bronze redicule which is a base counterfeit and very inferior to the Recevoir des Mouches in point of fact.

Printed by Authority

[1] *I'm guessing they are sick of waiting for Theodore and Sylvia to return home. J.S.*

[2] *Remember that Mary Spittle, the State Fool, is about to marry Mr. Spears, another servant. J.S.*

XXXVIII

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Diis penatibus sacrum.

Windsor Palace. Sat.y Nov.r 21 1818

Death of the Queen!

The lamented death of her Majesty the Queen throws a gloom over this week's paper, and of course checks all those effusions of mirth and gaiety which so often adorn our pages —

With the exception of the arrival of Theodore and Sylvia, so long and anxiously expected, the events of the week have been monotonous and uninteresting —

Diary.

Monday. Princess Victoria arrived at the palace to spend the week with her friends

Tuesday. The family were at dinner when the Chancellor hastily entered and announced the fatal tidings of the death of her Majesty which took place that day at one o'clock —

Wednesday was spent in sadness and continuing mourning —

Lord Upton dined at the Palace

Thursday. While the heads of the family were gone to town Theodore and Sylvia suddenly arrived at the palace to the no small joy of La Marguerite and the Abbess — For a further account see the next column.

Friday. Magnificent presents were distributed to the several members of the household not omitting Sig.r Caapuna or the Abbess by the Crown Prince and Princess Royal —

Saturday evening was most agreably spent by the united members of the family in viewing foreign costumes, sketches, maps, &c

Arrival of Theodore & Sylvia

Owing to the sudden appearance of the illustrious travellers, the state and solemnity which was to have accompanied their entrance into the Windsor Palace did not take place and they arrived in a private manner

XXXVIII

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Timean Palace. Sat^{y}. Nov^{r}. 21 1818

Death of the Queen!

The lamented death of her Majesty the Queen throws a gloom over this week's paper, and of course checks all those effusions of wit and gaiety which so often adorn our pages.

With the exception of the arrival of Theodore and Sylvia, so long and anxiously expected, the events of the week have been monotonous and uninteresting.

Diary

Monday. Princess Birchina arrived at the palace to spend the week with her friends.

Tuesday. The family were at dinner when the Chancellor hastily entered, and announced the fatal tidings of the death of her Majesty which took place that day at one o'clock.

Wednesday was spent in seclusion and continuing mourning. Lord Epsom dined at the Palace.

Thursday. While the heads of the family were gone to town Theodore and Sylvia suddenly arrived at the palace to the no small joy of La Marguerite and the Abbess. For a further account see the next column.

Friday. Magnificent presents were distributed to the several members of the household not omitting Sig.^{n} Coapina or the Abbess by the Crown Prince and Princess Royal.

Saturday evening was most agreeably spent by the united members of the family in viewing foreign costumes, sketches, maps, &c.

Arrival of Theodore & Sylvia

Owing to the sudden appearance of the illustrious travellers, the state and solemnity which was to have accompanied their entrance into the Timean Palace did not take place and they arrived in a private travelling

carriage and four while the rest of the family except La Marguerite and the abbess were on an excursion to the Metropolis.

It was intended that the tenants should line the road in a double line from the beginning of Carshalton lane, and at the entrance of the village the Mayor and corporation headed by Sir Watkin the Member for Clapham were to have received the illustrious pair and conducted them home in triumph — Bishop Bothein had erected a triumphal arch for the procession to pass through and the walls of her villa were to have been covered with tapestry The Spring Well was to have spouted up wine during the evening, and the abbess to have appeared at the gate of the Monastery with an urn of holy water — However all these ceremonies were omitted in consequence (what we have stated) and nothing but simple welcome and unaffected joy celebrated the event —

Sylvia was dressed in a plaid sash, and Theodore in a similar of the same materials — they were both observed to look in excellent health — —

The Queen.

A melancholy duty devolves on us this day, to notice the demise of our gracious and much respected Queen. The times public have been taught from their early years to regard with respect and affection our venerable Monarch and his Consort; and to view them in the affectionate light of the Heads of the great English Family — Indeed it appears to have been a chief aim of these exalted Personages to set such an example of domestic attachment and enjoyment to their subjects as convince them that the dignity of the highest station in the kingdom was best sustained by virtue of conduct, and purity of manners and to induce them to follow the same course by which themselves [illegible] additional [illegible]

carriage and four while the rest of the family except La Marguerite and the Abbess were on an excursion to the Metropolis.

It was intended that the tenantry should line the road in a double line from the beginning of Larkhall Lane, and at the entrance of the village the Mayor and corporation preceded by Batten the Member for Clapham were to have received the illustrious pair and conducted them home in triumph. Princess Bothein[?] had erected a triumphal arch for the procession to pass through, and the walls of her villa were to have been covered with tapestry. The Spring Well was to have spurted up wine during the evening, and the Abbess to have appeared at the gate of the Monastery with an urn of holy water. However all these ceremonies were omitted in consequence of what we have stated, and nothing but simple welcome and unaffected joy celebrated the event.

Sylvia was dressed in a plaid hoop, and Theodore in a mantle of the same materials. They were both observed to look in excellent health.

The Queen

A melancholy duty devolved on us this day, to notice the demise of our gracious and much respected Queen. The Timea public have been taught from their early years to regard with respect and affection our venerable Monarch and his Consort, and to view them in the affectionate light of the Heads of the great English Family. Indeed it appears to have been a chief aim of these exalted Personages to set such an example of domestic attachment and [??] enjoyment to their subjects as to convince them that the dignity of the highest station in the kingdom was best sustained by rectitude of conduct and purity of manners and to induce them to follow the same course by which Royalty itself received additional lustre.

The late Majesty came over to
this country in her 17th year —
She expired in her 53d —
What Queen ever shared a throne
for so long a time, and preserved
a character so pure and unblemished
as from which the voice of faction
has been able to detract so little
Her generosity has been called in
question, but how does the account
so generally credited of her having
died poor, tally with this surmise
It has been said that nothing is
more easy for a Queen than to make
the nation rise with her liberality
but a very little consideration will
make us see the fallacy of such
an assertion — Almost every body
whatever their fortune may be, are
expected to do more in the way of
charity and benefactions than they
can afford, by people who have no
opportunity of knowing what their
necessary expences are —
Now, in proportion as the Queen is
raised above the rest of the nation
in rank, is she expected to surpass
others in liberality, whereas her income
does not at all correspond with
this elevation, being not more than
many private Noblemen enjoy,
and had a cumbrous list of Ladies
of the Bedchamber &c &c to keep
up; therefore, if her Majesty
had been twice as liberal as a
private individual of the same
income, the ideas of regal mu-
nificence, we are apt to entertain
would have led us at first sight
and without thinking seriously
on the subject to have censured
her of a degree of parsimony which
was far from being the case —
The purity of her Majesty's Court
and the nicety she observed
with respect to the character
of the ladies who were admitted
into her presence, cannot be too
much applauded and we may
attribute to this cause in a
great measure the scrupulous
regard to correctness in the female
character, which continues to
be observed in this country
notwithstanding the encreased
luxury and refinement of
the age — As a wife, as a
Mother, as a Queen, her late
Majesty possessed high claims
to our admiration and we
have no doubt the Prince

Her late Majesty came over to this country in her 17th year. She expired in her 75th.

What Queen ever shared a throne for so long a time, and preserved a character so pure and unblemished or from which the voice of faction has been able to detract so little. Her Generosity has been called in question, but how does the account so generally credited of her having died poor tally with this suspicion. It has been said that nothing is more easy for a Queen, than to make the nation ring with her liberality but a very little consideration will make us see the fallacy of such an assertion. Almost every body whatever their fortune may be, are expected to do more in the way of charity and benefactions than they can afford, by people who have no opportunity of knowing what their necessary expenses are.

Now, in proportion as the Queen is raised above the rest of the nation in rank, is she expected to surpass others in liberality, whereas her income does not at all correspond with this elevation, being not more than many private Noblemen enjoy, and has a cumbrous list of Ladies of the Bedchamber &c &c to keep up; therefore, if her Majesty had been twice as liberal as a private individual of the same income, the ideas of royal munificence we are apt to entertain would have led us at first sight and without thinking seriously on the subject to have accused her of a degree of parsimony which was far from being the case.

The purity of her Majesty's Court and the nicety she observed with respect to the character of the ladies who were admitted into her presence, cannot be too much applauded and we may attribute to this cause in a great measure the scrupulous regard to correctness in the female character, which continues to be observed in this country notwithstanding the increased luxury and refinement of the age.

As a wife, as a mother, as a Queen, her late Majesty possessed high claims to our admiration and we have no doubt the Timean

public will join with us in hoping that whichever of the Royal Duchesses, is destined to fill her vacant place on the Throne, will take their amiable predecessor for their guide and pattern —

I have just picked up in the Street a Monody which appears to have been intended for the Morning Post, which I think it as well to transmit, begging you to mention this circumstance if you insert it in your valuable paper

I am Madam
Your Devd. Servant
Brit: Regina
7th

Monody.

Britons lament! for Charlotte is no more
Her spirit's flown to heaven's eternal shore
No mental anguish, no corporal pain
Shall ever harass England's Queen again
Twice thirty summers on our land
Since first around the throne her virtues spread
Their lustre mild — then pity stood
And modesty her radient form display'd
And hovering in the throne with Love
Dispersed her blessings on this favor'd
Charlotte farewell! but not with thee
Those qualities which deare a nation's love
Still may such worth adorn the regal line
And England's future queens in all
they virtues shine

7th

Happy Event at Stone House

We have the greatest pleasure in informing our readers that the event so long expected in the Northern regions has taken place under the happiest auspices — The beloved relative of the Amiable Lady Rich has been safely delivered of a little girl who with her Mamma are doing as well as possible — Theodore and Sylvia had been and conversed with their amiable relative only the day before as she was not prevented from taking her accustomed walk, and the next morning at 7 o'clock they were agreeably surprized to be awakened by an express, stating that a little girl was added to the House of Rich They immediately proceeded to Stone House to pay their affectionate congratulations to the happy father and grandmother

Printed at the Clapham Press

public will join with us in hoping that whichever of the Royal Duchesses is destined to fill her vacant place on the Throne, will take their amiable predecessor for their guide and pattern.

I have just picked up in the Street a Monody which appears to have been intended for the Morning Post, which I think it as well to transmit, begging you to mention this circumstance if you insert it in your valuable paper.

I am Madam
Your obed^{t} Servant
Philo Regina
THG

Monody

Britons lament! for Charlotte is no more
Her spirit's flown to heaven's eternal shore
No mental anguish, no corporeal pain
Shall ever harass England's Queen again
Twice thirty summers in our land have past
Since first around the throne her virtues cast
Their lustre mild, then vice shrunk back
dismay'd
And modesty her radiant form display'd
And [??] in the throne with lovely smile
Dispersed her blessing o'er this favour'd isle
Charlotte farewell! but not with thee remove
Those qualities which claim a nation's love
Still may such worth adorn the royal line
And England's future queens in all thy
virtues shine
THG

Happy Event at Stone House

We have the greatest pleasure in informing our readers that the event so long expected in the Northern regions has taken place under the happiest auspices. The beloved relative[1] of the Timea Public Lady Ross has been safely delivered of a little girl who with her Mamma are doing as well as possible.

Theodore and Sylvia had seen and conversed with their amiable relative only the day before as she was not prevented from taking her accustomed walk and the next morning at 7 o'clock they were [??] surprized[sic] to be awakened by an express, stating that a little girl was added to the House of Ross. They immediately proceeded to Stone House to pay their affectionate congratulations to the happy father and grandmother[2].

Printed at the Clapham Press

[1] *OK, so this relationship is a bit tricky. Lady Ross is Elizabeth Margaret Graham, who married Sir Hugh Dalyrymple Ross (he ended up as a Field Marshal). Elizabeth's mother was Mary Graham, who married Richard Graham of Stonehouse. Stonehouse was very close to Edmond Castle, but Richard Graham was of another quite different Graham family, unrelated to the Grahams of Edmond Castle as far as I know. Mary Graham was the sister of Thomas Graham, the husband of Elizabeth Susanna Davenport (called Madame Mere in these Chronicles). Thus Lady Ross was the cousin of Theodore, the Chancellor, etc. J.S.*

[2] *This grandmother has to be the mother (whose name I don't know) of Richard Graham, as Mary Graham's mother (Elizabeth Coulthard) died in 1816, two years previously. J.S.*

(XXXIX)

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Diis penatibus sacrum.

Saturday Nov.r 28th 1818
Sinean Palace

Much speculation has been caused in the Political world by the non appearance of our Weekly number last Saturday evening; especially as the arrival of Theodore and Sylvia from the Arctic regions was reputed to be officially announced. We doubt however rested on the public mind of their being arrived, and the crowd has therefore been continual around the Family Chronicle Office awaiting the publishing of their paper.
It is not however yet published nor is it reputed to be so till late this evening. There are three reasons for its delay
1st The Editor as well as printers were occupied in preparing their mourning for the late Queen
2d A masquerade and ball was given at the palace that evening on the arrival of our illustrious guests, and on the occasion of their giving presents to all the branches of the family (a custom derived from remote antiquity)
3dly It is expected that a funeral oration on the death of her late Majesty will be published, written it is said by the pen of a very exalted individual. The events of the last week have been known so particularly numerous and varied for this dull time of year that we enter with pleasure upon the duty of giving our

Diary.

Monday — Signorina Birchina left the Sinean palace for London after a visit of some days — She is spoken of as remarkable for her suavity of manner and decidedness of character Her device is Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re —

Tuesday The Princesses took airings in the park and gardens, and a messenger arrived express from the Duke Curtici — His grace was reputed at the palace yesterday evening on his return to Blandville

Wednesday. Grand Banquet given by Theodore and the Chancellor at which the whole of the Serene family were present with the addition of Signora Caspina & Signorina Birchina The entertainment was in a very magnificent style — The viands of the choicest sort and the affability

XXXIX

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Saturday Nov^{r}. 28 1818
Timean Palace

Much speculation has been caused in the Political world by the non appearance of our Weekly number last Saturday evening[1], especially as the arrival of Theodore and Sylvia from the Arctic regions was expected to be officially announced. No doubt however rested on the public mind of their being arrived, and the crowd has therefore been continual round the Family Chronicle Office awaiting the publishing of this paper. It is not however yet published nor is it expected to be so till late this evening. There are three reasons for its delay.

1st. The Editor as well as printers were occupied in preparing their mourning for the late Queen.

2^{d}. A masquerade and ball was given at the palace that evening on the arrival of our illustrious guests, and on the occasion of their giving presents to all the branches of the family (a custom derived from remote antiquity).

3^{dly}. It is expected that a funeral oration on the death of her late Majesty will be published, written it is said by the pen of a very exalted individual. The events of the last week have been been[sic] so particularly numerous and varied for this dull time of year that we enter with pleasure upon the duty of giving our

Diary

Monday. Signorine Birchina left the Timean palace for London after a visit of some days. She is spoken of as remarkable for her suavity of manner and decidedness of character. Her device is "Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re"[2].

Tuesday. The Princesses took airings in the park and gardens, and a messenger arrived express from the Duke Curties. His grace was expected at the palace yesterday evening on his return to Windmill Hill.

Wednesday. Grand Banquet given by Theodore and the Chancellor at which the whole of the Serene family were present with the addition of Signora Coapina & Signorina Birchina. The entertainment was in a very magnificent scale ~ the viands of the choicest sort, and the affability

[1] *I'm puzzled. It looks to me like last week's number did come out. Maybe it was done later? J.S.*

[2] *Gentle in manner, strong in deed. J.S.*

& the noble hosts unbounded
For a further account of this
unique entertainment, see our
next columns

Thursday A dinner was given
at the Simeon palace to the venera-
ble abbé Taylor & Madlle Taylor
Princess Wit, and the hereditary
Prince Henri de Wit. Theodore
and the Chancellor arrived in a
Tilbury at 5 when the dinner was
immediately set on table — The
Royal Fishmonger is said to be in
disgrace for not sending the inhabi-
tants of the watery element in time
to dress — The venerable abbé tho'
quite blind is a model of cheerful-
ness and good humour, and is
affectionately waited on by his atten-
tive daughter — The princess Wit
was unusually affable — The State
drawing room was thrown open
for the first time since the return
of the Serene family — after the
guests had retired Sylvia and
Josefina delighted the family with
their vocal powers to a late hour

Friday Signores Josefina left
the Simeon palace amidst the
tears and smiles of the family
and proceeded in a travelling car-
riage to Ham on a visit to her
connexions the Nicholsons — Sylvia
rode on horseback to Richmond
to pay a visit to Miss Howell's
Gothic House boarding school and
to the house of Gilpin and return
to the palace to dinner

Saturday This day the family
are for the first time left alone
and no guests are expected till
Monday — They enjoy the most
perfect happiness — The venerable
abbess de Flugny is delighted to
see her children once more united
and participates in the maternal
feelings of Mme Mere

The Fête

The grand dinner at the Grove
palace was on a most liberal
scale — One of the pages of the
presence says, "it was the most
handsome and solid dinner he
ever see."

After dinner the Princess
sent up for the cooks and other
attendants and complimented
them in the most condescending
manner — The perfusion of wax
candles was worthy of the
illustrious company

During tea the Chancellor's band
performed the "Ranz des vaches" or
other Helvetian airs, in a chaste
ing style, and a temporary alcove
was thrown open on the ground
on which were inscribed some

of the noble hosts unbounded. For a further account of this unique entertainment, see our next columns.

Thursday. A dinner was given at the Timean palace to the venerable Abbé Taylor & Mad^{lle} Taylor Princess Wit, and the hereditary Prince Houre de Wit. Theodore and the Chancellor arrived in a Tilbury at 5 when the dinner was immediately set on table. The Royal Fishmonger is said to be in disgrace for not sending the inhabitants of the watry element in time to dress. The venerable Abbé tho' quite blind is a model of cheerfulness and good humour, and is affectionately waited on by his attentive daughter. The princess Wit was unusually affable. The State drawing room was thrown open for the first time since the return of the Serene family. After the guests had retired Sylvia and Coapina delighted the family with their vocal powers to a late hour.

Friday. Signorina Coapina left the Timean palace admidst the tears and smiles of the family and proceeded in a travelling carriage to Ham on a visit to her connexions the Nicholsons. Sylvia rode on horseback to Richmond to pay a visit to Miss Hasell of Gothic House boarding school and to the house of Gilpin and returned to the palace to dinner.

Saturday. This day the family are for the first time left alone and no guests are expected till Monday. They enjoy the most perfect happiness. The venerable Abbess de Clugny is delighted to see her children once more united and participates in the maternal feelings of M.^{me} Mere.

The Fête

The grand dinner at the Gower palace was on a most liberal scale. One of the pages of the presence says "it was the most handsome and solid dinner he did ever see".

After dinner the Princesses sent up for the cook and other attendants and complimented them in the most condescending manner. The profusion of romantic candles was worthy of the illustrious company.

During tea the Chancellor's Swiss band performed the "Rang des Vaches" and other Helvetian airs, in a charming style, and a temporary Album was thrown open on the occasion in which were inscribed some

were remarkable for their elegance
of sentiment & purity of diction
As the party breaking up the following
Epilogue was intended to have
been recited, but time prevented
it taking place — we insert it for
our curious readers —

Epilogue

Intended to be spoken by Theodore
in a rich female dress.

(Enter Theodore at the stage door
a servant pulling him back, crying
that the barge was ready)

Nay, stop me not you idle dog!
I'm going to speak the Epilogue
ladies, I humbly beg your pardon
against these people be your guardon
who wish to send you all away
without the Moral of the Play —
"Moral! why Heyday, Mrs Prim,
"You would not tear us limb for limb
"What! when we're stuffed up to the eyes
"with food — begin to moralize?"
When lately at the table's head
I was obliged to be well bred
But now all's o'er, I'm unconfin'd
and can with safety speak my mind
No more (turning her head speaking affectedly
Allow me dear Ma'am
To press you to some veal and ham
Your dinner's finished in a bounce —
In truth you've eaten like an ounce.
I mean may say without a blush

I never saw [illegible] eat so much;
In truth you must have ta'en your fill
(Approaching the stage box).
Ma'am let me offer you a pill"
(pointing to a lady in front)
My little nymph your coffee sipping
You've eaten too much golden pippin
(pointing to the gallery)
And she who tries to look so naive
Repents her glass of vin de Grave;
(recollecting herself)
But what a giddy fool am I,
Instead of wishing you good bye,
I'm giving you a Soliloquy
Well fare ye well dear ladies — Sarah!
Bring in cloaks mantles (going to the stage door) bonnets & fans
To keep from cold our worthy patrons
Methinks I hear the Barrowman's voice
(in a listening attitude)
The stately barge's nothing noise
All's ready — Then with one accord
The roofs of the night accord
(exit curtseying)

Orders for the Dimean Family going into mourning

Red spencers, bonnets & all colours with black strings, black mantles lined with scarlet and gowns of Chinese yellow —

Gentlemen — full dress, cocked hats — blue coats with black buttons

Dirge

used by the Dimeans after any National Loss. (Air, a Hunting we will go)

Mamma the {Queen / Prime} is going to die
What meaning shall I learn —
I hope you'll get me handsome toy
When at the people stare —

* As the case may require

verses remarkable for their elegance of sentiment & purity of diction. On the party breaking up the following Epilogue was intended to have been recited, but time prevented its taking place. We insert it for our curious readers.

Epilogue

Intended to be spoken by Theodore in a rich female dress.

(Enter Theodore at the stage door a servant pulling him back, crying that the barge was ready)

Nay, stop me not you idle dog!
I'm going to speak the Epilogue
Ladies, I humbly beg your pardon
Against these people be your guardon
Who wish to send you all away
Without the moral of the Play
"Moral! Why Heyday, Mrs. Prin,
You would not tear us limb from limb
What! when we're stuffed up to the eyes
With food, begin to moralize?"
When lately at the table's head
I was obliged to be well bred
But now all's o'er, I'm unconfin'd
And can with safety speak my mind
No more (twisting her fan & speaking affectedly)
"Allow me dearest Ma'am"
To pass you to some veal and ham
Your dinner's finished in a bounce
In truth you've eaten not an ounce"
I now may say without a blush
I never saw father eat so much
In truth you must have ta'en your fill
(Approaching the Stage box)
"Ma'am let me offer you a pill"
(pointing to a lady in front)
My little nymph your coffee sipping
You've eaten too much golden pippin
(pointing to the gallery)
And she who tries to look so naive
Repents her glass of vin de Grave
(recollecting herself)
But what a giddy fool am I,
Instead of wishing you goodbye,
I'm giving you a Sesserara
Well fare ye well dear ladies Sarah!
(going to the stage door)
Bring in cloaks mantles bonnets aprons
To keep from cold our worthy patrons
Methinks I hear the Bargeman's voice
(In a listening attitude)
The stately barge's rushing noise
All's ready. Then with one accord
The reaches[?] [??] night accord
(exit curtseying)

JG

Orders for the Timean Family going into mourning

Red spineers, bonnets of all colours with black strings, black mantles lined with scarlet and gowns of Chinese yellow.

Gentlemen - full dress, corbeau. Undress - blue coats with black buttons.

Dirge used by the Timeans after any National loss

(Air. A hunting we will go)

Mamma the { Queen / Prince } * is going to die
What mourning shall I wear
I hope you'll something handsome buy
Should the people stare

*as the case may require

(Chorus)
Into mourning let us go
Into mourning let us go
For we must weep
In mourning deep
Into mourning let us go

(Mamma)
Ask not for mourning little dear
Your mourning's out and dried
Your purple bonnet you shall wear
With new black ribbons tied.

(Chorus)
Into mourning we will go (bis)
For purple's worn
By kings who mourn
Into mourning we will go.

(Tom and John)
Mamma you know that we must wear
The mourning of the nation
That slight makes handsome suits to take care
Such as becomes our station

(Chorus)
Into mourning we will go (bis)
Let us not lack
Coats of jet black
Into mourning we will go

(Mamma)
Can deepest sorrow more demand
Than scarlet waistcoat, boys
Or metal buttons (when japanned)
Then pray ye cease your noise.

(Chorus)
Into mourning we will go (bis)
In scarlet dye
We'll wipe our eye
Into mourning we will go

(Anne)
Mamma I hope you'll let me have
A handsome mourning frock
With cape and cloak (Something for
Nor me and Barton shock!

(Chorus of Infants)
Into mourning we will go (bis)
My muslin gown
I'll throw at the moon
Into mourning we will go

(Mamma)
All infants hitherto have worn
Affliction in muslin plain
In white my love, all infants mourn
In white then you'll remain.

(Grand Chorus)
Into mourning we will go
Since white is black
And black is white
Into mourning we will go.

The Famous Fringe

This unique curiosity the property of Madame Mere is now open to the public every day — Its colour is a jet black which is wonderful considering the length of time before the demise of her Majesty, that it was purchased — Connoisseurs in mourning agree in pronouncing it a chef d'oeuvre of the kind.

Bon Ton!!

At a late party in which the conversation turned upon the court mourning, a lady asked a gentleman his opinion of the celebrated Deinfuneste Modes by an exalted individual. "Madam" said he "I conceive it to be an infringement on the present general mourning!"

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(Chorus)
Into mourning let us go
Into mourning let us go
For we must weep
In mourning deep
Into mourning let us go

(Mamma)
Ask not for mourning little dear
Your mourning's cut and dried
Your purple bonnet you shall wear
With new black ribbons tied

(Chorus)
Into mourning we will go (bis)
For purple's worn
By Kings who mourn
Into mourning we will go

(Tom and John)
Mamma you know that we must wear
The mourning of the nation
That Sleight makes handsome suits take care
Such as beseems our station

(Chorus)
Into mourning we will go (bis)
Let us not lack
Coats of jet black
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(Mamma)
Can deepest sorrow more demand
Than scarlet waistcoat, boys
Or metal buttons (when japann'd)
Then pray ye cease your noise

(Chorus)
Into mourning we will go (bis)
In scarlet dye
We'll wipe our eye
Into mourning we will go

(Anne)
Mamma I hope you'll let me have
A handsome mourning frock
With cap and cloak of something grave
Nor me and Barlow shock

(Chorus of Infants)
Into mourning we will go (bis)
My muslin gown
I'll throw at the moon
Into mourning we will go

(Mamma)
All infants hitherto have borne
Affliction in muslin plain
In white my love, all infants mourn
In white then you'll remain

(Grand Chorus)
Into mourning we will go (bis)
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And black is white
Into mourning we will go

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Bon Mot!!

At a late party in which the conversation turned upon the court mourning, a lady asked a gentleman his opinion of the celebrated Fringe worn by an exalted individual. Madam, said he, I conceive it to be an infringement on the present general mourning!

Published by Authority

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THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Diis penatibus sacrum

Saturday December 5th 1818
Timea Palace.

The Editor in taking up after so long an interval the pen that has been in the mean time wielded with so much force & wit and naiveté of narration, feels quite unequal to the task that is assigned to her, particularly as she has now laid aside her scarf & moon beams, and other sylvan habiliments for her winter costume & square toed shoes and smiling features — She can promise nothing therefore but a correct and punctual diary, and begs to observe that in the absence of the usual cordial a mutch of Highland Whiskey, nothing will be so exhilarating to her spirits as a well filled Editor's box.

Monday N.P.

Tuesday A guest arrived who excited many melancholy reflections, it being the first time that Mary Tolly had visited the Timea family since the loss of her sister, who will long be remembered by all her friends with the warmest affection and esteem the patient manner in which she bore her illness and the tender and generous consideration she constantly shewed for others call indeed for admiration.

Wednesday Theodora and the Chancellor joined incog. the vulgar crowd who went to see the procession of the Royal funeral set out from Kew — the precaution of going incog. was adopted to render the emotions of the former less conspicuous, nothing else could have prevented Philo: Regina's brow walking barefoot at the head of the procession as Chief Mourner. He was observed to remain bare headed as it passed, while the Chancellor alias Matwadge was observing the escutcheons on the hearse, and crape scarfs of the bearers with a view to copying them at the next Wilson fete given in the Nursery.

Thursday The Clapham and New Zealand families eat their mutton chop in a sociable way

XL

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Saturday December 5th 1818
Timea Palace

The Editor in taking up after so long an interval the pen that has been in the mean time wielded with so much force of wit and naiveté of narration, feels quite unequal to the task that is assigned to her, particularly as she has now laid aside her scarf of moonbeams, and other sylvan habiliments for her winter costume of square toed shoes and business features. She can promise nothing therefore but an exact and punctual diary, and begs to observe that in the absence of the usual cordial a [??] of Hieland[sic] whiskey, nothing will be so exhilarating to her spirits as a well filled Editor's box.

Monday. N.P.

Tuesday. A guest arrived who excited many melancholy recollections, it being the first time that Mary Solly had visited the Timea family since the loss of her sister who will long be recollected by all her friends with the warmest affection and esteem. The patient manner in which she bore her illness and the tender and generous consideration she constantly showed for others call indeed for admiration.

Wednesday. Theodore and the Chancellor joined incog. the vulgar crowd who went to see the procession of the Royal funeral set out from Kew. The precaution of going incog. was adopted to render the emotions of the former less conspicuous, nothing else could have prevented Philo. Regina[1] from walking barefoot at the head of the procession as Chief Mourner. He was observed to remain bareheaded as it passed, while the Chancellor alias Matmadge was observing the escutcheons on the hearse, and crape scarfs of the lancers with a view to copying them at the next Wilson fete given in the Nursery.

Thursday. The Clapham and New Zealand[2] families eat their mutton chop in a sociable way

[1] *Theodore, of course, that great lover of royalty. J.S.*

[2] *All is explained on the next page. J.S.*

together — the particulars of the day will be found in our columns.

Mr. Klose and La Marguerite performed a duett at home composed by Sign.r Weaver Headice in the purest Italian style, while Time reposed to the new established Hullmandel oven, and having forgotten to carry his hour glass remained listening to the divine strains of Caroline Matilde, Regina and the Garcias, till morning conducted him home.

Friday. The marriage of Capt.n Inglis with Miss Pringle — a widow lady with three daughters created much discussion.

Saturday. Then de particulier except a happy "reunion" of the family party



Fete to the Antipodes!!
Grand Cannibal Dinner

Thursday and the Chancellor gave their second banquetting fete at their superb residence — the Queens Palace on Thursday last.

The party was different from any other which ever met within these walls, two of the guests having invited from our Antipodes or New Zealand —

At ½ past 4, a carriage arrived from the Clapham palace containing Emilia and Lady Mary Dolby, and at 5 precisely another carriage containing the Abbess de Clugny and her respected nephew the New Zealand Prince Tooi, his friend Peteree and Lady Hannah Brissenden, maid of honour to these distinguished foreigners.

They were dressed in neat English dresses, hair cut à la mode Anglaise. Peteree is a considerable dandy and has his neck confined with a black stock and high shirt collar which obliged him to turn his whole body with his head, he has very savage features, his upper lip slightly tattooed having the appearance of moustachios.

Tooi has one side of his face very elaborately tattooed without which he would have a handsome countenance, his people having

together. The particulars of the day will be found in our columns. M^{me} Mere and La Marguerite performed a duett at home composed by Sign^{r} [??] [??] in the purest dolorose style while Time resorted to the new established Hullmandel [??] and having forgotten to carry his hour glass remained listening to the divine strains of Caroline Naldi, Begrez and the Garcias till morning conducted him home.

Friday. The marriage of Cap^{n} Inglis with Mrs. Pringle a widow lady with three daughters created much discussion.

Saturday. Rien de particular except a happy "reunion" of the family party.

Fete to the Antipodes!! Grand Cannibal Dinner

Theodore and the Chancellor gave their second banqueting fete at their superb residence the Gower Palace on Thursday last. The party was different from any other which ever met within these walls, two of the guests being invited from our Antipodes or New Zealand.

At 1/2 past 4, a carriage arrived from the Clapham palace containing Emilia and Lady Mary Solly, and at 5 precisely another carriage containing the Abbess de Clugny and her respected mother, the New Zealand Prince Tooi, his friend Teteree and Lady Hannah Missionary, maid of honour to these distinguished foreigners[1]. They were dressed in neat English dresses, hair cut à la mode Anglais. Teteree is a considerable Dandy and has his neck confined with a black stock and high shirt collar which obliged him to turn his whole body with his head. He has very savage features & his upper lip slightly tattooed, leaving the appearance of moustachios.

Tooi has one side of his face very elaborately tattooed without which he would have a handsome countenance, his profile being [??]

[1] *This is super cool. We know that two Maori were visiting London in 1818, named Tuai and Teteri. These have to be the same ones. So this appears not to be just a fanciful creation of the Family Chronicle, but an actual account of a visit from two of the earliest Maori to visit England. J.S.*

and of a very different character to Teterees —

Teteree is a great eater — and says he can eat any thing, but the cranberry tart proved the contrary, for after a very wry face and several additions of sugar he was obliged to send it away. They ate pepper with every thing at dinner — advanced, they became more loquacious — after dinner they gave us an account of their houses in New Zealand and their fashion of eating 6 times in the day and 3 times in the night — Pork and fern root seem to be their common food. If any body knocked at the door the watch word was, "have you got any pork?" if the answer was "yes," he was admitted — if "No," he was left on the outside. after dinner they looked over prints and caricatures with which they were much pleased, but took very little notice of a musical snuff box which was offered to their notice —

Teteree was observed to be very intimate with the Chancellor — Doori wrote his name for the ladies the following is a fac simile

After tea the banqueting room was again thrown open and the war dance commenced — The two guests being attired in mats and feathers — a song followed and a specimen of New Zealand fighting — The ceremony of killing and cutting up a pig, the Operation of tattooing, and the way of nursing children were successively exhibited while Doori was engaged in nursing his child, Teteree was observed sticking feathers into a marble bust of Homer, and saying to it, "Oh you old funny fellow!" —

At the end of the exhibition, Theodore Emilia, and the Chancellor very condescendingly attired themselves in mats and dog skins & danced a reel —

At ¼ past 9 Sylvia arrived in the state barge and the Timeans family went on board, leaving the illustrious savages and the Abbess's party to return home. The ashena and wishes of the Timeans for a happy voyage to New Zealand were most affectionately

and of a very different character to Teteree's.

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After tea the banqueting room was again thrown open and the war dance commenced. The two guests being attired in mats and feathers ~ a song followed and a species of New Zealand fighting. The ceremony of killing and cutting up a pig, the operation of tattooing, and the way of nursing children were successively exhibited. While Tooi was engaged in nursing his child, Teteree was observed sticking feathers into a marble bust of Homer, and saying to it, "Oh you old funny fellow!".

At the end of the exhibition, Theodore Emilia, and the Chancellor very condescendingly attired themselves in mats and dog shins & danced a reel.

At 1/2 past 9 Sylvia arrived in the State barge and the Timean family went on board, leaving the illustrious savages and the Abbess's party to return home. The [??] and wishes of the Timeans for a happy voyage to New Zealand were most affectionately

[1] *It is such a shame the facsimile signature never made it into the Chronicle. J.S.*

entertained by the Icelanders for a prosperous passage to Hellmandel land, where it is understood the Simean crew disembarked on the occasion of a coronet given by the Queen of that territory.

(From the Jovial Circular)

Theatre Royal Clapham Common

This and every evening, till further notice will be acted the new farce of

Any Port? Yes, Come in.

with the pantomimic gun of Joi the tattooed.

Theatre Vaudeville

The grand chorus of

Ayton Joan, Joan, Joan, Joan

continues to be roared with unbounded applause.

N.B. As some of the audience have been stunned with the sound, the Managers have it in contemplation to construct a theatre on the model of Bingal's cave.

Advertisements

Speedily will be published at the Convent Press — Pictures of the Chancellor

(Printed at the Clapham Press)

a work in 60 volumes by the Author of The Hungarian Brothers a frontispiece representing the two friends arm in arm.

Also — Correspondence between Thomas Joi & Thomas Theodore N.B. This will be particularly interesting to all who entertain a proper respect for King George's family.

Condo-Gratulatory Letter

A steam engine of 14 horse power has just been set up at the Rhapsody manufactory, to meet the late urgent demand for this commodity.

Paragraphs or Sentences also of this description neatly finished so as to be worn into the best of the

Albums furnished at the shortest notice — by Mess^rs Sentiment & Twaddle —

Extract from the "Censor" — "We strongly "recommend boxes of this species of "writing to apply to the newly arrived "Faiseurs d'Albums," as emotionally "conducing to serenity of mind, the peace of families & the performance of their "functions" *

P. Note a country man of Joi's and a puritan may spend safely the most dreadful hardships as a common sailor merely to have the gratification of seeing King George —

* Particularly that of writing in Peg's

reiterated by the Zealanders for a prosperous passage to Hullmandels[?] land, where it is understood the Timean crew disembarked on the occasion of a concert given by the Queen of that territory.

(From the Gower Circular).

Theatre Royal Clapham Common

This and every evening, till further notice will be acted the new farce of

Any Pork? Yes, Come in.

with the pantomime gun of

Tooi the tattooed.

Theatre Vaudeville

The grand chorus of

Aytin Foam, Foam, Foam

continues to be roared with unbounded applause.

N.B. As some of the audience have been [??] with the sound, the Managers have it in contemplation to construct a theatre on the model of Fingal's cave.

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A steam engine of 14 horse power has just been set up at the Pringle manufactory, to meet the late urgent demand for this commodity. Paragraphs or Sentences also of this description neatly finished so as to be wove into the best of the letters.

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Extract from the "Censor". "We strongly recommend lovers of this species of writing to apply to the newly arrived Friseurs d'Albums", as materially "conducing to serenity of mind, the [??] of family & the performance of their other duties"†.

Printed at the Clapham Press

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*Note a country man of Tooi's undertook a perilous voyage & suffered the most dreadful hardships as a common sailor merely to have the gratification of seeing King George.

†Particularly that of writing in Family Chronicles.

XLI

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Dec^r 7^th 1818 — Diis penatibus sacrum

The interval of a week has made but little variation in the family circle of the Simeon palace — The feuds between the houses of Elliott and Spittle have happily subsided but report says that Lady Catharine L. still insists on having the state dishes washed by Lady Mary S. and in consequence of this triumph is to have a soup dish for the future quartered in the arms of the family — Arrangements are making for the reception of xmas guests — canopy beds are erecting for Hullmandels Hazelhurst &c &c — and Mr Bentham's cot is already slung in one of the anti-rooms, but as there is great fear that there will still be a want of room, a new piece of furniture is introduced called the Shower Bed^d, uniting the requisites of a bed and a bath — In the night it is placed horizontally on the floor being lined with couches & pillows but in the morning is raised perpendicularly, and the person inside is watered by a shower of water from the summit of this bed — We recommend this bed esthmatically to persons who are too fond of xmas fare, and who being rather unwell from the junction of roast turkies and mince pies in the stomach will find the shower bed an excellent antibilious remedy and a cure for the Clapham sloth —

Sunday — The revered Mr Deathry delighted all by a most eloquent and impressive sermon on the death of the Queen — He touched most pathetically on the affliction of the Royal family on the illness of the King and the death of the Princess Char.^te and most persuasively endeavoured to give a more charitable turn to the public feeling on the character of our deceased Queen — Sacred music closed the day —

Monday — N.P.

Tuesday was disposed of as the termination of Sylvia & Emilia's friendship Mary Solly's visit — a melancholy interview took place between her mother and the Simeon family being the first since the sad event in their family.

Wednesday — N.P.

Thursday 18th Ellen rose with a

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The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

December 12th 1818

The interval of a week has made but little variation in the family circle of the Timean palace.

The feuds between the houses of Elliott and Spittle have happily subsided but report says that Lady Catharine E. still insists on having the state dishes washed by Lady Mary S. and in consequence of this triumph is to have a soup dish for the future quartered in the arms of the family. Arrangements are making for the reception of Xmas guests ~ canopy beds are erecting for Hullmandels Hasell Dent &c &c ~ and Mr. Bentham's cot is already slung in one of the anterooms, but as there is great fear that there will still be a want of room, a new piece of furniture is introduced called the "Shower Bed", uniting the requisites of a bed and a bath. In the night it is placed horizontally on the floor being lined with couches & pillows but in the morning is raised perpendicularly, and the person inside is wakened by a shower of water from the summit of his bed. We recommend this bed extremely to persons who are too fond of Xmas fare, and who being rather unwell from the junction of roast turkies[sic] and mince pies in the stomach will find the shower bed an excellent antibilious remedy and a cure for the Clapham Sloth.

Sunday. The revered Mr. Dealtry delighted all by a most eloquent and impressive sermon on the death of the Queen. He touched most pathetically on the afflictions of the Royal family on the illness of the King and the death of the Princess Char.^{tte}, and most persuasively endeavoured to give a more charitable turn to the public feeling on the character of our deceased Queen. Sacred music closed the day.

Monday. N.P.

Tuesday was deplored as the termination of Sylvia & Emilia's friend Mary Solly's visit. A melancholy interview took place between her mother and the Timean family being the first since the sad event in their family.

Wednesday. N.P.

Thursday. M. Mere rose with a

headache and declared herself an equal to the dinner at Lord & Lady Arthur Potts's — Consequently only Sylvia Emilia & the Chancellor attended the fete at Albion House present Lord Bosh and his lady & Lady Margaret Gibbin, Sir Dr. Jones &c. It is reported that every article of furniture was of pure gold, but the magnificence of the repast hardly compensated to Ed & for a polar ride home in which their faculties and feet were completely benumbed till unfrozen by the fire of Theodore —

The abbess was at that hour seen returning from a confessional scene in Mr Allen's dressing room, her features lengthened to extraordinary dimensions — To dig up a little, it is said the abbess calls every evening for a glass of currant jelly water with soda in it, which is neither more nor less than Spruce gin slightly coloured with red currants —

Friday — Mr Allen's headache still continued and she intends calling in to her assistance the King of Bible Land's Physicians —

Saturday — The half barges conveyed the six young ladies to Villa Lasano where being met by Theodore they spent a happy day with their friends, but we hear that Thurso Barlow declared that Theodore should never again step within

his pinnoth — his shirt frill be dirtied and Sylvia undertook keeps her pack clean a minute after it had once been stroked down

Trial — Simeon Assizes

Teresa Tidy v. — La Marguerite

This was a trial which excited considerable amusement in the court, particularly as the defendant has before had continual quarrels with the plaintiff — The trial did not commence till 12 o'clock in the day, owing as we were told to the delay of the plaintiff who never consents to stir from her house till she has witnessed the ceremony of her house and picture being completely cleaned & set to rights — At that hour she appeared in court, her straight hair appearing from underneath a large muslin cap, a gown of plain brown stuff half concealed by a snow white apron, and with large leather shoes confined by huge buckles — Her features were eight but on approaching the bar and seeing a clerk placing an ink bottle on a polished mahogany table they were contracted to a frown, and she declared that she would not proceed with the business till a small screen had supplied its place which earnestly desired that the

headache and declared herself unequal to the dinner visit at Lord & Lady Arthur Pott's. Consequently only Sylvia Emilia & the Chancellor attended the fete at Albion House. Present Lord Book and his lady & Lady Margaret Gilpin, Sir W.^{m} Jones &c. It is reported that every article of furniture was of pure gold, but the magnificence of the repast hardly compensated to E & S for a polar ride home in which their faculties and feet were completely benumbed till unfrozen by the fire of Theodore. The Abbess was at that hour seen returning from a confessional scene in the Mere's dressing room, her features lengthened to extraordinary dimensions. (To digress a little, it is said the Abbess calls every evening for a glass of currant jelly water with soda in it, which is neither more nor less than spruce gin slightly coloured with red currants.

Friday. M. Mere's headache still continued and she intends calling into her assistance the King of Bile Vance Disgustio.

Saturday. The half barge conveyed the [??] young ladies to Villa Lasanon[?] where being met by Theodore they spent a happy day with their friends, but we hear that Nurse Barlow declared that Theodore should never again stir without his pincloth, his shirt frill being dirtied and Sylvia could never keep her frock clean a minute after it had once been stroked down.

Trial. Timean Assizes.
Teresa Tidy v. La Marguerite

This was a trial which excited considerable amusement in the court particularly as the defendant has before had continual quarrels with the plaintiff. The trial did not commence till 12 o'clock in the day, owing as we were told to the delay of the plaintiff who never consents to stir from her house till she has witnessed the ceremony of her house and furniture being completely cleaned & set to rights. At that hour she appeared in court her straight hair appearing from underneath a large muslin cap, a gown of plain brown stuff half concealed by a snow white apron, and with large leather shoes confined by huge buckles. Her features were regular but on approaching the bar and seeing a clerk placing an ink bottle on a polished mahogany table they were contracted to a frown, and she declared that she would not proceed with the business till a small oaken [??] had supplied its place. She earnestly desired that the

court should retire from the handsome hall in which they were assembled to the senate house generally occupied by the Jury, but to this the Judge could not accede.
Judge. Where is the plaintiff?
A. Please your honor she was coming into court, but she suddenly recollected that she had left her pocket handkerchief at home, and as it was a very cold day, she was afraid of running the risk of entering the court without it. At that instant La Marguerite, very much heated, her groom slipped down behind, and the bow of her bonnet hanging by one pin appeared, and running hastily to her seat made signs to her counsellor following her to take his place; a youth of gay appearance ready to laugh every moment and dressed in the height of the fashion.
Soresa Didy waved a large wand and two witnesses appeared carrying a large basket which when uncovered disclosed a large bundle of pocket handkerchiefs.
One of the witnesses was a fat and squatty figure, his features settled into an unvaried and monotonous expression.
Q. What is your name?
A. Decimus. The defendant has long borne a settled hatred to me and being instigated by that very respectable lady, I made a search for missed pocket handkerchiefs. This I found beneath the marble bust in the Dimean palace. This under the dinner table and this inside a china vase. The handkerchiefs were handed to each counsellor.
Mess.rs Etiquette & Cleanliness the two other witnesses made signs of distressing horror but nothing could prevail upon them to speak.
La Marguerite's counsellor now begged to be heard. He declared that the pieces of drapery were not pocket handkfs. they were dramatic drapers or sepia cloths, and he could bring witnesses to prove that his client had not a single real pocket handkerchief. He then declared that those very worthy & respectable persons (ironically) were the enemies of genius, the enemies of happiness, of enthusiasm of liberty, of taste. They depressed creation and shackled freedom & were really and literally sans-culottes. The harrangue with much eloquence and much out of breath till the judge requested him to be seated.
Soresa Didy unmoved was vociferating a quiz shot from her groom and at the close of his speech declared that there were

court should retire from the handsome hall in which they were assembled to the smaller one generally occupied by the Jury, but to this the Judge could not accede.

Judge. Where is the plaintiff?

A. Please your honor she was coming into court, but she suddenly recollected that she had left her pocket handkerchief at home, and as it was a very cold day, she was afraid of running the risk of entering the court without it. At that instant La Marguerite, very much heated her gown slipped down behind, and the bow of her bonnet hanging by one pin appeared, and running hastily to her seat made signs to her counsellor following her to take his place; a youth of gay appearance ready to laugh every moment and dressed in the height of the fashion.

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One of the witnesses was a fat and squably[sic] figure, his features settled into an unvaried and monotonous expression.

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A. Decorum. The defendant has long borne a settled hatred to me and being instigated by that very respectable Lady, I made a search for missed pocket handkerchiefs. This, I found beneath the marble bust in the Timean palace. This under the dinner table and this inside a china vase.

The handkerchiefs were handed to each counsellor.

Mess.^{rs} Etiquette & Cleanliness the two other witnesses made signs of distressing horror but nothing could prevail upon them to speak.

La Marguerite's counsellor now begged to be heard. He declared that the pieces of drapery were not pocket handfs. They were drawing dabbers[?] or seppia[sic] cloths, and he could bring witnesses to prove that his client had not a single real pockethandkerchief. He then declared that those very worthy & respectable persons (ironically) were the enemies of genius, the enemies of happiness, of enthusiasm of liberty, of taste. They depressed exertion and shackled freedom & were really and literally rank despots. He hurried on with much eloquence, and much out of breath till the Judge requested him to be seated.

Teresa Tidy unmoved was eradicating a greasespot from her gown, and at the close of his speech declared that there were

innumerable - other charges to
bring against La Marguerite, but
as the trial grew dull, we shall
hasten to more amusing subjects

Poetry

To fine young ladies at Mr Hill's
with an instrument for assisting the
eye in sketching landscape - &c.

With my pencil straight & tapering
Thus I trace your Albums paper
But the fault I must declare
Does not mine, but yours be fair
Sisters fine in cheerful mood
All at once before me stood
Claiming from me something neat
To deck their Album's second sheet
Jokes, charades, conundrums, histories
Anecdotes, surprizing mysteries
"Something of your own inditing"
"Something in your own hand writing"
"Colour, pencil, sketch, stick, trace"
"Figure beast, bird, landscape, face"
"Scribble straitway something new"
"That laughing we may read or view"
"But compliments we beg & pray"
"They may be banished far away"
"For sisters fine, we wish can flow"
"Somewhere it must exist, you know"
"And from my brain are I begin"
"To bring it out - it must be in"
"It's known to father and to daughter"
"An empty well can yield no water"
And equally it were in vain
That I should pump an empty brain

But I have sent for your amusement
Many sisters fine, this for your use me
And sure you'll not the effort blame
A new contrived perspective frame
By which in right position placed
Each object may with ease be traced
You'll measure right in just degree
Castles & rocks and hills and trees
In magnitude - and due proportion
From error free and wild distortion
You'll place your horses, sheep, & cows
Just as they stand, or lie, or browse
Ere this strange animal a man
In all his outline when you view him
In strict proportion you may see him
But don't imagine you'll see this in

R D

Our extensive connections and the
diligence and penetration of our
agents have enabled us to gratify
our readers with a sight of the
morceau which has lately excited
a distinguished Album in Paris
We know not which to admire most
the musical versification, the
fascinating imagery, the delicate
turn of compliment in the more
disclaiming the intention of com-
plimenting, or the wit that lurks
forth while the profession of wit is
disavowed in a manner which
shews that the author's only
ciently is to restrain not to exert
her fancy - These brilliant effu-
sions are not expected to appear

innumerable other charges to bring against La Marguerite, but as the trial grew dull, we shall hasten to more amusing subjects.

JG

Poetry

To five young ladies at W. Hill with an instrument for assisting the eye in sketching landscape.

With my pencil straight & taper
Thus I mar your Album's paper
But the fault I must declare
Was not mine, but yours ye fair
Sisters five in chearful mood
All at once before me stood
Claiming from me something meet
To deck their Album's second sheet
Jokes, charades, conundrums, hist'ries
Anecdotes, surprizing myst'ries
"Something of your own inditing"
"Something in your own handwriting"
"Colour, pencil, sketch, etch, trace"
"Figure, beast, bird, landscape, face"
"Scribble strait way something new"
"That laughing we may read or view"
"But compliments we beg & pray"
"They may be banished far away"
"But sisters five, ere wit can flow"
"Somewhere it must exist, you know"
"And from my brain ere I begin"
"To bring it out -- it must be in
Tis known to father & to daughter
An empty well can yield no water
And equally it were in vain
That I should pump an empty brain
But I have sent for your amusement
(Nay sisters five 'tis for your use meant
And sure you'll not the effort blame
A new contrived perspective frame
By which in right position placed
Each object may with ease be traced
You'll measure right in just degrees
Castles & rocks and hills and trees,
In magnitude and due proportion,
From error free and wild distortion
You'll place your houses, sheep & cows
Just as they stand, or lie or browse
E'en this strange animal a man
In all his outline when you view him
In strict proportion you may scan
But don't imagine you'll see thro' him
RD[1]

Our extensive connections and the diligence and penetration of our agents have enabled us to gratify our readers with a sight of this morceau which has lately enriched a distinguished Album in Sussex. We know not which to admire more the musical versification, the fascinating imagery, the delicate turn of compliment in the manner of disclaiming the intention of complimenting, or the wit that bursts forth while the possession of wit is disavowed in a manner which shows that the author's only [??] is to restrain not to exert his fancy. These brilliant poetic meteors are not expected to appear

[1] *RD is Richard Davenport, the brother of Madame Mere. Richard was living at Darwell Bank, and makes a number of appearances in this Chronicle. This is his first contribution to the Chronicle. J.S.*

and happy are we in the opportunity of sending this in our imperishable columns, and thus facing the covenant pleasure they afford —

Mirror of Fashion

Lord Dacre and Lady Mary Howard are shortly to be united at the Hymeneal altar — It is reported that Lady Mary has never omitted sleeping on a small pillow of consecrated bride cake for the last 12 years

Everything is prepared for the wedding and nothing is wanting but sufficient money to purchase a dinner and breakfast after they are united —

Do Lady Catherine Elliott and the Lord Douglas

Do Miss Archer & Lord Henry Chaloner

The nuptials of these celebrated personages are to be solemnized the same day — the three heroines dressed in white with colored garlands are to dance a trio and then sing an ode to Hymen in Chorus — the burden being —

"O hapless those in servitude
Who never married, sought it, or would
Seek other Peoples meat & fishes
Wash other peoples plates & dishes
Dusting, scrubbing, and aspiring
Face grown old, and years declining,
Old & withered, vainly glance ye
At the husbands that ye fancy!"

After a magnificent dinner given by Lady C Elliott, the festivities are to close by a Latin oration spoken by Lord Douglas

Lady Lucy Legg is arrived at court to prepare for the Xmas festivities — People say that she will not be received there but her Ladyship persists in coming with one leg entirely bare, or not being introduced at all

The family of Mlle. Rice of old Roman Catholic extraction are also to be introduced shortly and they are spoken of as having prepared very rich dresses for the occasion —

A dreadful massacre took place a few days ago of the Duck and Turkey families — A French emigre, the Lord Bonnevant is much suspected —

and happy are we in the opportunity of recording this in our imperishable columns, and thus fixing the evanescent pleasure they afford.

Mirror of Fashion

Lord Spear and Lady Mary Spittle[1] are shortly to be united at the Hymeneal altar. It is reported that Lady Mary has never omitted sleeping on a small pillow of consecrated bride cake for the last 12 years. Everything is prepared for the wedding and nothing is wanting but sufficient money to purchase a dinner and breakfast after they are united.

Do. Lady Catherine Elliott and the Lord Douglas.

Do. Miss Croker & Lord Henry Chaleur[?].

The nuptials of these celebrated personages are to be solemnized the same day. The three heroines dressed in white with colored garlands are to dance a trio and then sing an Ode to Hymen in Chorus, the burden being

O hapless elves in servitude
Who never married, sought or wooed
Cook other people's meal & fishes
Wash other people's plates & dishes
Dusting, scrubbing, and repining
Face grown old, and years declining
Old & withered, vainly glance ye
At the husbands that ye fancy!

After a magnificent dinner given by Lady C. Elliott, the festivities are to close by a Latin oration spoken by Lord Douglas.

Lady Lucy Legg is arrived at court to prepare for the Xmas festivities. People say that she will not be received there but her ladyship persists in coming with one leg entirely bare, or not being introduced at all. The family of Mince Pies of old Roman Catholic extraction are also to be introduced shortly and they are spoken of as having prepared very rich dresses for the occasion.

A dreadful massacre took place a few days ago of the Duck and Turkey families. A French emigré, the Lord Bonvivant is much suspected.

JG

[1] *Both Graham servants. Spear makes a number of appearances (particularly as the cliff lookout in Eastbourne), while Mary Spittle, aka the State Fool, is renowned for her fight with Catherine Elliott, who appears here also as about to get married. J.S.*

Letter from an Ensigncito

After having so long professed the friendship and favor of the Pinnean family, I cannot give it up to a rival professing the charms of novelty and the deceits of promising expectation without a sigh. I am now grown old and withered and my past charms will soon scarcely be remembered — Yet let me say that the morning of my life was uncommonly brilliant and gay — No one bathed more resplendent in the summer of their days, and I think the family of Pinna will allow that I have not been deficient in civility when I became a Jacket, and my predecessors have so often allowed themselves to grow heavy and stupid — Yet shall I be regretted I know not — Your new faultless will soon be industriously pointed out, my recommendations forgotten every body will give you credit for promised good qualities, while heavy misdemeanours will be laid to my charge — At all events I have done my best. My business was to improve the Pinnean circle and I trust that I also have a comfort that I never let a day go without changing my dress to suit to the flight of time —

I have arrayed myself at night in the brightest vestments and have never frowned or shut my but for their good —

At least I have been the companion of their youth and whenever you or your successors use them ill and expose them with disapprobation — I do not that they will in some future time shed a tear to the memory of

Their faithful friend

1818

In the Press

A collection of the Sayings, bon mots &c of the year 1818 with strictures on the manners of that time by Crab Quick Esq

Do

Tears to the memory of Youth and beauty — or the flight of Time by the Abbess de Clugny —

Do

The whole controversy between Dr Pearce and Barrow. bound & lettered — Motto —

"To each object!" — By their titles

Letter from an Incognito

After having so long possessed the friendship and favor of the Timean family, I cannot give it up to a rival possessing the charms of novelty and the deceits of promising expectation without a sigh. I am now grown old and withered and my past charms will soon scarcely be remembered. Yet let me say that the morning of my life was uncommonly brilliant and gay. No one looked more resplendent in the summer of their days, and I think the family of Timea will allow that I have not been deficient in vivacity when I became faded, and my predecessors have so often allowed themselves to grow heavy and stupid. Yet shall I be regretted? I know not. I fear my faults will soon be industriously picked out, my recommendations forgotten. Every body will give you credit for promised good qualities, while heavy misdemeanours will be laid to my charge. At all events I have done my best. My business was to improve the Timean circle and I trust that I also have amused them. I never let a day go without changing my dress to note to them the flight of time.

I have arrayed myself at night in the brightest vestments and have never frowned or shed tears but for their good.

At least I have been the companion of their youth and whenever you or your successors use them hardly and cross them with disappointments I doubt not that they will in some future time shed a tear to the memory of

Their faithful friend

1818

In the Press

A collection of the Slaing, bon mots &c of the year 1818 with strictures on the manners of that time by [??] Acid Esq^{re}.

Do

Tears to the memory of youth and beauty ~ or the flight of [??] by the Abbess de Clugny.

Do

The whole controversy between D.^{rs} Vance and Pearson, bound and lettered. Motto. "To eat, digest!. Ay there's the rub".

Poetry again! or Christmas
Pantomimical dramatical
nonsensical poem —

Scene — A large hall with a fire
Christmas cries with a wreath &
conjures the Duncan family round
him —

Christmas speaks —

Ye shivering mortals! who have long
With fetal rites, & dance & song
Unspirited my season drear,
And welcomed in the coming year
Advance, and at your King's desire
Assemble round the Xmas fire
Each favorite story to repeat
Which long has formed the Xmas treat
This holly crown with berries red
Shall decorate that mortals head
Whose story is the best & prolix
And most the listening ear shall fix
Shall best beguile that awful hour
When roads are heavy, tempests lour
Then fish & soufflé cakes digesting
Each guest in awful silence rests
Wait for the mystic laurel leaf
& wine glass placed to give relief
Advance then & assert your claim
Each candidate advance by name

Mr. Mac Shane!

I'm proud to say I bear the belle
From all the rest, for I can tell
The famous story of the tail
Which never yet was known to fail!"

Theodore rushes forward

The story of the tail! for shame!
Boaster that the Joint the best
Of the heroine Pepys & Theodore the fame
Remembered from the days of yore
To set the table in a roar!

The Chancellor!

You gain the crown! you have no right
To wear it! Don't I tell of Sleight
Who made us with his lines of chalk
So tight that we could scarcely walk
And recommended trowsers cut by Lyons
While the proprietors, Pragnell & Lyons

I ——!

What rapid wit! what ventured stuff!
Nonsense like this we have enough,
Every one knows that I engage
Society that's reckoned sage,
In interesting disquisitions,
On stomach cases & physicians;
I have no forkish, frothy, tales
Stale & something that avails
Of soda, and alkali

Poetry again! or Christmas
A pantomimical dramatical
nonsensics poem

Scene. A large hall with a fire. Christmas rises with a wand & conjures the Timean family round him.

Christmas speaks

Ye shivering mortals! Who have long
with festal rites, of dance & song
Inspirited my season drear
And welcom'd in the coming year
Advance, and at your King's desire
Assemble round the Xmas fire
Each favorite story to repeat
Which long has form'd the Xmas treat
This holly crown with berries red
Shall decorate that mortals head
Whose story is the least prolix
and most the listening ear shall fix
Shall best beguile that awful hour
When roads are heavy, tempests low'r
When fish & soup & cakes digesting
Each guest in awful silence resting
Wait for the mystic laurel leaf
In wine glass placed to give relief
Advance then & assert your claim
Each candidate advance by name.

M.^{me} Mere

"I'm proud to say I bear the belle
From all the rest, for I can tell
The famous story of the trail
Which never yet was known to fail!"

Theodore rushes forward

The story of the trail! For shame!
Boasts that the faint[?] the wit the fame
of the heroic Pepys & Theodore
Remembered from the days of yore
To set the table in a roar!

The Chancellor!

You gain the crown? You have no right
To wear it! Don't I tell of Sleight
Who made us with his lines of chalk
So tight that we could scarcely walk
And recommended trowsers cross legged
While the poor victims prayed & begged.

Exxxxx!

What vapid wit! What wretched stuff.
Nonsense like this we have enough,
Every one knows that I engage
Society that's reckoned sage,
In interesting disquisitions,
On stomach cases & physicians
I have no foolish, frothy, tales
I talk of something that avails
of soda, acid, alkali

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A poison'd feast & dishes high
And spread the warning that I get
From Envy, Poverty, and Pain
Christmas and Patience
to Mr Gib — n
I'm quite enough, perhaps Sir! you
at least can give me something
new
Mr G — n
Pray don't go off in such a passion
My Fancy Legs in highest fashion
Abbey advancing
For more renowned than other folk
I am myself a standing joke
And those who haint a grain of fun
Much applaud laughter & applause
have won
By preaching that threadbare tale
about the Abbey — flat & stale
Christmas
La Marguerite! I hear not hears
(There's such a noise) you speak a
word
La Marguerite
May't please your Majesty but one
There which boasts of fun
About L — y D — n a young folk
Who sat for hours & never spoke
While Mrs B — y bent her ear
To waken in us friends hip's flame

Voices now scream to be heard
The scene grows tumultuous &
Christmas vanishes, exclaiming
All seize the crown! away I fly
From such a scene of anarchy.
The curtain drops.
A.M.G

---

also at 8 mas will be performed
The Taming of the Shrew
Catharine by Lady C. Elliott
Petruchio — Lord Douglas
&c &c —
with real plates and dishes and
real legs of mutton, followed by
the Pantomime of
Harlequin Album
or
The Mad Poets

Circular Letter

This is to give notice that on
New Years Day a grand dinner
will be given at the Literary
Chronicle Office in honour of Pitt
after healths being drank with
prosperity a Committee will be
formed to consider whether he
is on the wane — —
In the Chair & Cold & Hot Waters Esq^re
N.B. Plates to be had at the door
for which —

Of poison'd food & dishes high
And spread the learning that I get
From Vxxxx, Pxxxxxx and Pxxx.[1]

Christmas out of patience
to Mr. Gib--n

I'm quite ennuyé, perhaps Sir! you
At least can give me something new.

Mr G--n

Pray don't go off in such a passion
My Lucy Legg's in highest fashion

Abbess advancing

Far more renowned than other folk
I am myself a standing joke
And those who ha'nt a grain of fun
Much laughter and applause have won
By echoing that threadbare tale
About the Abbess -- flat & stale!

Christmas

La Marguerite! I have not heard
(There's such a noise) you speak a word

La Marguerite

May't please your Majesty but one
I have which boasts of fun
Bout L--y T--n a young folk
Who sat for hours, & never spoke
While Mrs. B--y bent her aim
To waken in us friendship's flame

Voices now scream to be heard the scene grows tumultuous & Christmas vanishes, exclaiming

All seize the crown! away I fly
From such a scene of anarchy!

The curtain drops

AMG

Also at Xmas will be performed

The Taming of the Shrew[2]

Catharine by Lady C. Elliott
Petruchio ~ Lord Douglas
&c &c

With real plates and dishes and real legs of mutton, followed by the Pantomime of

Harlequin Album
or
The Mad Poets

Circular Letter

This is to give notice that on New Years Day a grand dinner will be given at the Family Chronicle Office in honour of it. After health being drunk to its prosperity a Committee will be formed to consider whether it is on the wane.

In the Chair { Cold / Hot Water } Esq^{rs}.

N.B. Plates to he held at the door for Wit.

[2] *Ouch. Remember, they just got married. J.S.*

XLII

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Diis penatibus eorum

Chatham Dec^r 19^th 1818

This week has been enlivened by the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Darnell with an imperial on the top of their carriage containing communications for the Family Chronicle and we hope the press will soon smile under the weight of them — Hitherto we are sorry to remark the Editor's box has remained completely empty — no longer a throng of papers meet the Editor's eye, when he turns the key on Saturday Morning and the "light only serves to make darkness visible" — But to return to the arrival of the Duke and Duchess on their carriage entering the square the Dimean minstrels sang an ode to their honour — Lady Shirley soon retired and had a private meeting with her beloved protégé Signora Sprite — The meeting was extremely affecting we hear.

Monday

Lady Eachina Shuttonandelle came to the Dimean palace to dine and sleep — the interesting school-demoiselle Anna Cayley joined the party also.

Tuesday

The Duke and Duchess arrived all minor murmures were overpowered in the blaze of this grand event.

Wednesday

A grand dinner party took place The Duke and Duchess of Rhanelagh and Lady Hinderley Sir James St Helens &c dined at the palace. The party went off with great harmony, and we imagine this must be the case, as after each guest was carried away, the Dimeans had spirits enough left to dance waltz sing and roar in chorus till the Duchess of Darnell warned the party of the evil effects of late hours.

Thursday

We are afraid we must insert the letters N.B.

Friday

M^rs Mere the Duke and Duchess of Darnell and Sylvia (who was obliged to throw off her wooden bagues and tee on the elastic dancing shoes) dined with Sir Henry and Lady Weymouth.

Saturday

The abbess was all day preparing superb fancy colored canonicals to appear in next day at Mass, and refused to take cream or exercise we understand — that the Lady Abbess has already purchased absolution

XLII

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham Dec^{r} 19th 1818

This week has been enlivened by the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Darwell with an imperial on the top of their carriage containing communications for the Family Chronicle and we hope the press will soon smile under the weight of them. Hitherto we are sorry to remark the Editor's box has remained completely empty. No longer a throng of papers meet the Editor's eye, when he turns the key on Saturday Morning and the "light only serves to make darkness visible". But to return to the arrival of the Duke and Duchess on their carriage entering the sweep the Timean minstrels sang an ode to their honour. Lady Stukely soon retired and had a private meeting with her beloved protégé Signora Sprite[1]. The meeting was extremely affecting we hear.

Monday

Lady Evelina Hullmandel came to the Timean palace to dine and sleep. The interesting school demoiselle Anna Cayley joined the party also.

Tuesday

The Duke and Duchess arrived. All minor occurrences were overpowered in the blaze of this grand event.

Wednesday

A grand dinner party took place. The Duke and Duchess of N. Lane Lord and Lady Kinderlay Sir James St. Helens &c dined at the palace. The party went off with great harmony, and we imagine this must be the case, as after each guest was curtsied away, the Timeans had spirits enough left to dance walz sing and roar in chorus till the Duchess of Darwell warned the party of the evil effects of late hours.

Thursday

We are afraid we must insert the letters N.P.

Friday

M^{me} Mere the Duke and Duchess of Darwell and Sylvia (who was obliged to throw off her wooden brogues and tie on the elastic dancing shoe) dined with Sir Henry and Lady Waymouth.

Saturday

The Abbess was all day preparing superb puce-coloured canonicals to appear in next day at Mass and refused to take meals or exercise. We understand that the Lady Abbess has already purchased absolution

[1] *Sprite was the puppy that was sent from Darwell Bank to be a pet in Clapham. Correspondence between Sprite and her brother Elfin appears in the Chronicle. J.S.*

for the making of Christmas pies she intends to eat this winter and she has obtained a bull from the Pope allowing her to dance quadrilles on which there is a fine crisis —

Correspondence

Mrs Editor

Owing to the bustle which prevailed on Tuesday last during the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Darnell's Bands you perhaps had not an opportunity of distinguishing the words of the ode or hymn sung on that memorable occasion & I therefore trouble you with a copy which I have procured from the poet laureat himself and you may insert it or not as you think proper —

Hymn

1

Sound the trumpets, beat the drum
Hail to the wished for joint who come
May happiness attend their car
And safe conduct them from afar.

Chorus

Sing men and maidens as ye go
Rejoice at rich Darnell's Banks, heroes!

2

Damsels quit your wintry bowers,
Strew their paths with autumn flowers
Scatter the fragrant violet
And the still blooming mignionette

Chorus

Sing &c . .

3

Youths quit your martial sports and toils
Bring hither all your richest spoils
Pheasant, partridge, grouse and hare
With one loud chorus rend the air.

Chorus

Sing men and maidens &c .

4

Women old and women young!
Nuns of the order of St Clagny!
Join the general mirth and glee
And chant a benedicite!

Chorus

Sing &c —

5

See they come in grand array
Behold the hero crowned with bay
Clothed in a lion's ample hide
Of Darnell's forest late the pride

Chorus

Sing &c .

6

Beside him sits his consort fair
Inflowing tresses and golden hair
Now the glad threshold they approach
And light from their triumphal car

Chorus

Sing &c —

7

Hail stars of Darnell! may your fire
Inspire our Christmas dances & song
Save us ill hap can us befall
While you enchant our festive hall

Chorus

Sing queen and maidens as ye go
Rejoice at rich Darnell Banks heroes

Fg

for the number of Christmas pies she intends to eat this winter and she has obtained a bull from the Pope allowing her to dance quadrilles in which there is chassieneroisie[?].

Correspondence

Mrs. Editor

Owing to the bustle which prevailed on Tuesday last during the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Darwell Bank you perhaps had not an opportunity of distinguishing the words of the ode or hymn sung on that memorable occasion & I therefore trouble you with a copy which I have procured from the poet laureate himself and you may insert it or not as you think proper.

Hymn

1

Sound the trumpets, beat the drum
Hail to the wish'd for pair who come
May happiness attend their car
And safe conduct them from afar.

Chorus

Sing men and Maidens as ye go
Dav'nport rich Darwell Bank, ho [??]!

2

Damsels quit your wintry bow'rs
Strew their path with autumn flow'rs
Scatter the fragrant violet,
And the still blooming mignionette

Chorus

Sing &c

3

Youths quit your martial sports and toils
Bring hither all your riches & spoils
Pheasant, partridge, grouse and hare,
With one loud chorus rend the air.

Chorus

Sing men and maidens &c

4

Women old and women puny!
Nuns of the order of St. Clugny!
Join the general mirth and glee
And chant a benedicite!

Chorus

Sing &c

5

See they come in grand array!
Behold the hero crowned with bay
Clothed in a lion's ample hide
of Darwel's[sic] forest late the pride

Chorus

Sing &c

6

Beside him sits his consort fair
In flowing robes and golden hair
Now the glad threshold they approach
And light from their triumphal coach

Chorus

Sing &c

7

Hail stars of Darwell! May ye long
Inspire our Christmas dance & song
Sure no ill hap can us befall
While you enchant our festive hall.

Chorus

Sing men and Maidens as ye go
Dav'nport rich Darwell Bank, ho [??]!

JG

To the Editor of the Family Chronicle

Sir I must take the liberty to express my surprize at your admission of a ridiculously extravagant puff that appeared in your paper of last week — I say admission, for though it purports to be written in the person of the editor, I have very little doubt of its having been written by the Sussex Poet himself. It will be for his advantage to be informed that altho' his verses might be very admissible as the long laboured impromptus of a young Sussex farmer, applause of such a nature tends only to awaken criticism and ridicule.

"Musical versification"! exemplified I suppose in the lines "figure, beast, bird, landscape, face" — it would be foolish to suppose him to know the meaning of the words "trochee or iambic" but perhaps he may know what is the meaning of a short syllable, and let his musical ear dwell upon the beauty of the word "beast" in a short syllable. — If that will not satisfy him let him dwell a little on the sweetly musical syllables "sketch stch" "Colour, sketch, stch pencil trace" — I should think the hardiest readers teeth may be jarred by the experiment if he will try to utter fast and repeatedly the words — "stch sketch, sketch stch sketch stch sketch sketch," in the same time that he might the words —

"Pretty Robin ever play" —

other musical beauties I leave your readers to look for — Now for the "wit" which "bursts forth," and the delicacy of paying and disclaiming compliments" The latter probably consists in calling the ladies "fine sisters," three times in the same page; but I give him credit for some cunning, in that when from utter poverty of imagination, he was unable to say any thing complimentary to fine fine young women he snatches up a command to refrain, like a man who afraid to fight, gets a warrant issued for keeping the peace The poor Hudibrastic rhyme has not even the merit of originality — see Horace's song in the farce "No song, no supper;" —

"Nor women for no use were meant
But merely man's amusement"?

But now for the climax of wit — "Don't imagine you'll see thro' him" — Admirable! I suppose in addition to the pun, he would fain shew a little knowledge of the learned language that per, signifies thro and perspicio is to look through and perspective is from perspicio — I commend his learning highly, but let your puff, or rather puffing poet be informed that a pun is the very lowest species of wit at best — it is a misuse and perversion of words, a perversion sometimes applied to things as when the

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"Musical versification"!

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"Colour, sketch, etch pencil trace". I should think the hardiest readers teeth may be jarred by the experiment if he will try to utter fast and repeatedly the words "etch sketch, sketch etch, sketch etch sketch", in the same time that he might the words

"Pretty Robin ever play"

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fool in a pantomime, takes up a man by the heels and sweeps the floor with his head — a punishment (I suppose your poets would write Jove-ish — meant) peculiarly appropriate for those miscreants or perverters of words called Punsters.

Your humble servant
Vindex
KD

Mrs Editor If you can for once admit a home spun, dry bread contribution to your elegant pic nic repast, let me offer to your contemplation the assertion of Mrs Barbauld, that things should be called by their right names — a friend of mine who had just been to her sister's wedding, remarked that a funeral would have been a much better thing, because she might have cried as much as she pleased, Her sister was to be banished from her society and what is Death but absence? When your friend is going a journey and tells you I shall see you in 6 months or I shall see you in 3 months might he not with propriety say, I am going to die for 3 months? The thought of his resurrection supports you, for the trial of absence would be nothing, if you were sure you should meet again — "Aye! there's the rub" — If we may be allowed to form any conjecture on the language of Heaven it is to be supposed that the word "Farewell" has no place in it, for we are strangers and pilgrims on the face of the earth, there only can we call ourselves at home. Let us then if possible rest the desert in the same caravan, rest on the same bank, drink of the same brook, repose under the same tent, and shut off this bitter word till the lips open to clasp for ever — Yours — Penserosa

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Song with which the Pinxman spare a damsel of their clan for a party —

Sally forth devoted maiden
With small table and chit chat laden
Talk and fill each awful pause
Admire each ladies figure gauze
Have a laugh at your command
Whenever jokes applause demand
Wonder if 'tis true or not
The Scottish tales were writ by Scott
Say Lord Byron is sublime,
And hope he'll be reformed in time
As you slowly sip the tea
With your glove upon your knee
Never drop the ball of conversation
Enquire after each relation —
Always be a good trustee
Nor let the highways heavy be
Never let your drooping spirits fail
Till going you find on your tail
Then your heavy chaise sees
Fall asleep and speak no more
AMS

Dinner given by the Society for the promotion of Health on Tuesday last —

A grand dinner was given here week by the society for the promotion of health. The first apothecaries in town were employed in the cooking and the whole was the most magnificent and elegant repast we have witnessed for some time — The dining room, her houses, dumb bells &c were placed around the room for the guests to use between each dish — The intervals were employed by a person called

fool in a pantomime takes up a man by the heels and sweeps the floor with his head ~ a punishment (I suppose your poet would write pun-ishment) peculiarly appropriate for these misusers or perverters of words called Punsters.

Your humble servant

Vindex

RD

Mr. Editor

If you can for once admit a home spun, dry bread contribution to your elegant pic nic repast, let me offer to your contemplation the assertion of Mrs. Barbauld that "things should be called by their right names". A friend of mine who had just been to her sister's wedding remarked that a funeral would have been a much better thing because she might have cried as much as she pleased. Her sister was to be banished from her society and what is Death but absence? When your friend is going a journey and tells you I shall see you in 6 months or I shall see you in 3 months, might he not with propriety say "I am going to die for 3 months?". The thought of his resurrection supports you, for the trial of absence would be nothing, if you were sure you should meet again. "Aye! There's the rub." If we may be allowed to form any conjecture on the language of Heaven it is to be supposed that the word "Farewell" has no place in it for we are strangers and pilgrims on the face of the earth, there only can we call ourselves at home. Let us then if possible cross the desert in the same caravan, rest on the same bank, drink of the same brook, repose under the same tent and put off this bitter word till the lips open to close for ever.

Yours ~ Pensirosa

Song with which the Timeans prepare a damsel of their clan for a fine party

Sally forth devoted maiden
With small talk and chitchat laden
Talk and fill each awful pause
Admire each ladies figured gauze
Have a laugh at your command
Whenever jokes applause demand
Wonder if 'tis true or not
The Scottish tales were writ by Scott
Say Lord Byron is sublime
And hope he'll be reformed in time
As you slowly sip the tea
With your glove upon your knee
Ne'er drop the ball of conversation
Enquire after each relation
Always be a good trustee
Nor let the highways heavy be
Ne'er let your drooping spirits fall
Till going you put on your shawl
Then your heavy duty o'er
Fall asleep and speak no more

AMG

Dinner given by the Society for the promotion of Health on Thursday last

A grand dinner was given last week by the society for the promotion of health. The best apothecaries in town were employed in the cooking and the whole was the most unique and elegant repast we have anticipated for some time. Skipping ropes, [??] horses, dumb bells &c were placed round the room for the guests to use between each dish. The victuals were weighed by a person attending.

No acids and no sweets were allowed — The first course consisted of mutton, the second of rice — Carbonate of soda, magnesia &c were handed about in small glasses as condiments — Salt was superseded by salts — A band played during the whole of dinner — on the entrance of Dr Penn it struck up the following air.

Triumphant King of Lungs, all hail
King of the smoking water pail
Ye drums strike land, ye harps ring loud
We hail thee King of James's powder.

2
King of Flannel, King of heat,
King of water for the feet,
Still prosper and give chyatalis
To whoever thin and pale is.

3
Till in nightly dreams appear
And the slumbering patient cheer
Frantically glad we are
To hail thee Medicine's brightest star

When Mr Penn entered the following air was sung

"Hail to thee [illegible] grace and placid
Friend to soda, foe to acid;
With thy phrases never ending,
As thy patient thou art tending
Literature & physic blending
[illegible] we will hail thee still,"
Valiant Knight & the blue pill —

Dr [illegible] partizans had boxes full of hot water under their feet. Mr [illegible] of cold —

After dinner much festivity commenced, and the hot water circulated briskly

The following toasts were given —
"Our worthy invalid company and all stomachs present" 3 times 3 —
Dr Penn and success to hot water 3 times 3 —
Dr Penn rose and made an appropriate speech — "He congratulated himself that after weathering the storms of calumny, he was safely anchored in the haven of popular applause."
Mr [illegible] and success to the blue pill 3 times 3 —
Mr [illegible] rose and said "That the applause of his friends was a tonic and invigorated his system, he hoped he should never steel himself against the opinion of those he honoured."
Our shorthand writer could not keep up with the hon^ble gentleman, or we should have given more of his speech to our readers. The abbess proposed the health of Lucia and success to the skipping rope — She was then jumping but came forward to thank the company — This toast was drunk with great applause. It was succeeded by the health of the lady abbess and her revered aunt. After dinner the prize medals were given by the President —
To Lavinia a silver medal for her discovery of the efficacious use of honey
To Dr Penn a gold medal for an essay on the properties of hot water.
To Mr [illegible] a gold medal for his work on the abolition of the sugar cane
To Mr Lucas a superbly worked gold

No acids and no sweets were allowed. The first course consisted of mutton, the second of rice. Carbonate of soda, magnesia &c were handed about in small glasses as Constantia[?]. Salt was superseded by [??]. A band played during the whole of dinner. On the entrance of Dr. Pxxx[1] it struck up the following air.

1

Triumphant King of Lungs, all hail!
King of the smoking water pail
Ye drums strike loud, ye harps sing louder
All hail thee King of James's powder.

2

King of Flannel, King of heat,
King of water for the feet,
Still prosper and give digitalis
To whoever thin and pale is.

3

Still in nightly dreams appear
And the slumbering patient cheer
Radically glad we are
To hail thee Medicine's brightest star.

When Mr. Pxxxxxx entered the following air was sung.

Hail to thee Pxxx grave and placid!
Friend to soda, foe to acid
With thy phrases never ending
As thy patient thou art tending
Literature and physic blending
Pxxx we will hail thee still
Valiant Knight of the blue pill.

Dr. Pxxx partizans had boxes full of hot water under their feet, Mr. Pxxxx of cold.

After dinner much festivity commenced, and the hot water circulated briskly. The following toasts were given."Our worthy invalid company and all stomachs present" 3 times 3. Dr. Pxxx and success to hot water 3 times 3.

Dr. Pxxx rose and made an appropriate speech. "He congratulated himself that after weathering the storms of calumny, he was safely anchored in the haven of popular applause". Mr. Pxxx and success to the blue pill 3 times 3.

Mr. Pxx rose and said "That the applause of his friends was a tonic and invigorated his system, he hoped he should never steel himself against the opinion of those he honoured". Our shorthand writer could not keep up with the hon^{ble} gentleman or we should have given more of his speech to our readers. The Abbess proposed the health of Emilia and success to the skipping rope. She was then jumping but came forward to thank the company. This toast was drunk with great applause. It was succeeded by the health of the Lady Abbess and her revered arm. After dinner the prize medals were given by the President.

To Emilia a silver medal for her discovery of the efficaciousness of honey.

To Dr. Pxxx a gold medal for an essay on the properties of hot water.

To Mr. Pxxx a gold medal for his work on the abolition of the sugar cake.

To Mr. Vxxx a superbly worked gold

[1] *Again, our old friends the medical men Pett and Pearson, with Vance coming in at the end with a prize. I think that Pearson was Mr. Pxxxxxx, while Pett was Dr. Pxxx. J.S.*

arm for his astonishing cure of the
lady abbess.
To Madame Hare for her illustrious
example in the abstaining from meat
an elegantly wrought beef tea cup.
To the Chancellor for the invention of
Patent Stomach, a silver medal.
To the lady abbess for her new discovery
that every kind of eatable is unwholesome,
some, a gold medal
The assembly broke up at a late hour.

A M G

Answer from Lord L — a to
Lady Sp — te —

You will hardly conceive with what joy and delight
I welcomed your letter from Clapham —
It has cured all my fears, all my visions dear Sprite
and fancies
such as seldom or dog, cat, or woman, or man
sees
But of these things and more at any leisure
I'll tell
Now I know that my sister is happy & well
Glad you seen how I searched when so distressed
How in kitchen in parlour in coal hole I She caught you
How I hunted & rummaged in every known sought you
How I sniffed all about your dear footsteps place
How I trembled when Pinkey & Molly & Mary
looking mournful at me and over clear Mamma Dairy
cried in accents pathetic, tears falling between
Poor Sprite's far away, and her best days has seen
But we got some cold scraps & the bones of a fowl
Then I pull'd Mamma's ears with ironside growl.

And to drive away sorrow, instead of working & sleeping
We tried the effects, first of romping & sleeping
But Thomas is going, has got to the gate
It's near 7 o'clock and the postman is very late
Then adieu for this time — let them have
my love of you
And the rest I'll defer for the following week
Take the love of Tom cat and of Trip and
your mother
And Elfin is Sprite's most affectionate
brother. —

LD

The Truican Estate

This fine property (which gives the
title to the illustrious family and
was formerly cultivated by them
with their own hands) is re-
lamented to say still in dispute,
the neighbouring laird claiming it
as his property, tho Madame Hare
is ready to give up her rights to
an adjacent manor in lieu thereof.
The Truican territory is a parallelogram
300 feet in length and nearly 200
breadth, and the manor in question
cannot be less than 25 feet any in
the widest part. It is said the
matter will be thrown into Chancery
but then the difficulty arises, how
can the Chancellor decide when
he is a party interested.

(Printed at the Clapham Press)

arm for his astonishing cure of the Lady Abbess.

To Madame Mere for her illustrious example in the abstaining from meat an elegantly wrought beef tea cup.

To the Chancellor for the invention of Patent Stomach, a silver medal.

To the Lady Abbess for her new discovery that every kind of eatable is [??] same, a gold medal.

The assembly broke up at a late hour.

AMG

Answer from Lord E–e to Lady Sp–te

You will hardly conceive with what joy and delight
I welcomed your letter from Clapham dear Sprite
It has cur'd all my fears, all my visions and fancies
Such as seldom a dog, cat, or woman, or man sees
But of these things and more at my leisure I'll tell
Now I know that my sister is happy & well
Had you seen how I search'd where so often I've
caught you
How in kitchen in parlour in coal hole I sought you
How I hunted & rummag'd in every known place
How I sniffed all about your dear footsteps to trace
How I trembled when Stukely & Molly & Mary
Looking mournful at me and our dear
Mamma Fairy
Cried in accents pathetic, tears falling between
"Poor Sprite's far away, and her best days has seen"
But we got some cold scraps & the bones of a fowl
Then I pull'd Mamma's ears with ironical growl
And to drive away sorrow; 'stead of
wailing & weeping
We tried the effects, first of romping then sleeping
But Thomas is going, has got to the gate
It's near 7 o'clock and the postman won't wait
Then Adieu for this time -- let these lines
my love speak
And the rest I'll defer for the following week
Take the love of Tom cat and of Trip and
your mother
And Elfie is Sprite's most affectionate brother.

RD

The Timean Estate

This fine property (which gives the title to the illustrious family and was formerly cultivated by them with their own hands) is we lament to say still in dispute, the neighbouring Laird claiming it as his property, tho Madame Mere is ready to give up her rights over an adjacent manor in lieu thereby. The Timean territory is upwards of 900 feet in length and nearly 3[?] in breadth, and the manor in question cannot be less than 25 feet [??] in the widest part. It is said the matter will be thrown into Chancery but then the difficulty arises, how can the Chancellor decide when he is a party interested.

Printed at the Clapham Press

XLIII.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Dec^r 26^th 1818 — Diis penatibus sacrum

"We'll keep our Christmas merry still"
(Scott)

We cannot but exult at seeing the Family Chronicle reach the festival season of Christmas as yet (we hope) unshorn of any of its honours and unchecked by the frosts and fogs of December —

Though no chronicle remains of the Pimean gaieties of former winters we cannot forget that some of the companions of our youthful years were then foremost in every scene of social merriment —, when fires were bright and lamps beamed and lashes turned the lonely day, shall never again join the throng in the Pimean Halls and give it new cheerfulness — But we will not dwell on so mournful a subject — we do not doubt that many a friendly and social circle will meet in the Pimean Halls to renew the innocent amusements of days of yore — and we take the liberty to wish them all a merry Christmas and a happy new Year —

Diary

Sunday M. Alme the Duke and Duchess of Darwell and La Marguerite proceeded to Carter Lane where they met the Signora Caspina the rest of the party walked to Clapham Cathedral —

Monday — Mr Vance arrived from town in his elegant dennet to prescribe to M. Alme — This learned and eminently skilful gentleman is patronized by the Abbess de Cheyney who has lately made him first physician to her convent — He has said publickly that he will break the chain of M. Alme's headaches — —

Tuesday — after breakfast Theodore proceeded to the Battersea school to distribute the Christmas prizes — Sylvia was prevented accompanying her brother by an emphatic fog which was so dense as to render the trees on the lawn invisible from the windows —

Wednesday The fog continued and was even thicker than the day before Skipping ropes, battledores shuttlecocks and conundrums were in constant use —

XLIII

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Dec^{r} 26th 1818

"We'll keep our Christmas merry still"

(Scott)

———

We cannot but exult at seeing the Family Chronicle reach the festive season of Christmas as yet (we hope) unshorn of any of its honours and unchecked by the frosts and fogs of December.

Though no chronicle remains of the Timean gaieties of former winters we cannot forget that some of the companions of our youthful years who were then foremost in every scene of social merriment,

"When fires were bright and lamps beamed gay
And ladies tuned the lovely lay"

shall never again join the Xmas throng in the Timean Halls and give it new cheerfulness. But we will not dwell on so mournful a subject. We do not doubt that many a friendly and social circle will meet in the Timean Halls to renew the innocent amusements of days of yore and we take the liberty to wish them all a merry Christmas and a happy new Year.

Diary

Sunday. M. Mere the Duke and Duchess of Darwell and La Marguerite proceeded to Carter Lane where they met the Signora Coapina the rest of the party walked to Clapham Cathedral.

Monday. Mr. Vance arrived from town in his elegant [??] to prescribe to M. Mere. This learned and eminently skilful gentleman is patronized by the Abbess de Clugny who has lately made him first physician to her Convent. He has said publicly that he will break the chain of M. Mere's headaches.

Tuesday. After breakfast Theodore proceeded to the Battersea school to distribute the Christmas prizes. Sylvia was prevented accompanying her brother by an[sic] massive fog which was so dense as to render the trees on the lawn invisible from the windows.

Wednesday. The fog continued and was even thicker than the day before. Skipping ropes, battledores, shuttlecocks and coronellas were in constant use

by the younger members of the imprisoned household — chefs with readings and songs by the Duke of Darwell (who we are happy to observe looks exceedingly well) filled up the evening —

Thursday — This was to have been a day of great festivity at the Grove Palace to which all the Serene family were invited by Theodore and the Chancellor to assist them in keeping Christmas here, but the atmosphere being still very gloomy, and Sylvia unexpectedly with a cold — M. Alene was obliged to put off the engagement. The Duke and Duchess of Darwell proceeded to town to spend Christmas Day with the Serene Oriental family and we hear are not expected at the Timan Palace till Monday — We are sorry to observe Emilia has lately lost a little of her lustre —

Friday — Christmas Day —

None but the Abbey was hardy enough to encounter the fog to attend matins at the Cathedral though Sylvia and Emilia deeply regretted they could not hear Mr Death's interesting discourse on this memorable anniversary

The domestics of the family had as usual their grand gala in the mean while the illustrious progeny of Simmons and Chapperton had their annual shilling scramble à l'eau in the parlour —

Saturday — Mr Alene and Emilia went to town to consult that oracle of Physic the consent Physician The Chancellor honoured the Timan Palace by staying in it all day having an engagement with the venerable Mrs L-d-l in the evening —

To the Editor of the Family Chronicle

Madam,

Not being acquainted with the Dean or canons of Chapham Cathedral, I beg through your means to communicate my sentiments respecting a very heterodox matter which must strike every one forcibly on entering the nave of that building. The pulpit is very handsomely and very properly clothed in black, in respect to her late Majesty of blessed memory — so is the reading desk — so is the clerk's desk, but it is several inches higher — The door — it is the door on the top of the pulpit which must

by the younger members of the imprisoned household. Chess with readings and songs by the Duke of Darwell (who we are happy to observe looks exceedingly well) filled up the evening.

Thursday. This was to have been a day of great festivity at the Gower Palace to which all the Serene family were invited by Theodore and the Chancellor to assist them in keeping Christmas Eve, but the atmosphere being still very gloomy, and Sylvia oppressed with a cold, M. Mere was obliged to put off the engagement. The Duke and Duchess of Darwell proceeded to town to spend Christmas Day with the Serene Oriental family and we hear are not expected at the Timean Palace till Monday. We are sorry to observe Emilia has lately lost a little of her lustre.

Friday. Christmas Day. None but the Abbess was hardy enough to encounter the fog to attend matins at the Cathedral though Sylvia and Emilia deeply regretted they could not hear Mr. Dealtry's interesting discourse on this memorable anniversary. The domestics of the family had as usual their grand gala in the evening while the illustrious progeny of Simmons and Clapperton had their annual shilling scramble à l'eau in the parlour.

Saturday. M. Mere and Emilia went to town to consult that man of Physic the convent Physician. The Chancellor honoured the Timean palace by staying in it all day having an engagement with the venerable Mr. T—d—l in the evening.

To the Editor of the Family Chronicle

Madam

Not being acquainted with the Dean or canons of Clapham Cathedral, I beg through your readers to communicate my sentiments respecting a very heterodox matter which must strike every one forcibly on entering the nave of that building. The pulpit is very handsomely and very properly clothed in black, in respect to her late Majesty of blessed memory. So is the reading dish, so is the clerk's desk, but if we ascend higher, the dove, it is the dove at the top of the pulpit which must [??]

the feelings of the spectator. Throughout the late intense frost, this dress has appeared in nothing but a thin [illegible] black crape chemise — we will say nothing of the black crape cockade on its beak (however out of taste that may be) but "this airy thin clothing and but little fit," is so very glaring that I cannot resist recommending the abbé Fitz, the abbess of Clugny or some other respectable person to take the matter up, and set on foot a subscription for a warm under petticoat or flannel waistcoat for the sufferer in question — surely this is due to decorum —

I have the honor to be
Madam Your Obliged & Obed Servt
A friend to Warm Clothing

Flint's Dec 24th 96

We can assure this worthy gentleman upon the authority of the abbess of St Clugny, that his feelings will be no longer shocked by the outrage upon decorum he alludes to, for the dress has lately gone out of fashion entirely, and now appears in a grave of holly and laurel — —

The following poetical production was picked up on the landing place leading to an illustrious person's dressing room — We suppose it is the production of the convent Physician tho' no reason has yet been assigned him to be a [illegible]

"Touch no more the juicy pear
Nor the golden pippin rare.
"Painted doll", or "varnish beauty
"Heather stein" no more will suit you
Fly from every poisonous fruit,
Every vegetable root, —
artichoke and cauliflower
Cabbages no more devour
Carrot, sallad, celery
Asparagus and broccoli —
But the mealy white potatoe
And turnip I have nought to say to,
These are nutritious, boild or roast
And of themselves are quite a host
With pies no more your taste delight
Blanc mange or creams red blue or white
Of that old harmless English chick
Roast beef with every sort of fish
With now and then a slice of mutton
Your table should it ever be put on
Henceforth fair dame your dinner make
My reputation then's at stake.
Or I'll a your chain of headaches break"

EC

A young man of genteel appearance with light hair and blue eyes was observed last Sunday looking thro' the grate of the convent parlour against all the rules of monastic decorum — Whoever will bring the said Offender to justice shall be allowed to eat mince pies every day for a month —

Abbey de Clugny —

the feelings of the spectator. Throughout the late intense frost, this dove has appeared in nothing but a thin black crape chemise. We will say nothing of the black crape cockade on its beak (however out of taste that may be) but, "This very thin clothing and but little of it", is so very glaring that I cannot resist recommending the Abbé Tift, the Abbess of Clugny or some other respectable person to take the matter up, and set on foot a subscription for a warm under petticoat or flannel waistcoat for the sufferer in question. Surely this is due to decorum.

I have the honor to be
Madam Your obliged & obed^{t} Servant
A friend to Warm Clothing
[?] Dec^{r} 24th JG

We can assure this worthy gentleman upon the authority of the Abbess of St. Clugny, that his feelings will be no longer hurt by the outrage upon decorum he alludes to, for the dove has lately gone out of mourning entirely, and now reposes in a grove of holly and laurel.

The following poetical prohibition was picked up on the landing place leading to an illustrious person's dressing room. We suppose it is the production of the Convent physician tho' we never suspected him to be a poet before.

Touch no more the juicy pear
Nor the golden pippin rare
"Painted doll" or "varnish beauty"
"Leather skin" no more will suit ye
Fly from every poisonous fruit
Every vegetable root
Artichoke and cauliflower
Cabbages no more devour[1]
Carrot, sallad, celery
Asparagus and brocoli
But the mealy white potatoe
And turnip I have nought to say to
These are nutritious, boil'd or roast
And of themselves are quite a host
With pies no more your taste delight
Blancmange or creams red blue or white
Of that old harmless English dish
Roast beef with every sort of fish
With now and then a slice of mutton
Your table should it e'er be put on
Henceforth fair dame your dinner make
My reputation then's at stake
Or I'll your chain of headaches break.

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A young man of genteel appearance with light hair and blue eyes was observed last Sunday looking thro' the grate of the convent parlour against all the rules of monastic decorum. Whoever will bring the said offender to justice shall be allowed to eat mince pies every day for a month.

Abbey de Clugny

[1] *Oh, such wise advice. I entirely concur. J.S.*

Extract from the Diary of
Capt.n —— Commander-in-chief of
the expedition sent to explore the
Finnean Territory

In coasting round the island we perceived
a female figure with black vestments
fluttering in the wind, reading on a
promontory, on seeing us land she
left her book and fled — We picked
it up and to our surprize found it
was by the well known English novelist
Mrs Ratcliffe — several lines seemed
recently marked with a pencil and
the page was wetted with tears —
We walked on and at length saw a
habitation at some distance and made
up to it — we thought it expedient to
examine a little into the character
of the natives before we trusted to their
hospitality — looking into one window
we discovered a well furnished sitting
room with books &c lying on the table
presently a female figure burst into
the room, seized every thing that was
lying on the table and threw them
on the floor — we took her for a lunatic
and proceeded to another window thro
which we saw a young woman reading
we were just going to address her
when she sprung from her seat took
up a skipping rope and began
jumping violently — Conformed

in our idea that the inhabitants
were insane; we looked into a second
casement whence we heard the follow-
ing sounds proceeding — 'Dear little
creature — pretty fellow! what then
little deary?' — Supposing forsooth
there was a person with a baby in
advanced to make ourselves known
upon which the supposed baby
started forth upon us in the shape
of a little brown dog — cries of "Sprite
"Sprite" recalled it, and we took advan-
tage of the pause to enter, at one end
of the room the figure in black we
had seen on the promontory was
sitting by the fire reading — we were
received with hospitality, and proved
to our astonishment the supposed
lunatic whom we had seen on our
arrival entered and welcomed us to
her habitation, tho' she desired us to
pull off our shoes and not advance
beyond a piece of green cloth — this
we suppose is the etiquette of the coun-
try — She then called two domestics who
entered with large brushes and have
completely cleansed us from dust &c
departed — one soon again entered with
a shovel in his hand with which
he carefully took up all the dust
that had fallen from our feet

Of

Extract from the Diary of Capt.^{n} — Commander in chief of the expedition sent to explore the Timean Territory

In coasting round the island we perceived a female figure with black vestments fluttering in the wind, reading on a promontory; on seeing us land she left her book and fled. We picked it up and to our surprize found it was by the well known English novelist Mrs. Ratcliffe. Several lines seemed recently marked with a pencil and the page was wetted with tears.

We walked on and at length saw a habitation at some distance and made up to it. We thought it expedient to examine a little into the character of the nations before we trusted to their hospitality. Looking into one window we discovered a well furnished sitting room with books &c lying on the table. Presently a female figure burst into the room, seized every thing that was lying on the table and threw them on the floor. We took her for a lunatic and proceeded to another window thro which we saw a young woman reading. We were just going to address her when she sprung from her seat, took up a skipping rope and began jumping violently. Confirmed in our idea that the inhabitants were insane, we looked into a small casement whence we heard the following sounds proceeding. "Dear little creature! Pretty fellow! What there little dear?" Supposing of course there was a person with a baby we advanced to make ourselves known upon which the supposed baby darted forth upon us in the shape of a little brown dog. Cries of "Sprite, Sprite" recalled it, and we took advantage of the pause to enter. At one end of the room the figure in black we had seen on the promontory was sitting by the fire reading. We were received with hospitality, and perceived to our astonishment the supposed lunatic whom we had seen on our arrival entered and welcomed into her habitation, tho' she desired us to pull off our shoes and not advance beyond a piece of green cloth. This we suppose is the etiquette of the country. She then called two domestics who entered with large brushes and having completely cleansed us from dust, then departed. One soon again entered, a shovel in his hand with which he carefully took up all the sand that had fallen from our feet.

EG

Letter from the accomplished Miss Spite to her brother Mr Elfin

When your long looked for letter first came to my pa
and your elegant writing my brother I cau
Scapid and growld with such tender delight
That her dear old friend Shickley shed tears
at the sight
Of that kind whose lovid features I licked with
such glee
When last week in the school room she came
Spite to me
Bringing tidings of Elfin of Dispd of Fairy
of Thomas of tom cat, of Molly & Mary.
My chief bosom friends in this part of the
earth
Are a prince and a captain of high Claptrap
birth
A handsome young dog the prince Volunteer
is thought
And the brave Capt.n Tartar many battles has
fought.
Then there's Clugny's abbess of nun making fame
With the fair Margrite the youngest she's
Who calls me her darling her dear and her
love
The delight of her eyes, her innocent dove
She whose lap I recline, or repose at her feet
While I lick her fair hand with reverence
meet
Oh Dormell dear Dormell! the land of my birth
The loveliest land on the face of the earth
Now rises before me — the kitchen I see
The hearth where we've gambold with
puppyish glee
Oh could you but hear my affectionate growl
As the visions of infancy rise on my soul
But my paw is now tired — so dearest adieu
Remember from Spite who thanks you by me

CC

Fashionable Removals

Their New Zealand Excellencies the Princess Doria and Peterese embarked in H. M. S. the Barry on Friday for their own country taking with them a detachment of Missionaries to christianize and civilize Indialand

It is reported in the convent de Clugny that the abbess is going to retire to the Monastery of Lambeth Hall to avoid the scenes of dissipation which are shortly to take place in the Jemican palace —

The Jana Princesses and the hon.ble Miss Leinot have lately taken up their abode in the abbey of St Clugny as novices, and it is confidently reported in the cloister that they will take the white veil in a month if the abbess approves of their conduct during probation —

Advertisements

Miss M.r Spider and Whitefoot beg leave to recommend to the Nobility and gentry of this place, their unique manufactory of transparent snow white drapery, with which they have already hung the casements of the abbey of St Clugny & other distinguished dwellings

Letter from the accomplished Miss Sprite to her brother Mr. Elfin

When your long looked for letter first came
to my paw
And your elegant writing my brother I saw
I caper'd and growl'd with such tender delight
That our dear old friend Stukely shed tears at
the sight
That friend whose lov'd features I licked with
such glee
When last week in the schoolroom she came
Sprite to me
Bringing tidings of Elfin of Trip & of Fairy
Of Thomas of tom cat, of Molly & Mary
My chief bosom friends in this part of the earth
Are a prince and a captain of high Clapham birth
A handsome young dog the prince Blucher
is thought
And the brave Capt^{n} Tartar many battles has fought
Then there's Clugny's Abbess of nun making fame
With the fair Marg'rete the youngest Miss Graeme
Who calls me her darling her dear and her love
The delight of her eyes, her innocent dove
In whose lap I recline, or repose at her feet
While I lick her fair hand with reverence meet
But Darwell dear Darwell! the land of my birth
"The loveliest land on the face of the earth"
Now rises before me the kitchen I see
The hearth where we've gambolled with
puppyish glee
Oh could you but hear my affectionate growl
As the visions of infancy rise on my soul
But my paw is now tir'd so dearest Adieu
Remember poor Sprite who thinks often of you.

EC

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Ode to Mrs Ratcliffe

Ratcliffe! Empress of the soul!
Oer every nerve thou bearst controul
Oh how my throbbing fluttering heart
In Emily's sorrows bears a part
Like her I tread the haunted chamber
And oer ruined staircase clamber
Like her gaze at the stern Montoni
And start at spectres gaunt and bony
Lift sable curtains and behold
Dead bodies, bloody gash'd & cold
Hear heavy footsteps tramping slow
And voices whispring fierce and low
Then hear a ruffian slowly steal
Close to my bed and sword reveal
He hears the murderous point for slaughter
He bends - - and finds I am his daughter
Like her as I am eating fish
A voice says, "Poison's in the dish"
And as I swallow down Champaigne
Cries, "drink and you'll miss drink again"
At last when I am almost dead
And life's last spark is all but fled
When a fiend seems in act to throttle
My lover comes with smelling bottle
My fortune's found, my foes are dead
My friends alive and round my bed
Next day I'm married, and the rest
Of all my life's completely blest!!

Convent de Chayny Dec^r 24

A M G

The following irregular Ode was found lying near the Harp in the Dining room of the Palace

What - when my limbs more heavy
And pulseless thine my sparkling eye
What bids the fiend of languor fly?
My skipping rope
What makes me nimble, active, strong
First in the dance to bound along
Unlike the sedentary throng?
My skipping rope
And when the long thined dinner is
Of poisonous food I eat no more
Can aught my stomach's tone restore
But skipping rope
When in the frosty morning hour
Chilblains all other feet devour
O what makes mine defy their power
My skipping rope
What gives my footsteps ease and grace
What adds new beauties to my face
Can unbecoming tints efface?
My skipping rope
And can I ever cease to be
A faithful votary to thee
Who art so warm a friend to me
Dear skipping rope
Ah no. the thought I cannot bear
And while I breathe this native air
I swear will I forget thy care
My skipping rope
O

Printed at the Convent Press

Ode to Mrs. Ratcliffe[1]

Ratcliffe! Empress of the soul!
O'er every nerve thou bear'st control
Oh how my throbbing fluttering heart
In Em'ly's sorrows bears a part
LIke her I tread the haunted chamber
And over ruined staircase clamber
Like her gaze at the stern Montoni[2]
And start at spectres gaunt and bony
Lift sable curtains and behold
Dead bodies, bloody gash'd & cold
Hear heavy footsteps tramping slow
And voices whisp'ring fierce and low
Then hear a ruffian slowly steal
Close to my bed and sword reveal
He bares the murderous point for slaughter
He bends -- and finds I am his daughter
Like her as I am eating fish
A voice says "Poison's in the dish"
And as I swallow down Champaigne[sic]
Cries, "drink and you'll ne'er drink again"
At last when I am almost dead
And life's last spark is all but fled
When a fiend seems in act to throttle
My lover comes with smelling bottle
My fortune's found, my foes are dead
My friends alive and round my bed
Next day I'm married, and the rest
Of all my life's completely blest!!

AMG Convent de Clugny Dec^{r} 2[?]

The following irregular Ode was found lying near the Harp in the Dining room of the Palace.

What when my limbs move heavily
And fulness dims my sparking eye
What bids the fiend of languor fly?
My skipping rope

What makes me nimble, active, strong
First in the dance to bound along
Unlike the sedentary throng?
My skipping rope

And when the lengthened dinner o'er
Of poisonous food I eat no more
Can aught my stomach's tone restore
But skipping rope

When in the frosty evening hour
Chilblains all other feet devour
O what makes mine defy their power?
My skipping rope

What gives my footsteps ease and grace
What adds new beauties to my face
Can unbecoming tints efface?
My skipping rope

And can I ever cease to be
A faithful votary to thee
Who art so warm a friend to me
Dear skipping rope

Ah no, the thought I cannot bear
And while I breathe this vital air
I never will forget thy care
My skipping rope

EC

Printed at the Convent Press

[1] *Or Mrs. Radcliffe even. J.S.*

[2] *Character in The Mysteries of Udolpho, by Mrs. Radcliffe. J.S.*

The Family Chronicle

Diis Penatibus sacrum

[No 44]

Saturday Evening Jan.y 2. 1819

We sincerely wish all our Readers a happy new Year: all Well Wishers to the family Chronicle must rejoice to witness its solemn Entrée into the Year 1819 and its gradual approach to the allotted 1st March, the anniversary of its Establishment — a day remarkable also in the Tomian Calendar for another event — Our Readers will no doubt perceive we allude to the Wedding Day of the Duke & Duchess of Dorset Bank — Perhaps the Subscribers to our paper will approve & admire the improved form and Type of our periodical Work — It certainly is calculated to abridge the Editor's labour, and, we hope also to increase the readers pleasure —

Diary

Monday December 28th —

A grand Christmas Dinner was given at the Tomian palace — Covers were laid for fourteen — among the distinguished guests we observed besides the family party — Prince Wm Longley Lord Bentham, Sir Abraham Gardner, Sir George Hinderley and the Abbess de Bathly In the Evening a select rubber was played — The Abbess de B and Madame Mee conversed on the interesting subject of Grammar — and the younger branches of the family performed a pantomime Ballet in the Salon —

Tuesday a Dejeuner was given to the above august personages with the exception of the Abbess de B & Sir Abraham Gardner who retired to their respective Hall and Convent —

Wednesday Lady Eleanor Curlyle arrived at the Palace as did Prince Gibson. The former amused the Company after dinner with erecting a Gebbet on her Work Box & executing thereon Silvesjuno a notorious spendthrift. Emilia performed some touching airs on the Harp during the Evening — Marguerite was engaged in business in the adjoining Room —

Thursday — The marquis & Marchesa di Caranova arrived at the palace on a visit. The Abbé Bathe Col Stonor & Duke Curtis arrived in a light travelling Carriage to dinner In the Evening Silvia delighted the abbé with her musical talents, and the marquis & his Lady played a charming Overture on the Piano forte and Violin —

after the Company had partially retired, Tripsichore led on the Votaries of the Pandulle who were inspired by the notes of the Piano and the awakening Viol —

Friday New years Day

We regret to say Mad.e Mee was slightly indisposed, but not sufficiently to take absent from the pleasures of the marquis & the Drama which followed the family Dinner and of which an account will be given in our subsequent Columns

XLIV

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

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We hope the subscribers to our paper will approve & admire the improved form and Type of our periodical Work[1]. It certainly is calculated to abridge the Editor's labour, and, we hope also to increase the readers pleasure.

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Tuesday. A Dejeuner was given to the above august personages with the exception of the Abbess de B & Sir Abraham Gardner who retired to their respective Hall and Convent.

Wednesday. Lady Eleanor Carlyle arrived at the Palace as did Prince Gibson. The former amused the Company after dinner with erecting a Gibbet on her Work Box & executing thereon Silverpurse a notorious spendthrift. Emilia performed some touching airs on the harp during the Evening. Marguerite was engaged in business in the adjoining room.

Thursday. The marquis & Marchesa de Casanova arrived at the palace on a visit. The Abbé Butler Col Stoner & Duke Curties arrived in a light travelling Carriage to dinner. In the Evening Silvia delighted the Abbé with her musical talents, and the marquis & his Lady played a charming Overture on the Piano forte and violin.

After the Company had partially retired, Terpsichore led on the Votaries of the Quadrille who were inspired by the notes of the Piano and the awakening Viol.

Friday. New Years Day.

We regret to say Mad. Mere was slightly indisposed, but not sufficiently so to be absent from the pleasures of the masque & the Drama which followed the family Dinner and of which an account will be given in one subsequent Column.

[1] *Nope. Didn't notice a thing. What on earth are they talking about? J.S.*

Saturday a select Dinner Party was given to Sir Henry Williamson, Sir Sutton Sharpe Sir Buddon Crowder and Mr Justice Stephen, besides the families of Casanova & Darwell Park resident in the palace — I regret to state that Lady Eleanor Carlyle quitted us this day for East Sheen A splendid masqued fete concluded the Evening

Masquerade & Drama

The Lovers of the Masque & Buskin received a delicious treat on Friday — The whole Seaman family appeared in Character The Duke of Darwell personified Christmas in a most happy manner — he was attired in a snowy hood and Crown of Holly, with a long white Beard — he was seated on a throne where the motley Crew paid their devoirs to him as their Sovereign — each reciting a copy of verses — Theodore was a highlander — Jean de Paris an old Scotch Woman — Silvia a Bernoise, Marguerite a Lucernoise Lady C Carlyle an Abbess — the Marchesa di Casanova a Roman Matron — Emilia a splendid fancy Dress — Madame Mere & the Duchess came unmasqued. The Masques then withdrew to Tea while the Saloon was prepared for a scenic representation —

Jean de Paris changed his Character to an old Orange Woman with baskets of "choice fruit & a bill of the Play" At 11 the Theatre was thrown open and the Boxes & Galleries were soon thronged with company — The Duke and Theodore performed the first Scene of Silvester Daggerwood amidst thunders of applause — and we cannot do sufficient justice to the dramatic talents of these exalted personages — The Company retired after the performance & partook of a Collation of Confectionary in the adjoining Apartment

The following Evening the assembled party again threw off the dignity of human nature & indulged in a brisk Harlequinade to a late hour Marquis de Casanova as a Giant with an elevated head and long drapery astonished & affrighted the Company — Sir Sutton Sharpe and Jean de Paris appeared as a French Woman & Waiter The former supported the Character very well and fainted over a what not when a Scene of Confusion followed not easily described — The Company did not separate 'till 12 o'Clock — We are not aware that in any

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[1] *Sylvester Daggerwood, or, New hay at the old market: an occasional drama in one act (1808). Written by George Colman 1762-1836. J.S.*

previous occasion the Tiveran walls have rung with more fun & jollity — SG

Quadrille Parliament

On this year day according to annual custom, the Queen Chapuron went in state to open Quadrille Parliament — As usual the road over which the Procession passed was paved with Sponge Cake — the State House Horses was studded with rout Cakes, and their heads adorned with plumes of whipped Syllabub — On her arrival at & departure from the house of Chapurons, a Salute of Soda Water & Imperial Pop was fired from the Side Board foot — Being seated on her Throne and surrounded by the grand Officers of State — viz Mr Gloves the Stonchalker Mr Paine the musician Mr Gunter the Confectioner &c &c she delivered the following Speech —

Chapurons

It is with sincere pleasure I open the present Session, convinced as I am, that it will be one of the most brilliant of my reign From Russel Square to Hyde Park Corner there is not a house which has not been taken Already does our Town swarm with Dandies — I lament with you that the Term Dandy has become so trite and disgusting that one hears now with astonishment of Dandy Tailors & Dandy Shoemakers !! I trust you will take into consideration a new term to supply the word — I have the pleasure to inform you that many matches have taken place during the vacation, and that the Chapuron arms have gathered laurels under the walls of Rome & Naples — I have directed Messrs Gloves Gunter & Paine to lay before you the Estimate for the approaching Campaign I rejoice to inform you that Ices are expected to be reasonably cheap — that Satins & Silks are much fallen and the Rouge market quite at a stand still in consequence of the great Importation of Country Air — I exhort you to persist in your labours with increased vigour and you may rely on my Endeavours for the promotion of the public welfare — (Hear — hear) the House then separated We understand there will be a call of the house on Monday & Friday next when the members will dissolve themselves into Committees at the house of Messdames Bunyon & Walton — The Queen Chapuron was in excellent health — SG

Poetry

Effie's 2d Letter to Sprite

Last week my dear Sprite, a few lines in great hurry
Sent to the Post — I was all in a flurry
To think when 'twas gone & it could not be undone
How you would be ashamed You the good folks of London

previous occasion the Timean walls have rung with more fun & Jollity.

JG

Quadrille Parliament

On New Years day according to annual custom, the Queen Chaperon went in state to open Quadrille Parliament. As usual the road over which the Procession passed was paved with Sponge Cake, the State Horses Harness was studded with rout cakes, and their heads adorned with plumes of whipped Syllabub. On her arrival at & departure from the house of Chaperons, a Salute of Soda Water & Imperial Pop was fired from the SideBoard fort. Being seated on her Throne and surrounded by the grand Officers of State – viz Mr Glover the floorchalker Mr Paine the musician Mr Gunter the Confectioner &c &c she delivered the following Speech.

Chaperons

It is with sincere pleasure I open the present Session, convinced as I am, that it will be one of the most brilliant of my reign. From Russell Square to Hyde Park Corner there is not a house which has not been taken. Already does our Town swarm with Dandies. I lament with you that the Term Dandy has become so vile and disgusting that one hears now with astonishment of Dandy Tailors & Dandy Shoemakers!! I trust you will take into consideration a new term to supply the word. I have the pleasure to inform you that many matches have taken place during the vacation, and that the Chaperon arms have gathered laurels under the walls of Rome & Naples. I have directed Mess^{rs} Glover Gunter & Paine to lay before you the Estimates for the approaching Campaign. I rejoice to inform you that Ices are expected to be reasonably cheap, that Satins & Silks are much fallen, and the Rouge market quite at a stand still in consequence of the great Importation of Country Air. I exhort you to persist in your labours with increased vigour and you may rely on my Endeavours for the promotion of the public welfare. (Hear hear). The House then separated. We understand there will be a call of the house on Monday & Friday next when the members will resolve themselves into Committees at the houses of Mesdames Benyon & Walton. The Queen Chaperon was in excellent health.

JG

Poetry
Elfin's 2^{d} Letter to Sprite

Last week my dear Sprite, a few lines in great hurry
I sent to the Post -- I was all in a flurry
To think where 'twas gone & it couldn't be undone
How you would be asham'd 'fore the good folks of London

When great Blucher & Tartar as "if in a fright"
Saw a packet so neatly directed Miss Spirite
Then Sir paused to think (tho' they tell me 'tis borne)
How my writing can ever get forward to you
When old Thomas died, was to slide it in prop
This a hole in the Window in Water's Shop-
May you that you live 50 miles off dear me
What is 50 miles? is it what one can see?
Can't I run up to see you and back the same day!
Can't you come down & fetch me & shew me the way
To send letter is not half so good as to speak
I can run very fast, tho' I'm little and weak
When I saw Peter Spirite in a chaise, at the heels
Of 4 horses to drag him along on 4 wheels
Up steps & down hills crawling slowly & smoking
And resting & panting - why Spirite without joking
I'd run up & down by myself on my feet
Ten times as fast, ere my breakfast I'd eat
Now a great deal to tell you, but I now must conclude
Do not think me or rude or careless or rude
But I write very slow - for my Master dear Spirite
Tho' he whips me sometimes, never taught me to write

D B- 25 Dec 1818 K D

To The Literati

We have a sincere pleasure in assuring the learned that there were no family manuscripts of value in the Workshop of Sorle the Bookbinder of Grosvenor Street during the late fire there.

Bed Water

We read in the Globe of this day of a Woman who had such an antipathy to Bed, that nothing could prevail on her to repose herself. She was brought before the Lord Mayor for creating a disturbance who threatens to have her charged to her Bed - !!! We will not reflect on the Timian family by a Comparison -

A modern Parisian of English extraction said the other day before an audience of French Ladies "les Françaises sont les Compagnes pour les moments - les Anglaises pour les années -" "Ils seleurent beaucoup ces Messieurs" observed a female present -

Patent Bronicle Caps.

To obviate the Inconvenience of wearing a veil during the reading of the Rev. Bram. Miss. "Hoste & Co have invented a Cap to be worn by the Editor which while it covers the face, admits a view of the effects produced by his paper - It is not unlike the Caps worn during Lent by the Black Monks - - Dole had at their Warehouse and at the family Chronicle Office only -



Notes of Excuse and apology written as usual by Think & Co - Visit paid and Cards left in Town & Country - Wills & Deeds furnished wholesale retail & for Exportation - Excuses found warranted not to give offence - Miss Think begs for the kind patronage of the public for the approaching season -

Printed at the Gown Press.

When great Blucher & Tartar as "if in a fright"
Saw a packet so rustic directed Miss Sprite
Then I'm puzzled to think (tho' they tell me tis true)
How my writing can even get forward to you
When all Thomas did, was to slide it in pop
Thro' a hole in the Window in Water's Shop
Mary says that you live 50 miles off dear me
What is 50 miles? Is it what one can see?
Can't I run up to see you and back the same day?
Can't you come down & fetch me & shew me
the way
To send letters is not half so good as to speak
I can run very fast, tho' I'm little and weak
When I saw Sister Sprite in a chaise, at the heels
Of 4 horses to drag her along on 4 wheels
Up steep Silver hill crawling slowly & smoking
And resting & panting -- why Sprite without joking
I'll run up & down by myself on my feet
I'm sure 10 times as fast, 'ere my breakfast I'd eat
I've a great deal to tell you, but I now must conclude
Do not think me or idle or careless or rude
But I write very slow -- for my Master dear Sprite
Tho' he whips me sometimes, never taught me
to write

DB[1] 25 Dec 1818
RD

To the Literati

We have sincere pleasure in assuring the learned that there were no family manuscripts of value in the Workshop of Sark the Bookbinder of Grosvenor Street during the late fire there.

Bed Hater

We read in the Globe of this day of a Woman who had such an antipathy to Bed, that nothing could prevail on her to repose herself. She was brought before the Lord Mayor for creating a disturbance who threatened to have her chained to her Bed!!! We will not reflect on the Timean family by Comparison.

JG

A modern Parisian of English extraction said the other day before an audience of french Ladies "les Francaises sont les Compagnes pour les moments ~ Les Anglais pour les anneés". Ils [??] beaucoup ces Messieurs observed a female present.

Patent Chronicle Caps

To obviate the inconvenience of wearing a veil during the reading of the Fam. Chron. Mess.^{rs} Honte & Co have invented a Cap to be worn by the Editor which while it covers the face, admits a view of the effects produced by his papers. It is not unlike the Caps worn during Lent by the Italian monks. To be had at their warehouse and at the family Chronicle Office only.

JG

Notes of Excuse and Apology written as usual by Shirk & Co. Visits paid and Cards left in Town & Country. White lies furnished wholesale retail & for Exportation. Excuses found warranted not to give offence. Mess.^{rs} Shirk begs for the kind patronage of the public during the approaching Season.

Printed at the Gower Press

[1] *Darwell Bank. J.S.*

XLV
THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Diis penatibus sacrum

Saturday Evening Jan 9th 1819

The last number of the Family Chronicle (being the first of the new series) met with so distinguished a reception from the public that though a second and even a third edition was published with the utmost promptitude it was found insufficient to gratify the numerous applications that were made at our office. Though it is well known that our paper is never published till three in the afternoon yet at 1 P. M. the office doors began to be besieged by a crowd of newsmen and loungers, who formed a mob which rather annoyed the more phlegmatic part of the public passengers, and we heard with pain that several unpleasant disputes took place — We mention this gratifying proof of public favor perhaps not more to indulge in a little swell of vanity, than to introduce the observation that Chronicles as well as nations have their periods of brightness and obscurity, and that after the copious sprinkling of wit and bon mots with which our paper (we speak with submission) has not unfrequently abounded, a more subdued and matter of fact style may occasionally be expected, and we can therefore promise our readers little in our present number besides a faithful summary of the events of the past week — Far be it from us however to throw out any hints to our readers tending to induce in their minds, an anticipation of decline or decay in this highly patronized and widely circulated publication long, very long, we may be permitted to hope it will be before the Family Chronicle suffers any diminution of that transcendant brightness which at present surrounds it —

XLV

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Saturday Evening Jan 9th 1819

The last number of the Family Chronicle (being the first of the new series) met with so distinguished a reception from the public that though a second and even a third edition was published with the utmost promptitude it was found insufficient to gratify the numerous applications that were made at our office. Though it is well known that our paper is never published till three in the afternoon yet at 1 P.M. the office doors began to be besieged by a crowd of newsmen and loungers, who formed a mob which rather annoyed the more phlegmatic part of the public passengers, and we heard with pain that several unpleasant disputes took place. We mention this gratifying proof of public favor perhaps not more to indulge in a little swell of vanity, than to introduce the observation that Chronicles as well as nations have their periods of brightness and obscurity, and that after the copious sprinkling of wit and bon mots with which our paper (we speak with submission) has not unfrequently[sic] abounded, a more subdued and matter of fact style may occasionally be expected, and we can therefore promise our readers little in our present number besides a faithful summary of the events of the past week.

For be it from us however to throw out any hints to our readers, tending to induce in their minds an anticipation of decline or decay in this highly patronized and widely circulated publication. Long, very long we may be permitted to hope it will be before the Family Chronicle suffers any diminution of that transcendent brightness which at present surrounds it.

Fashionable Diary

Clapham Saty Jan 9

The Christmas festivities at the Palace have perhaps exceeded in brilliant variety those of any preceding year — The Duke and Duchess of Darwell have entered into these gaieties with the most amiable condescension, and their fascinating manners have won all hearts — The distinguished party has however this week been considerably abridged in its number and its amusements have been of a more tranquil nature —

Monday, The Marquis D Cazanova breakfasted at a very early hour, and then left the palace incog. and on foot for London — His amiable Marchioness remained till the afternoon when she was reclaimed by her lovely and infantine daughter who came to fetch her home, and to pay her respects to her august godmother Sylvia — Viscount Rhudon and Jean de Paris left the palace early on business of importance

Tuesday — The distinguished party confined themselves to the walls of the palace, and passed the day in the exercise of the social virtues

Wednesday. This afternoon pursuant to appointment the State Bargeman heaved anchor at 4 o'clk when the whole of the august party with the exception of Madame who detained by a wicked headache and the abbess de Clugny who remained to keep her company got on board and had a slow but perfectly safe passage to the Tower Palace where they disembarked about five, and were shortly after joined by Lord James Lysons, and the Baron de Curtice who came by land. After partaking of a dinner which appeared to have been prepared in the most sumptuous manner. The party proceeded to the ancient ceremony of drawing King and Queen, when the rôles of their Majesties fell to the lot of the Duke and Duchess of Damas so well calculated to fill it by their dignified manners.

Fashionable Diary
Clapham Saty Jan 9

The Christmas festivities at the Palace have perhaps exceeded in brilliant rarity those of any preceding year. The Duke and Duchess of Darwell have entered into these gaieties with the most amiable condescension, and their fascinating manners have won all hearts. The distinguished party has however this week been considerably abridged in its number and its amusements have been of a more tranquil nature.

Monday. The Marquis of Casanova breakfasted at a very early hour, and then left the palace incog. and on foot for London. His amiable Marchioness remained till the afternoon when she was reclaimed by her lovely and infantine daughter who came to fetch her home, and to pay her respects to her august godmother Sylvia. Princes Theodore and Jean de Paris left the palace early on business of importance.

Tuesday. The distinguished party confined themselves to the walls of the palace, and passed the day in the exercise of the social virtues.

Wednesday. This afternoon pursuant to appointment the State Bargeman heaved anchor at 4 P.M. when the whole of the august party with the exception of Madame Mere detained by a wicked headache and the Abbess de Clugny who remained to keep her company got on board and had a slow but perfectly safe passage to the Gower Palace where they disembarked about five, and were shortly after met by Lord James Epsom, and the Baron de Curties who came by land. After partaking of a dinner which appeared to have been prepared in the most unostentatious manner the party proceeded to the ancient ceremony of drawing King and Queen, when the role of their Majesties fell to the lot of the Duke and Duchess of Darwell so well calculated to fill it by their dignified manners.

Lord James and the Baron
opened respectively the char-
acters of Lord Humpey Dandy
and Sir Toilette Fitz Dandy
Emilia played Miss Lucy Legs
with much spirit, Sylvia was
Mrs Malaprop, and La Marguerite
Mrs Alderman Cockney —
Theodore and Jean de Paris were
the Punch & Judy and the
tutelary saint of England the
renowned John Bull. A very
loyal cake decorated with the
Regents plume was then cut up
and distributed; and after much
harmony and conviviality the
party broke up about 11 o'clock

Thursday and Friday were
passed in elegant retirement except
that on the evening of the former day
a large proportion of the household
went to imbibe tea at the Countess
Fitz Maitland's —

Saturday. Theodore and Jean de
Paris arrived at the palace to dinner
and shortly afterwards in compli-
ment to the abbess (whose eccentri-
cities seem if possible to encrease)
and by her particular desires
preparations for a repetition of the
Theatricals were made.
Shortly after tea, the doors were
opened, and the house was found
to be much improved since the
last performance. The actors
acquitted themselves with
encreased spirit, and Sylvester
made himself more fascinating
than ever by the addition of a
pair of black eye brows an
inch broad. This great actor
was received with reiterated
bursts of applause, Sustian and
the maid were more at home
in their parts, and afterwards
a laughable scene ensued
between Molly Bryan and her
daughter armed with brooms
and pails which received un-
bounded applause from the
Gallery. After the play was
arrived the celebrated Burletta
of the Modern System of Education
Jean de Paris was very creditable
Mrs Campbell as was La Marguerite

Lord James and the Baron assumed respectively the characters of Lord Humpy Dandy and Sir Toilette Fitz Dandy. Emilia played Miss Lucy Legg with much spirit, Sylvia was Mrs. Malaprop, and La Marguerite Mrs. Alderman Cockney. Theodore and Jean de Paris were the French epicure and the tutelary saint of England the renowned John Bull. A very loyal cake decorated with the Regent's plume was then cut up and distributed; and after much harmony and conviviality the party broke up about 10 o'clock.

Thursday and Friday were passed in elegant retirement except that on the evening of the former day a large proportion of the household went to imbibe tea at the Countess Fitz Maitland's.

Saturday. Theodore and Jean de Paris arrived at the palace to dinner and shortly afterwards in compliment to the Abbess (whose eccentricities seem if possible to increase) and by her particular desire, preparations for a repetition of the Theatricals were made.

Shortly after tea, the doors were opened, and the house was found to be much improved since the last performance. The actors acquitted themselves with increased spirit, and Sylvester made himself more fascinating than ever by the addition of a pair of black eye brows an inch broad. This great actor was received with reiterated bursts of applause, Fustian and the maid were more at home in their parts, and afterwards a laughable scene ensued between Molly Bezom and her daughter armed with brooms and pails which received unbounded applause from the Gallery. After the play was revived the celebrated Burletta of the Modern System of Education[1]. Jean de Paris was very great in Mrs. Careful as was La Marguerite

[1] *Composed, as we learned earlier, by the Timeans. J.S.*

in Miss Carnful — The abbess gave great effect to the motherly speeches of Mrs Deachwell and Theadore enacted the double part of Mr Dodman and Col. Lollypop. The scene in which he was dragged off the stage for dead cannot be too much applauded; The Duke of Darmouth as Constable was very respectable. In short the parts were very well cast, and this revival promises to be highly profitable to the managers. The house was cleared about 10 o'clock —

JHG

Theatre Royal — Clapham *

Last night of the Company's performance this season.

On Saturday Jan. 16 will be performed the celebrated Interlude of

Sylvester Daggerwood

Sylvester D — by the Duke of Darmouth

Dustian — — by Theadore —

(Printed at the Jones Rep.)

Young woman — by La Marguerite

Molly Brown — Jean de Paris

After which

The laughable Burletta of

The Modern System of Education — —

Mrs Carnful — Jean de Paris

Miss Carnful — La Marguerite

Mrs Deachwell — Abbess de Chaux

Mr Dodman & Col. Lollypop — Theadore who on this occasion will appear in the real Costume in which he was presented to the Royal

Constable — Duke of Darmouth

Sam — Madame Mara her 1st appearance these 20 years and positively her 1st & last appearance in this Character — —

An occasional Prologue and Epilogue will be delivered on the occasion

* The ruined this advertisement just as our paper was putting to the press and for that circumstance quite prevented the female performance — how provoking

in Miss Careful. The Abbess gave great effect to the motherly speeches of Mrs. Teachwell and Theodore enacted the double part of Mr. Dodman and Col.[l] Lollypop. The scene in which he was dragged off the stage for dead cannot be too much applauded. The Duke of Darwell as Constable was very respectable. In short the parts were very well cast, and this revival promises to be highly profitable to the managers. The house was cleared about 10 o'clock.

THG

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Fustian	—	by Theodore
Young woman	—	by La Marguerite
Molly Bezom	—	Jean de Paris

After which

The laughable Burletta of

The Modern System of Education

Mrs. Careful	—	Jean de Paris
Miss Careful	—	La Marguerite
Mrs. Teachwell	—	Abbess de Clugny
Mr. Dodman & Col. Lollypop	—	Theodore who on this occasion will appear in the real Court dress in which he was presented to the Regent
Constable	—	Duke of Darwell
Sam	—	Madame Mere Her 1st appearance these 20 years and positively her 1st & last appearance in this character.

An occasional Prologue and Epilogue will be delivered on the occasion.

Printed at the Gower Press

*We received this advertisement just as our paper was putting to the press but we fear that circumstances will prevent a farewell performance [??]

[1] *Written by George Colman. See the footnote to XLIV/2. J.S.*

c. XLVI. THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Eastham Jan 16th 1819 — Diis penatibus sacrum

After the several brilliant reunions which have taken place this week the Editor congratulates herself on seeing once more the small but happy circle of friendly faces collected round her Chronicle — Alas! that it must so soon be broken up and dispersed by the departure of the beloved Duke and Duchess — But let us banish these thoughts and turn to the discussion of our gaieties &c — nothing however first to take this public opportunity of offering our congratulations to La Margaierita on the premier pas which she has taken in the great world — We will not darken her fair prospects with our sage reflections but we may venture to predict that amidst all her future gaieties, her happiest and gayest hours will be spent among the affectionate friends who now surround her.

Saturday. Nothing occurred worthy to be recorded in this Chronicle — we can only drop a tear over the remains of that Chronicle which was devoted to the feelings and pursuits of this day —

Monday. Miss Rawdon a northern belle arrived at the Roman palace where she received a cordial welcome from Sylvia who had experienced a kind reception from her father and sisters in the North. ——

Tuesday. The state rooms of the Palace were thrown open to a select assembly of fashionables, who kept up the gay quadrille for some hours to the inspiring sounds of the harp mingled with the tones of the small piano forte at which Sylvia presided — occasionally relieved by Emilia who delighted all beholders by taking the lead among the gayest dancers among the many twinkling stars we discovered Cochin, Gurney, Harold Adcock minor, all shining with undoubted brilliancy.

A large and respectable provision of bean porridge was procured by a dark queen in one of the private apartments of the palace, which on this occasion stretched itself so far as to admit a table with twelve persons we remarked that they were all rather silent ones, probably they dreaded the effect of the echo of their voices from the walls — A harp duett was performed at the opening of the

XLVI

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham Jan 16th 1819

After the several brilliant "reunions" which have taken place this week the Editor congratulates herself on seeing once more the small but happy circle of friendly faces collected round her Chronicle. Alas! that it must so soon be broken up and dispersed by the departure of the beloved Duke and Duchess. But let us banish these thoughts and turn to the discussion of our gaieties not omitting however first to take this public opportunity of offering our congratulations to La Marguerite on the premier pas which she has taken in the great world. We will not darken her fair prospects with our sage reflections but we may venture to predict that amidst all her future gaieties, her happiest and safest hours will be spent among the affectionate friends who now surround her.

Sunday. Nothing occurred worthy to be recorded in this Chronicle. We can only drop a tear over the remains of that Chronicle which was devoted to the feelings and pursuits of this day.

Monday. Miss Hasell a northern belle arrived at the Timean palace where she received a cordial welcome from Sylvia who had experienced a kind reception from her father and sisters in the North.

Tuesday. The state rooms of the Palace were thrown open to a select assembly of fashionables, who kept up the gay quadrille for some hours to the inspiring sounds of the harp mingled with the tones of the small pianoforte at which Sylvia presided, occasionally relieved by Emilia who delighted all beholders by taking the lead among the gayest dancers. Among the many twinkling stars we discovered Cokes, Gurneys, Hasell [??] minor, as shining with redoubled brilliancy.

A large and respectable provision of beau porridge was procured by a daub given in one of the private apartments of the palace, which on this occasion stretched itself so far as to admit a table with twelve persons. We remarked that they were all rather silencious, probably they dreaded the effect of the echo of their voices from the walls. A harp duet was performed at the opening of the

evening he past it. which had the desired effect of awakening the loquacious powers of the audience, after which the ball was kept up with a very fair proportion of mirth and spirit till one o'clock A.M.—

We are not aware that many anecdotes could be extracted from the proceedings of the evening — the only circumstance we had to lament was the cloud which hung over Mde Merle in consequence of a sleepless night — supported however by her Serene Highness the Duchess of Darwell Wark, she did the honours of her palace with admirable facility and grace. One era in the evening was marked by the graceful and dignified manner in which the amiable Duchess led a procession of Chaperones into the Refreshment Room.

Rock Alderson Esqre succeeded Paddy O'Gierson at the tambourine.

Wednesday. After a late breakfast at which Francisco de Pettico and Marianna Queen of Ullswater were the only foreign potentates — after a sociable gossip over the convent fire the party broke up and Sylvia conducted her friend of the North Country to the Wimbledon territory. The whole of the Royal inmates of the Palace suffered deeply at witnessing a severe paroxysm of headache which confined Mde Merle the whole of the day to her state bed

Thursday. A sociable and pleasant dinner party at Visct. Windsley's to commemorate his departure from the Champs de Limoges to the Forest de Hampstead. We rejoined to see the improved state of health of our valued friend the Knight of the bouncing pencil. Mde Merle was prevented attending this fete by the continuance of her headache.

Friday. La Marguerite made her début at a ball given by Baroness Benyoni — She went under the auspices of the Sultana Duchess and Sylvia who instigated by sisterly affection left her sylvan haunts on this occasion it is not known whether she contrived to mix a party shaking potion into Marguerite's lemonade glass with which it is that this interesting young debutante came home quite unwell from the ball tho' a decision was obtained from the Chancellor pronouncing it to be a good one.

Saturday. Breakfast was protracted till 11 o'clock — a dinner party took place in the afternoon, the particulars of which we must leave for our next week's paper.

State of the Weather

A dish of green peas was despatched this neighbourhood last month. The weather still continues warm with blue sky and bright sunshine. Occasional showers. South and south west winds. Some appearance of the [illegible]

evening 1/2 past 8 which had the desired effect of awakening the loquacious powers of the audience, after which the ball was kept up with a very fair proportion of mirth and spirit till one o'clock. A.M.

We are not aware that many anecdotes could be extracted from the proceedings of the evening. The only circumstance we had to lament was the cloud which hung over M.^{de} Mere in consequence of a sleepless night. Supported however by her Serene Highness the Duchess of Darwell Bank, she did the honours of her palace with admirable facilité and grace. One era in the evening was marked by the graceful and dignified manner in which the amiable Duchess led a procession of Chaperones into the Refreshment Room.

Boch Alderson Es^{qre} succeeded Paddy O'Grierson at the tambourine.

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Friday. La Marguerite made her debut at a ball given by Baroness Benyoni. She went under the auspices of the Sultana Duchess and Sylvia who instigated by sisterly affection left her sylvan haunts on this occasion. It is not known whether she contrived to mix a party-hating potion into La Marguerite's lemonade glass. Certain it is that this interesting young debutante came home quite ennuyé with the ball tho' a decision was obtained from the Chancellor pronouncing it [??] be a good one.

Saturday. Breakfast was prolonged till 11 o'clock. A dinner party is expected in the afternoon, the particulars of which we must leave for our next week's paper.

State of the Weather

A dish of green pease was dressed in this neighbourhood last month. The weather still continues warm with blue sky and bright sunshine. Occasional storms of southward wind seem to add new vigour to the family [??] walk to Wattin's or gallop across the Common.

Further Particulars of the Private Theatricals

We have seldom had a higher theatrical gratification than in witnessing the inimitable performance of Mr. Duke of Darwell as Sylvester Daggerwood and Theodore Sustian the latter of whom is the grand favourite of the fit and villainous — Sylvester asleep in his arm chair with his old fur cap half hiding his dark bushy eyebrows, was a model for a painter, so completely did he seem to be under the dominion of "tired nature's sweet restorer", and his half muttered snaps of Shakespeare when Sustian so urgently rouses him, and his wakening start and stagger were admirable, while his ludicrously burlesque air and tip toe steps, as he wittily enumerates his goods and chattels from four pieces of candle down to nine children strongly reminded us of Matthews. On the whole his acting was a specimen of the sublimest style of bombast.

The long waisted gigantic figure of the chamellon when he cantoon in the character of Molly Brown with the little housemaid swinging about his pails and brooms excited peals of laughter from the female part of the audience, while La Marquerita in her neat gown and apron and high crowned cap bashed as if nature had originally designed her for a housemaid. —

The after piece of the Modern System of Education unites the most refined wit with the most melting pathos and no doubt will go down to posterity an illustrious monument of the dramatic talents of Theodore and the Chamellon. —

The foregoing might be listened to with cold suspicion from the probability of the writer being biased by national partiality — the concurrent testimony of a Frenchman will however prove the real merit of the performance I submit therefore to the public the following extract from our

French Correspondence

being part of a letter from a Frenchman residing in England to his friend at Paris.

"Vous me demandez qu'est que ce que je vois en Angleterre qui me plait le plus, et je vous apare que le Theatre Sinica (car c'est ainsi qu'on l'appelle) m'a enchanté. On nous a donné l'autre jour la premiere scene de Sylvester Daggerwood qui fut suivi par la charmante petite Piece de "Le System moderne d'Education" — Mr Graham a joué le role de Sustian et je crois qu'avec impartialité on peut le mettre à coté de Talma — le soir, il etoit superbe — Dans l'endroit

Further Particulars of the Private Theatricals

We have seldom had a higher theatrical gratification than in witnessing the inimitable performance of the Duke of Darwell as Sylvester Daggerwood and Theodore as Fustian the latter of whom is the grand favourite of the pit and pillories. Sylvester asleep in his armchair with his old fur cap half shading his dark bushy eyebrows, was a model for a painter, so completely did he seem to be under the dominion of "tir'd nature's sweet restorer", and his half muttered snaps of Shakespeare when Fustian so ungently rouses him, and his waking start and stagger were admirable, while his ludicrously burlesque air and tiptoe steps, as he wittily enumerates his goods and chattels from four pieces of candle down to nine children strongly reminded us of Mathews. On the whole his acting was a specimen of the sublimest style of bombast.

The long waisted gigantic figure of the Chancellor when he came on in the character of Molly Besom with the little housemaid swinging about their pails and brooms excited peals of laughter from the female part of the audience, while La Marguerite in her neat gown and apron and high crowned cap looked as if nature had originally designed her for a housemaid.

The After piece of the Modern System of Education unites the most refined wit with the most melting pathos and no doubt will go down to posterity an illustrious monument of the dramatic talents of Theodore and the Chancellor.

The foregoing might be listened to with a cold suspicion from the probability of the writer being biassed by national partiality. The concurrent testimony of a Frenchman will however prove the real merit of the performance. I submit therefore to the public the following extract from our

French Correspondence

being part of a letter from a Frenchman residing in England to his friend at Paris[1].

"Vous me demandez qu'est que ce que je vais en Angleterre qui me plait le plus, et je vous assure que le Theatre Timea (car c'est ainsi qu'on l'appelle) m'a enchanté. On nous a donné l'autre jour la première scène de Sylvester Daggerwood qui fut suivé par la charmante petite pièce de "La Systeme moderne d'Education". Mr. Graham a joué la rôle de Fustian et je crois qu'avec impartialité on point le mattre à coté de [??]. Ce soireé il était superbe. Dans l'endroit

[1] *[Oh great. Indecipherable French. As if English wasn't bad enough. J.S.*

de la piece — ou il dit, "Deus, un prince sueant de Danemarque," l'audience fut electrifiée — Le role de Sylvester Daggerwood fut joué par Mr. Dav. enfant qui est vraiment le meilleur acteur comique que je ni ai jamais vu — Le theatre retentit soit d'eclats de rire quand il cria dans son sommeil, "avec un poignard nud" — Mais vraiment, "Le Systeme moderne d'Education," c'est un petit bijou, un petit fleur — Moliere dans ses plus heureux moments ia rien produit de si piquant — Chaque phrase, chaque discours est saisissant de sel attique — les caracteres de Mr de Carnal Mlle Ce. de Mr de Trackwell Mr Dadman et Col. Lollypop sont imaginés avec tant d'esprit et entretenus avec tant de vivacité qu'ils rendent cette petite piece unique — L'actrice qui joua le role de Mlle Carnal est une Mlle Mars Anglaise — Oh qu'elle etoit charmante dans la scene ou elle cria, parlant de son mari defunt "il sentit — oh il sentit" — et puis s'evanouissant — On a rempli le role de Mlle Trackwell fort bien — Mlle Carnal fut personifiée pour la premiere fois par une jeune debutante fort respectablement — Mais Col. Lollipop c'etoit le dieu de la drame — Chaque geste, chaque parole furent admirables — De la commencement jusqu'a la fin il etoit excellent, mais dans une des scenes, il se surpassa — L'audience fut extasiée — c'etoit la fameuse scene des "Au dehors Monsieur" "Non." "Au dehors Monsieur" "Non." — Oh quelle fete delicieuse pour les amateurs de la Drame — J'espere d'y aller encore plusieurs fois — Mais le papier m'a entrainé

Cabinet Council

A cabinet council was held on Saturday to consider of the measures necessary to be taken in order to provide supplies for the increased demand of provisions for some members of the Imperial household —

A memorial was presented stating that in consequence of the decree issued by the Comptroller of the Headache, Beaver Discounting Chamber had on the 7th Dec.r 1818, after 15 years of deprivation discarded her beefsteak cup and plate and dish & roast beef in its stead, which for two successive days she partook to the immense amount of one slice, 3 inches long.

The Memorial likewise stated that there is a great scarcity in the Sheep market in consequence of the subsisting entirely upon the woolen trade —

After taking these and other circumstances into quature consideration

Resolved

That a correspondence be opened with one of the whole sale hatters in

[*I am going on strike. I am not going to transcribe this nasty French. Anyway, it's only blah blah blah how wonderful the acting was, which is probably all a lot of rubbish anyway, and I don't believe it's a real letter written by a real Frenchman, I believe it's just a silly fabrication of one of the Graham kiddies, and I can't read it and I don't want to and I'm not going to. And there's nothing you can do about it. You can't make me. So there. Transcribe it for yourself if it matters that much to you. Don't keep bugging me about it. I don't care. I'm not listening. J.S.*]

Cabinet Council

A cabinet council was held on Saturday to consider of the measures necessary to be taken in order to provide supplies for the increased demand of provisions for some members of the Timean household.

A memorial was presented stating that in consequence of the decree issued by the comptroller of the Headache, Vance Disgustio, Madame Mere had on the 20^{th} Dec^{r} 1818, after 18 years of deprivation discarded her beef tea cup, and placed a dish of roast beef in its stead, by which for two successive days she partook to the immense amount of one shin, 3 inches long.

The Memorial likewise stated that there is a great scarcity in the sheep market in consequence of Emilia subsisting entirely upon the woolly tribe.

After taking these and other particulars into mature consideration

Resolved

That a correspondence be opened with one of the wholesale butchers as

to insure a never failing supply of potatoes of the first quality.

That suitable encouragement be given to cultivators of the South Down breed.

That an application be made to the East India Company that three ships may be ordered to bring home their entire cargoes of Rice.

That a steam engine be constructed for the more rapid supply of Alkali Pastiles, a barrel of which to be sent to the Palace every Monday morning to insure the digestion of the above mentioned Beef and Mutton.

It was further enacted that in consequence of the shock this change has given to the Vegetable trade, a large tract of land in the Simean territory formerly occupied in the cultivation of artichokes, should be planted with forest Trees in order to serve as a cover for Pheasants and other game.

The above mentioned intelligence has created such a sensation as to raise the Stocks since our last paper to an unprecedented height, but we are sorry to add that they have since very much fluctuated, a report having since gained ground that Madame Mee has been seized with a severe attack of her usual headache, an alarming mob collected at the door of the Comptroller's Office which demanded his presence in order to give an account of his conduct threatening to tear him in pieces upon which he was obliged to make his escape at a back door and has not since been heard of.

After these disruptions Mde Mee signified to the Council her wish to remedy an evil that has crept into the State by a strange perversion of times and seasons in the domestic occupations of the Simean household. Emilia and La Marguerite having an unheard of custom of sitting down to their desks and copying or writing letters at the hours sacred to social intercourse from tea to bed time. This is the more astonishing at this season when his Grace of Darmelle has taken place in the circle and entertained them by his interesting manner of reading in which there is the greatest distinctness as well as harmony of tones An edict was therefore issued for the total abolition of this enormity, and the offenders in question are commanded to sit down to their needle and spinning wheel except when their fingers are occupied in delighting the audience with music.

Another decree was made to spare in the Chronicle the frequent recurrence of an unpleasant truth, viz: the absence of Madame upon various interesting occasions in consequence of headache, but as the King is pronounced never to be dead, so it is henceforth asserted that Madame is never absent, and it is enacted that a chair of State is always to be placed to which the members are to make their Reverence.

to ensure a never failing supply of sirloins of the first quality. That suitable encouragement be given to Cultivators of the South Down breed.

That an application be made to the East India Company that three ships may be ordered to bring home their entire cargoes of Rice.

That a steam engine be constructed for the more rapid supply of Alkaline Mixture, a barrel of which to be sent to the Palace every Monday morning to secure the digestion of the above mentioned Beef and Mutton.

It was further enacted that in consequence of the shock this change has given to the vegetable trade a large tract of land in the Timean territory formerly occupied in the cultivation of artichokes should be planted with Forest Trees in order to serve as a cover for Pheasants and other game.

JG

The above-mentioned intelligence has created such a sensation as to raise the Stocks since our last paper to an unprecedented height, but we are sorry to add that they have since very much fluctuated, a report having since gained ground that Madame Mere has been seized with a severe attack of bilious headache, an alarming mob collected at the doors of the Comptroller's Office which demanded his presence in order to give an account of his conduct threatening to tear him in pieces upon which he was obliged to make his escape at a back door and has not since been heard of.

After these discussions M.^{de} Mere signified to the Council her wish to remedy an evil that has crept into the state by a strange perversion of times and seasons in the domestic occupations of the Timean household, Emilia and La Marguerite having an unheard of custom of sitting down to their desks and copying or writing letters at the hours sacred to social intercourse from tea to bed time. This is the more astonishing at this season when his Grace of Darwell has taken place in the circle and entertained them by his interesting manner of reading in which there is the greatest distinctness as well as harmony of tones. An edict was therefore issued for the total abolition of this enormity, and the offenders in question are commanded to sit down to their needle and spinning wheel except when their fingers are occupied in delighting the audience with music.

Another decree was made to spare in the Chronicle the frequent recurrence of an unpleasant truth, viz; the absence of M. Mere upon various interesting occasions in consequence of headache, but as the King is pronounced never to be dead, so it is henceforth asserted that M. Mere is never absent, and it is enacted that a chair of State is always to be placed to which the members are to make their obeisance.

New Disorder

The faculty have lately discovered a new painful disorder which on the opening of Pandora's box must have stuck to the lid, until the present time, for certain it is that it has never been heard of till within these few days. The disorder we allude to is the

Stomachic Avalanche.

Our readers must all know what is meant by Italian cream. This pernicious dish made its appearance ~~and unmanageable~~ at a grand dinner given the other day at Stanley House. It has all the purity of snow in appearance and many of the guests asked for it as such "I'll thank you for a little of that snow" but after this fatal snow has been a few hours in the stomach it produces a convulsion similar to the avalanche of the alps. In alpine regions it is said that the least noise, even the tinkling of a bell on a mule's neck will cause this catastrophe. We are not sure whether the Stomachic Avalanche is analogous in this respect but we hope this dreadful disorder will be stopped, with proper care by the banishment of Italian cream from our tables.

ALBUM MANIA

It is confidently reported that a bill will be passed in the present Session of Parliament for the better regulation of Albums, and for limiting their number. Petitions against the measure will of course be presented from the Corporations of Clapham and Windmill Hill, but we hope the Legislature will not be intimidated. We have heard from good authority that in framing the bill the following rules will be laid down.

1st That one Album only shall be allowed in each family, and that Individual Albums shall be absolutely illegal.

2. That no Album shall be of a size greater than a folio, or contain fewer than 500 leaves, in order to prevent the dignity of albums from suffering by their being crammed into a work box, or carried out into the air of a summer's evening.

3dly That no poet shall be compellable to furnish more than a heroic poem; no prose writer more than an essay — no songster more than an ode — no algebraist more than an equation — no portrait painter more than a portrait of the Proprietor of the album; (and that need not be flattering) — no flower painter more than a bouquet of flowers with three dew drops and one tiny three insects.

There will be a saving clause to indemnify all those who have already written or painted in copies

New Disorder

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Stomachic Avalanche

Our readers must all know what is meant by Italian cream. This pernicious dish made its appearance at a grand dinner given the other day at H—nd—ly House. It has all the purity of snow in appearance and many of the guests asked for it as such. "I'll thank you for a little of that snow", but after this fatal snow has been a few hours in the stomach it produces a convulsion similar to the Avalanche of the Alps. In Alpine regions it is said that the least noise, even the tinkling of a bell on a mule's neck will cause this catastrophe. We are not sure whether the Stomachic Avalanche is analogous in this respect, but we hope this dreadful disorder will be stopped in its progress by the banishment of Italian cream from our tables.

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2^{d}. That no Album shall be of a smaller size than a folio, or contain fewer than 500 leaves, in order to prevent the dignity of Albums from suffering by their being crammed into a work box, or carried out into the air of a summer's evening.

$3.^{dly}$. That no poet shall be compellable to furnish more than a heroic poem; no prose writer more than an essay ~ no sonnet writer more than an ode ~ no algebraist more than an equation[1] ~ no portrait painter more than a portrait of the Proprietor of the Album; (and <u>that</u> need not be flattering). No flower painter more than a bouquet of flowers with three dew drops [??] three insects.

There will be a saving clause to indemnify all those who have already written or painted in any Album.

[1] *Woo Hoo. I do believe this is the first (and probably only) mention of algebra in the Chronicle! J.S.*

Poetical Address
to the Family Chronicle

Hail Chronicle — a little giving fame
Thou pages teem — with princes Dukes and lords
And deck each simple unpretending name
With all the magic of these dazzling words
But humbler guest that dines in Sirens halls
To hear a group of old, or grave or gay
A nobleman they freakish fancy calls
And says, "the Earl of — was here to day"
The new made peer unconscious of his state
Goes little dreaming that he's made a lord
But when his steps next enter Sirens gate
The name as plain Sir James they shout and hoot
Fair lovely maidens rich in beauty's charms
That need no coronet to bid them shine
Shy diary scatters to titled dames
And says, "the Lady Ellen was divine"
Shy Editors now call themselves, "Serene"
And a crown Prince rules o'er the illustrious realms
And o'er their changing fancy & lifts the scene
And simple "Theodore" appears in reins
Now agrave Chancellor of legal fame
In Sirens homage pays to Madame Muse
Anon, he doffs his gown, and wig, and name
And as gay Jean de Paris revels there
And on their freaks, O Chronicle of fame
And motley figures crowd in every page
Now a gay sprightly dame it's calls a name
And fashionable youths, confessors sage
All who can hope they manage to unfold
The under working mystic Chronicle
Of in future years they not unrolled
Their Editors no more they tricks can tell

III. LETTER
from Elfin to his sister Sprite.

Dear Sprite I'm afraid you'll have thought I'd forgot
The last promise I made — No! indeed
But I'm tied up all day, when I have not
With a chain round my neck, which you see the same
'Tis the same that round both Jus once was
When that poor leg of yours was so cruelly entangled
So shut up as I am in this stable so dreary mangled.
I think, till my brain is with thinking quite weary
And I fear lest by studying on at this rate
Like Q M and Lottie, I shall get a bald pate
Lest my top knot no longer should deck
Or this fuzz'd wig of wisdom my countenance grace
But yet without study and labour intense
I can neer put together rhyme metre or sense
You, living at large hear all news entertaining
I nought but my own and poor Fairy's complaining
So she's tied up with me, this Trip wanders free
Why should Master look after only the three and one
When I wrote last I told you I'd much more to say
But now what with dozing and nothing all day
All that was in my noddle is clean gone away
Yet I dream of past pleasures & gloaming pursuits
For my Master, you know, takes me out when he shoots
Then the sniff of the birch that then partridges haunt
Makes my bosom rise now, in affection to thrash
With retative encumbrance — how night mushrooms with tappings

Poetical Address to the Family Chronicle

Hail Chronicle of title giving fame
Whose pages teem with princes Dukes
and Lords
And deck each simple unpretending name
With all the magic of these dazzling words
Each luckless guest that dines in Timea's halls
Be he or young or old, or grave or gay
A nobleman thy freakish fancy calls
And says "The Earl of — was here today"
The new made peer unconscious of his state
Goes little dreaming that he's made a Lord
But when his steps next enter Timea's gate
His name as plain sir James thy sheets record
From lovely maiden rich in beauty's claims
That need no coronet to bid them shine
Thy diary exalts to titled dames
And says "The Lady Ellen was divine"
Thy Editors now call themselves "Serene"
And a Crown Prince rules o'er th'illustrious
crew
But soon their changing fancy shifts the Scene
And simple "Theodore" appears in view
Now a grave Chancellor of legal fame
In Timea homage pay to Madame Mere
Anon, he doffs his gown, and wig, and name
And as gay Jean de Paris revels there
Such are thy freaks, O Chronicle of fun
Such motley figures crowd in every page
Now a gay sprightly damsel's called a nun
And fashionable youths, confessors sage
Ah who can hope thy mazes to unfold
Thou wonder working mystic Chronicle
Perhaps[?] in future years thy web unrolled
When Editors no more thy tricks can tell
AMG

III^{d} Letter from Elfin to his sister Sprite

Dear Sprite I'm afraid you'll have thought I'd forgot
The last promise I made. No! Indeed I have not
But I'm tied up all day where I ne'er see the sun
With a chain round my neck which you know is
no fun
Tis the same that round both of us once was
entangled
When that poor leg of yours was so cruelly mangled
So shut up as I am in this stable so dreary
I think, till my brain is with thinking quite weary
And I fear lest by studying on at this rate
Like CM and GM I shall get a bald pate
Lest my top knot no longer should set off this face
Nor this frizz'd wig of wisdom my countenance
grace
But yet without study and labour intense
I can ne'er put together rhyme metre or sense
You, living at large hear all news entertaining
I nought but my own and poor Fairy's complaining
For she's tied up with me, tho' Trip wanders free
Why should Master lock up only Mother and me
When I wrote last I told you I'd much more to say
But now what with dozing and moping all day
All that was in my noodle is clean gone away
Yet I dream of past pleasures & glorious pursuits
For my Master, you know, takes me out when
he shoots
Where the sniff of the track that the partridges leave
Makes my bosom e'en now, on reflection to heave
With extatic[sic] remembrance -- how nigh
breathless with fagging

I have oft seen Mama, her tail rapidly wagging,
Shrinking down near the earth the nearer
And bushing along, in and out like a snake
Casting this way and that way in intricate doubles
With her little sharp nose, thro' the thick rattling stubble
As often old Drip with a shrill sounding yelp
Proclaims the sure track, up I scamper to help
Sniffing those in the furrows, and feeling the scent,
Brisk, active, and lusty, try which way they went
My own nose is my guide, my own path I pursue
Till with sharp thundering whizz, the bird rises in view
Then my Master who stops him, ere to fire
Cries, "Well done, little Elfin, that bird was your own"
Oh see the delight that the sciences yield
How they spring up within us, in wood and in field
How they cheer us even while to pursue
Them unable
abroad or at home — chained in kennel or stable
When ice frisk in the sun, or in darkness we sleep
How they dwell in remembrance, how live in our hope
Whether blithe in the pleasures of life we engage
In the world, or alone — in youth or old age
Oh that your youth like mine were to science consigned,
And that early instruction had trained your young mind
'Tis with sorrow I learn, that for months and days
You, in toy shops, or flowers, caps and ribbons can gaze,
Vacantly about, and with unmeaning face

The sparrows or larks on the common can chase —
Thro' nine months of our life our sister has nine
Snipes or partridge, or pheasant or woodcock or hare —
May your Master like mine calculate the last flitting day
Or remind him that youth gallops swiftly away.

R D

Advertisements.

Escaped from Public Justice
La Marguerite's Cave —
a person of diminutive stature
staring eyes, and savage manners
who has never been heard of since
his barbarous treatment of a young
debutante who was left in the centre
of a crowded ball room, surrounded by no
more terrible solitude than that
of Alexander Selkirk.

A Premium is offered for
the best Ode of Condolence upon the
unwelcome departure of the Duke
and Duchess who have signified
their intention of quitting the Palace
on Monday to the great regret of the
family —

Change of Ministers

The Secretary for foreign Correspondence
Sprite has lately taken disgust at the
inattention of his Printer who actually
spent a whole day in drawing for a whistle
Quarrel instead of conversing with him
the report is that the head of the Printing house
will take his seat in the cabinet

(Printed at the Clapham Press)

I have oft seen Mama, her tail rapidly wagging
Shrinking down near the earth, the scent closer
to take
And brushing along, in and out like a snake
Hasting this way and that way in intricate double
With her little sharp nose, thro' the thick
rattling stubble
As often old Trip with a shrill sounding yelp
Proclaims the sure track, up I scamper to help
Sniffing close in the furrows, and feeling the scent
Brick action and busy, try which way they went
My own nose is my guide, my own path I pursue
Till with sharp thund'ring whirr the bird rises
in view
Then my Master who stops him, ere too far
he's flown
Cries "Well done, little Elfin, that hit was your own"
Oh see the delight that the sciences yield
How they spring up within us, in woodland or field
How they cheer us e'en while to pursue them unable
Abroad or at home, chained in kennel or stable
When we frisk in the sun or in darkness we grope
How they dwell in remembrance, how live in
our hope
Whether blithe in the pleasures of life we engage
In the world, or alone, or in youth or old age
Oh that your youth like mine were to science
consigned
And that early instruction had trained your
young mind
Tis with sorrow I learn, that for months weeks
and days
You, in toy shops, on gloves, caps and ribbons
can gaze
Or wildly alert, and with unmeaning race
The sparrows or larks on the Common can chase
Thro' nine months of our life my twin sister has ne'er
Sniffed or partridge, or pheasant snipe woodcock
or hare
May your Master like mine catch the fast flitting day
Oh remind him that youth gallops swiftly away.
RD

Advertisements

Escaped from Public Justice La Marguerite's Bane ~ a person of diminutive stature staring eyes, and savage manners, who has never been heard of since his barbarous treatment of a young debutante who was left in the corner of a crowded ballroom, surrounded by a more terrible solitude than that of Alexander Selkirk.

A Premium is offered for the best Ode of Condolence upon the unwelcome departure of the Duke and Duchess who have signified their intention of quitting the Palace on Monday to the great regret of the family.

Change of Ministers

The Secretary for foreign Correspondence Sprite has lately taken disquiet at the inattention of his Mistress who actually spent a whole day in drawing for a charitable purpose instead of conversing with her. The report is that the head of the Bantam family will take his seat in the cabinet.

Printed at the Clapham Press

The Family (N°XLVIII) Chronicle

Dies fenatilibus scriptus.

Elysium Jan: 23rd 1819

The Editor is sorry that he must announce a stupid paper to the public having called at the Simeon Palace to make himself acquainted with the engagements of the week he was told that the Duke and Duchess had left the palace at the beginning of it that Sylvia had departed to Leyton and that the remaining females of the party had composed the party all the week except one day when Phoebe and Jean de Paris brought down Lord Kimberley. — He turned away in disgust for he well knows what these female parties are. Emilia perhaps rapidly recounts some stupid adventures in the day interrupted by a dipsomaniac horse laugh. — Then she and the Abbess and La Marguerite begin talking about the old times as they call them with millions of stale traditions handed down during a lapse of years. — For now that they put us in mind of antiquated trinkets pulled out from the drawers of our grandmothers which we try in vain to new set which can never give any brilliancy to these ingredients of conversation add remarks on household and other affairs introduced by Mde Reve and then the public may imagine what is left for the Editor. —

But he will endeavour to give satisfactions. —

Diary. —

Sunday was passed as usual at the Palace — Emilia was a Hors de Resistant having a cold. — In the evening poor Sylvia had a violent attack made upon her in which threats and entreaties were made use of to prevail with her to publish the Chronicle that evening — tho' contrary to her principles she was at length forced to comply, seriously fearing that the Editor's box would otherwise be forcibly broken open — Indeed the Editor's prerogative is now so much questioned that it is thought new regulations must soon be established to signify how far it extends and prevent the Simean constitution from degenerating into a democracy. Monday — The Simeans started with their dear and illustrious relatives the Duke and Duchess of Darnel Park. The farewell of dear friends is such a melancholy subject that we had rather not touch upon it — We trust that many as happy days may be passed in each other's society and we venture to hope that our press will be honoured by printing future pamphlets of the Duke which will become infinitely more valuable in coming from a distance — Sylvia departed in tears —

XLVII

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham Jan 23rd 1819

The Editor is sorry that he must announce a stupid paper to the public. Having called at the Timean palace to make himself acquainted with the engagements of the past week he was told that the Duke and Duchess had left the palace at the beginning of it that Sylvia had departed to Leyton and that the remaining females only had composed the party all the week except one day when Theodore and Jean de Paris brought down Lord Kinderly. He turned away in disgust for he well knows what these female parties are. Emilia perhaps rapidly recounts some stupid adventure in the day interrupted by a dissonant horse laugh. How she and the Abbess and La Marguerite begin talking about the old times as they call them with millions of state traditions handed down during a lapse of years (We own that they put us in mind of antiquated trinkets pulled out from the drawers of our grand mothers which we try in vain to new set but which we can never give any brilliancy) To these ingredients of conversation add remarks on household and others affairs introduced by M.^{de} Mere and then the public may imagine what is left for the Editor. But he will endeavour to give satisfaction.

Diary

Sunday was passed as usual at the Palace. Emilia was a Home Protestant having a cold. In the evening poor Sylvia had a violent attack made upon her in which threats and entreaties were used to prevail with her to publish the Chronicle that evening. Tho' contrary to her principles she was at length forced to comply, seriously fearing that the Editor's box would otherwise be forcibly broken open. Indeed the Editor's prerogative is now so much questioned that it is thought new regulations must soon be passed to signify how far it extends and prevent the Timean constitution from degenerating into a democracy.

Monday. The Timeans parted with their dear and illustrious relatives the Duke and Duchess of Darwel Bank. The farewell of dear friends is such a melancholy subject that we had rather not touch upon it. We trust that many as happy days may be passed in each other's society and we venture to hope that our press will be honoured by printing many future publications of the Duke which will become infinitely more valuable in coming from a distance. Sylvia departed on

a visit to the house of Polly at Lyon Palace where she has held the week. At two o'Clock the noted potentate Vaudo who has so frequently been mentioned in the pages of this Chronicle was announced and was visited for an hour with Mde Mere and Emilie. The result of the conference has not transpired. It is known however that magic songs are continually on the pond laden with spirituals containing a delicious mixture and the words "break the chain" were audibly repeated when King Vaudo made his obeisance to Mde Mere and retired.

Tuesday. A pin might have been heard to drop in the palace and to the summons enquiries Time the placard No was exhibited and affixed to the Portico.

Wednesday. Lord Lindsay and Adrien Rose in the Library with Jean de Paris. The conversation at dinner was truly delightful being a learned dissertation on different kinds of nourishment between Lord L. and Emilie.

Thursday. Mde Mere, Emilie and Theodore eat fish and supped with Sir Cabriel Vaughan and his sister. Emilie wished much to have been "put in a quiet" on this occasion which would have proved a safeguard against some annuis which she had to experience. But the party was on the whole cheerful and some Norway views being exhibited during the evening we cannot too much recommend them as excellent ballast for families who are in want of that article.

Friday. Polly was guesting at the palace. The Abbess storing her beads and had leisure to reflect on the folly of human nature, Emilie to form millions of indistinct plans, La Marquise to count a num of rosting peaches as usual and Madame Mere to sit back in her arm chair and fall into an evening reverie on the state of the nation, progressive improvement, old china, historical characters, tombstones &c. &c. &c.

Saturday. A fois de fete. We asked the occasion of it and were told it was given to two ladies just arrived on Monday and the other young and charming. The said the former was the Princess of Lambeth Hill, another that she was the Reverend Mother of the Abbess and others designated her as plain Mother without any other additional so we learnt excellently informed that she is the Lady of St. Alexander Glynn Bart the noble owner of Lambeth Wick Palace.

a visit to the house of Solly at Leyton Palace where she has staid the week. At two o'Clock the noted potentate Vance who has so frequently been mentioned in the pages of this Chronicle was announced and was closeted for an hour with M.^{de} Mere and Emilia. The result of the conference has not transpired. It is known however that messengers are continually on the road laden with phials containing a whitish mixture and the words "break the chain" were audibly repeated when King Vance made his obeisance to M.^{de} Mere and retired.

Tuesday. A pin might have been heard to drop in the palace and to the numerous enquirers there the placard NO was exhibited and affixed to the Portico.

Wednesday. Lord Kinderly was driven down in the Tilbury with Jean de Paris. The conversation at dinner was truly edifying being a learned dissertation on different kinds of nutriment between Lord K and Emilia.

Thursday. M.^{de} Mere, Emilia and Theodore eat fish and soup with Sir Cabinet Vaughan and his sister. Emilia wished much to have been "put in a cabinet" on this occasion which would have proved a safeguard against some ennuis which she had to experience. But the party was on the whole cheerful and some Norway views being exhibited during the evening we cannot too much recommend them as excellent ballast for families who are in want of that article.

Friday. All was quietness at the palace. The Abbess strung her beads and had leisure to reflect on the folly of human nature, Emilia to form millions of industrious plans, La Marguerite to cover a ream of writing paper as usual and Madame Mere to sit back in her arm chair and fall into an evening reverie on the state of the nation, progression improvement, old china, historical characters, bombazine gowns &c &c &c.

Saturday. A jour de fête. We asked the occasion of it and were told it was given to two ladies just arrived one elderly and the other young and blooming. One said the former was the Priestess of Lambeth Hill, another that she was the venerable Mother of the Abbess and others designated her as plain Mother without any other additions. We are however credibly informed that she is the lady of Sir Alexander Clunie [1]Bar.^{t} the noble owner of Lambeth Hill Palace.

[1] *Well, well, so the father of The Abbess was Alexander Clunie, who lived in Lambeth Hill. But I doubt he was a Bart., so this doesn't really help us a great deal in learning more about her. J.S.*

Next for Calendar

We grieve to give authenticity to the report so prevalent on Wednesday last of Chaudoir having drank too much sugar at a ball given at Glasnevin Lodge on Tuesday evening. Two confidential personages, some how seem to suffer spreading the rumour not discounting in a manner so flippant as to be quite sincere, but with the general tone of polite conversation. It is now generally known that the new man Chaudoir and the female leaning on his arm Lady Bodle, the wife of Sir Augustus Bodle. —

The new title assumed by the Chancellor of Jean de Paris has caused universal dissatisfaction and it is particularly objected to as deriving his preference for every thing of Roman extraction. —

Readings are now carried on by the Abbé de Glugny of Cooty's Summa and the History of the Catholics by Cardinal Bellarmine. We have authority to state that she has got as far as the 106th page and we hope try to learn that the reading aloud of these works has somewhat a similar effect to that which is produced by a Harpe Dante. At least never fails to produce a flow of conversation in the listening party so that Mrs Flynn finds that when listening these interesting works her chalks drake very is touched with unusual spirit. —

Lord Stanley. Pomp and the Step Boys under the Palace the end of last week a large troop of mosquitoes and crocodiles. —

EG

Formidable rebellion —

A formidable rebellion has taken place in the dominions of Dama Dia Gaelic. His subjects infuriated by his despotic measures have risen to arms the signal of revolt is a roasted apple raised on a spike. We are ignorant of their leader, but the followers of the renowned Bell, are not without hope that he will again be elevated to the sovereignty of the Kingdom of Bile. The rebel camp resists a constant supply of provisions, greens and vegetables of all kinds for the use of the troops and some robbery and Rebellion seem have been committed for the rebels from Learopfield Yard's army by cutting off all supplies of magnums and other Alcalene nutriment which has reduced them to calamity. Sabbatarianism has rendered his adversaries so successfully by large doses of Bale. and that we doubt whether they will be able to stand out the Campaign.

Interesting and melancholy Event

As the Family Chronicle was writing, called to inform the pleasing occasion, now is added by the cessation of the Simian family it is merely among to exclude from its columns those many dog occurrences which the dog fraternity the charms of genius or who might to be inscribed on the tablets of this institution. Of this class is the recent death of the venerable Mrs. Jones our late opposite neighbour in

Haut Ton Calendar

We grieve to give authenticity to the report so prevalent on Wednesday last of Theodore having drank too much negus at a ball given at Clarence Lodge on Tuesday evening. Two conspicuous personages were there seen after supper parading the room and discoursing in a manner so flippant as to be quite inconsistent with the general tone of polite conversation. It is now generally known that the one was Theodore and the female leaning on his arm Lady Book, the wife of Sir Pompous Book.

The new title assumed by the Chancellor of Jean de Paris has excited universal dissatisfaction and it is particularly objected to as deciding his preferences for every thing of French extraction.

Readings are now carried on by the Abbess de Clugny of Evelyn's memoirs and the History of the Catholics by Carolus Butlericus. We have authority to state that she has got as far as the 106^{th} page and are happy to learn that the reading aloud of these works has somewhat a similar effect to that which is produced by a Harp Duett. As that never fails to produce a flow of conversation in the listening party so M.^{de} Mere find that when hearing these interesting works her chalk drapery is touched with unusual spirit.

Lord [??] Romp and the Miss [??] left the palace the end of last week with a large troop of masquers and comedians.

EG

Formidable rebellion

A formidable rebellion has taken place in the dominions of Vance Disgustio. His subjects infuriated by his despotic measures have risen to arms. The signal of revolt is a roasted apple raised on a pole. We are ignorant of their leader, but the followers of the ex-monarch Pete, are not without hopes that he will again be elevated to the sovereignty of the Kingdom of Bile. The rebel camp receives a constant supply of turnips, greens and vegetables of all kinds for the use of the troops and some rasberry[sic] and Italian cream has been contracted for. The rebels have harassed Vance's army by cutting off all supplies of magnesia and other alkaline nutriment which has reduced them to extremity but Vance [??] has weakened his adversaries so successfully by large doses of Calomel that we doubt whether they will be able to [??] out the Campaign.

Interesting and melancholy Events

As the Family Chronicle was instated[?] to supply the place of correspondence now exploded by the reunion of the Timean family, it is surely wrong to exclude from its columns those every day occurrences which tho' they have not the charms of genius or wit ought to be inscribed on the tablets of this institution. Of this class is the recent death of the venerable Dr. Morice our late opposite neighbour in

Gown to adorn shoulders long and white
not unlike as are copal with our
earliest recollections. In juvenile days
the head and nightcap nodding over
the fashion blinds was one of the
chief attractions of a Gown St. life &
in later years the Dr.'s residence was
always resorted to in the emergency
of a sudden demand party to borrow
a bottle of port or sherry. Instead of
the Dr.'s countenance framed and
glazed in one of the windows as
now seen a gorgeous habiliment
with the motto Non omnis moriar

Memoir of the life of — Esqr.

This celebrated individual having
been so often mentioned in these pages
our readers may be anxious to have
a sketch of his early life. Even a
child he early manifested a decided
taste for the medicinal art. Nothing
could avail upon him sooner to forsake
sugar, fruit or sweetmeats, generally relish-
-ed by children of his age, but when good
his mother rewarded him with a large
dose of Rhubarb. When advanced in
years he discovered his genius by maim-
-ing a favorite puppy on dead horse
mixed with spark bissuit and making
a gold finch live on straw sandwiches a
day. At length removed to college he
distinguished himself by prevailing
on all the students at his table to
drink alkaline beverage instead of
wine. They all took high degrees. His
fame spread rapidly. Fellows of
colleges who had long indulged in
the pleasures of the table found their
loss of thirst remark restored by him
and individuals were afflicted of re-
-mark complaints who never were be-
-fore aware of them. — Address of
Apothecary is said to be seen at Trinity

(Printed at the Clapham Press)

College, Cambridge, representing the
sufferings by Health and Exercise for
-saking & languid Britannia resorting
to Gallons of alkaline liquid. —

To the Editor

Dear Mrs Editor —

As I know your fondness
for children I send you the following
poem subject to infantine capacities. The
poetry of your chronicle being generally of
too sublime a nature for the comprehension
of unmatured intellects. Your &c.
A.B.C.

A. was an Abbess who studied romances
B. was a bachelor who liked much to dance
C. was a Chancellor solemn in gait
D. was a dandy light haired in pink tights
E. was an Editor witty and sage
F. was the Family Chronicle's page
G. was a grammar and taught how to spell
H. was a handkerchief lying about
I. was an illness and could not get cured
K. was a Koran by Clugny abjured
L. was a Lady when wedded by vain
M. was a martyr in an agony of pain
N. was a nun and rode on a pony.
O. was an Opera dancer her crony.
P. was a pudding served up in a plate.
Q. a quaker who made carpets beds for the poor
R. Stands for Richard an uncle so good
S. for Sophia his consort indeed
T. Stands for Theodore (character found)
U. for Adolphus by Clugny well gowned
W. for Whittaker in a glass case
X. for Xantippe who never gave place
Y. for a yawner will nauseate a fool
Z. the Lazy who lately betrothed the belle

Hint to the Children.

A celebrated amateur lately purchased
at a toy shop the figure of an exquisite
dandy riding on an ass, and ordered it to be
sent to his — Square St. A few days afterwards
he called at the toy shop to complain that he
was never sent and to ask the reason why.
said the woman, we enquired at the door
found it was not the right person. How said
the amateur, why my name is on the box
Yes Sir but the maid refused to take it in
saying there was children [illegible]

Gower St. & whose powdered wig and velvet nightcap are coeval with our earliest recollections. In juvenile days the head and nightcap nodding over the parlour blinds was one of the chief attractions of a Gower St. life & in later years the Dr.'s residence was always resorted to in the emergency of a sudden dinner party to borrow a bottle of port or sherry. Instead of the D.^{r}'s countenances framed and glazed in one of the windows we now see a gorgeous hatchment with the motto Non omnis morcar.

Memoir of the life of Vance Esq^{r}

This celebrated individual having been so often mentioned in these pages our readers may be anxious to hear a sketch of his early life. When a child he early manifested a decided taste for the medicinal art. Nothing could prevail upon him [??] to touch sugar, fruit or sweetmeats, generally relished by children of his age, but when good his mother [??] him with a large dose of Rhubarb. When advanced in years he discovered his genius by maintaining a favorite puppy on deal board[?] mixed with hard biscuit and making a goldfinch live on three hemp seeds a day. At length removed to college he distinguished himself by prevailing with all the students at his table to drink alkaline beverage instead of wine. They all took high degrees. His fame spread rapidly. Fellows of colleges who had long indulged in the pleasures of the table found the tone of their stomach restored by him and individuals were apprised of stomach complaints who never were before aware of them. A piece of sculpture is now to be seen at Trinity College, Cambridge, representing Vance supported by Health and Exercise presenting a languid Britannia with a Goblet of alkaline liquid.

EG

To the Editor

Dear Mrs. Editor

As I know your fondness for children I send you the following poem suited to infantine capacities, the poetry of your chronicle being generally of too sublime a nature for the comprehension of unmatured intellects.

Your h.^{ble} serv.^{t}

A.B.C.

A was an Abbess who studied Romances
B as a Batchelor asked much to dances
C was a Chancellor solemn in face
D was a Dandy tight laced in with stays
E was an Editor witty and sage
F was the family's Chronicles page
G was a Grammar & taught how to spout
H was a Handkerchief lying about
I was an illness and could not be cured
K was a Koran, by Clugny abjured
L was a Lady ne'er wetted by rain
M was a Martyr in an agony of pain
N was a Nun & rode on a pony
O was an Opera dancer, her crony
P was a Pudding served up in a plate
Q a quakeress who made canopy beds
for the great
R stands for Richard an uncle revered
S for Sophia his consort endeared
T stands for Theodore (character form'd)
U for Udolpho by Clugny well governed
W for Whittaker in a glass case
X for Xantippe, who never gave place
Y for a Yankee, ill-mannered and cool
Z's the Zany who lately betrothed the State Fool

JG

Hint to the Childish

A celebrated amateur lately purchased at a toy shop the figure of an exquisite Dandy riding on an ass, and ordered it to be sent to No. — Gower St. A few days afterwards he called at the toy shop to complain that it was never sent and to ask the reason. "Sir said the woman, we enquired at No. — but found it was not the right person." How said the amateur, why my name's on the door. "Yes Sir but the maid refused to take it in saying there were no children lived there".

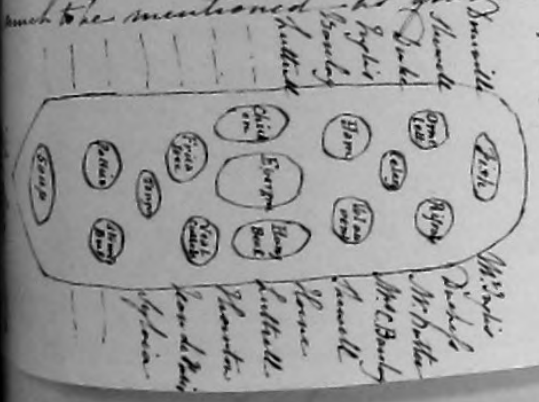
Printed at the Clapham Press

To the Editor of the J. C.

47. Supplement

Sir/ I was present at an excellent dinner at the Simeon Palace on Saturday the 16th and I do not find it mentioned in your last Chronicle. I cannot but think so sumptuous a dinner to be omitted. Surely two excellent courses and a dessert deserve as much to be mentioned as your visit about albums and such unsatisfactory matter. I have now given you a sketch of the dinner though I am ashamed to say I cannot recollect all the guests but I am certain the interior of the table is right. I heard that it went off very well and that there is a good deal of instruction to be derived from the Chev.r Inglis's conversation and amusement from Caroline Rattenbury, but making it a rule never to think after dinner, I cannot say for myself.

Your obed.t servant De Jourmand



To the Editor of the F.C.

47. Supplement.

Sir, I was present at an excellent dinner at the Timean Palace on Saturday the 16th and I do not find it mentioned in your last Chronicle. I cannot bear dinners to be omitted. Surely two excellent courses and a dessert deserves as much to be mentioned as your wit about Albums and such unsatisfactory matter. I have now given you a sketch of the dinner though I am ashamed to say I cannot recollect all the guests but I am certain the interior of the table is right. I heard that it went off very well and that there is a good deal of instruction to be derived from the Chev.^{r} Inglis's conversation and amusement from Carolus Butlericus, but making it a rule never to think after dinner I cannot say for myself.

Your obed^{t} servant De Gourmand.

XLVIII

Diis penatibus sacrum

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Clapham Jan. 31st 1819

The Editor with no very agreeable impressions sits down to present his readers with the diary of the Week having been pursued to the very door of his Printing Office, by a tumultuous rabble shouting "You can't get your Chronicle finished" — We shall not have it to day, and he begs leave to represent to his numerous and indulgent readers that these proceedings are contrary to all decorum, as the Chronicle is supposed to drop from the skies without toil or labour at the time of depart and no more bustle should be made about the intellectual than the corporal allotment. But he hastens to present to his readers the contents of his common place Book —

Sunday.

Sir Alexr and Mr Clennie joined the party of their relations at the Princes Palace.

Monday.

Lady Clennie and daughters returned to their residence Lambeth Palace. The same day the demi barge waited Mr Mure and Emilia to London. They had a long consultation with Sir Manasseh Vance and then returned with Sylvia who met them at the Queen Palace. It was a gala repast that the demi barge had nearly foundered by two mighty a cargo of alkali.

Tuesday.

All passed in the greatest tranquility Madame Mure painted Cardinal Ximenes, Sylvia studied Tasso's hills Emilia heated alkaline mixture the abbess defended the Catholics, Sir Marguerite read aunt, Captain Jackson picked bones, the Jane Thompsons battled de te —

Wednesday

Ditto. —

Thursday.

Mrs Mure signified her intention of making a progress to Mornington and visiting the mighty potentates of that country. This occasioned much surprize many Romantians and a great deal of bustle and confusion Her Queenship had made it a custom of late years to send tributary boxes to the reverend heads of Mornington, Clapton and Hackney, who had at their feet a melon, a bunch of grapes, a flowering heath or finally a nosegay. The public mind was therefore in a state of great suspense till at last all surmises and doubts were ended by the demi barge sending full sail out of the harbour bearing inside Mrs Mure Sylvia and Sir Marguerite.

Friday.

Emilia feeling rather indisposed

XLVIII

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Clapham Jan 30th 1819

The Editor with no very agreeable impressions sits down to present his readers with the diary of the Week having been pursued to the very doors of his Printing Office, by a tumultuous rabble shouting "You can't get your Chronicle finished". We shall not have it today, and he begs leave to represent to his numerous and indulgent readers that these proceedings are contrary to all decorum, as the Chronicle is supposed to drop from the skies without toil or labour at the time of dessert and no more bustle should be made about the intellectual than the corporal aliment. But he hastens to present to his readers the contents of his common place Book.

Sunday

Sir Alex^{r} and Mrs.[?] Clunie joined the party of their relatives at the Timean palace.

Monday

Lady Clunie and daughter returned to their residence Lambeth Palace. The same day the demi barge wafted M. Mere and Emilia to London. They had a long consultation with Sir Mercury Vance and then returned with Sylvia who met them at the Gower Palace. It was a false report that the demi barge had nearly foundered by too weighty a cargo of Alkali.

Tuesday

All passed in the greatest tranquility. Madame Mere painted Cardinal Limenes, Sylvia studied Tarvar's bills, Emilia heated Alkaline mixture, the Abbess defended the Catholics, La Marguerite rode out, Captain Tartar picked bones, the Java Princesses bathed &c &c.

Wednesday

Ditto.

Thursday

M.^{me} Mere signified her intention of making a progress to Newington and visiting the mighty potentates of that country. This occasioned much surprize, many observations and a great deal of bustle and confusion. Her Serene Highness had made it a custom of late years to send tribute bearers to the crowned heads of Newington, Clapton and Hackney, who laid at their feet a melon, a bunch of grapes, a flowering heath or finally a note. The public mind was therefore in a state of great suspense till at last all surmises and doubts were ended by the demi barge scudding full sail out of the harbour bearing inside M.^{me} Mere Sylvia and La Marguerite.

Friday

Emilia feeling rather indisposed

dispatched a courier early in the morning to Sir Mercury Yearne who immediately drove down in his Silbary he knows not the result of the conference

Saturday,

Euribia gave out to be a damp raining relaxing days it is therefore impossible to the Editor — he will not however relax in his efforts to please his readers.

Daring Outrage

It is with pain we inform our readers that as the venerable and benevolent Capt.n Tartar was a few days since walking alone on the Common in his white morning dishabille, as is generally his custom to gain an appetite for his usual repast of duck bones, some ruffians took advantage of his being unattended to attack him in the most barbarous manner somewhere near Livia's lane. The Captain defended himself with his usual bravery, but received some severe wounds in the left leg. He contrived to get home, and was immediately assisted to bed, but we are sorry to say that it is much swelled and he is unable to use it —.

We suppose these villains bore the hon. Captain a grudge for his active administration as Justice of the Peace — No suspicions have been started for their apprehension, and we hope they will not escape the paw of justice. We cannot help hoping that the Capt.n at her time of life will not [illegible]

Committee for superintending the Roads.

The overseers of the Roads met last Wednesday to take the state of the Highways into consideration — One of the trustees reported, "that they had been in a very good state this time, generally light, heavy but in a few places, and no where impassable — The weather had as usual been favorable to them (a laugh) — The other body of Trustees, he was proud to say had done their duty — Mr. Steer Theadone, the Chancellor, the Duke & Duchess of Darmell &c &c had performed their parts conscientiously — The worthy Mr. Gibson had sent them several cart loads of stones off his own premises but an importation of gravel consisting of marquee plays he had seen so well, that he might affirm with certainty they had made as good a road as any in England — In some places he had been able to obtain scrapings."

The company expressed their satisfaction at this report — They then debated on the means of continuing the good state of the roads — Some proposed an iron railway — A gentleman who had been abroad suggested the idea of pavement, but a wag observed that it would be too rattling — About one o'clock the meeting broke up.

dispatched a courier early in the morning to Sir Mercury Vance who immediately drove down in his Tilbury. We know not the result of the conference.

Saturday

Emilia gone[?] out to be a damp rainy relaxing day, it is therefore unfavourable to the Editor. He will not however relax in his efforts to please his reader.

Daring Outrage

It is with pain we inform our readers that as the venerable and benevolent Capt.^{n} Tartar was a few days once walking alone on the Common in his white morning dishabille, as is generally his custom to gain an appetite for his usual repast of duck bones, some ruffians took advantage of his being unattended to attack him in the most barbarous manner, somewhere near Wix's Lane. The Captain defended himself with his usual bravery, but received some severe wounds in the left leg. He contrived to get home, and was immediately assisted to bed, but we are sorry to say that it is much swelled and he is unable to use it.

We suppose these villains bore the hon.^{ble} Captain a grudge for his active administration as Justice of the Peace. 50 beef bones have been offered for their apprehension, and we hope they will not escape the paw of justice. We cannot help hoping that the Capt.^{n} at his time of life will not again go out unattended.

Committee for superintending the Roads

The overseers of the Roads met last Wednesday to take the state of the Highways into consideration. One of the trustees reported, "that they had been in a very good state this Xmas. Generally light, heavy but in a few places, and nowhere impassable. The weather had as usual been favourable to them (a laugh). The whole body of Trustees, he was proud to say had done their duty. M^{me} Mere Theodore, the Chancellor, the Duke and Duchess of Darwell &c &c had performed their parts conscientiously. The worthy Mr. Gibson had sent them several cartloads of stones off his own premises. But an importation of gravel consisting of masques plays &c had succeeded so well, that he might affirm with certainty they had made as good a road as any in England. In some places he had been able to obtain scrapings."

The company expressed their satisfaction at this report. They then debated over the means of continuing the good state of the roads. Some proposed an iron railway. A gentleman who had been abroad suggested the idea of french pavés, but a wag observed that would be too rattling. About one o'clock the meeting broke up.

AMG.

The Sentimental Quadrille Dancer — (dedicated to Sylvia)

1
No more in Fashion's dull "At Home"
My spirits & my time I'll waste,
But try to find in nature's tome
Engagements suited to my taste.

2
Yet still I'll dance from noon till night,
The roaring wind my "vis à vis"
My "partner" bitch; the barking sprite
My "Chaperon," an old oak tree.

3
The ball room where I dance is wide
And spacious as the boundless heath,
My floor with every flower is dyed,
That ice was fanned by summer's breath.

4
I drink instead of lemonade
The falling shower or driving hail,
For "equipage" I call in aid
A poney with a flowing tail.

5
Invite not ye nymphs of London town
Dame nature. Join the true hunt too,
Her votaries never fear the frown,
Of tired or angry Chaperone —

Correspondence.

Mrs Editor,

The enclosed was written for my own satisfaction as a memorial of my feelings and observations during our happy week which ought to be made to furnish improvement as well as pleasure. — If the Chronicle "Winter" is a chronicle for individual as well as family occurrences, it has a right to any history as a small tributary stream to the great Pimean river — My idea is now quite confirmed — that there is scarcely any pleasure to be compared with that of being received into the very heart of a large and amiable family, and there, with all the advantageous impression arising from being yourself the object of their kind and friendly attentions, to make your observations on the internal politics of this nation in miniature. The afflicting circumstances in which they are at this moment placed, throws a degree of melancholy interest over them which draws the ties of intimacy and friendship sooner closer than when more thoughtless gaiety prevails — this effect was more observable in Mrs Sally, who with a nature all gentleness and love, appears to be continually absorbed in melancholy musings on her dear departed angel; yet her grief takes a placid and almost cheerful character from her habit of joining play to her feelings by continually reverting to this as the chief subject of conversation, instead of inwardly feeding upon her grief in gloomy sorrow — What an influence also must the character of the angel spirit she mourns, have upon her feelings — the image that is present to her mind is that of an angel arrayed in glory smiling upon them & like her last look on earth, and intreating her not to mourn, but to press onward till they join her in that realm of happiness — Happy, happy those who can leave so sweet a remembrance behind them —

The Sentimental Quadrille Dancer (dedicated to Sylvia)

1

No more in Fashion's dull "At Home"
My spirit & my time I'll waste,
But try to find in nature's tome
Engagements suited to my taste

2

Yet still I'll dance from morn till night
The roaring wind my "vis à vis"
My "partner" brisk, the barking Sprite
My "Chaperon", an old oak tree.

3

The "ball room" where I dance is wide
And spacious as the boundless heath
My floor with every flow'r is dyed,
That e'er was fanned by summer's breath

4

I drink instead of lemonade
The falling show'r or driving hail,
For "equipage" I call in aid
A poney[sic] with a flowing tail.

5

Smile not ye nymphs of London town
Dame nature sets the true haut ton,
Her vot'ries never fear the frown
of tir'd or angry Chaperone.

Correspondence

Mrs. Editor

The enclosed was written for my own satisfaction as a memorial of my feelings and observations during one happy week which ought to be made to furnish improvement as well as pleasure. If the Chronicle is intended as a Chronicle for individual as well as family occurrences, it has a right to my history as a small tributary stream to the great Timean river. My idea is now quite confirmed that there is scarcely any pleasure to be compared with that of being received into the very heart of a large and amiable family, and thus with all the advantageous impressions arising from being yourself the object of their kind and friendly attentions, to make your observations on the internal politics of this nation in miniature. The afflicting circumstance in which they are at this moment placed, throws a degree of melancholy interest over them, which draws the ties of intimacy and friendship sooner close than when more thoughtless gaiety prevails. This effect was more observable in Mrs. Solly, who with a nature all gentleness and love, appears to be continually absorbed in melancholy musings on her dear departed angel; yet her grief takes a placid and almost chearful[sic] character from her habit of giving play to her feelings by continually reverting to this as the chief subject of conversation, instead of inwardly feeding upon her grief in gloomy sorrow. What an influence also must the character of the angel spirit she mourns, have upon her feelings. The image that is present to her mind is that of an angel arrayed in glory smiling upon them like her last look on earth, and intreating her not to mourn but to press onward till they join her in that realm of happiness. Happy happy, those who can leave so sweet a remembrance behind them.

Even in these scenes however, her mother does not indulge too much the care of her remaining children still inspires her heart with lively interest and appears to recall her to the exercise of all her powers of thought and activity, and a fine and interesting groupe, she has around her —

A sweet little boy of only five years old, seizes upon your affections the moment you see him — his fine expressive eyes and gentle tone, are specimens in the art of painting and music, which speak as much to the feelings as those of Raphael or Mozart. He is uncommonly quick and would soon outstrip his sister Louisa if he were permitted, and to this he joins an uncommonly docile and affectionate temper — he puts me very much in mind of our sweet affectionate Harriett — Next comes Louisa, a fat chubby girl of seven years she is not quite so interesting, and this partly attributed to a nurse who did not manage her temper when little so well as the others — Two schoolboys come next in order, whose delight is to scamper over brake and briar in search of birds nests, and with great ingenuity to make pasteboard pigs and horses, when in doors. The eldest of these was a great friend of mine and used to look to my corner as a sure market for his wit, when his age brows pricked, and some shrewd remark burst forth, of which as much by his countenance as his voice. These boys with all the boisterous glee of boyish enthusiasm are as tractable and docile as the ponys they ride. their two elder brothers are specimens of what they will grow up to be — One with the quietness & bonhomie of the younger, the other with the shrewd mien of a sage, half concealed under the uniformity of good breeding, and both of them bearing strong marks of being well brought up, all simplicity and nature, and still under the gentle guidance of their parents. The two girls still remain, and fall more under my observation — Charlotte with all the fire of an Anne and Elizabeth, enthusiastic about every thing she undertakes, and carrying off all the prizes from her schoolfellows — Mary is an old acquaintance, and is so bright so simple, so affectionate with so much good sense, and such pleasing manners, that we had already formed a friendship with her, which we hope will long continue. But the chief charm of all this family is their being so perfectly united, each one holds his proper place, the younger children contributing their mite of thought and conversation under the fostering eye of a mother who even to a stranger banishes all reserve encourages confidence in her boys and kindness, and a father whose good humour is never ruffled by business or care, and who keeps up the authority of a father even by joining in their sports and amusements ——.

EWG

Even in those reveries however, her mother does not indulge too much. The care of her remaining children still inspires her breast with lively interest and appears to recall her to the exercise of all her powers of thought and activity, and a fine and interesting group, she has around her.

A sweet little boy of only five years old, seizes upon your affections the moment you see him. His fine expressive eyes and gentle voice are specimens in the art of painting and music, which speak as much to the feelings as those of Raphael or Mozart. He is uncommonly quick and would soon outstrip his sister Lavinia if he were permitted, and to this he joins an uncommonly docile and affectionate temper. He puts me very much in mind of our sweet affectionate Harriett. Next comes Lavinia a fat chubby girl of seven years. She is not quite so interesting, and it is partly attributed to a nurse who did not manage her temper when little so well as the others. Two schoolboys come next in order, whose delight is to scamper over brake and briar on twin black poneys, and with great ingenuity to make pasteboard pigs and horses when indoors. The eldest of these was a great friend of mine and used to look to my corner as a sure market for his wit, when his eyebrows arched and some shrewd remark burst forth, spoken as much by his countenance as his voice. These boys with all the boisterousness of boyish enthusiasm are as tractable and docile as the poneys they ride. Their two elder brothers are specimens of what they will grow up to be. One with the quietness but amiableness of the younger, the other with the shrewdness of Sam, half concealed under the uniformity of good breeding, and both of them bearing strong marks of being well brought up, all simplicity and nature, and still under the gentle guidance of their parents. The two girls still remain, and fall more under my observation. Charlotte with all the fire of an Anne and Elizabeth, enthusiastic about everything she undertakes, and carrying off all the prizes from her schoolfellows. Mary is an old acquaintance and is so upright so simple, so affectionate with so much good sense, and such pleasing manners, that we had already formed a friendship with her, which we hope will long continue. But the chief charm of all this family is their being so perfectly united, each one holds his proper place, the youngest children contributing their mite of thought and conversation under the fostering eye of a mother who even in a stranger banishes all reserve & encourages confidence in her [??] and kindness, and a father whose good humour is never ruffled by business or care, and who keeps safe the authority of a father even by joining in their jokes and amusements.

EMG

To Editor

As I am well acquainted with the passion of the Timeans for antiquities and traditions so strongly exemplified in their ineradicable admiration of "the stripes round the leg," which gains new fame the oftener it is repeated, I think it will not be uninteresting to them to learn that two most ancient and beautiful relicques have lately been discovered. They have been examined by antiquarians and Mr — has given us a most clear and explicit account of the first in a short essay — I think I cannot do better than give an extract of it to your readers.

"It is my opinion that the flannel helmet or nightcap existed in the female dominion of Mitcham of Devonshire and of Barton. Its shape is elegant and the size of the head of a new born infant. With what reverence ought we to behold it, when we know that it has been worn successively by all the Timeans. It covered the ingenious brain of the Chancellor, the small pragmatical head of Theodora, the large head of Emilia, the rural forehead of Sylvia among the amateurs and virtuosos who have examined this antiquity was the Princess Caspia — she suggested that from the Lilliputian size of the cap the Timean infants must have been very small, she also insinuated that from the curious and unusual form their skulls must have had some extraordinary compression but this we cannot believe."

The other curiosity is a Pantoscine which was used to ascend to the clouds in the Pantomima exhibitions in the Known age; our readers will be apt to quote,

"Now she ascends into the skies,
Out of the reach of mortal eyes."

The shape of this figure is beautiful being destitute of all rotundity — Casts are making from it for the Prince Regent the King of Prussia the King of Spain and the Pope —

Yours, &c. Antiquarius

In the comedy of Moliere entitled "Le Malade imaginaire", the principal character is introduced at the beginning of one of the acts as making a soliloquy in which he agitates the question of an ordonnance given by any of his physicians that he should take 12 turns backward and forward in his chamber; by considering whether these turns were to be taken lengthways or breadthways — A difficulty of the same nature has occurred relating to a prescription for Emilia by Sylvia that she should take a preparation of hop — Hop being a familiar word for a dance or evening ball the question is whether it should be taken in the ancient sense as confined to the country dance, or whether the quadrille is so fully established as to be rationally applied to this comprehensive term — A committee being of medicine — accordingly appointed to wait upon the ensuing order of princes to the Secretary of State to give

Mrs. Editor,

As I am well acquainted with the passion of the Timeans for Antiquities and traditions so strongly exemplified in their inextinguishable admiration of "the Stripes round the leg", which gains new fame the oftener it is repeated, I think it will not be uninteresting to them to learn that two most ancient and beautiful reliques have lately been discovered. They have been examined by antiquarians and Mr. — has given us a most clear and explicit account of the first in a short essay. I think I cannot do better than give an extract of it to your readers.

"It is my opinion that the flannel helmet night cap existed in the female dominion of Mitcham of Tover[?] and of Barlow. Its shape is elegant and the size of the head of a newborn infant. With what reverence ought we to behold it, when we know that it has been worn successively by all the Timeans. It covered the ingenious brain of the Chancellor, the small graceful head of Theodore, the large head of Emilia, the rural forehead of Sylvia. Among the Amateurs and virtuosos who have examined this antiquity was the Princess Coapina. She suggested that from the Lilliputian size of the cap the Timean infants must have been very small. She also insinuates that from the curious and unusual form their skulls must have had some extraordinary excrescence but this we cannot believe."

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I am Sir
Yours, of old, Antiquarius.
JG

In the comedy of Moliere entitled "Le Malade imaginaire" the principal character is introduced at the beginning of one of the acts as making a soliloquy in which he agitates the question of an ordonnance given by one of his physicians that he should take 12 turns backward and forward in his chamber, by considering whether these turns were to be taken lengthways or breadthways. A difficulty of the same nature has occurred relating to a prescription for Emilia by Sig.^{nr} Vance that she should take a preparation of hop. Hop being a familiar word for a dance or undress ball the question is whether it should be taken in the ancient sense as confined to the country dance, or whether the quadrille is so fully established as to be notionally applied to this course of medicine. A committee being called upon the occasion orders were given to the Secretary of State to

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draw up a letter of enquiry and obtain explicit satisfaction on this important point ——

Extract of a letter from Miss McFarlane to a friend in the North giving an account of her debut in a quadrille ——.

Miss —— came up and asked me if I wished to dance — I said, Yes — and so she introduced me a partner. They said I was to begin with right and left, so when the tune struck up I went to the other side, but every body else stood still I found, and I was obliged to run back to my place — My partner told me they always stood still the first part of the time. I never saw such odd figures in my life — All the ladies went dancing round me, holding out their petticoats and I got so jostled and trod upon. My partner seeing what a fool I was in, gave me some little cards, which he said would tell me the figures but they were all French, and I had no dictionary — The tunes too were so odd — I could not do my dutch step with the Highland fling, that Mr Prall taught us, the music was so slow, and yet it was too quick for the steps in the Minuet de la Cour — At last they did cross hands, and then I was quite at home — I think the quadrilles are not half so merry as a country dance and they have neither top nor bottom — after I'd done my partner led me back to Aunt ——

Theatre Royal Clapham Common

The Sorrows of Werter
(translated from the german)

Werter —— Mr Sf —
Charlotte —— Miss Sf —

After the piece Miss Sf — will sing the favorite song of —
"Poverty parts us no more"

After which will be performed
The favorite new Pantomime of
Harlequin Alkali
or
The Fountain of Acid

Harlequin Alkali — Mr James
Columbine —— Miss E Judson
Acidia or the Spirit
of the Fountain —— Miss Chapman

Soda, magnesia, salvalatali, salts
senna, rhubarb, calomel, jalap
Nymphs of the Fountain
by the whole corps de ballet —
The last grand & magnificent scene will exhibit an entirely new change in which Harlequin strikes a little pill with his wand — and the temple of Health rises and fills in the centre of which stands a statue of Mercury
Tickets to be had at Mr James's Gt Russell St Mr Pearson's — Dr Ds Mrs Clapton and all other Physicians ——

Chaperone Parliament

We understand that an act will be passed this session for limiting the number of dinner parties & for appropriating the funds so garnished to the support of the Commissioners the pious & ballet masters &c it is supposed this measure will be very favorable to the interests of morality

(Printed at the Clapham Press)

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"Miss — came up and asked me if I wished to dance. I said, Yes and so she introduced me a partner. They said I was to begin with right and left, so when the tune struck up, I went to the other side, but every body else staid still I found, and I was obliged to run back to my place. My partner told me they always stand still the first part of the tune. I never saw such odd figures in my life. All the ladies went dancing round me holding out their net gowns and I got so jostled and trod upon. My partner seeing what a fuss I was in gave me some little cards, which he said would tell me the figures but they were all French, and I had no dictionary. The turns too were so odd I could not do my Scotch steps with the Highland fling, that Mr. Pratt taught us, the music was so slow, and yet it was too quick for the steps in the Minuet de la Dour. At last they did cross hands and then I was quite at home. I think these quadrilles are not half so merry as a country dance and they have neither top nor bottom. After I'd done, my partner led me back to Aunt."

Theatre Royal Clapham Common

The Sorrows of Werter
(translated from the German)
Werter — Mr. Sp—r
Charlotte — Miss Sp—t—le

After the piece Miss Sp—tt—le will sing the favorite song of

"Poverty parts my love & me[1]"

After which will be performed

The favorite new Pantomime of
Harlequin Alkali
or
The Fountain of Acid
Harlequin Alkali — Mr Vance
Columbine — Miss E. Graham
Acidia or the Spirit of the Fountain — Miss Chime

Soda, magnesia, salvalatali, [??] senna, rhubarb, calomel, quassia hops &c Nymphs of the Fountain by the whole corps de ballet. The last grand & magnificent scene will exhibit an entirely new change in which Harlequin strikes a blue pill with his wand, and the temple of Health rises out of it, in the centre of which stands a statue of Mercury. Tickets to be had at Mr. Vance's G^{t} Rupert St. Mr. Pearson's ~ Dr. Pett's Clapton and all other Physicians.

Chaperone Parliament

We understand that an act will be passed this session for limiting the number of dinner parties & for appropriating the funds so lavishly wasted on soup & fish towards the giving of balls & routs & it is supposed this measure will be very favourable to the interests of [??].

Printed at the Clapham Press

[1] *Well, this doesn't seem very nice. Remember that Mary Spittle and Mr. Spear are two servants who recently married. J.S.*

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The Family Chronicle

Diis Penatibus Sacrum

Saturday Evening — Feb. 6 1819

Timea Palace Clapham

The Editor torn from her beads & Missal to trace the domestic scenes of the past week, finds but one event of importance registered in her memory (and that is of a nature to throw a gloom even her Narration) the farewell visit of the Duke & Dutchess of Darwell at the palace — Without dwelling on the benign & enlivening influence of these illustrious guests in the family circle, she feels in common with her fellow Editors the severe blow the Chronicle must suffer from their departure — No longer wide the Duke for circle all Ears in reading its pages, by giving appropriate tones to every varied style of Composition if contains or the Dutchess reward the trembling Editor by her fixed attention & generous plaudits — However she trusts they will not forget its Interests when they return to the land of Darwell — but by frequent communications adorn its pages and assist the Editors in providing instruction & amusement for future generations —

Monday. The Abbess and Lamarguite conveyed the Chancellor's new publication to the interesting invalid Mad.m Henriade Wilkinson — after Dinner Sylvia and the Abbess were employed till midnight with the occasional assistance of Emilia in preparing work for the new School at Hayton —

Tuesday. Snow fell for the first time this winter but did not prevent the Duke and Dutchess of Darwell's from the "East Countries" to join the family circle — Sylvia & the Abbess had been all day in the Pleasure Grounds in the Forcastean Colours, in the cell of the latter, whither they were most reluctantly obliged to retire again after Dinner, and thus lose the society of the parlour guests — It is reported that in the meditations La Marguerite christmated the Duke, but we can hardly give credit to so unprecedented a story —

Wednesday — An undress Ball was given at the palace to the following distinguished personages Abbes Phillipps & Simpson, Le Comte d'Este, Henri de Wilkinson & Mesdames Phillipps & Thornton — The Abbé Simpson gave his usual Lecture on Standing, and the Duke of D and H. de Wilk were seen standing for an hour in one spot while the wheels of their Carriages revolved with the greatest rapidity —

Theodore came from the Grove palace to assist in doing the honors of the day, and harmony & good humour brightened every face —

Thursday At one o'Clock a light travelling Carriage bore away the Duke & Duchess to the Marquise de Bonneuse at Twickenham, the rest before they had settled to meet the Tuscans again in the Grove palace at the grand Chronicle Dinner on Monday the 15.th

Friday This was foreign post Day. and every member of the family was then at their Desks —

Saturday Emilia La Marguerite and the Abbess made a pilgrimage to Town to hold a consultation with Sir Mercury Vance & transact divers matters of business — La Marguerite paid along visit to her sick friend Comtesse Berthune —

Correspondence

Mr. Editor Having read in a late number of your amusing memoir of the interesting Character Mr. Maria and being intimately acquainted with his opposite

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The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Saturday Evening. Feb. 6 1819
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Correspondence

Mrs. Editor. Having read in a late number of yours a memoir of the interesting Character Dr. Morice and being intimately acquainted with his opposite

neighbor in the Gown palace (right Mr. Mee) I have obtained from her some further particulars on the subject — Upon taking up her abode in that happy roof soon after her marriage 28 years ago the white Cauliflower wig of Dr Morice was one of the first objects that presented themselves — It was thought by her very becoming to his good-humoured countenance, and was occasionally set off by an undress interlude of a black velvet Cap — He took his daily walk into the City, and seemed to rap at his Door on his return with an air of peculiar satisfaction — His daughter was always ready to welcome him, and his four brothers often joined in turn, but always assembled on a Sunday — Mrs Burke often asked after this neighbor of the Timeans who had performed the ceremony of making her a fourth wife; but no intercourse took place between the opposite houses previous to that of Mrs Burke which was begun by the old Gentleman, and returned by the two Boys Theodore and the Chancellor, as soon as their Eyes could look straight before them — In one time their sister brought their Dolls & danced upon the Window seats to his amusement — At length upon one dark Winters day just before going down to dinner, Theodore who had reached the important age of 8 years, cried out, "look " "mama! look at the sparks flying out of Dr. " "Morice's Chimney" upon which she instantly rang the bell, and sent the alarm, but no alarm was taken — a second followed without effect — for know gentle reader, that a Dinner was dressing for a large party and there was no time to think of the house being on fire — At last the sparks poured forth with such violence that Mad Mee began to think her Carriage and horses would be burnt which dwelt in a Stable at the back of the house, and on a thundering reiteration from her Servant, a poor little dressed Chimney Sweeper was called for who ascended the burning flue, discovered the timber to be on fire, saved the house and spoiled the Dinner — The next morning Mad Mee sent Theodore to enquire after Miss Morice who was so pleased with his manner of delivering the message, that on the following day she paid her respects to his mother in person, and from these accidental sparks the warm friendship began which has ever since subsisted — Some time after this, a great sensation was observed one morning in the neighborhood — all the Morice household was in motion. The waving of feathers & the flowing of Muslin Trains disclosed a Marriage procession, and a Bishops Carriage announced the destination of Miss Morice for the character of Wife — Upon their return from Church, an elegant repast was spread in the Drawing Room whether Mr. dispatched a billet of congratulation, with a small Cover to which an answer was conveyed in a paper of Bride Cake with Mrs Burke's Compliments — In another year the interesting Eliza made her appearance who in her turn figured in the infant group and kissed her hand to the Timeans — Her frame was so tender and her size so small that her grandfather gave her the appellation of Tiny, whilst her Cousin a fine tall Girl was distinguished by the name of Trot — but tho she was a great favorite, she never became intoxicated with indulgence, and as she grew up, became a person of the greatest importance to the family scenes, the latter so, on acco.t of her father Capt. Burke's absence on the duties of his profession — Dr Morice used to visit his daughter who dwelt in the neighborhood every morning after breakfast, and generally sent a little note of remembrance even before that time, in which he had a very happy art of expressing himself — He also frequently amused himself with all that went on in the Gown palace, good naturedly observing that they did nothing they need wish to hide, and one of his last remarks was upon the pink Colour of the newly painted window shutters

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At length upon one dark Winters day just before going down to dinner, Theodore who had reached the important age of 8 years, cried out, "look Mama! Look at the sparks flying out of Dr. Morice's chimney" upon which she instantly rang the bell, and sent the alarm, but no alarm was taken. A second followed without effect, for know gentle reader, that a Dinner was dressing for a large party and there was no time to think of the house being on fire. At last the sparks poured forth with such violence that Mad. Mere began to think her Carriage and horses would be burnt which dwelt in a Stable at the back of the house, and on a thundering reiteration from her Servant, a poor little devoted Chimney Sweeper was called for who ascended the burning flue, discovered the timber to be on fire, saved the house and spoiled the Dinner. The next morning Mad. Mere sent Theodore to enquire after Miss Morica who was so pleased with his manner of delivering the message, that on the following day she paid her respects to his mother in person, and from these accidental sparks the warm friendship began which has ever since subsisted. Some time after this, a great sensation was observed one morning in the neighborhood. All the Morice household was in motion. The waving of feathers & the flowing of Muslin Trains disclosed a Marriage procession, and a Bishops Carriage announced the destination of Miss Morice for the character of Wife. Upon their return from Church, an elegant repast was spread in the Drawing Room whither M.M. despatched a billet of congratulation, with a [??] Cover to which an answer was conveyed in a parcel of Bride Cake with Mrs. Birch's Compliments.

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the Drawing room which did not accord with the Laws of Taste — After the usual infirmities of old age, he went the way of all flesh at the age of 87 and the opposite neighbour how the painful object of an empty house surmounted with a hatchment of friendship however promises to continue with the decent family of Birch in which Clive makes a blooming figure Companion as she is to her mother, young & often acting like a Woman, her manners have the simplicity of childhood — When her grandfather was in his last moments, she waited in the next room, and though extremely shocked at the news that all was over, she did all she could to hide her tears, that she might not take up the attention of those about her — This effort in her tender frame occasioned a serious attack of fever. Few dwellings in the unpicturesque & changing scene of London afford a more interesting picture of family intercourse — Let not the surly critic despise a plain tale of what passed in a 3 windowed two storied house in Gower Street — for nothing is barren of Incident to the observer of human nature! and tho we cannot arrest the flight of time, let us try in this manner to counteract the curse of Death —

V

To the President of the Medical Board Temian Palace —

Madam

Having lately dined at the house of the humourous and learned valetudinarian John A — ry Esq: I cannot withold from the Medical Board the slight gleanings I may have gained here with respect to the Stomachic arts. This ingenious Gentleman in discoursing upon the effects of the London atmosphere and London living, observed very gravely (and truly gravity is becoming in these matters) "I do not suppose that the air of "London can be at all prejudicial to those whose "lungs are not affected, for I knew an old woman "who lived to the age of 104 in Hanway yard "and who had not tasted Country air for 50 years!!! "In like manner no sort of food is unwholesome to "those who have no Stomach Complaint, but to "some stomachs, even Roast Beef is poison — and if "the Owners of such stomachs were to taste it, it "might be said of them "So and so, died of eating "roast Beef!" —

I am Madam Yr. respt
Stomachicus

To the Editor of the F.C

Madam Having lately seen a very ingenious little book for children, entitled "Catechism of Medicine" it occurred to me that something of the kind might be intended to explain to the initiated sundry mysterious phrases in your widely circulated paper. and I present you with the following rough Sketch, hoping it may give some hints to an abler pen than that of

Madam Your admiring Reader
Philo Chronici

Q. What do you mean by the family Chronicle?
A. a weekly miscellany composed by a family of the name of Graham — recording their Companions amusements manners visits &c —
Q Do its authors strictly adhere to Truth?
A By no means — there is nothing they take so much pains to avoid as a simple statement of facts
Q What then are its principles & Style?
A. Exaggeration Bombast and self applause — with a frequent use of Cant expressions known only by the Graham or Temian family —

in the Drawing room which did not accord with his Ideas of Taste. After the usual infirmities of old age, he went the way of all flesh at the age of 87 and the opposite neighbors have the painful object of an empty house surmounted with a hatchment. The friendship however promises to continue with the [??] family of Birch in which Elise makes a loving figure companion as she is to her mother, judging & often acting like a Woman, her manners have the simplicity of childhood. When her Grandfather was in his last moments, she waited in the next room, and though extremely shocked at the news that all was over, she did all she could to hide her loss, that she might not take up the attention of those about her. This effort in her tender frame occasioned a serious attack of fever. Few dwelling in the unpicturesque & changing scene of London afford a more interesting picture of family intercourse. Let not the surly critic despise a plain tale of what passed in a 3 windowed 4 storied house in Gower Street, for nothing is barren of Incident to the observer of human nature and tho we cannot arrest the flight of time, let us try in this manner to counteract the cares of Death.

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Stomadicus.

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A. By no means. There is nothing they take so much pains to avoid as a simple statement of facts.

Q. What then are its principles & Style?

A. Exaggeration Bombast and self applause with a frequent use of Cant expressions known only by the Graham or Timean family.

Q Name some of their expressions
A Ballast Sugar Daub puphamy heavy roads &c.
Q What do you understand by the word Ballast as used in the EC.?
A It is a comprehensive term, denoting the whole range of articles used to enliven a drum drum party, such as Skeletons musical Snuff Boxes, - marionelles &c —
Q. What is the technical meaning of Sugar —?
A. Praise flattery or gross adulation according to its quality, refined or coarse.
Q How is the word Daub applied in the Chronicle?
A To signify a Drum party - but how or when so unauthorized a meaning was given to the word we are at a loss to discover and must refer our readers to the learned Antiquarians for a solution -
Q. What is the meaning of Puphamy?
A. Puphamy is a word invented by the Grahams to express feelings which no other family ever felt and which no other English Word can exactly define - It is in vain therefore to attempt to explain a term so mysterious as language cannot embody the ideas it expresses — Sy

Vile Imposition

As the Inventor of that incomparable machine the Patent Stomach was passing down Russell Street Covent Garden the other morning, he discovered a Tin machine in a Shop Window on which was inscribed the mysterious words "Stomach Bottle." It was a flat Case formed to suit the shape of the natural stomach & intended to be filled with warm water — The patentee of the Royal patent Stomach considering himself injured by this invasion of his rights, bought one of these new Machines & carried it immediately to the Lord Chamberlains Office, who advised him to have recourse to legal measures — We understand the only distinction between the two machines is that in the Royal Patent Stomach, as our Readers know, there is a pipe from the under part of the chin to convey the various eatables into the body of the vessel - whereas in the new Machine, there is no perforation in the chin, but merely an ornamental gauze hole which acts as a funnell & conveys the Juice into the vessel beneath. The Royal Patent Stomach continues to be bought by millions who find the important advantages of it, and it is exclusively patronized by the Faculty — Sy

Ode
in the Style of Moore

There is not in the wide World a School Room so sweet
As that by whose fire sits the Tomeans neat
Oh the last love of gossip and Wit must depart
Ere the thoughts of that School Room shall fade from my heart
Yet it was not that Emma had spread o'er the room
Her spelling book Bag & her handkerchief clean
Twas not the soft chirp from the sad Bird's cage
Oh no - it was something more exquisite still -
Twas that Sprite, the beloved of my Bosom was near
who made this lov'd scene of enjoyment more dear
And I felt how the charms of a school room improve
When I saw on its hearth rug the pet that I love
Pet haunt of the muses, how calm shall I rest
In thy bosom of gloom with the dog I love best
Where the Storms I have felt in the Ball Room shall cease
and my heart with dear Spitz's shall mingle in peace

La la — y — a — ll

Q. Name some of these expressions.

A. Ballast, Sugar, Daub, puphany, heavy roads, &c.

Q. What do you understand by the word Ballast?

A. It is a comprehensive term, denoting the whole range of articles used to enliven a humdrum party, such as Sketches musical Snuff Boxes, marionettes, &c.

Q. What is the technical meaning of Sugar?

A. Precise flattery or gross adulation according to its quality, refined or coarse.

Q. How is the word Daub applied in the Chronicle?

A. To signify a Dinner party ~ but how or when so unauthorized a meaning was given to the word we are at a loss to discover and must refer our readers to the learned Antiquarians for a solution.

Q. What is the meaning of Puphany?

A. Puphany is a word invented by the Grahams to express feelings which no other family ever felt and which no other English Word can exactly define. It is in vain therefore to attempt to explain a term so mysterious as language cannot embody the ideas it expresses.

JG

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in the Style of Moore

There is not in the wide World a School Room
so sweet
As that by whose fireside the Timeans meet,
Oh the last love of gossip and Wit must depart
Ere the thoughts of that School Room shall fade
from my heart.
Yet it was not that Emma had spread
o'er the scene
The spelling book Bay & her handkerchief clean
Twas not the soft cheep from the Java Bird's bill
Oh no -- it was something more exquisite still
Twas that Sprite, the belov'd of my Bosom was near
Who made this lov'd scene of enjoyment more dear
And I felt how the charms of a school room improve
When I saw on its hearth rug the pet that I love
Dark haunt of the muses, how calm shall I rest
In thy bosom of gloom with the dog I love best
Where the Storms I have felt in the Ball Room
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And my heart with dear Sprity's shall mingle
in peace.

La M-g-r-e

EC

Mirror of Fashion

We are sorry to confirm the report that the Archduchess Norman is still confined to her House by indisposition.

It is reported that a petition will soon be presented to the Crown Prince from all Fin-makers in the Kingdom, begging his serene highness will patronize that branch of manufactures as his royal Brother has encouraged so highly here.

Grand Council

Last Saturday Evening at a meeting of the Editors of the F.C. the Abbess rose & begged leave to propose that the original M.S. of the family Chronicle and all future ones should be assigned over to Theodore & his heirs for ever with the Title of Lord Keeper of the Chronicles — after a short debate the motion was carried Nem Con— H

Advertisements

Patent Brains

The well known Inventor of the Patent Stomach begs leave to recommend to the Invalid Nobility and Gentry of this Country his newly invented patent Brains which answer every purpose of natural ones think, compose, arrange plans &c without the least Effort on the part of the Owner — The machine in question is small & light

49 — 2d sheet 264

and Ladies have merely to glue it on the top of their heads, under a cluster of ringlets, bunch of flowers or morning Cap — Gentlemen are advised to have recourse to the Natural Wig patronized by Lord H— d— y who as well as a Lady of high rank C— l— a has experienced incalculable benefit from the use of this invaluable substitute Price 10 Guineas

Last. If the twelve Cupids who have strayed from a young Lady of Fashion will return to her open Desk, all their inconstancies shall be forgiven H

Printed at the Clapham Press

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Printed at the Clapham Press

The Family Chronicle

Diis Penatibus Sacrum

Saturday Evening February 13 1819

Grand Jubilee and Fête!!

It is our gratifying Task this day to announce to a liberal and enlightened public the triumph of genius, the reward of Perseverance the Jubilee of Tuscan Literature —

The Family Chronicle this day completes her fiftieth week, and surely when we consider the many disadvantages she has laboured under, the frowns of Critics, the sneers of the mal content and the negligence of Correspondents, we may well join in the shout of Triumph which is this day raised —

The rejoicings in honor of this fete will be deferred till monday next when our Office will be illuminated, a sumptuous dinner be given by Theodore and de Paris, and a prize conferred upon the Poet who shall produce the best ode on the occasion —

Vivat Tuscia

Diary

Monday. The Tuscan palace was honoured by a royal visit from the Queen and Prince Royal of Mercia — Theodore rode down to Eastheath † to meet his illustrious friends, and in the Evening played a game at Chess with the Queen — Her Majesty is of the middle size, fair complexioned, fine teeth, and animated Countenance — The Prince Royal is ruddy, with light hair, & is very affable in his manners —

Tuesday — Silvia set out in a pouring rain to pay a visit at Bilby Hall, and bring from thence the Abbess Carlyle — We lament to say that Prince Bilby absented himself on the occasion which did great violence to the feelings of Silvia — Report says that she cut his name on a Tree, as the carriage drove away from the door —

Mad'elle gave a splendid Banquet to the following personages; the Queen Regnant of Mercia, Abbess Carlyle Princess Hilby & Lady Georgy Hibbert Princess Bottomitte Lord John Carr Lord Charles Thomson & Demigod Dealtrey — In the Evening a select quadrille was danced —

Wednesday. The Royal Party remained at the palace — Lords John Carr & Chas Thomson returned to the Metropolis — Report says the former is deeply in love with the Abbess C — rl — le. whose learning & ready wit draw crowds of admirers — In the Evening Chess and masquerading —

Thursday. Eastheath & Westheath divided the fashionable world, and those two stars of fashion the Marchesa Hibbiti and Baroness Jane Weymouth threw open their mansions to the votaries of Jupiterhouse — The former was admired for the splendor of her mansion and the silver favours of Lady anson who was

† Clapham Common; as contradistinguished from Westheath or Wandsworth — Vide all ancient

L

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Saturday Evening February 13 1819

Grand Jubilee and Fête!!

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Vivat Timea

Diary

Monday. The Timean palace was honoured by a royal visit from the Queen and Prince Royal of Mercia. Theodore rode down to Eastheath* to meet his illustrious friends, and in the Evening played a game at Chess with the Queen. Her Majesty is of the middle size, fair complexioned, fine teeth, and animated Countenance. The Prince Royal is ruddy, with light hair, & is very affable in his manners.

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Thursday. Eastheath & Westheath divided the fashionable world, and those two stars of fashion the Marchesa Hibbutz and Baroness Fitz Weymouth threw open their mansions to the votaries of Terpsichore. The former was admired for the splendour of her mansion and the silver favours of Lady Anson who was

*Clapham Common; as contradistinguished from Westheath or Wandsworth. Vide all ancient [??]

married the same day. The latter for her urbanity of manners & unceasing attentions, as well as for her exalted Card of Music. The Antiquities & Honours of the latter were perhaps not strictly after the morals of the classic ages; but the smile of confidence, and sunshine of good humour were unclouded. — At ½ past 11 Theodore & Silvia quitted Weymouth House for Hebbut Hall Deparis and La Marguerite joined in the midnight revels till near 3 o'Clock when they returned in a Chrystal Coach and found Silvia still up and wording page after page to the friend of her bosom the Countess of Windmill Hill —

Friday The following placard was hoisted at the Palace Gates — IV. P!!

Theodore dined at Thomson Hall

Saturday This day Theodore and de Paris go in state to the Thames Police to dine with Archduke & Archduchess Longley. The Grand Duke & Duchess of Darwell are expected to be there. These illustrious foreigners have pledged themselves to be present on Monday at the fete to be given at the Tower palace in honour of our peace.

Duke Curtis is arrived in Town for a few days on business of importance —

The Court will go out of mourning to morrow (Valentines Day)

Christmas Song

written expressly for the Tivian Theatre intended to be sung from Xmas till Lent

(Air — Aylin Joan, Joan, Joan)

Let's all gather round the fire,
While mirth and fun our hearts inspire
Nor fear the visits dire
Of Ennui's Spell

Of Sots we'll never think,
While coth others we admire,
And from the merry spire
Hear the ding dong Bell!

Regus, Joan, Joan, Joan &c

Spoken

"My dear, I'll have you go and call upon the Wollestons, and say I think it a long time since we've seen them and that I hope at least one of them will come to dinner and one in the Evening, and then you may go on and leave my Card at Mrs Sproles"

Regus Joan &c

Oh the merry hours that pass
When we fill the Chrystal glass
To the health of weight'ning Lass
Who sit at Table
While the Epicures on Maize
Eat their fish & soup au gras
With face bright as gas
and smile affable

Regus Joan &c

(Spoken) "may I have the pleasure of taking some wine with you Miss Automaton? I shall be very happy Sir. Have you seen Kean? No. Have you read this Harold? no. Do you know who wrote the Scotch Novels? No. Do you like warm weather. Oh yes very much I hate frost, it is so cold. yes it is very cold is frost. Oh yes warm weather is much warmer than cold. very true Ma'am some how or other"

Regus Joan &c

Then comes the Christmas Dance
When the gentle folks all prance
In Dresses fresh from France
The result of a Tour —
Each fair prepares her glance
and bids Cupid aim her lance
Which sometimes lights by chance
On the victim poor. Regus Joan &c

The Chaperon plies the cherry brandy
Curtsies low to passing Grandee
While at her Elbow stand the
Maids in full Cue

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The Court will go out of mourning tomorrow (Valentine's Day).

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written expressly for the Timean Theatre intended to be sung from Xmas till Lent.

(Air ~ Aytin foam, foam, foam)

Let's all gather round the fire
While mirth and fun our hearts inspire
Nor fear the visits dire
Of Emma's Spell

Of Jokes we'll never tire
While with others we admire
And from the merry spire
Hear the ding dong Bell!

Negus, foam, foam, foam &c

Spoken

"My dear I'll have you go and call upon the Wollestons, and say I think it is a long time since we've seen them and that I hope at least one of them will come to dinner and one in the Evening, and then you may go on and leave my Card at Miss Sprotts."

Negus foam &c

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When we fill the Chrystal glass
To the health of neighb'ring lass
Who sits at Table

While the Epicures en Masse
Eat their fish & Soup au gras
With faces bright as gas
And smiles affable

Negus foam &c

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Negus foam &c

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When the gentle folks all prance
In Dresses fresh from France
The result of a Tour

Each fair prepares her glance
And Miss Cupid aims her lance
Which sometimes lights by chance
On the victim poor

Negus foam &c

The Chap'ron plies the Cherry Brandy
Curtsies low to passing Grandee
While at her Elbow stand the
Maids in full Curl.

and the merry little Dandy
With smile as sweet as Sugar Candy
Flirts his partner's fan so handy
You'd say 'twas a Girl
Negus foam &c

Shall we stand in this set, Miss Mobrains, or go into the next? Oh lets go and stand next to my friend Lady Susan Flyboots – How do you like the Music? Its Paini's Band I believe & no Wonder it is only Champaine! ha ha ha – for my part I think there's no pleasure without pain! ha ha ha – Negus foam &c

(Da Capo)

Grand Exhibition of Relics –

Monday being the Grand Anniversary of the Institution of the Chronicle, the doors of the Tinean Museum will be thrown open, and the following relics exhibited to the faithful –

An ancient Silver Beaker belonging formerly to Theodore a relic of the Barlow age –

A Specimen of the square marble bread which formed the ancient nutriment of the Tinians with an excellent Microscope to discover the Straticum of Butter on the surface –

The excavated Apple –

Theodore's coloured designs executed with juice from the leaves of flowers, formerly offered for sale to Princess Dyson –

The Book purchased by Princess Dyson in consequence –

The Chancellors celebrated model in papier mache of Wellington's Nose formerly in the possession of Countess Brogdon –

The Solator which cost 3 Cents to Baltimore –

The celebrated Pantheon and other pantomimic relics

Ladies & Gentlemen on entering are desired to give their tickets to the Beefeater with stripes around the legs, and their hats & sticks to the one in a suit of Cochineal

&c

Extract from the Journal of Caleb in search of a Wife

Tuesday febr 12th left my lodgings at 12 o'Clock at night & took a Coach to Grosvenor Square Lady Sparkles Ball – Got introduced to Miss Quidnunc a tall Girl in pink & silver – she took pains to know what my turn was, and finding me very fond of the Country, she abused London & quoted Cowper; but when I spoke in praise of the Country she yawned dreadfully and I conducted her back to her Chaperon

"I took one another, oh then & oh then"

She professed herself an admirer of the arts, & talked of the Louvre – I said that I had some turn for drawing & asked if she admired Glover's Style "Oh" she replied "he's unquestionably the first flow chalker in London!!"

My next partner was a politician – I fancied her a sensible girl and asked her opinion of the late prosecutions of Hone and others for libels – I mentioned the intended prosecution of the person who sold Paine age of Reason –

"Age of Reason" cried she "surely Mr – that's not in Paini's last set of quadrilles"

My next partner made of me a kind of vehicle to convey her from one end of the room to another to talk to her different acquaintances – as she was hurrying across the floor with one, a little mischievous boy ran up against us – "ah the little pickle" cried she "I love pickles" – (Delighted with this instance of Housewifely manners I ventured to ask if she ever made pickles

"Oh yes" said she "if I was a mother I should make all my boys pickles" – The I did not quite understand how she could pickle boys, yet I was satisfied she had a natural Turn for pickling & preserving and I therefore continued to ask her what was the present market price of Butchers meat in London – She stood at me for full half a minute with a face of the utmost amazement and then quickly disengaging her arms from mine, struck down on a neighbouring ottoman & did not once look at me for the rest of the Evening –

And the merry little Dandy
With smile as sweet as Sugar Candy
Flirts his partner's fan so handy
You'd say 'twas a Girl

Negus foam &c

"Shall we stand in this set, Miss Nobrains, or go into the next? Oh lets go and stand next to my friend Lady Susan Flyboots. How do you like the Music? Its Paine's Band I believe. Oh no I believe its only Shampaine! ha ha ha well for my part I think there's no pleasure without pain! ha ha ha

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Four Specimens of the square marble bread which formed the ancient nutriment of the Timeans with an excellent Microscope to discover the stratum of Butter on the surface.

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The Book purchased by Princess Dyson in consequence.

The Chancellor's celebrated model in papier maché of [??] Ship formerly in the possession of Countess Brogdin.

The Selector[?] which cost 53 visits to Buttons[?]!

The celebrated F[?]curi and other pantomime relics.

Ladies and Gentlemen on entering are desired to give their tickets to the Beefeater with stripes round the legs, and their hats & sticks to the one in a suit of Corbeau.

JG

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"I took me another, oh then & oh then"

She professed herself an admirer of the arts, & talked of the Louvre. I said that I had some turn for drawing & asked if she admired Glover's Style. "Oh" she replied "he's unquestionably the first floor chalker in London!!"

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Reflections

I am determined to be no longer Misled in this manner - It is evident there can be no sitpuyon in London to take down as a wife to Booby Hall I am therefore determined to return home and put up with Miss Chubface -

Saturday Morning - Left town by the High flyer and reached Booby Hall to Dinner - Sly

Advertisements

Wanted several active bred young men and women to applaud the family Chronicle - Persons who have been used to the Sugar Trade will be preferred - N. B. None need apply who have not fleshy palms to their hands -

To Poets

All persons labouring under that dreadful disorder called Ode making are recommended to use Dr. Slops soothing Syrup. They will find it useful not only in composing their minds previously to the reading of the Ode, but will also find it an infallible remedy for Convulsions & fainting fits during the Recitations - Price 10/ a bottle

~~Wanted a Chaplain~~

~~the proprietors of this valuable family paper are now~~
~~actively employed in collecting information~~
~~respecting the~~ "~~gathering of the clans~~" ~~at the late~~
~~Theatrical Jubilee~~ ~~which will be published in the~~
~~next~~ ~~Chronicle~~ ~~and~~ ~~they~~ ~~therefore~~ ~~request~~ ~~all persons~~
~~who have~~ ~~any~~ ~~correct~~ ~~account~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~proceedings~~
~~to apply~~ ~~to them~~ ~~post~~ ~~paid~~ ~~as~~ ~~no~~ ~~notice~~ ~~will be taken~~
~~of~~ ~~any~~ ~~communication~~ ~~that~~ ~~does~~ ~~not~~ ~~come~~ ~~free~~ ~~of~~ ~~expence~~
~~The Jubilee~~ ~~medal~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~inscription~~ ~~of~~ ~~Tempora~~
~~Mutantur~~ ~~&c~~ ~~&c~~ ~~&c~~ ~~will be~~ ~~ready~~ ~~for~~ ~~delivery~~ ~~in~~
~~a few days~~ -

~~Wanted a Reporter~~ ~~Apply at the Chronicle~~ ~~Office~~ -

To Medalists

This day is published a medal in honor of the Chronicle Jubilee - one side represents the busts of all the Editors in relief. The reverse exhibits with Genius Hearning offering up gift on an altar with the motto "Dis Penatibus Sacrum" feb 13- 1819 - a few Copies will be struck in gold for the Curious -

Theatre Tinea

This Evening for the 50th time will be acted

Alkali or

The Biscuit Eater

after which the popular Pantomime of

Harlequin Hairbreadth,

or the Magic Shoot Dancer -

Theatre Gower Strat

On monday a grand Oratorio with Selections and Recitations from approved modern poets to which will be added

Alpen Mt. Alpen or the Pearl Merchant

Doors open at 5 performance to begin precisely at 6 all persons are requested to appear in their characteristic costume

Ancient Concerts

The ancient Concerts will shortly commence - We have been favored with the Bill of fare

Fragment of Sonata by Theodore continued ad infinitum

Duetto, Madame Barlow & Ma marguerite accompanied by the patent Bassoon -

Aria. "Its only a hair" Theodore

Canzonetta "With doubt in his view" Lamegante

Rhapsody. "Vauxhall gardens are in splendour"

Theodore - Cantata "my face is my fortune Sir she said" Sylvia

Air with variations for the Piano forte

Legg - Overture Piano forte - pianoforte

To conclude with the grand Chorus (from the opera of Rannagh) "Ithy Waco, Waco ! in which all the Tinean Association & the whole troop of Beats will unite their vocal powers - Doors open at 6 Clock

Sly

Reviews at the Green Post

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Cantonetta. "With dents in his nose" La Marguerite.

Bravura. "Vauxhall gardens are in splendour" Theodore.

Cantata. "My face is my fortune Sir she said" Sylvia.

Air with variations for the Piano forte. Legg

Overture Piano forte. Quis[??]

To conclude with the grand Chorus (from the opera of Raunage) "Itty waco, waco! in which all the Timean Choristers & the whole troop of Idiots will unite their vocal power. Doors open at 6 ^{o}Clock.

JG

Printed at the Gower Press

LI 3

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

Diis penatibus sacrum

Saturday Evening Feby 20th 1819

We address our readers this week with feelings of extreme gratification though we sincerely regret it has not fallen to the lot of an abler pen than our own to describe the sublime scenes which have marked its course. To trace the progress of our beloved Chronicle from the piquant sprightliness of its infancy, thro' its brilliant childhood during the last town campaign, its steady radiance during the summer sejour at Clapham, its rich mellowness in the removal to the sea side when kept up by a few spirited members of the family during the dispersion of the remaining part of it, and its increased splendour during the gloom of winter would be an interesting and improving task; but what language can do justice to the glow of the era, which after having struggled thro' difficulties and dangers innumerable the family Chronicle put forth her fiftieth number. If the British public actuated by feelings of veneration for their beloved Sovereign, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his accession, with feelings not less pure have the Times publick offered up their homage during the past week at the shrine of the F.C. in honor of its jubilee. But we must check this overflowing of our hearts and present to our readers the actual

Diary or Fashionable Domestic Register

Sunday, Feb. 14. This day (a remarkable exception to the general rule) Princess Theodore and De Paris spent the day in town, and attended service at St George's Hanover Sq.re They dined at Viscount Kirkcaldy in P.P., and met there the Chevalier Rospini come to town for a day or two in his way to Lewes where he is obliged to hasten to superintend the removal of his troops to Ireland. They met there also Don Carlo de Batter the Signora Blanca, two foreigners supposed to speak the English language imperfectly from their extreme taciturnity. Sir Lighton Dalrymple

LI

The Family Chronicle

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Diary or Fashionable Domestic Register

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[1] *Not really a Viscount of course. Just a Baronet, and the uncle of Thomas and John. See the Preface, page 11. J.S.*
[2] *Portland Place. J.S.*

and Mr Sandford Graham.
In the evening the six gentlemen adjourned to Count and Countess Thompson's where with their amiable daughter and Selina de Stile they found at tea, and not a little alarmed by this sudden intrusion.

Monday. Theodore and De Faris made many important preparations for the fête, which are supposed to have broken in much upon their legal studies.
In the evening the grand Jubilee took place for which we refer our readers to a subsequent column.

Tuesday. The following bulletin was issued this morning in Gower Street.

"The Princes have slept well and the Palace is beginning to recover something of its former appearance."

and another at Clapham to this effect.

"The august family are less excited than last night but still talk very incoherently."

Wednesday. Theodore and De Faris joined their august sisters and the Abbess at a dinner party at the Marchesa's Solleni's in St Mary Axe. Madame Mere was unfortunately prevented from coming by indisposition. Among the company invited to meet them were Prince & Princess Poland Earl of Organ Hall, Lady Mary Towgood &c &c.

Thursday. N. P. was hoisted at both palaces.

Friday. Mad^me Mere & suite dined at Inghis Lodge.

Grand Chronicle Jubilee and Fête at the Gower Palace

The streets were early crowded with well dressed people anxious to get a peep at the august family but by the skilful measures taken by the civil power the day past with no obstacles in its progress and sailed into the Gower Palace basin at half past five. M^de Mere the Ladies Sylvia Louisa La Marguerite and the Abbess ascended the grand staircase and entered the state front drawing room where they were joined by Theodore and De Faris and exchanged congratulations on the arrival of this auspicious day. Soon after a thundering rap was heard, and an antique vehicle was observed at the Palace gates from which quickly descended

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[1] *The cousin of Thomas and John. See the Preface, page 12. J.S.*

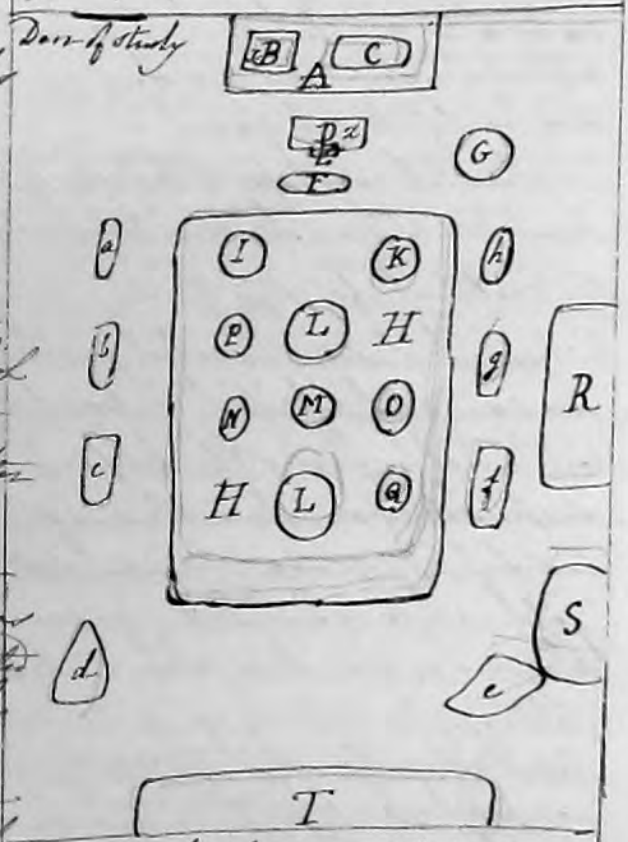
the Duke of Darnell and the ladies Catharine and Martha Longley whom the Duchess had sent as substitutes for herself being unluckily confined to the house by a severe stiff neck. Soon after the illustrious party descended to the Banqueting Room where a sumptuous repast was served up. The Editors of the D.C. all appeared in their respective colours, joy was in their countenances, but the great events which were to come seemed rather to check their loquacity. Shortly after the cloth was removed, it was proposed that the Chronicle for the day should be read, which was accordingly introduced and recited with great effect by the Duke of Darnell. At the instance of Theodore the following toasts were then given and drank with much applause.

"Prosperity to the Family Chronicle"

"The Duchess of Darnell and a speedy recovery."

"The Proprietors of Bibby's Chronicle and success to their undertaking"

shortly after which the ladies retired to drink coffee in the drawing room. About ½ past eight the ladies returned accompanied by the Duke and De Vere, and entered the State Cabin study which was decorated in a peculiar manner for the occasion. We give underneath a slight sketch of the preparations.



A. Raised throne or platform covered with grey drapery

B. Chair of state occupied by Theodore and covered with crimson drapery

C. Table covered with green cloth with a rich embossed border and bearing a bronze, a marble and an alabaster vase, a beautiful bronze centre piece, two prizes and a wreath. N.B. Above the throne was a rich crimson drapery disposed in the grecian manner

the Duke of Darwell and the Ladies Catharina and Martha de Langley whom the Duchess had sent as substitutes for herself being unluckily confined to the house by a severe stiff neck. Soon after the illustrious party descended to the Banqueting Room where a sumptuous repast was served up. The Editors of the F.C. all appeared in their respective colours, joy was in their countenances, but the great events which were to come seemed rather to check their loquacity. Shortly after the cloth was removed, it was proposed that the Chronicle for the day should be read, which was accordingly introduced and recited with great effect by the Duke of Darwell. At the instance of Theodore the following toasts were then given and drank with much applause.

"Prosperity to the Family Chronicle"

"The Duchess of Darwell and a speedy recovery"

"The Proprietors of Bilby's Chronicle[1] and success to their undertaking"

Shortly after which the ladies retired upstairs to drink coffee in the drawing room. About 1/2 past eight the ladies returned accompanied by the Duke and De Paris, and entered the State Classic Study which was decorated in a peculiar manner for the occasion. We give underneath a slight sketch of the preparations.

See the figure on the left page.

A Raised throne on platform covered with grey drapery.

B Chair of State occupied by Theodore and covered with crimson baize.

C Table covered with green cloth with a rich embossed border and bearing a bronze, a marble and an alabaster vase, a beautiful bronze escritoire, two prizes and a wreath. N.B. Above the throne &c was a rich crimson drapery disposed in the Grecian manner

[1] *Recall that the Bilbys set up their own Chronicle, in XI/6. J.S.*

at the upper part of which appeared a figure of Fame blowing her trumpet crowned with one wreath of myrtle and holding another in her hand as prize for the victorious candidate. She seemed to float in air and her drapery was beautifully disposed.

D. Elevated seat for the Duke of Darnell as Grand Master.

E. Footstool for his Grace.

F. Grand Entrie erected for the occasion and adorned in front with a light blue silk drapery suspended from it in the most tasteful manner fringed with gold while T.T.M.C.A. was emblazoned upon it in gold embossed letters.

G. Mystic altar of the Chronicle composed of a circular block of porphyry with the motto

Dies fonatibus sacrum

inscribed upon it and supporting a magnificent candelabra the powerful light of which shed a flood of radiance over the Duke's Entrie.

H. Grand Imperial Study table covered with black and splendidly illuminated, round it were ranged seats for the Exhibitors and on it was placed every necessary accommodation for them namely

I Bronze statue of Hebe

K. Bronze statue of Flora.

L.L. Vases containing corticonvallium drops of which none remained after the fete was over

M. Parmesan Lozenges

N a bottle of salts.

O. a bottle of Lapillaire

P. a bottle of Water

Q. a bottle of Duke

R. A superb cabinet imported from Paris and ornamented with rustic vases lamps &c

S. a stand ornamented with the choicest flowers shedding their rich perfume over a bevy of the fair

T. Marble shelf adorned with a long line of bronze household gods

a. The abbess

b. Sylvia

c La Marguerite

d. M.de Mere

e Lady C de Longley

f Lady M de Longley

g. Emilia

h. De Paris

i. Theodore

Z. Duke of Darnell

* This said she was stopped by a gaol of the Beauties on this occasion

at the upper part of which appeared a figure of Fame blowing her trumpet crowned with one wreath of myrtle and holding another in her hand as prize for the victorious candidate. She seemed to float in air and her drapery was beautifully disposed.

D Elevated seat for the Duke of Darwell as Grand Reciter.

E Footstool for his Grace.

F Grand Lutrin[1] created for the occasion and adorned in front with a light blue silk drapery suspended from it in the most tasteful manner fringed with gold while T.I.M.E.A. was emblazoned upon it in gold embossed letters.

G Mystic altar of the Chronicle composed of a circular block of porphyry with the motto "Diis penatibus sacrum" inscribed upon it and supporting a magnificent Candelabra the powerful light of which shed a flood of radiance over the Duke's Lutrin.

H Grand Imperial Study table covered with black and splendidly illuminated, round it more ranged seats for the Editors and on it was placed every necessary accommodation for them namely

I Bronze statue of Hebe

K Bronze statue of Mars

LL Vases containing anti convulsion drops of which none remained after the fete was over.

M Parnassus Lozenges

N A bottle of Salts.

O a bottle of Capillaire.

P a bottle of Water

Q a bottle of Tuk[?]

R a superb cabinet imported from Paris and ornamented with busts vases lamps &c

S A stand ornamented with the choicest flowers shedding their rich perfume over a [??] de Bain.

T Marble shelf adorned with a long line of bronze household Gods.

---

a. The Abbess
b. Sylvia
c. La Marguerite
d. M.^{de} Mere
e. Lady C. de Longley
f. Lady M. de Longley
g. Emilia
h. De Paris
x. Theodore
z. Duke of Darwell

[1] *French word for a lectern. J.S.*

The Study doors being thrown open the crowd rushed in in rather a tumultuous manner which was attributed more to their nervous feelings than to any want of respect. Theodore dressed in a rich court suit for this solemn occasion received the verses in a white vase and the parquets containing the names in a bronze one: He then addressed the assembly in a short speech stating the objects of the meeting and concluded by moving that the Duke de Darwell might be called to the desk to recite the verses composed in honor of this memorable occasion. The Duke very obligingly complied and was presented successively by Theodore with the different effusions which called forth feelings of unbounded pleasure and gratification. The composers were provided with cartridge cases of which they made great use and much unpleasant emotion was concealed in this manner. The closeness of the room by this exclusion of air had however a bad effect on Emilia's health and she was only revived by a large basin of boiled milk & bread. The rest of the company indulged in copious libations of capillaire and water, and always kept a barley drop or sugar plum in their mouths. The recitation was not over till past ten when voting commenced — the votes were put into a china vase, and Theodore then conducted the scrutiny with great impartiality during which the rest of the assembly attempted to converse but evidently betrayed great signs of agitation to the impartial observer. Precisely at 29 minutes and a half past ten, Theodore in an audible tone of voice pronounced that the head prize had fallen upon the Abbess. Her Sanctity then advanced between the Duke and De Paris and received an elegant crown from the hands of Theodore and a copy of the poem of Psyche. Shortly after the Duke was called for to receive the second prize and approaching the throne between the ladies Sylvia and Emilia, was presented with the works of the Italian Poet Pignotti. Theodore afterwards descended from his exalted

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situation and talked very affable with all the party — Tea was again handed round and soon after the carriages were announced, when the august branches of the Linnea Publica took leave of each other with much regret and departed for their respective habitations in the East and West countries. The palace was cleared of visitors at 11 o'clock — We present the above imperfect sketch of this event to our readers, knowing they must be anxious for some account of it, hoping they will pardon its many errors, and that should any appear very striking they will send communications to correct and enlarge upon what appears must be necessary that they may be inserted in our next —

Sy

Lines on Seeing Sylvia with Snowdrops in her hair

1

Yes Sylvia, twine the Snowdrops pale
Amid thy tresses wild
For well this simple flower doth suit
With nature's favorite child

2

Like thee it seems to shun the gaze
Of each admiring eye
Nor e'er its drooping clusters raise
To court the Zephyr's sigh —

3

Unchecked by winter's lingering gale
The fearless buds arise
Each heart the lonely stranger hails
The pledge of sister skies

4

So Sylvia chases sorrow's tears
With tenderest softest care
Beguiles the mourner of her fears
And points to scenes more fair

5

Then still the spotless snowdrop bind
Around thy guileless brow
The truest emblem of thy mind
Of all the flowers that blow

CC

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Of all the flow'rs that blow[?]

EC

Our Readers have expressed much satisfaction at the publication of traits of the Barlow Age and the Harrow Age and we are now happy to lay before them from the pen of an intelligent correspondent some elucidations of

The Harrow Age

Scene — A room in the House of the Rev. B. Evans at Harrow Theodore and De Paris are seen bustling about setting tea things &c for breakfast — Enter Rock the Cap

Theodore. Well, have you brought the eggs?

Rock. Yes.

Theodore. And the jams?

Rock. Yes.

Theodore. And the Chocolate?

R. Yes.

T. And the Alamode beef?

R. No — Mother Clutton had none, so I bought some scraped beef and cold ham.

T. Now run up to Mother Miles for the finds, and then go to all the shops to see if you cannot get some more cold meat

7 Jean de Paris. I shall run down and ask Dick to lend us some Elder Pop. (Exit)

Enter Butler nicknamed Pin

B. Good morning Graham!

T. Oh how dye do Pin — pray sit down — will you allow me to give you some chocolate while I am milking if you can eat an egg.

B. Thankye (eats)

Enter De Paris with a plate of Pop, and a letter for Theodore

De. P. Good morning, Pin!

B. How dye do —

T. Pin, will you excuse my reading my letter? — you can be eating some hung beef —

B. Thankye (eats)

(Theodore reads aside) "My dear Mother, we have got such good news to tell you, we are all going to Raymond's concert to night — Griffith is to be there

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Theodore. Well, have you brought the eggs?

Rock. Yes.

Theodore. And the Jams?

Rock. Yes.

Theodore. And the Chocolate?

R. Yes.

T. And the Alamade beef?

R. No. Mother Chilton had none, so I bought some scraped beef and cold ham.

T. Now run up to Mother Miles for the finds, and then go to all the shops to see if you cannot get some more cold meat.

Jean de Paris. I shall run down and ask Scott to lend us some Elder Rob. (Exit).

Enter Butler nicknamed Pin.

B. Good morning Graham.

T. Oh how d'ye do Pin. Pray sit down. Will you allow me to give you some chocolate while I am milling it you can eat an egg.

B. Thankye (eats)

Enter De Paris with a plate of Rob, and a letter for Theodore.

De P. Good morning, Pin!

B. How d'ye do.

T. Pin, will you excuse my reading my letter? You can be eating some hung beef.

B. Thankye (eats)

(Theodore reads aside) My dear Notwer[?], we have got such good news to tell you; we are all going to Raymond's concert tonight. Grigliette is to be there

[1] *Benjamin Evans appears in "A History of Harrow School, 1324-1991", by Christopher Tyerman. So does Headmaster Butler, an inveterate sadist and flogger, but I doubt it's the same Butler about to make an appearance here. Even just a very brief look at the history of Harrow paints a disturbing picture of brutality, practised both on the pupils and by them. I doubt our Grahams were any exception to this general rule. J.S.*

and Sal says it will be a very good concert — Bontempo is just come and is giving Anna a lesson
so Mamma says I may just run up some crumes — Bythany! We shall all come to see you next Speech day, meantime we will send you some jam and fruit for your breakfasts we are all going to wear new Chambery muslin gowns and Anne a new Chambery muslin whisk — the Biddons have got a great party to day, all vulgars — Good bye itty Bittuer — my love to Martuer

Your affected Sister
E. G.

P.S.
Our seeds come up remarkably well. Dick is making such a noise scraping his Skyan — he sends his love to Mother Biles."

(Aloud) I beg your pardon, Pin I hope you'll now have another cup of chocolate —
B. Thankye — I have had four cups, so I'll take some tea please.
T. Let me give you some more Young beef and ham — I'm very sorry I could not get any à la mode beef
B. Oh! its no consequence — Shall you bathe in Duck puddle to day young Graham?
De P. (During very full) No I think not — will you let me give you some jam?
T. I'm very sorry Pin that I could get only

FOUR SORTS OF JAM

I hope you'll excuse this repast
B. (concealing disappointment) Oh I know one cannot always have as many jams as one wants — its of no consequence I'll take another cup of tea if you please
T. Young Rock! get some more butter.
De P. Pin will you eat another egg?
B. Thankye, I've eaten three (eats) (Church bells ring)
T. Well Pin if you won't eat any more, we'll walk up town —
B. With all my heart —
Enter Aston the Butler who proceeds to wash up the things and carries the fragments of meal with his fingers
Several omnes unbuttoning their waistcoats — they are seen to be slowly dragging up the hill towards for church.

and Sal. says it will be a very good concert. Bontemps is just come and is giving Maria a lesson so Mamma says I may pick up some crums. Puphany! We shall all come to see you next speech day, meantime we will send you some jam and fruit for your breakfasts. We are all going to have new Chamberry muslin gowns and Anne a new Chamberry muslin whisk. The Sheddons have got a great party today, all vulgars. Goodbye itty Notwer ~ my love to Martwer.

Your affected Sister

EG

P.S.

Our seeds come up remarkably well. Dick is making such a noise scraping his sugar. He sends his love to Mother Miles.

(Aloud) I beg your pardon, Pin. I hope you'll now have another cup of chocolate.

B. Thankye I have had four cups, so I'll take some tea please.

T. Let me give you some more hung beef and ham. I'm very sorry I could not get any à la mode beef.

B. Oh! its of no consequence. Shall you bathe in Duck puddle today young Graham?

De P. (Feeling very full) No I think not. Will you let me give you some jam?

T. I'm very sorry Pin that I could get only

FOUR SORTS OF JAM

I hope you'll excuse this neglect.

B. (concealing disappointment). Oh I know one cannot always have as many jams as one wants ~ it's of no consequence. I'll take another cup of tea if you please.

T. Young Rock! Get some more butter.

De P. Pin will you eat another egg?

B. Thankye, I've eaten three (eats) (Church bells ring)

T. Well Pin if you won't eat any more, we'll walk up town.

B. With all my heart.

Enter Aston the Butler who proceeds to wash up the things and eats the fragments of meal with his fingers. Exeunt omnes unbuttoning their waistcoats ~ they are seen in the distance slowly dragging up the hill already too late for church.

JG

Printed at the Gower Press

The Family Chronicle

No. 52. 275

Diis Penatibus Sacrum

Feb.y 27.th Clapham 1819

The leading feature of public feeling during the last week will be found by our pages for the day to be decidedly pastoral.

The evening repose of Mde Sherer in her arm chair has been evidently disturbed by the broken pencil leaves of poetry upon her lap. — Emilia has shown marks of disgust at her usual solid meals of beef & mutton & has taken to the more poetical diet of winged fowls & the contents of Pomona's basket. In the moments too when oppressed by the finger of that ill starred Spirit Languor she has sat in solemn stillness over the fire of the breakfast parlour — her thoughts making all her flowers & bowers the fog which threatened to stifle them & hovered over the bright spot which the muses inhabit. —

The desk of La Marguerite has been unusually crowded with fragments of valentines & other poetic inspirations —

The Abbe so alone (excepting Sylvia who owns no poetry but that of trees, streams & running brooks) has shewn no outward sign of poetry sick and by a strange anomaly, she, whose poetic fame should reach to the immortal Chronicle is known to have sent the Muses in a great bustle out of her lonment & filled their heads, & hearts, & books, & &c. &c.

We see by the weather-working powers of our Chronicle, what fabulous has had such an effect in the intellectual powers of the Editors that it is much doubted whether prose will not be entirely banished & Poetry become the sole language of the Editors & their heirs for ever.

Diary

Sunday. The Ghost of a poor little schoolgirl with a neat hair female was seen restlessly flitting about all day "like a dog in a dancing school." It started into consciousness sometimes at the question what books are you reading? or what is the name of your dancing master? but Spirit seemed to approximate most to its usual companion. They say the name was Bayley.

Monday. Sylvia took Theodore's Italian sketches across the common to Lady Catrina Smeaton who was much pleased with their beauty & truth.

Tuesday. Mde Sherer with her eldest son & daughter attended a sumptuous fete at Viscount Hawk Shemerdi's. The strictest attention was paid that none should be admitted but those who were furnished with the necessary ticket of admission — an empty head. They all came home feeling rather sick.

Wednesday. A cabinet council was held on stomach complaints present — Emilia & Patty Smith — in the bed room of the latter — It lasted the whole of Church time (it being Ash Wednesday). A fall of snow this afternoon is only the second we have had this winter.

LII

The Family Chronicle

Diis penatibus sacrum

Feb^{y} 27th Clapham 1819

The leading feature of public feeling during the last week will be proved by our pages for today to be decidedly poetical.

The evening repose of M.^{de} Mere in her arm chair has been evidently disturbed by the broken pencil traces of poetry upon her lap. Emilia has shown marks of disgust at her usual solid meals of beef & mutton & has taken to the more poetical dish of winged fowls & the contents of Momona's basket. In the moments too when oppressed by the finger of that ill starred sprite Languor she has set in solemn stillness over the fire of the breakfast parlour, her thoughts malgré[?] [??] have flown above the fog which threatened to still them & hovered over the bright spot which the muses inhabit.

The desk of La Marguerite has been unusually crowded with fragments of valentines & other poetic inspirations. The Abbess alone (excepting Sylvia who owns no poetry but that of trees, stones & running brooks) has shown no outward sign of poetry, and by a strange anomaly, she, whose poetic fame should reach where'er th'immortal Chronicle is known has sent the Muses in a great bustle out of her Convent & filled it with book boxes, account books, &c &c &c.

We see here the wonder working power of our Family Chronicle, whose Jubilee has had such an effect on the intellectual powers of the Editors that it is much doubted whether prose will not be entirely banished & poetry become the sole language of the Editors & their heirs for ever.

Diary

Sunday. The Ghost of a poor little schoolgirl with a neat low frock was seen restlessly flitting about all day "like a dog in a dancing school". It started into consciousness sometimes at the question what books are you reading? or what is the name of your dancing master? but Sprite seemed to approximate most to its usual companions. They say the name was Cayley.

Monday. Sylvia took Theodore's Italian sketches across the Common to Lady Pattina [??] who was much pleased with their beauty & truth.

Tuesday. M.^{de} Mere with her eldest son & daughter attended a sumptuous fete at Viscount [??] Shewell's. The strictest attention was paid that none should be admitted but those who were furnished with the necessary ticket of admission ~ an empty head. They all came home feeling rather sick.

Wednesday. A cabinet council was held on stomach complaints. Present Emilia & Patty Smith in the bedroom of the latter. It lasted the whole of Church time (it being Ash Wednesday). A fall of snow this afternoon is only the second we have had this winter.

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Thursday. The sun shone bright but brighter shone Miss Wilson who detained Sylvia for half an hour in her room with friendly converse

Friday. The College of Physicians all wore the insignia of their order — Mde Mere wore a Minister for her cross The Abbess took the order of the Golden tooth, Sylvia & Emilia ~~wore their superiors~~ both wore caps of head ache one fiery red the other dusky & black.

La Marguerite sported a broken heart at the departure of her beloved Bicchinetta who indeed won all hearts by her naiveté & gentleness.

Saturday. Emilia Abbe removed under the protection of the Abbess to the Convent Monastery — as she cast her eye on the blue expanse of sky which she was now to exchange for smoke coloured clouds we wondered that a tear did not bedew it while her lips pronounced the word farewell till a fellow student in the college whispered in our ear the true solution of this enigma viz: that her thoughts reverted to the bright luminary Venus who cheers & animates with his beams all that approach within many streets length of his dwelling.

The Clapham palace appeared quite deserted this morning those usual faces only being seen round the parlour fire Mde Mere, Sylvia, La Marguerite.

Extracts from the Gower Circular

Wednesday. Theodore on leaving Clapham this morning proceeded at a smart pace to the Metropolis & alighted at the hotel of Vice. Kirkstall where he heard of the melancholy demise of the Vicar of Haydon, & had a long conference with the Vice in consequence A select party dined at the Gower Palace consisting of Dr Von Haggard, Sir Charles Plumer & Mr Henri de Burmester. The Doctor entertained the company with an interesting account of his travels in Russia & did not quit the Palace till 10 o'clock.

Thursday. Theodore had another conference with Vice. Kirkestall, & called on the Bishops of Carlisle & Chester. The Hon George Somerby dined at the Palace at 5 o'clock he & Theodore set off for the first Ancient Concert under the direction of the Archbp. of York. The Chorus's were very fine but there was no singer very great besides Miss Stephens. Theodore recognised there Lord Upper Gower Street — the Dss of Simmons — some of the St Ebby extraction & Lord & Lady Fred. Manning.

Friday. De Paris gave a grand fete at the Gower Palace to the Crown Prince of Murcia

Dr Von Haggard
Sir Augustus Corbett Bart
The Hon: George Dynely
Bishops of Sheffield & Aldersgate

Theodore dined at the Judge Bayley's

Saturday — A select party Abbess, Emilia & De Paris.

Theodore dines with the Chev. St Ebbs at Vice. Kirkestall's.

Private correspondence informs that the Duke of Sussex's illness returned to their local manifestation in Sussex the official notice has yet been received

Thursday. The sun shone bright but brighter shone Miss Wix who detained Sylvia for half an hour in her house with friendly converse.

Friday. The College of Physicians all wore the insignia of their order. M.^{de} Mere wore a blister for her crest. The Abbess took the order of the hollow tooth, Sylvia & Emilia both wore cowls of headache, one fiery red, the other dusky & black.

La Marguerite sported a broken heart at the departure of her beloved Birchinetta who indeed won all hearts by her naiveté & gentleness.

Saturday. Emilia removed under the protection of the Abbess to the Gower Monastery. As she cast her eye on the blue expanse of sky which she was now to exchange for smoke coloured clouds we wondered that a tear did not bedew it while her lips pronounced the word farewell till a fellow student in the college whispered in our ear the true solution of this enigma viz that her thoughts reverted to the bright luminary Vance who cheers & animates with his beams all that approach within many streets length of his dwelling.

The Clapham palace appeared quite deserted this evening three social faces only being seen around the parlour fire M.^{de} Mere, Sylvia, La Marguerite.

Private correspondence states that the Duke & Duchess of Darwell are returned to their ducal mansion in Sussex, tho no official notice has yet been received.

Extracts from the Gower Circular

Wednesday. Theodore on leaving Clapham this morning proceeded at a smart pace to the Metropolis & alighted at the hotel of Visc.^{t} Kirkstall where he heard of the melancholy demise of the Vicar of Hayton, & had a long conference with the Visc.^{t} in consequence. A select party dined at the Gower Palace consisting of Dr. Von Haggard, Sir Charles Plumer, & Mr. Henri de Burmester. The Doctor entertained the company with an interesting account of his travels in Russia & did not quit the Palace till 11 o'clock.

Thursday. Theodore had another conference with Visc.^{t} Kirkstall & called on the Bishops of Carlisle & Chester. The Hon. George Sowerby dined at the Palace & at 8 o'clock he & Theodore set off for the first Ancient Concert under the direction of the ArchB^{p}. of York. The Chorus's were very fine but there was no singer very great beside Miss Stephens. Theodore recognised there Lord Upper Gower Street, the [??] of Mimms[?], some of the St. Hibby coterie & Lord & Lady Fred^{k}. Manning.

Friday. De Paris gave a grand fete at the Gower Palace to the

Crown Prince of Mercia
Dr. Von Haggard
Sir Augustus Pechell Bart
The Hon. George Lynely
& Mess^{rs} Shetfield & Alderson.

Theodore dined at the Juge Bayley's.

Saturday. A select party of the Abbess, Emilia & de Paris. Theodore dines with the Chev.^{r} St. Ross at Visc.^{t} Kirkstalls.

Fashionable engagements

Mr Schaeche's evening at the Geysers & Volcanoes of Iceland are transported into the ballroom where they immediately begin jetting hot water, & are found with tremendous alacrity at the bidding of Dr Henderson or Icelandicum.

A fashionable morning entertainment is the picturesque exhibition of a blind old Irish woman who, her basket in her hand, gives specimens of Benedictions bestowed in the true & manner & of Flattery concealed under the most recherché guise of gratitude & Supernumeration.

Extract

from a new Story book recommended to implant the love of Chronicle in the minds of Young Children

Charles wants a Chronicle —
But there is no foolscap paper —
Then bid Harwood send some:
But the title is not engraved —
Then bid Staunton engrave it:
But there is no Editor's love —
Then bid Pindar make one:
But there are no communications
Then bid the Editors send some:
But there is no wit —
Then bid the Chancellor make some
But there is no Chronicle cap —
Then bid the Milliner make one:
But there are no applauses —
Then bid the audience laugh:
Now Charles, you can have your Chronicle.

To the Antiquarian Office.

Mr Editor

In inspecting some papers belonging to the Simeon family covered with dust & spider's webs, I brushed the webs off the following diary — I called at your office to speak to you about it but not finding you at home only beg to say the originals are open to the Skeptical reader at any time.

Yours &c
A. B.

From a diary of 1809.

Jan[y] 24. The old acacia before the house cut down — Gipsey died.
April 24. Tom & John came home.
25. Tom & John gave me a goldfinch.
26. Began Miss Hann's habits to knit.
27. Mr James preached at Carter Lane.

1810

Jan[y] 3. Miss Gibson went
21. Miss Gill ill with a cold.
Drank tea at Mrs Estelle's.
Fell out of bed & hurt my back.
Planted Crocuses.
Mamma at Mrs Bray's party.
June Miss N. D. went to Clapham.
Washed shells. The rest came —
The Taylors came
Played Tom's comb & danced.
The Bottomelles drank tea
Miss Dyson called.

1812

Jan. Painting morning.
Learned Mr Pitt's Epsom for cold.
Linnæan Linnians dined.
Party of Claphamites — very dull.
Miss Gibby came
Miss Gibby went away.
Made Fanny a Pincushion & gold tassel.
March Mimi's birthday — gave her a pincushion
Bought the Monk & play. Gil came.
Little Martha to Harrow.
Jenkins took a dish of tea here.
Partitioned Jewel box.
Henderson drank tea.

Fashionable engagements

At 8 o'clock every evening all the Geyser's & Volcanos of Iceland are transported into the salle de Societé when they immediately began jetting hot water, lava & mud with tremendous velocity at the bidding of Dr. Henderson or Icelandicum.

A fashionable morning entertainment is the picturesque exhibition of a blind old Irish woman who, her basket in her hand, give specimens of Benedictions bestowed in the name[?] & manner & of Flattery concealed under the most recherché guise of gratitude & superannuation.

Extract

from a new Story book calculated to implant the love of Chronicle in the minds of Young Children.

Charles wants a Chronicle
But there is no foolscap paper --
Then bid Harwood send some:
But the title is not engraved --
Then bid Staunton engrave it:
But there is no Editor's [??] --
Then bid Pindar make one:
But there are no communications --
Then bid the Editors send some:
But there is no wit --
Then bid the Chancellor make some:
But there is no Chronicle cap --
The bid the Milliner make one:
But there is not applause --
Then bid the audience laugh:
Now Charles, you have your
Chronicle.

To the Antiquarian Office

Mr. Editor

In inspecting some papers belonging to the Timean family covered with dust & sider's webs, I brushed the webs off the following diary. I called at your office to speak to you about it but not finding you at home only beg to say the originals are open to the sceptical reader at any time.

Your &c
A.B.

From a diary of 1809

Jan^{y} 24. The old acacia before the house cut down. Gipsey died.
April 24. Tom & John came home.
25. Tom & John gave us a goldfinch.
26. Began Miss Rann's habits hint [habit shirt?].
27. Mr. James preached at Carter Lane.

1810

Jan^{y} 3. Miss Gibson went.
21. Miss Gill ill with a cold.
Drank tea at Mrs. Astells.
Fell out of bed & hurt my back.
Planted cucumbers.
Mamma at Mrs. Brog's party.
June Miss R & I went to Clapham.
Washed shells ~ the rest came.
The Taylors came.
Played on the comb & danced.
The Rothwells drank tea.
Miss Dyson called.

1812

Jan. Fasting[?] evening.
Excused Mrs. Eth's lesson for cold.
Party of Claphamites ~ very dull.
Miss Gibby came.
Miss Gibby went away.
Made Fanny a Pincushion wth gold letters.
March Mim's birthday ~ gave her a pincushion.
Boys to the [??] play. Gib came.
Little Maitre to Harrow.
Jenkins took a dish of tea here.
Partitioned Jewel box.
Henderson drank tea.

June. Turtle Feast
Remains of Turtle Feast.
Mary played at trap ball with us.
Strange Preacher.
October. From Notting dean.
Tom, Betty, & I, returned to Clapham.
E.M.G.

The Harrow Age
continued.

Scene, a room at Mrs Evans's Harrow. Theodore & De Paris are seen in two turn up beds one each side of the fire place. On the left of the fire place is a window filled with Geraniums, with Harrow Church in the distance, on the right is a small glass case of splendidly [illegible] waxed books.

(De Paris waking & rubbing his eyes) "Dear me it's near 7 o'clock & I have not learned a word of my repetition for 1st school." (takes a Homer from behind his pillow & studies.)

The sun rises. Theodore waking "How beautiful the windings of those books look in the rising sun & how particularly well sunrise agrees with the new ornament at the back of that Marmion."

De P. "I really believe you are mistaken in saying that it is a new ornament. For my part I think it is the old ornament with the addition of a star at the corners."

Theodore. "I differ from you there — my opinion is that the ornament is not only new, but is particularly adapted to sunrise. I think however that it is too strong a light for the generality of bindings. The glare is too great for the eye of a real connaisseur."

Enter Sally with a candle & matches — she proceeds to light the fire.

"I wish Gentlemen your Lollypop was all at the Devil, you make such a pig stye of the hearth it almost impossible to clean it."

De P. "We have made no Lollypop Gog, × it was nothing but blackberry jam."

Sally. "Oh Deuce take you & your blackberry jam."

De P. rises & dresses, Sally all the time lighting the fire.

Theodore. "Gog, I mean to stay out ⊙ to day, so will you get me a cup of rhubarb."

Sally. "Yes Sir I've got 4 cups of rhubarb to mine for the others who stay out to day so I don't know how you'll all find room in the xxx."

Scene II. Harrow town.

De Paris is seen wending his way off to school with a large bundle of books buckled together with a strap — he meets Lepard the carrier who touches his hat.

De P. "Well Lepard did you call yesterday at Lloyd's † for our books?"

Lepard. "Yes Sir but Mr Lloyd said as how the books wasn't bound yet & would not be for some days."

De P. "Why this is the 10th time you've called for them isn't it?"

Lep. "Tenth Sir? it is the 20th Mr Lloyd always tells me to call again tomorrow."

De P. "Then tell Mr Lloyd to give 'em to you in the state in which they are I cannot wait any longer."

Lep. "Very well, Sir." (Exit)

× Short for gorgon the term of endearment of the nursery.
⊙ Night Cap.
† A famous bookseller in Harrow School.

June	Turtle Feast
	Remains of Turtle Feast
	Mary played at trap ball with us.
	Strange Preacher.
October	From Rottingdean.
	Tom, Betty and I,
	returned to Clapham.

EMG

The Harrow Age continued

Scene, a room at Rev.^{d} B Evans's, Harrow. Theodore & De Paris are seen in two turn up beds on each side of the fire place. On the left of the fire place is a window filled with Geraniums, with Harrow Church in the distance, on the right is a small glass case of splendidly bound books.

De Paris waking & rubbing his eyes.

"Dear me it's near 7 o'clock & I have not learned a word of my repetition for 1^{st} school." (takes a Homer from behind his pillow & studies.)

The sun rises. Theodore waking.

"How beautiful the bindings of those books look in the rising sun & how particularly well sunrise agrees with the new ornament at the back of that Marmion."

De P. "I really believe you are mistaken in saying that it is a new ornament. For my part, I think it is the old ornament with the addition of a star at the corners."

Theodore. "I differ from you there ~ my opinion is that the ornament is not only new, but is particularly adapted to sunrise. I think, however, that is too strong a light for the generality of binding, the glare is too great for the eye of a real connoisseur.

Enter Sally with a candle & matches. She proceeds to light the fire.

"I wish Gentlemen your lollypop was all at the Deuce, you make such a pig stye of the hearth. Its almost impossible to clean it"

De P. We have made no lollypop Gog*. It was nothing but black berry jam.

Sally. "Ah Deuce take you & your blackberry jam."

De P. rises & dresses, Sally all the time lighting the fire.

Theodore. "Gog, I mean to stay out† today, so will you get me a cup of rhubarb"

Sally. "Yes Sir. I've got 4 cups of rhubarb to mix for 4 others who stay out today so I don't know how you'll all find room in the xxx.

Scene II. Harrow town.

De Paris is seen working his way up to school with a large bundle of books buckled together with a strap. He meets Lepard the Carrier who touches his hat.

De P. "Well Lepard did you call yesterday at Lloyd's‡ for our books?"

Lepard. "Yes Sir but Mr. Lloyd said as how the books wasn't bound yet & would not be for some days."

De P. "Why this is the 10^{th} time you've called for them isn't it?"

Lep.^{d}. Tenth, Sir? It is the 20^{th}. Mr. Lloyd always tells me to call again tomorrow.

De P. Then tell Mr. Lloyd to give 'em to you in the state in which they are. I cannot wait any longer."

Lep.^{d}. "Very well, Sir." (Exit)

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*Short for Gorgon the term of endearment of this nymph!

†feign sickness

‡A famous bookseller in Harley Street.

Then several scholars returning from school. They speak.

Graham I suppose you know that Gray* is a most diabolical humbug.

Cunning. If you don't make haste I'll turn you back.

[illegible] runs up the school steps & disappears.

Various figures cross the stage among whom are seen the Misses Scott, Pinkerton, & others who surround the lamp bracket post man & importune him for letters.

The curtain drops. EG

* The master of the School at Harrow.

To the Misses [illegible] on receiving the Timeus Prize in her hand.

The Misses when on holy books
And legends old your fancy feeds
Then steal me short, one wistfully look
To prize to your 'Timeus prize!'

And when the Vesper bell is ringing
And all your nuns & priests & friars
Their solemn chaunts & hymns are singing
Writing their reverend Abbess there—

Forget for once the convent rule
Betraying worldly visions flowers
The evening hour, the twinkling light
When you received the laurel crowns!

Then travelling distant wide & far
You'll guide the wandering steps of youth
But as you breathe the saintly prayer
Say when you point to peace & truth,

"My youthful friends were fond & true
And as their forms before me rise
I'd guide each scene & figure new
To gaze on my 'Timeus prize!"

And while you thaw the shadowing tear
Across your treasured thin & gray
Remember 'twas not always worn
There — nor upon the festal day

When the bright crown adorned your hair.
Suppressing then some rising sighs
I cry — I never can forbear
To turn thee! dear Timeus prize! EG

A Song Parodied by a young Lady of Fashion.

Dear is my desk of blackest hue
My inkstand smells & trickles there
And to that spot attracts the view
Of every passing visitor.
My papers fly from chair to chair
And curses disperged in the air.

In littered spots, unmatched towers
Pens breathe a smart discordion round
I charm the lastly pilling hours
With my loved pencil's cupid bound
Or troops of living Cupids weave
Who cannot dazzle or deceive.

The papers strewed at break of day
In littered mass, the pell mell heap
Beneath which at the approaching day
The chaos of confusion's hid
Such charms as these must please in you
My favorite desk of blackest hue!

Mr Editor. My mind is so pumpkt with poetical associations & so richly stored with fragments of our principal poets, that I often cannot help adapting them to the common events of life. Sylvia & Emilia drawing forth their gowns of last year's fashion & lamenting they were terribly out of date, so strongly brought to my mind a celebrated passage from the Lady of the Lake that I cannot help giving it to your readers

Your obed Servt
A Parody

Time rolls its ceaseless course, our gowns of yore
The last year's fashion flourish'd o'er the knee
And deck'd about with gauze & ribbands store
Hast from dark drawers forth issuing we see
How are they blotted from the things that be
How few, all weak & withered of their force
Wait the correcting hand of Millinery
Like stranded wrecks, the mock returning tide
To sweep them from our sight. Time rolls his ceaseless course

Enter several scholars returning from school They speak "Graham I suppose you know that Harry's* in a most diabolical humour this morning. If you don't make haste he'll turn you back."

De P. runs up the school steps & disappears. Curious figures cross the stage among whom are seen the Abbé Firth, Pin Butler, & others who surround the hump backed postman & importune him for letters.

The curtain drops

JG

To the Abbess on seeing the Timean Prize in her hand

Oh Abbess when on holy books
And legends old your fancy lies
Then steal one short, one worldly look
To give to your Timean prize!

And when the Vesper bell is ringing
And all your nuns so pure & fair
Their solemn chants & hymns are singing
Writing their reverend Abbess there

Forget for once the convent rite
Entrancing worldy visions flown
The winning hour, the torch's light
When you receiv'd the laurel crown!

Then travelling distant wide & far
You'll guide the wandering steps of youth
But as you breathe the saintly prayer
Say when you point to peace & truth

"My youthful friends were fond & true
And as their forms before me rise
I'd quit each scene & figure new
To gaze on my Timean prize!"

And while you throw the shading lawn
Across your tresses thin & gray
Remember 'twas not always worn
Thus -- nor upon the festal day

When the bright crown adorned your hair
Suppressing then some rising sighs
O cry -- I never can forbear
To love thee! dear Timean prize!

EG

*The master of the School at Harrow.

A Song Parodied by a young Lady of Fashion

Dear is my desk of blackest hue
My inkstand dwells & trickles there
And to that spot attracts the view
Of every passing visitor
My papers fly from chair to chair
And verses are dispersed in air.

In lettered spots, unstudied bowers
That breathe a sweet disorder round
I charm the fastly flitting hours
With my loved pencil's rapid bound
Or troops of living Cupids weave
Who cannot dazzle or deceive.

The papers strewed at break of day
The lettered mass, the full crammed list
Beneath which at the approaching tray
The chaos of confusion's hid
Such charms as these must please in you
My fav'rite desk of blackest hue!

Mrs. Editor

My mind is so fraught with poetical versifications & so richly stored with fragments of our principal poets, that I often cannot help adapting them to the common events of Life. Sylvia & Emilia drawing forth their gowns of last year's fashion & lamenting they were terribly out of date, so strongly brought to my mind a celebrated passage from the Lady of the Lake that I cannot help giving it to your readers

Your obed.^{t} Serv.^{t}

Parody

Time rolls its ceaseless course, our gowns of yore
The last year's fashion flounc'd up to the knee
And deck'd about with gauze & ribbands store
That from dark drawers, forth issuing we see
How are they blotted from the things that be
How few, all weak & withered of their force
Want the correcting hand of Millinery
Like strands of wrecks, the mode returning hoarse
To sweep them from our sight. Time rolls his
ceaseless course.

Supplementary Ode

Simean Palace Feb 15. 1819

Awake O Muse! nor longer hide
Thy giddy head in conscious pride!
Sounds not the wreath of laurel gained
While one Simean star remained
Unsung of all the constellation
Which in mid air hath fixed its station.
'Twas thus I hailed the Nymph who lay
On banks of moss at close of day.
Her hair unbound, her lyre unstrung;
And on a branch the garland hung
Which crowned her as Simea's Queen
While joy was dancing in her een.
O Lady! say not so, she cried,
The truth no longer can I hide—
For know, I languished to rehearse
The Archducal* title in my verse:
But tho' so winning is her highness
I could not overcome the shyness
Of the tired Pegasus I ride
In vain with flagging wing who tried
These stubborn Syllables to clear
And celebrate a friend so dear.
Yet when the Muse of Memory†
Enthroned within her palace high
Presents the tablets polished face
Where every member finds its place,
In may the characters sublime
Beyond the reach of fate & time;
Her fairy pen consigns to fame
Each scattered ray in one bright flame.
The deed is done nor asks my aid
To fix the spell her art hath made.
And when in recollection sweet
Our frolics past we still repeat
The friend whose comic pencil drew
Simea's groups is brought in view.
Smiles in the Regents parlour
Thy Inquisition's counsel dark,
The country nymph / that parlour stylish /
Whose griefs deplored her wandering child.
Conspire to bid us wish for more
Each dear past treasure from the store
Upon whose ground gothic

---

* The arms the house of the Archduke Simeon.
† Vide the ode with the motto Memoria malgré la mort

Ode to the Editors of the F.C.

Blest'd with health desperate gay
Long may you celebrate the natal day
That chronicled the merely sports
Of Simea's fetes & blissful courts—
Where mirth & friendship, all unite
To glad the day: as well as night.
Where Music, Poetry & Dance,
Alternate reign as if by chance
With converse sweet & open heart
Which makes it wretchedness to part.
Could the Archduchess ever steal in
Would it be thought a heinous sin
If she should join her voice to say—
Continue ever to display
The Wit, the Fancy, Elegance & Taste
That shine thro' every page & gladden every face.

Archduchess

Supplementary Ode
Timean Palace Feb^{r} 15.* 1819

Awake O Muse! no longer hide
Thy Giddy head in conscious pride!
Think not the wreath of laurel gained
While one Timean star remained
Unsung of all the constellation
Which in midair hath fixed its station,
'Twas thus I hailed the Nymph who lay
On banks of moss at close of day.
Her hair unbound, her lyre unstrung
And on a branch the garland hung
Which crowned her as Timea's Queen
While joy was dancing in her [??]

O Lady! say not so, she cried,
The truth no longer can I hide
For know, I languished to rehearse
Th'Archducal title in my verse
But tho' so winning is her highness
I could not overcome the shyness
Of the tired Pegasus I ride
In vain with flagging wing who tried
These stubborn syllables to clear
And celebrate a friend so dear.
But when the Muse of Memory†
Enthroned within her palace high
Present the tablets polished face
Where every member finds its place
In mystic characters sublime
Beyond the reach of fate & time
Her fairy pen consigns to fame
Each scattered ray in one bright flame
The deed is done nor asks my aid
To fix the spell her art hath made
And when in recollection sweet
Our frolics past we still repeat
The friend who comic pencil drew
Timea's group is brought in view.
Emilia in the Regent's park
The Inquisition's council dark
The country nymph Macfarlane styled
Whose priest deplored his wand'ring child
Conspire to bid us wish for more
And draw fresh treasure from the store
Of her whose second jubilee
May each a [??] [??] [??]

Ode to the Editors of the F.C.

Bless'd with health & spirits gay
Long may you celebrate the natal day
That chronicles the weekly sports
Of Timea's fetes & blissful courts
Where mirth & friendship all unite
To glad the day as well as night
Where Music, Poetry & Dance
Alternate reign as if by chance
With converse sweet & open heart
Which make it wretchedness to part.
Could the Archduchess once steal in
Would it be thought a heinous sin
If she should join her voice & say
Continue ever to display
The Wit, the Fancy, Elegance & Taste
That shine thro' every page & gladden every face.

Archduchess

---

*Her Serene Highness the Archduchess Norman
†Vide the ode with the motto "Il vivra malgré la mort

Ode on the Family Chronicle

Motto

"I will give you a verse I made to this note yesterday in despight of my invention."

Shakespeare.

O Muse of Timea! thou that erst inspired
In Clapham's bowers the youthful Madame Sévre
Turning her infant voice to harmony;
Thou, that with laughing eyes and frolic smile,
Hovérist around thy lov'd Timean youth,
Whispring the ready jest, the gay retort;
Come! at my bidding, from thy fav'rite haunts,
The classic study, or the Shawsian shade,
With gentle touch awake my simple lyre
To sing the glories of the Chronicle!
In Timea's halls ere Chronicles were known,
Full oft the awful hour of dull dessert
In calm digestive silence crept away;
Or tapping rhymes, and cracking nuts alone,
With drowsy sound broke on the heavy ear.
Inventive Chancellor! 'twas thine to wake

Ode on the Family Chronicle

Motto
"I will give you a verse I made to this note yesterday
in despight of my invention"
Shakespeare

O Muse of Timea! thou, that erst inspired
In Clapham's bowers the youthful Madame Mere
Tuning her infant voice to harmony.
Thou, that with laughing eyes and frolic smile,
Hover'st around thy lov'd Timean youth
Whisp'ring the ready jest, the gay retort.
Come! at my bidding from thy fav'rite haunts
The classic study, or the Strawseat's shade,
With gentle touch awake my simple lyre
To sing the glories of the Chronicle!
In Timea's halls ere Chronicles were known
Full oft the awful house of dull dessert
In calm digestive silence crept away,
Or capping rhymes, and cracking nuts alone,
With drowsy sound broke on the heavy ear.
Inventive Chancellor! twas thine to wake

The latent Timean love of Chronicles,
And bid in union sweet each gentle train,
The grave, the gay, the giddy the profound,
Its tribute send to gild the weekly page
There — Sylvia's portraits, Clugny's sentiment
The Chancellor's railleries, Emilia's odes,
Theodore's diaries, La Marjorie's wit,
Great Darwell's verse, descriptive, gay, sublime
With many a tale of yore by Madame Mere,
Surcejoins charm the listning evening group,
Raise the light laugh, or prompt the pensive sigh.
Oh happy page! unawed by critic's frown,
Unsullied by the scoffs of rival wits,
Long be it thine with fancy ever new,
And true poetic fire our hours to charm.
And when fair Marjorie's sparkling eye is dim,
When tottering Sylvia's head is silvered o'er,
And Mme de Clugny's embonpoint is fled,
When neath the double weight of years and fame
Thy mighty founder's aged frame shall bend,
Thou still shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the ravages of time,
The flight of beauty, and the frosts of age;
And future Timeans in thy words learn,
How friendship once her gentle fetters wore

The latent Timean love of Chronicles,
And bid in union sweet each fertile brain,
The grave, the gay, the giddy the profound,
Its tribute send to gild the weekly page.
These ~ Sylvia's portraits, Clugny's sentiment
The Chancellor's railleries, Emilia's odes,
Theodore's diaries, La Marg'rite's wit,
Great Darwell's verse, descriptive, gay, sublime
With many a tale of yore by Madame Mere,
Successive charm the listening evening group,
Raise the light laugh, or prompt the pensive sigh.
Oh happy page! unawed by critic's frown,
Unsullied by the scoffs of rival wits,
Long be it thine with fancy ever new,
And true poetic fire our hours to charm.
And when fair Marg'rite's sparking eye is dim
When tott'ring Sylvia's head is silvered o'er,
And Mere de Clugny's embonpoint is fled
When 'neath the double weight of years and fame
Thy mighty founder's aged frame shall bend
Thou still shall flourish in immortal youth
Unhurt amid the ravages of time
The flight of beauty, and the frosts of age,
And future Timeans in thy records learn
How friendship once her gentle fetters wove

around one little band of Editors,
and bound each heart and pen in harmony.

C C Feby 15th 1819.

Around one little band of Editors,
And bound each heart and pen in harmony.

EC Feb^{y} 15th 1819.

Ode.

Motto.

"The royal feast."

'Twas at a royal feast by Grahams made
Where shone the arts in highest taste displayed
Where sat assembled at their high request
Full many a princely, royal, sacred guest,
The Muse in honor of the day
Pourd forth in strains sublime her rapturous lay:
And every guest a bard became
And every bard with animating flame
Of high ambition in his breast;
(Fanned by the fluttering hope of glory)
Himself with eager zeal addressed,
To build his Epic song, or weave his lyric story.

For from their chair the Graemes their stock command,
(Their chair of state the Chronicle's firm throne)
Famed chronicles of wit and converse bland,
Reflexion bright of fashion's gayest zone,
Remembrancer of balls, and fêtes, and sports
In halls domestic or in princely courts;
Weekly record of grave events,

Ode

Motto
"The royal feast"

'Twas at a royal feast by Grahams made
Where shone the arts in highest taste displayed
Where sat assembled at their high request
Full many a princely, royal, sacred guest
The Muse in honor of the day
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Famed Chronicle of wit and converse bland,
Reflector bright of fashion's gayest zone,
Remembrancer of balls, and fêtes, and sports
In halls domestic or in princely courts
Weekly record of grave events,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of route,
Maiden's wrath and squire's laments,
Dandies' smiles, and Misses' pouts
Had forth promulgated to all the throng,
That none should eat or drink but he who shewed a song.
And he whose song was best approved,
Whose skill the bosoms deftliest moved,
Of those who sat with favoring ear
Th'expectant candidates to hear,
(Favoring yet just, — impartially severe)
Of the Simean court th'immortal prize should bear.

Ode

Come my Muse, nor longer linger,
Strike the chords with magic finger,
'Tis the Chronicle that claims,
Of tilted and of gentle dames,
Of princes, nobles, knights, and squires,
Of him who to the prize aspires,
To Gower struck hath their lyre to bring.
The Era fit to sing.
'Tis to the Chronicle we owe,
Half the knowledge that we know.
There may we view as in a glass
All our manners as they pass,
Our greater and our lesser failings,
Mental and corporeal ailings.

Pride pomp and circumstance of routs.
Maiden's wrath and squire's laments,
Dandies' smiles, and Misses' pouts
Had forth promulgated to all the throng,
That none should sit or drink but he who showed a song.
And he whose song was best approved,
Whose skill the bosoms deftliest moved.
Of those who sat with fav'ring ear
Th'expectant candidates to hear;
(Fav'ring yet just; ~ impartially severe)
Of the Timean court th'immortal prize should hear.

Ode

Come my Muses nor longer linger
Strike the chords with magic finger
'Tis the Chronicle that claims
Of titled and of gentle dames,
Of princes, nobles, knights, and squires,
Of him who to the prize aspires,
To Gower street hall their lyre to bring
The Era of its birth to sing.
'Tis to the Chronicle we owe
Half the knowledge that we know
There may we view as in a glass
All our manners as they pass,
Our greater and our lesser failings
Mental and corporeal ailings

Here may we find for every ill
The best adapted draught or pill,
Medicines fit to save the nation,
Or for the stomach's restoration.
Here stand exposed in all vagaries,
Reformers or apothecaries.
Here criticized the endless mazes
Of gestures, dresses, looks and phrases.
Sounding of consonants and vowels,
Grumblings of the mob or — bowels;
Cartwrights and Cobbetts revolutions,
Vanes and Vansittart's constitutions,
Pitt Pitt and Pott the praises bear
Of Emily or Madame Mere;
The ball room's harp and cakes await
The Chancellor's decree sedate.
Here Sylvia's placid converse beams;
Here flash in starts Sylvester's dreams,
Where Theodore with powdered locks,
Places his Countess in her box.
Here read we Clancy's meditations
And Sly La Marguerites "divinations."

Thus have I reached the Poets noblest aim
(For tho' another reap the prize
On this auspicious day,
And by far nobler strains the palm shall bear away)
My head sublime shall reach the skies
For in the Chronicle my name shall live,
Which to my daring verse immortal fame shall give.

E.D.

Here may we find for every ill
The best adapted draught or pill
Med'cines fit to save the nation
Or for the stomach's restoration.
Here stand exposed in all vagaries,
Reformers or apothecaries.
Here criticised the endless mazes
Of gestures, dresses, looks and phrases.
Sounding of consonants and vowels
Grumbling of the mob or -- bowels;
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Here flash in starts Sylvester's dreams,
Where Theodore with powdered locks
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Here read we Cluny's meditations
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On this auspicious day
And by nobler strains the palm shall bear away)
My head sublime shall reach the skies
For in the Chronicle my name shall live
Which to my daring verse immortal fame shall give.

RD

Ode

Motto

"Il vivra malgrè la mort."

O friends! what awful tribute falls
On those secluded within these walls!
The Sphynx's riddle lips might try
The nurses of victims doomed to die;
Than the dread mandate ijoined here
With ode or sonnet to appear,
And to the golden prize aspire,
Which waits to crown the favoured lyre.
Two nights mine eyelids never closed;
The third in broken rest was dozed,
When, ere the morning's opening ray
Gave lustre to the coming day,
A fairy form in azure vest,
Struck with her wand the couch I prest,
Then wafted me thro' fields of air
On golden wings with colours rare.
Not Claudian could pursue
With wonder fug a track more true,
Or speed with steadier course his flight
To lodge me in the realms of light.

Ode

Motto
"Il vivra malgré la mort"

O friends! what awful tribute falls
On those seduced within these walls!
The Sphynx's riddle less might try
The nerves of victims doomed to die;
Than the dread mandate issued here
With ode or sonnet to appear
And to the golden prize aspire
Which waits to crown the favoured lyre.
Two nights mine eyelids never closed;
The third in broken rest was dozed,
When, e'er the morning's opening ray
Gave lustre to the coming day
A fairy form in azure vest
Struck with her wand the couch I prest
Then wafted me thro' fields of air
On golden wings with colours rare.
Not Claxileus could pursue
With wooden peg a track more true
Or speed with steadier course his flight
To lodge me in the realms of light

At length a splendid portal threw
Its ample arch across the view —
Within its fretted gates attend
Two sprites — their opening way to lend;
A third attired like seneschal,
"Advanced before us to the hall;
"From whence its folding doors reveal
A gallery of polished steel;"
There seated on a jasper throne
In more than mortal beauty shone
A nymph whose dignity of mien
Marked the mild lustre of a queen.
"Graved on the diadem she wore
Was Memory the name she bore.."
Gladly I hailed the omen true
Which on my recollection grew
'Twas the same power which accords tell
Gifted the boy she loved so well
(Bright little George) in Talbot's page
Whose charms did erst all hearts engage.
To this divinity I paid
My homage due — when lo! the maid
Her willing votary addrest,
And thus disclosed her high behest:
While from her folding robe she drew

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Its ample arch across the view
Within its fretted gates attend
Two sprites ~ their opening way to bend
A third attired like seneschal,
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Gladly I hailed the omen true
Which on my recollection grew
'Twas the same power which records tell
Gifted the boy she loved so well
(Hight little George) in Talbot's page
Whose charms did erst all hearts engage.
To this divinity I paid
My homage due ~ when lo! the maid
Her willing notary addrest,
And thus disclosed her high behest
While from her folding robe she drew

a plane of polished steel to view.
"Among the Chronicles of fame
Know, I have stamped Time's name;
In safe vaults her records lie
Oblivion's influence to defy.
Behold this tablet where in lines
By fairy traced, her lustre shines.
Each member of the coterie
In signs indelible you see,
To unborn ages to consign
The trophy given at Mem'rys shrine,
To fix the sketch their pencil draws,
Of manners, characters, and laws;
Perpetuate the passing joke
And stay the charm which else were broke.
Nay more — this tablet's polished face
The demon Mauvaise Honte can chase
And leave an angel in its place.
Sweet confidence, with modest eye
This well-meant effort bent to try.
This night the P.C. jubilee
Of fifty weeks prefers its plea
To notice, and to designate
This feast Time gives a fête,
And hangs a garland in the hall

A plane of polished steel to view.
"Among the Chronicles of fame
Know, I have stamped Timea's name;
In safe recess her records lie
Oblivion's influence to defy
Behold this tablet where in lines
By fairy traced, her lustre shines.
Each member of the coterie
In signs indelible you see,
To unborn ages to consign
The trophy given at Mem'rys shrine,
To fix the sketch their pencil draws,
Of manners, characters, and laws;
Perpetuate the passing joke
And stay the charm which else were broke
Nay more ~ this tablet's polished face
The demon Mauvaise Honte can chase
And leave an angel in its place.
Sweet confidence, with modest eye
His well meant efforts bent to try
This night the F.C. jubilee
Of fifty weeks prefers its plea
To notice, and to designate
This fact Timea gives a fête
And hangs a garland in the hall

In synod all her guests to call;
Where each a loyal nurse must bring
Their household duties to sing:
Thy home O Mortal! with the prize
A fairy's love their need supplies,"
She ceased — but now the morning beam
Steals in to tell me 'twas a dream!



In synod all her guests to call;
Where each a loyal verse must bring
Their household deities to sing.
Fly hence O Mortal! with the prize
A fairy's love their need supplies"
She ceased ~ but now the morning beam
Steals in to tell me 'twas a dream!

Eclogue.

Motto.

"Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round."
Cowper.

Scene, the Gardens at the back of the Gower Palace
Damon, Menalcas, and Corydon are seen sitting beneath
the three Poplar trees with their shepherds' crooks beside
them, their harps are hung up on the clothes' lines.

Damon.

Lo, here we sit reclined in rustic ease
Each at the root of these high towering trees
Here nought disturbs us in our lone retreat
Except the coaches rattling thro' the street

Menalcas.

True, Damon, true; while in these peaceful shades
We rest our limbs, or wander thro' these glades—
While here we watch the changes of the year
In spring—the fragrant carriage rattling near—
In autumn dark—the equipages rare,
(When out of town retire the roving fair,
And Blacks—(& grays) appear in Grosvenor Square.)
No life like ours for sweet and rustic calm
For every sorrow here may find its balm.

Corydon.

Yet have I heard (it grieves me while I sing)
That these our joys are not without their sting.

Eclogue

Motto
"Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round."
Cowper

Scene, the Gardens at the back of the Gower Palace. Damon, Menaleas and Corydon are seen sitting beneath the three Poplar trees with their shepherds' crooks beside them, their harps are hung up on the Clothes' lines.

———

Damon

So, here we sit reclined in rustic ease
Each at the root of these high tow'ring trees
Here nought disturbs us in our lone reteat
Except the coaches rattling thro' the street

Menaleas

True, Damon, true; while in these peaceful shades
We rest our limbs, or wander thro' these glades
While here we watch the changes of the year
For spring ~ the frequent carriage rattling near
In Autumn dull ~ the equipages rare
(When out of town retire the roving fair,
And Blades ~ (of grass) appear in Grosvenor Square)
No life like ours for sweet and rustic calm
For every sorrow here may find its balm

Corydon

Yet have I heard (it [??] me while I sing)
That these our joys are not without their sting

The sparrow's screech, the Tomcat's squalls at night
Warn us, Alas, that all is not quite right.
I watched the heavens at yester evening's close
(The larger black smuts fell thickening on my nose)
In the deep yellow of the rising fog
I saw strange figures moving all agog—
Whether by Muse or Demon fierce inspired
They with poetic mania seemed fired—
A scroll inscribed with letters large and free
Proclaimed, "a grand Simean Jubilee"—

Damon

Whenever the sparrow squeaks, she squeaks our bane.
The Tomcat never ope's his mouth ~~again~~ in vain
E'en now some harm I dread from yonder Barge
Which hither glides so solemn and so large
Haste, haste, Menalcas, see the Crew alights—
Ask if they're earthly, or unearthly sprites!

(Sylvia appears on the kitchen leads overhanging the garden and speaks.)

Fear not, dear Swains, no harm to you we bring
We come not to prevent, but hear you sing—
We too are not unlearned in the art,
Perhaps some useful hints we may impart.

Menalcas

Hints truly! I admire your saucy pride!
Hints to us, who are Poesy provide!
Well! if you're willing with us to contend
We'll see to which the Muse her prize will send.
Sit down beneath you sooty Lilac's stem.

The sparrow's screech, the Tomcat's squalls at night
Warn us, Alas, that all is not quite right
I watched the heavens at yester evening's close
(The large black smoots full thickening on my nose)
In the deep yellow of the rising fog
I saw strange figures moving all agog ~
Whether by Muse or Demon fierce inspired
They with poetic mania seemed fired
A scroll inscribed with letters large and fine
Proclaimed "a grand Timean Jubilee"

Damon

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The Tomcat never opes his mouth in vain
E'en now some harm I dread from yonder barge
Which hither glides so solemn and so large
Haste, haste, Menaleas, see the crew alights ~
Ask if they're earthly, or unearthly sprites!

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We come not to prevent, but hear you sing~
We too are not unlearned in the art;
Perhaps some useful hints we may impart.

Menaleas

Hints truly! I admire your saucy pride!
Hints to us, who o'er Poesy preside!
Well! if you're willing with us to contend
We'll see to which the Muse her prize will send
Sit down beneath yon sooty Lilac's stem

Silvia.

Friends sit around – as diamonds set a pin –
I fear not to begin the contest – Hem!
The ground is damp, the air is very cool
I hate damp earth – give me a music stool (sits)
Hail Muse! Hail Pegasus! Parnassus hail!

Menalcas.

Oh dreadful – this is really far too stale
Depart – let some one else take up the song
For you have been already sung too long
Gruthins begin! in grimace you're not lacking
For you have lately sung great Day and Martin's blacking

Gruthins.

'Tis true I've sung the charms of liquid jet
And since for Harmony this day we're met
At your request I lend my talents small (bows low)
And beg to add I'm always at your call
(Presents his card.)
"I hate the Muse who oft has been invoked
In calling whom so many bards have choked
I call upon the Muse who's just come out
Who's rarely seen at a Poetic Rout
Who never has been at Clio's concerts gay
Or in Melpomene's box at the play.
The Muse I hail was never hailed before
Tirsa is her name; the land of Homer
She loves so well she never will leave its climes
Save when the Chaphamites demand her rhymes
This charming nymph who's only just seventeen
With a companion fair is often seen
Who only for one year has claimed upon the muse
The use of the last letter of her name

Silvia

Friends sit around ~ as diamonds set again ~
I fear not to begin the contest ~ Him!
The ground is damp, the air is very cool
I hate damp earth ~ give me a music stool (sits)
Hail Muse! Hail Pegasus! Parnassus hail!

Menaleas

Oh dreadful ~ this is really far too stale
Depart ~ let some one else take up the song
For you have e'en already sung too long
Grubbins begin! in genius you're not lacking
For you have lately sung great Day and Martin's blacking

Grubbins

'Tis true I've sung the charms of liquid jet
And since for Harmony this day we've met
At your request I laud my talents small (blushes)
And beg to add I'm always at your call (Presents his card)
"I hate the Muse who oft has been invoked
In calling whom so many bards have choked
I call upon the Muse who's just come out
Who's rarely seen at a Poetic Rout
Who ne'er has been at Clio's concerts gay
Or in Melpomene's box at the play
The Muse I hail was never hailed before
Timea is her name; the land of Gower
She loves so well she scarce will leave its climes
Save when the Claphamites demand her rhymes
This charming nymph who's only just sev'nteen*
With a companion fair is often seen
Who only for one year has danced upon the green

*The age of the last letter of her name

Her name is Chronicle. Hers the art
Dulness to chase and merriment to impart.
Each week she calls the magic circle round
And bids with laughter loud the hall resound
Sometimes with face demure and solemn tone
She tells the tales of times long past and gone
Sometimes she talks of rural shades and bowers
Sometimes of roots and artificial flowers—
What fish and soup is been eaten thro' the week
What is the latest fashionable freak.
Twelve months she scarce has told. This circling day
Is meet to celebrate her natal day.
Her Education cannot fail to thrive
For Tutor two and Governess five
Each week in turn their infant pupil tend
Her charms unfold, her energies unbend—
They curb and regulate her wilder will
And treat her as their dear adopted child—
Then hasten kind friends to crown her modest merit
May she ere long her patrons' worth inherit.
Weave her a wreath of myrtle and of rose
Mixt with the fairest sweetest flowers that grows—
Light up the altars of the Household Gods,
And anxious seek their kind approving nods.!!!!

Damon.

Grubbins! well done; you have discharged your duty!
Accept this wreath of yew and poplar sweety.

Menalcas.

We yield the palm — you are the Muse's darling!
Accept this bouquet, and Lucretius starling.

Her name is Chronicle. Hers the art
Dulness to chase and merriment to impart
Each week she calls the magic circle round
And bids with laughter loud the hall resound
Sometimes with face demure and solemn tone
She tells the tales of times long past and gone
Sometimes she talks of rural shades and bow'rs
Sometimes of routs and artificial flowers ~
What fish and soup's been eaten thro' the week
What is the latest fashionable freak[1]
Twelve months she scarce has told. This circle gay
Is met to celebrate her natal day
Her Education cannot fail to thrive
For Tutors two and Governesses five
Each week in turn their infant pupil tend
Her charms unfold, her energies unbend
They curb and regulate her sallies wild
And treat her as their dear adopted child
Then haste kind friends to crown her modest merit
May she ere long her patrons worth inherit
Weave her a wreath of myrtle and of rose
Mixt with the fairest sweetest flow'r that grows ~*
Light up the altars of the Household Gods
And anxious seek their kind approving nods!!!!

Damon

Grubbins! well done; you have discharged your duty!
Accept this wreath of yew and poplar smooty.

Menaleas

We yield the palm ~ you are the Muse's darling!
Accept this pungent and beauteous starling

*Supposed to allude to the Marguerite

[1] *I nearly mistranscribed this word. J.S.*

Sitting fair (the cook at Number 3)
gave me the birds, and said, "Remember me—"

Corydon.

I too must lay my offerings at your feet
In token of your melody so sweet.
Take (from the stand they come) these cheese-cakes two
This can of milk of pale ethereal blue
And this small cup of patent double cream
Which of Muffina's lips I worthy deem.
But see the shadows lengthen down the street,
I fear 'tis time to end our converse sweet.
Hark at the door the postman's coming knock
And the gruff watchman's cry, "Past seven o'clock."

---

* Supposed to allude to the Marguerite

Spittina fair (the cook at Number 3)
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Corydon

I too must lay my offering at your feet
In token of your melody so sweet
Take (from the Strand they come) these cheeses two
This can of milk of pale ethereal blue
And this small cup of patent double cream
Which of Muffina's lips I worthy deem
But see the shadows lengthen down the street,
I fear 'tis time to end our converse sweet
Hark at the door the postman's evening knock
And the gruff watchman's cry "Past seven o'clock"

JG

Ode to the Chronicle

Motto.

"Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On burning wheels and adamantine car."

Campbell.

What brilliant planet meets my dazzled sight
And pours on me a flood of brilliant light?
Spirit of Newton, Come! approach and say
What dazzling orb is on its fiery way—
Names the new planet, mounted to the sky
And mark its form with philosophic eye—
Ah, thro' this prism I see what rainbow hues
To form the heavenly orb their rays diffuse.
The red of Theodore shines in the place;
Then the soft yellow shade of Madame Stace;
Sylvia's refreshing green then meets our eye;
Next it Emilia's purple shines on high,
There runs the Chancellor's violet radiant streams,
And Marguerite's azure in the rainbow gleams:
And see, the emblem of the abbess there
A silver grey that softens all the glare.

Ode to the Chronicle

Motto

"Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels and adamantine car."

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To form the beauteous orb their rays diffuse.
The red of Theodore shines in the glare;
Then the soft yellow shade of Madame Mere;
Sylvia's refreshing green then meets our eye,
Next it Emilia's purple shines on high,
There too the Chancellor's violet radiant streams,
And Marguerite's azure in the rainbow gleams;
And see, the emblem of the Abbess there
A silver gray that softens all the glare

The Duke and Duchess give the planet heat
As newton says that these bright colours meet.

What is this Planet's name ascended high
Adding new lustre to the cloudless sky?
It is the Chronicle, a brilliant orb,
That in its glory all these rays absorbs
Oh may they ever shine, and may we long
The luminary greet in joyful song.'

Feb.y 15.th 1819
AMG for EMG

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As viewless rays that these bright colours meet

What is this Planet's name ascended high
Adding new lustre to the cloudless sky?
It is the Chronicle, a brilliant orb,
That in its glory all these rays absorbs
Oh may they ever shine, and may we long
The luminary greet in joyful song!

———————

Feb.^{y} 15.th 1819
AMG for EMG

Ode in celebration of the
Family Chronicle.

Motto.

"Fondness for fame is avarice of air."

Goddess of Laughter! Muse burlesque, descend—
As Timon's faithful, ever cherished friend,
I here invoke thee! touch a Timean's strain
Each grave expression, sober thought restrain,
And while my fingers on my lyre are flung
To liveliest measures may its chords be strung!
Measures, accented by shrill laughter loud,
And the full plaudits of th' admiring crowd!
But ah, sad mauvaise honte my spirit chills,
My mind perplexes, and with horror fills.
Far, far from me the Goddess spreds her flight
Me! the sad victim of despair and fright!
Then oh! my fellow Editors excuse
The wild caprices of this wayward Muse
Full well ye know her! when the author's pen
Ye sought to wield against the faults of men
To raise your voice 'gainst a degenerate age
And with morality to fill your page

Ode in celebration of the Family Chronicle

Motto

"Fondness for fame is avarice of air"

Goddess of Laughter! Muse burlesque, descend
As Timea's faithful, ever cherished friend,
I here invoke thee! touch a Timean's brain
Each grave expression, sober thought refrain,
And while my fingers in my lyre are flung
To liveliest measure may its chords be strung!
Measures; re-echoed by shrill laughter loud,
And the full plaudits of th'admiring crowd!
But ah, sad mauvaise honte my spirit chills,
My mind perplexes, and with horror fills.
Far, far from me the Goddess speeds her flight
Me! the sad victim of despair and fright!
Then oh! my fellow Editors excuse
The wild caprices of this wayward Muse
Full well ye know her! when the author's pen
Ye sought to wield against the faults of men
To raise your voice 'gainst a degen'rate age
And with morality to fill your page

The giddy Muse inspired a joke or pun
All grave reflections were displaced by fun,
And some attracted by here comic glass,
Your boasted wisdom ended in broad farce.
But when an author wishes to be gay
On swiftest pinions flies the Muse away
Laughs at his invocation, spurns his prayer
And leaves the unhappy poet to despair.
To faithful pensive Memory I turn,
She weeps the hours that never can return,
She weeps the pleasures that are now past by,
And pays the record of a heartfelt sigh.
A few more years and Anniversaries see,
The days of youth and gaiety are no more;
Then Theodore in lawyer's wig and gown
Keeps for the bench his jokes, his smiles, his frown.
Laughs at his boyish castles in the air
Of happiness dispensed by lady fair —
Happiness truly! at last he knows,
How happy is he if he finds repose.
The Chancellor no more his traits of wit
Throws round the circle where the family sits.

The giddy Muse inspired a joke a pun
All grave reflections were displaced by fun
And once attracted by her comic glass
Your boasted wisdom ended in broad farce.
But when an author wishes to be gay
On swiftest pinions flies the Muse away
Laughs at his invocation, spurns his prayer
And leaves the unhappy poet to despair
To faithful pensive Memory, I turn,
She weeps the hours that never can return,
She weeps the pleasures that are now past by,
And pays the record of a heartfelt sigh.
A few more years and Annivers'ries o'er,
The days of youth and gaiety are no more;
Then Theodore in lawyer's wig and gown
Keeps for the bench his jokes, his smiles, his frown,
Laughs at his boyish castles in the air,
Of happiness dispensed by lady fair~
Happiness truly! At last he knows
How happy is he if he finds repose.
The Chancellor no more his traits of wit
Throws round, the circle where the family sit

A stranger nymph attracts him — and a home
(Decked by the arts of Paris and of Rome.
And the Simean females — where are they?
They're all old maids, some busy gossips say
Lucilia with a figure lank and prim,
And Sylvia always following some new whim.
Some add — La Marguerite married ill,
And living quietly against her will,
Tormented by her children, servants, house,
Pays slow obedience to some tyrant spouse
Tis then O Chronicle! thou shalt recall
Each happy hour in the Simean hall;
Each care-worn wight shall gladly fly to thee
Fancy himself as young, and glad and free
As when on thee he traced the fluent line
And sought a genius and a wit to shine.
Then if some fancy wrecking shall enquire
If in his youth he had poetic fire,
He shall with conscious dignity disperse
Fragments of advertisements, letters, verse,
And shew recorded on thy faithful page,
The bright effusions of his early age.

A stronger nymph attracts him ~ and a home
Decked by the arts of Paris and of Rome.
And the Timean females ~, where are they?
They're all old maids, some busy gossips say.
Emilia with a figure lank and prim,
And Sylvia always following some new whim.
Some add La Marguerite married ill,
And living quietly against her will,
Tormented by her children, servants, house,
Pays slow obedience to some tyrant spouse.
'Tis them O Chronicle. Thou shalt recall
Each happy hour in the Timean hall;
Each careworn wight shall gladly fly to thee
Fancy himself as young, and glad and free
As when on thee he traced the fluent line
And sought a genius and a wit to shine.
Then if some saucy urchin shall enquire
If in his youth he had poetic fire,
He shall with conscious dignity disperse
Fragments of advertisements, letters, verse,
And show recorded on thy faithful page
The bright effusions of his early age.

These shall transport him to the days of yore,
Its brilliant scenes shall live and glow once more;
And every phantom of his youth shall rise
Till truth dispels them — and the vision dies.
Circle beloved! — If fear my ode's too sad,
It should be like the morning bright and glad;
This rhyming marks the rapid flight of time,
And casts a shade of sadness o'er my rhyme;
But 'tis an Anniversary that draws
My warmest wishes to the Pimean cause
Wishes that many a succeeding year
Find us as happily assembled here;
Gladly the humble bard that pays these vows,
Shall place the laurels on a rival's brows,
Fearlessly trust to you who critique,
Nor pant for fame, nor sigh to wear the prize.

C.C. Feb.y 15.th 1819.

These shall transport him to the days of yore,
Its brilliant scenes shall live and glow once more;
And every phantom of his youth shall rise
Till truth dispels them ~ and the vision dies.
Circle beloved! ~ I fear my ode's too sad,
It should be like the evening bright and glad;
This evening marks the rapid flight of time,
And casts a shade of sadness o'er my rhyme;
But 'tis an Anniversary that draws
My warmest wishes to the Timean cause
Wishes that may a succeeding year
Find us as happily assembled here;
Gladly the humble bard that pays these vows
Shall place the laurel on a rival's brows,
Fearlessly trust to you who criticize,
Nor pant for fame, nor sigh to wear the prize.

EG. Feb.^{y} 15.th 1819

Dramatic Ode on the Chronicle

Motto.

"This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticize, that holds
Inquisitive attention."

Cowper.

Scene. A splendid Hall in the Gower Palace
The Book of Chronicles laid on a cushion — Flourish
of trumpets and kettle drums, and enter the body of
Editors in foolscap liveries turned up with ink, with
pens behind their ears.

They kneel before the Chronicle.

O! Chronicle! we hail with joy untold
The glorious day that makes thee one year old!
May thy two folio sheets each week appear
Hailed by the laughs and bravos of Jenica
Thy columns filled, thy type both plain and clear
Still may thy archives faithfully be kept
And tell who dined at Clapham, and who slept;
What fêtes were given by Hibbert Horne or Clarke,
And all the manners of the Century mark;
Still the gay abbess and her Convent loose
Meet with contempt, sarcasm and abuse;
Emilia's love of Medicine's healing art,
Her enmity to cheesecake, cream or tart;
Recorded be — how Sylvia hates the task
At twelve o'clock of doing "pas de basque"
And how in spite of custom, Madame Rose

Dramatic Ode on the Chronicle

Motto

"This folio of four page, happy work!
Which not even critics criticize, that holds
Inquisitive attention"

Cowper

Scene. A splendid Hall in the Gower Palace. The Book of Chronicles laid on a cushion. Flourish of trumpets and kettle drums, and enter the body of Editors in foolscap liveries turned up with ink, with pens behind their ears.

They kneel before the Chronicle

O! Chronicle! we hail with joy untold
The glorious day that makes thee one year old!
May thy two folio sheets each week appear
Hailed by the laughs and bravos of Timea
Thy columns filled, thy type both plain and clear.
Still may thy archives faithfully be kept
And tell who dined at Clapham, and who slept;
What fêtes were given by Hilbert Horne or Clarke,
And all the manners of the Cent'ry mark;
Still the gay Abbess and her Convent loose
Meets with contempt, sarcasm and abuse;
Emilia's love of Medicine's healing art,
Her enmity to cheesecake, cream or tart[1],
Recorded be ~ how Sylvia hates the task
At twelve o'clock of doing "pas de basque"
And how in spite of custom, Madame Mere

[1] *We see in the previous ode that Emily was lank and thin, and now we see that she was an enemy to cheesecake, etc. She was very ill for the first part of this Chronicle, with an unspecified illness, which makes one wonder what it was. She seemed to be a bit obsessed with what she ate. J.S.*

Bright scarlet mourning for the Queen will wear
Joyful we issue from our Printing Press
To hail thee in our cleanest Sunday dress
Long may it thou flourish, and may Saturday
Be famed — renowned to every later day.

Another flourish of trumpets, and enter the Chronicle
Peers in their full robes — A Herald proclaims their
titles, they do homage at the foot of the cushion and
exeunt — The Duke of Darwell at their head.

Enter Timea in a family groupe —
Madame Mere advancing.

"Hail Chronicle! — what do I see! — . . . the book
Placed on my Sofa cushion! — Children, look!
How can you be so careless! — give it me —
These Chronicles are horrid plagues I see."

Theodora advancing

"Hail Chronicle! in thy gay pages uniting
The charms of Papers, all the age delighting;
The "Times" from Barlow Century to Queen Ann
Are faithfully depicted in thy page.
A "Monitor" our foibles still you blame,
A "Herald" sounding titles you proclaim;
A "Star" each Saturday your brilliant rise,
But as a "Sun" you dazzle all our eyes.
Still as the "Courier" be loyal ever
And blame the Royal family — the never!"

The Chancellor kneeling in full robes,

"Hey, gown and wig, your Chronicle bestowed —

Bright scarlet mourning for the Queen will wear
Joyful we issue from our Printing Press
To hail thee in our cleanest Sunday dress
Long may'st thou flourish and may Saturday
Be famed renowned to every later day.

Another flourish of trumpets, and enter the Chronicle Peers in their full robes. A Herald proclaims their titles, they do homage at the foot of the Cushion and exeunt ~ the Duke of Darwell at their head.

Enter Timea in a family groupe~
Madame Mere advancing

"Hail Chronicle! ~ what do I see! ~ the book
Placed on my sofa cushion! ~ Children look!
How can you be so careless! ~ give it me ~
These Chronicles are horrid plagues I see"

Theodore advancing

"Hail Chronicle! in thy gay page uniting
The charms of Papers, all the age delighting
The "Times" from Barlow Cent'ry to Rann Age
Are faithfully depicted in thy page
A "Moniteur" our foibles still you blame
A "Herald" sounding titles you proclaim
A "Star" each Saturday you brilliant rise,
But as a "Sun" you dazzle all our eyes.
Still as the "Courier" be loyal ever
And blame the Royal family ~ Oh never!"

The Chancellor kneeling in full robes

"My gown and wig, you Chronicle bestowed

But now I've come to abdicate the load —
No more I'll sit in state — here are my Seals —
Without my gown I'll dance Quadrilles and Reels —
Instead of rod or wand, a fan bright spangled
at some gay ball shall in my hand be dangled.
Then christen me again — I'll not judge causes,
Lawyers in wigs shall change to dames in gauzes —
Gay Jean de Paris call me in your page,
Give me not legal dignity or age."

His gown drops off — he dances "Strict encores" —
and then departs —

Enter Sylvia with flowers in a shepherdess's dress

"Hail Chronicle!' with flowers I'll grace thy shrine
For Nature's charms must always proudly shine
Like this flow'r "Everlasting" called thy page
Shall bloom nor wither in an after-age —
You'll charm like this gay nosegay, while Truth
Shall bloom with hues united thro' the year
While the pink, purple, blue and yellow flowers
And foliage green shall grace Truth's bowers."

She runs away after garlanding the Chronicle
with flowers.

Enter Abbey in full Canonicals.

"Dearer than Radcliffe — than Porter dearer far.
Oh Chronicle! I hail thy rising star —
To the same shelf where all my novels stand
You shall ascend, and join the radiant band."

But now I've come to abdicate the load~
No more I'll sit in state ~ here are my Seals ~
Without my gown I'll dance Quadrilles and Reels ~
Instead of rod or wand, a fan bright spangled
At some gay ball shall in my hand be dangled.
Then christen me again ~ I'll not judge causes,
Lawyers in wigs shall change to dames in gauzes~
Gay Jean de Paris call me in your page,
Give me not legal dignity or age."

His gown drops off ~ he dances "huit mesures" ~
and then departs ~

Enter Sylvia with flowers in a Shepherdess's dress.

"Hail Chronicle! with flow'rs I'll grace thy shrine
For Nature's charms must always proudly shine
Like this flow'r "Everlasting" called thy page
Shall bloom nor wither in an after-age
You'll charm like this gay nosegay, while Timea
Shall bloom with hues united thro' the year
While the pink, purple, blue and yellow flowers
And foliage green shall grace Timean bowers."

She runs away after garlanding the Chronicle with flowers.

Enter Abbess in full Canonicals

"Dearer than Ratcliffe ~ than Porter dearer far
Oh Chronicle! I hail thy rising star ~
To the same shelf where all my novels stand
You shall ascend, and join the radiant band."

Enter Cornelia with a goblet of Alkali

"Oh Chronicle! thy fame shall never die
Like this inestimable alkali!"

La Marguerite kneels.

"May thy fame reverend Chronicle last as long
As 'stripes around the legs' in ancient song"!

Earl Jimea.

Enter Monsieur Hoole in a Chronicle cap

'Tis seldom I at these gay fêtes appear,
But with a troop of authors I came here —
They've brought some odes, and I attend them, while
They hear them read with a convulsive smile.
"I present was the day that (looking at the Chronicle)
gave thee birth
When one frail sheet appealed and boisterous mirth;
When the poor Editor, convulsed with fear,
His laboured jests and polished style must hear
Read to a listning circle; while they swell
The shout of "very good!" "pleasingly well"!
I present was when authors first their wit
Dropt trembling thro' the fatal box's slit
Then tried to get it back, or peeped to view
If it laid flat, or could be looked at through.
I made this cap, and covered many a head
Of those who hear their loud productions read
But hark! they're reading some poor victim's ode!
I must be there, his fluttering heart to goad" —

Enter Emilia with a goblet of Alkali

"Oh Chronicle! they fame shall never die
Like this inestimable Alkali!"

La Marguerite kneels

"May thy fame reverend Chronicle last as long
As "stripes around the legs", in ancient song"!

Exit Timea

Enter Mauvaise Honte in a Chronicle Cap

'Tis seldom I at these gay fêtes appear,
But with a troop of authors I came here –
They've brought some odes, and I attend them, while
They hear them read with a convulsive smile

(looking at the Chronicle)

"I present was the day that gave thee birth
When one frail sheet appeared mid boisterous mirth;
When the poor Editor, convulsed with fear
His laboured jests and polished style must hear
Read to a listening circle; while they swell
The shout of "very good!" "pleasingly well"!
I present was when authors first their wit
Dropt trembling thro' the fatal box's slit
Then tried to get it back, or peeped to view
It if laid flat, or could be looked at through.
I made this cap, and covered many a head
Of those who hear their lov'd productions read
But hark! they're reading some poor victim's ode!
I must be there, his flutt'ring heart to goad"

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Enter Newman.

Maunaise Honte meets him and Jests him on a Chronicle Cap.

"What means all this? I made my usual rap,
And out they flew, and put me on a cap
I came the Chronicle to copy out
Oh, here it is — my work I'll set about" —

He touches the Chronicle — The genius of the Chronicle rises.

"Touch not with hand profane my sacred page,
Dare not with wits like Chronicles engage —
I'll stab thee with a pun, or with a blaze
Of wit, set all thy senses in amaze
But in my cause as every week you write
I dub thee Sir Charles Newman — rise a knight!
(Striking him with a pun)
Have I no more to do? O, as I'm here,
I may as well make every chair a peer."

He knights all the furniture in the room

Mary Ching enters,

"Methought I heard the parlour bell to ring" —

Chronicle advances saying,

"Hail! lovely Countess! Lady Mary Ching!"
And now I go, but this the varying year,
Still will I joke and laugh with gay Finnea.

A M G

Feb. 15. 1819

Enter Newman
Mauvaise Honte meets him and puts him on a
Chronicle Cap

"What means all this! I made my usual rap,
And out they flew, and put me on a cap
I came the Chronicle to copy out
Oh, here it is ~ my work I'll set about"

He touches the Chronicle~ The Genius of the Chronicle rises

"Touch not with hand profane my sacred page,
Dare not with wits like Chronicles engage
I'll stab thee with a pun, or with a blaze
Of wit, set all thy senses in amaze
But in my cause as every week you write
(looking at the Chronicle)
I dub thee Sir Charles Newman ~ rise a knight!
Have I no more to do! O, as I'm here,
I may as well make every chair a peer."
He knights all the furniture in the room

Mary Ching enters

"Methought I heard the parlour bell to ring"

Chronicle advances saying

"Hail! Lovely Countess! Lady Mary Ching!"
And now I go, but thro' the varying year,
Still will I joke and laugh with gay Timea.

AMG
Feb.^{y} 15. 1819

Fragment of an Ode on the Fam. Chron.

Motto.

"Vaulting Ambition which o'erleaps itself"

The Family Chron: demands my song.
Oh sing it sweet, and sing it long—
Fairest flower of Graham's stem,
Gower's shield and Clapham's gem!
But who shall tell the wit divine
The grace that beams in every line
The grin-producing Pun
The laugh-provoking Pun
And all the varied gifts of the accomplished Nine!
Oh whither am I whirled,
Oh whither am I hurled,
In this my vain attempt?
I faint, I sigh,
I pant, I die,
And dread the Gods' contempt!
But stay what gladdening scenes from dimness Dun
Advancing slow their glittering page unroll!
Visions of Women! spare my aching eye
Ye unborn witticisms crowd not on my soul—

Fragment of an Ode on the Fam. Chron.

Motto

"Vaulting Ambition which o'er leaps itself"

The Family Chron demands my Song
Oh sing it sweet, and sing it long –
Fairest flowr of Graham's stem,
Gower's shield and Clapham's gem!
But who shall tell the wit divine
The grace that beams in every line
The grin-producing Fun
The laugh-provoking Pun
And all the varied gifts of the accomplished Nine!
Oh whither am I whirled,
Oh whither am I hurled,
In this my faint attempt?
I faint, I sigh,
I pant, I die,
And dread the Gods' contempt!
But stay what gladd'ning scenes from Lincolns Inn
Advancing slow their glittering page unroll!
Visions of Momes[?]! spare my aching ear
Ye unborn witticisms crowd not on my soul

No more last Peter Pindar we bewail —
all hail Timoan band! Timoa's gone hail!!!
— — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — —

KD

No more lost Peter Pindar we bewail
All hail Timean band! Timea's issue hail!!!

RD

Ode to the Chronicle

Motto.

"When energizing objects men pursue
What are th' absurdities they will not do."

My lay shall be
In praise of thee
O Chronicle sublime,
In hopes that you
As is most due,
Make me your Valentine.

Your face so fair
Your wit so rare
Make dumb the Muses nine;
While your ample spread
From your toe to your head,
Enchants your Valentine.

But shape alone
I would disown
Your genius makes me pine,
For you I sigh,
For you I die!
O save your Valentine

Ode to the Chronicle

Motto

”When energising objects men pursue
What are th’absurdities they will not do”

My lay shall be
In praise of thee
O Chronicle sublime.
In hopes that you
As is most due,
Make me your Valentine

Your face so fair
Your wit so rare
Make dumb the Muses nine.
While your ample spread
From your toe to your head
Enchants your Valentine.

But shape alone
I would disown
Your genius makes me pine,
For you I sigh,
For you I die!
O save your Valentine

Regard my case
With pity's grace
Oh Chronicle benign;
Grant me one smile
But dont beguile
Your faithful Valentine.

W L Feb'y. 14th - 1819

Regard my case
With pity's grace
Oh Chronicle benign.
Grant me one smile
But don't beguile
Your faithful Valentine

———————

ML[1]. Feb.^{y} 14.th 1819

[1] *Goodness. Who is ML? I have no idea. But her ode was given at the bottom of the pecking order. J.S.*

Appendix: The Strawseat Chronicles

The Strawseat Chronicles were the predecessor of the Family Chronicles. As far as I know only these two copies have survived. Although they were published before the Family Chronicle I've put them at the end, so as not to break up the presentation of the Family Chronicle. Furthermore, they contain much less of interest, containing a lot of precious accounts of the doings of animals, etc, rather than information about the family doings.

In fact, I couldn't even be bothered transcribing a lot of it.

The Strawseat Chronicle.

Saturday. July 29th 1817.-

Strawseat July 29th

We congratulate our readers on the important intelligence contained in the columns of our paper of this day- intelligence which must be high ly interesting to every patriotic and loyal heart, to every member of the community who feels concerned for the prosperity of the Strawseat, and the health of our beloved Countess- But we cease to make comments thereon, and leave our readers to make such as shall be suggested by the joyous intelligence-

Palace of Clapham

Friday evening.
15th Bulletin - 8 o'clock

Her highness's cold has taken a favourable turn and she is well enough to return to the Strawseat as soon as the necessary repairs are made-

signed Coddle
Chilley
Chamomile

countersigned
De Clugny
first Lady in waiting.-

Orders have been accordingly issued to prepare the Strawseat for her highness's reception, and it is said a splendid fete will be given on the occasion by the Gower Ambassador-

In consequence of the illness of her highness the Countess de Clugny has postponed her journey to the continent till the ensuing month, and will not visit her convent in Normandy till the end of August-

It is said her ladyship is projecting a scheme in concert with the pope for the endowment of nunneries in every part of Christendom, but we confess our surprize at the Countess's extreme fondness for the dress and manners of our heavenly convent which seems in our humble opinion incompatible with the duties of a monastic life- be this as it may her ladyship is endowed with rare virtues, and whether attired in the diadem of the court or the veil of the convent diffuses equally the Sunshine of benevolence and kindness on those about her-

Improvements and Repairs in the villa of the Strawseat-

This truly magnificent and exquisitely rural edifice an enlightened and tasteful age has lately undergone considerable repairs and may in its present state be said to rival if not surpass in splendour of decoration and elegance of design the most noble residences of the most despotic monarchs- not that this palace puts itself in competition with the gaudy halls of Versailles, or the gemmed palaces of the Eastern despots- no! it lays a purer claim to the admiration of the world as a Sylvan palace, an abode of the muses, the court of the Dryads, in fine of a cottage ornee-

The whole of the interior decorations have undergone a complete change- the upholsterer Sieder, & the architect Leat contended by the soaring taste of the Countess & her ladies in waiting have made it what it is- we were yesterday favoured with a sight of it and will endeavour to give our readers some idea of the prevailing design-

On entering the woodbine vestibule the Conf. d'ail is at once grand & imposing. The walls are entirely hung with Gobelins tapestry- trimmed with scarlet lace- the couches of the same- On each side the entrance are groves of ivy recalling the most classical ages- The dome remains as it was with the exception of having been cleaned and touched up in various parts, and continues to be the admiration of the world and the boast of its celebrated architect Sir Christopher Wren whose descendant enjoys apartments in the dome.

We understand a sumptuous carpet is manufacturing which is to extend the whole length of the Saloon we shall give further particulars in our next.

Fashionable parties.

Archduke John gave a sumptuous repast to his fashionable friends at Beech Lodge on Tuesday last- The arrangements were on an extensive scale and owing to the vigilance of the officers no confusion took place amongst the numerous carriages-

Among the company were Countess of Clugny & Windmill Hill Lady Emily Latchmere- Countess Snail, Earwig, Woodlouse, [illegible] Duchess Tarantula and the Ladies Moneyspinner Baron Grub, &c. &c. &c. all the Vermin of Haut ton were present.

The Strawseat Chronicle

Saturday, July 29th, 1817

We congratulate our readers on the important intelligence contained in the columns of our paper of this day ~ intelligence which must be highly interesting to every patriotic and loyal heart, to every member of the community who feels concerned for the prosperity of the Strawseat, and the health of our beloved Countess. But we cease to make comments thereon, and leave our readers to make such as shall be suggested by the joyous intelligence.

Palace of Clapham

Friday evening

15th Bulletin ~ 8o'clock.

Her highness's cold has [??] and she is well enough to return to the Strawseat as soon as the necessary repairs are made.

Signed Coddle
Chilley
Chamomile
countersigned De Clugny
first lady in waiting

Orders have been accordingly issued to prepare the Strawseat for her highness's reception, and it is said a splendid fete will be given on the occasion by the Gower Ambassaor.

In consequence of the illness of her highness the countess de Clugny has postponed her journey to the continent till the ensuing month, and will not visit her convent in Normandy till the end of August. It is said her ladyship is projecting a scheme in concert with the pope for the endowment of nunneries in every part of Christendom, but we confess our surprize at the Countess's extreme fondness for the dress and manner of our luxurious court which seems (in our humble opinion) incompatible with the duties of a monastic life. Be this as it may her ladyship is endowed with rare virtues, and whether attired in the diadem of the court or the veil of the convent diffuses equally the sunshine of benevolence and kindness on those about her.

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This truly magnificent and exquisitely rural edifice [??] an enlightened and tasteful age has lately undergone considerable repairs and may in its present state be said to rival if not surpass in splendour of decoration and elegance of design the most noble residences of the most despotic monarchs. Not that this palace puts itself in competition with the gaudy halls of Versailles, or the gemmed palaces of the Eastern despots. No! it lays a fairer claim to the admiration of the world as a Sylvan palace, an abode

of the muses, the court of the Dryads, in fine of a cottage ornèe.

The whole of the interior decorations have undergone a complete change. The upholsterer Seeder, & the architect Loat[?] c[??] by the soaring taste of the Countess & her ladies in waiting have made it what it is. We were yesterday favoured with a sight of it and will endeavour to give our readers some idea of the prevailing design.

On entering the woodbine vestibule the coup d'oeil is at once grand & imposing.The walls are entirely hung with Gobelins tapestry ~ trimmed with Scarlet lace ~ Nee couches of the same. On each side the entrance are groves of ivy recalling the most classical ages. The dome remains as it was with the exception of having been cleaned and touched up in various parts, and continues to be the admiration of the world and the boast of its celebrated architect Sir Christopher Wren whose descendant enjoys apartments in the dome. We understand a sumptuous carpet is manufacturing which is to extend the whole length of the saloon. We shall give further particulars in our next.

Fashionable parties

Archduke John gave a sumptuous repast to his fashionable friends at Beech Lodge on Tuesday last. The arrangements were on an extensive scale and owing to the vigilance of the officers no confusion took place amongst the numerous carriages.

Among the company were Countesses of Clugny & Windmill Hill, Lady Emily Latehours, Countesses Snail, Earwig, Woodlouse, Duchess Tarantula and the Ladies Moneyspinner, Baron Grub &c &c. All the Vermin of Haut ton were present.

February 27^{th}, 1819

B.R.A. 833.

The same day the Princess Royal gave a splendid dejeuner and there than divided the fashionable world being honored by the presence of the Archduchess Wamen.

Fashionable arrangements for the ensuing week –

Monday – Archduke John's defeuner à la restawrateur.

Tuesday – The Countess's Circassian fête –

Wednesday – Lady Emily Latchouse's divertissement –

Thursday – The Princess Royal's Concert –

Friday – Comtesse de Clugny's dejeuner monastique

Saturday – Lady Windmill Hills Masquid fête –

Fashionable departures.

Lady Nightingale & suite for the continent –

Sir H. & Lady Swallow for do.

Duke Toad for his seat Coldstone –

[illegible]

Fashionable & interesting Prince. Lady Jane to his seat The Priory. Capt. Tartar on a Tour.

Melancholy occurrence.

Yesterday as Lady Emmet was exiting the Tower, she unfortunately fell into a dead drop – Lord Ant who was paying at the time plump in after her ladyship but they both sunk to rise no more.

A few days since as the hon. Capt. Toad was sporting with some friends in the neighbourhood of the Ha ha he had the temerity to leap over that frightful precipice and was instantly dashed to pieces. he is succeeded in his estates by Lord Tadpole a branch of the Toad family.

A meeting took place on Monday morning to settle an affair of honour between Col. ——— and Mr ——— which ended in the death of the latter. They fought with swords – we understand the name of the deceased is Horsestinger a very handsome young man but [illegible]

Law intelligence –

Spider v. Glow-worm –

This was an action for an attempt to set fire to an extensive cotton manufactory in the neighbourhood of Stanwood –

Mr Cricket for the plt. opened the case which he premised to them was of a most atrocious nature, and was in brief as follows – On the night of Sunday immediately after the moon had set – deft was seen lurking in the neighbourhood of Spider's premises he was furnished with a torch and seemed intent upon doing mischief he was preceding into plts premises when plt alarmed for his webs which hung around the walls in great abundance called in the assistance of General Longlegs on duty in the neighbourhood – at the appearance of the general, Glow worm extinguished his torch & has escaped detection till within a few days since when he was taken up –

Cockchafer for the Deft. in an able speech proceeded to clear the character of his friend and client – and brought several witnesses to prove the harmless nature of the torch he carried about with him –

Several flies also spoke much against the character of the prosecutor who they said had entrapped many of their friends under pretence of warming them off his premises and that same flies had never been since heard of –

Justice Beetle summed up the evidence in his usual able manner and the jury after a moments deliberation ~~acquitted the deft~~ returned a verdict of Not Guilty –

The celebrated robber Jack Daw has again escaped and committed fresh depredations over the country –

Advertisements –

Wants a place –

As housekeeper in a respectable family a person who can have an undeniable character for honesty and economy – direct post paid to A.N.T. at the Anthill –

as valet to a single gentleman of fashion, a young man who has lived in the first families, has waited at table of Royalty – & the toilette of the man of Kent – Tow, and is active clean and anxious to make himself useful – has no objection to travel –

Direct to F.L.Y. at the Confectioners. Corner of Bond St.

This day is published. –

Bees Returns – dedicated to her Majesty the Queen Bee –

also by the same author

Essay on Drones –

In the press & speedily will be published –

Blight on fruit trees

[illegible]

Professor Mildew –

also Animalculum on population 10 vols Quarto –

Theatre Royal Plane Tree.

This present Evening –

The Thrush

Thrush by Mr mocksbird, Mable Mrs Jay, Alderman Gobble, Mr Turkey Cock – Comic Song by Mr. Sterling.

Theatre Royal Hazle Bark

(For the benefit of Mr Nute)

Signor Squirrel will exhibit his wonderful evolutions on the tight & slack rope

To which will be added

Don Giovanni –

The spectre horse by a real mouse.

King's Theatre

This evening Il fanatico per la Musica principal performers Mesdames Puffignol, Cunary, Mobinetto, Signors Blackbird, Lark, S. Lark, W. Lark &c &c. End of the 2 act a Grand pas de ballet by Signr Chamboleer does then at 5 A.M.

IV/4/23. 15438

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Wednesday. Lady Emily Latehours divertisement.

Thursday. The Princess Royal's concert.

Friday. Countess de Clugny's dejeuner monastique.

Saturday. Lady Windmill Hill's masque fête.

Fashionable departures

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Sir H.& Lady Swallow for D^o.

Duke Toad for his seat coldstone.

[??]

fashionable watering place.

Lady Sow to her seat the Piggery.

Capt. Tartar on a Tour.

Melancholy occurrences

Yesterday as Lady [??] was crossing the lawn, she unfortunately fell into a dewdrop. Lord Ant who was passing at the time plunged in after her ladyship but they both sunk to rise no more.

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trapped many of their friends under pretence of warning them off his premises and that same flies had never been since heard of.

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[??]
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Also Animalculum
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Theatre Royal Plane Tree

This present Evening
The Thrush
Thursh by Mr. Mockbird,
Rattle Mr. Jay, Alderman
Gobble ~ Mr. Turkeycock
Comic Song by Mr. Starling.

Theatre Royal Hazle Bush

(For the benefit of Mr. Mole.) Signor Squirrel will exhibit his wonderful collections on the tight & slack rope. To which will be added

Don Giovanni

The spectre's horse by a real mouse.

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This evening Il fanatico per la Musica principal performers Mesdame Rossignol, Canary, Robinetto, Signor Blackbirdino, Lark, T. Lark, W. Lark &c &c. End of the 2^{d} act a grand pas de ballet by Sign.^{r} Chanticleer. Doors open at 5 a.m.

February 27^{th}, 1819

THE STRAWSEAT Chronicle

High waters at the Ha ha at 3 minutes before 6 morning - 1 minute past 7 in the afternoon - This being a holiday all the public offices will be shut during the day.

Monday. August 11th 1817.

This being the Birthday of Her Serene Highness the Princess the day was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the rolling of cannon.

At Six the Abbess of St. Claymy at the head of her nuns proceeded in solemn procession to the palace to offer their congratulations which were graciously received by her highness in bed. The ceremony was very interesting each nun being allowed to lift up the edge of the royal counterpane and kiss her august toe. Barley water and carraway jelly was served upon an adjoining room.

At seven her royal and serene highness motioned with her hand to signify her intention of rising. Immediately 50 gentlemen ushers appeared attired in white velvet attended by the toilette bearers of the household. Ten first carried small tooth combs, the ten next hairbrushes of different degrees of hardness and the ten last busied themselves in assisting her highness to rise - When her highness so dipped her face in the State ewer, a salute of 21 guns was fired, and another on her putting the tooth brush into her mouth.

The grand fete was to commence at 28 minutes to 9 - of course the time of putting our paper to the press will not allow of further intelligence.

We understand salutes of 16 guns (her highness completing her 16th year) this day will be discharged every 16 minutes for the next 16 hours.

In the afternoon the serene and royal Arabesques will illuminate and the ministers will all give grand petit soupers.

16,000 young maidens all of 16 years of age are to chaunt hymns throughout the day and at night a state ball will take place.

We regret to state that the three famous Italian singers who were to perform at the Chaumiere Parisale this day have met with the following fatal and distressing accident.

It appears they had been amusing themselves with taping cherries to a string attached to a lamppost and snatching at them with their teeth and by an unlucky coincidence each caught a cherry at the same instant and in the next instant by an equally unlucky coincidence each had [illegible] were all choked. A coroner's [illegible] sat immediately after and returned a verdict - Died in consequence of the same.

Thus is all over this unpleasant duty we have to perform on this occasion, which is no other than to inform our readers of the death of that worthy and respected Baronet, Sir Pine Strawberry - he had been going for sometime and his end was accelerated by despair supposed to have been brought on partly by the rainy season and partly by the ignorance and incapacity of his physicians Dr Gubb and Sir H. Slugg.

We may truly say that we never shall look upon his like again, for whether we consider him as a man of sweet disposition or of refined taste he equally claims our esteem and admiration - The funeral took place yesterday when the mob was so great as to produce a complete jam.

The Vicereine's drawing-room.

Yesterday her Highness held a drawing-room previously to her birth-day which was to be complied by other fashionable arrangements.

The following were among the presentations.

Lady Windmill Hill in her escape from the harem horse - by the Lady in waiting.

Count de Clugny on presenting a new romance to the public by Dr Baron Dick on his escape from the Tomcat expedition.

Do on his being allowed to wear the order of the Hempsied.

Captain Tartar on picking a bone clean.

Lady Chrysalis on being permitted to bear the name & arms of Butterfly.

Lady Umbrella on getting wet thro'

Baron Trunk on going abroad.

Ladies Dresses.

The Countess de Clugny in her canonicals.

Lady Windmill Hill a rich plumb compound of 12 peruke tails.

The Princess royal a turf gown trimmed with rebel daisies. Headdress hens eggs and cocks feathers.

Lady Emily Catterwaul a rich petticoat & train of Whitney blankets headdress bolster and feathers - this dress was much admired.

Gentleman's dresses.

Arch Duke John in a pumpkin coloured coat, with moon coloured breeches.

Baron Bantam Cpack trowsers.

Genl Drake the uniform of the Coldstream Guards.

On the whole it was one of the most splendid drawing rooms ever witnessed in this country.

The Arch Duke John is in every morning at 6 and bathes in the Thames he is discovered in a plain brown coat attended by only one Groom and does not wish to be recognized by the populace the Leaves us shortly for the continent.

We are authorized to contradict the report that it was Capt. Tartar who wounded Lieutenant Castlereagh seriously in the leg last week.

Carmine Parliament.

August 9th

The Chancellor of the Carrion brought forward his motion for the Suspension of the Habeas corpus a measure which he thought highly expedient in the present critical juncture - He went fully into the reasons for his proposing this decided measure and as we thought in a very able manner.

He was seconded by Capt. Tartar who had a stomach friend of liberty perfectly coincided with what the last Speaker had advanced (growls from the opposition) and said that from the opportunities he had had of judging of the state of the country he could lay his paw on his heart and declare that his conscience would never allow him to pass a silent vote on such an occasion (hear from the Carrion bench).

Mr Ferret said he held a petition in his hand from his constituents in the Isle of Dogs wherein the house would find sufficient materials for reflection before they made a law of this vital importance.

They would therein be acquainted with the atrocities committed by the ministers of the law one case in particular he would call the attention of the house to in which it appeared that an individual had been confined for 6 months with a string round his neck and nothing but paunch to eat - he died a victim to the manage.

It was very well for this hon. friend who had his liberty, to vote imprisonment to his fellow creatures, his hon. friend looked fat and sleek and thinks every one else must be so of a length. The hon. gentleman might wag his tail, but he repeated that it was not for one bred up in the lap of duck bones and chicken bones to deprive his poor fellow countrymen and their families of the means of happiness and comfort - He enprized his decided hostility to the bill.

The Strawseat Chronicle

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Countess de Clugny on presenting a new romance to the public, by D^{o}.

Baron Dick on his escape from the Tomcat expedition.

D^{o} on his being allowed to wear the order of the Hemp seed.

Captain Tartar on picking a bone clean.

Lady Chrysalis on being permitted to bear the name & arms of Butterfly.

Lady Umbrella on getting wet [??].

Baron Trunk in going abroad.

Ladies Dresses

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The Princess royal a twill gown trimmed with red daisies. Headdress hens eggs and cocks feathers.

Lady Emily Latehourse a rich Petticoat & train of Whitney blanket. Headdress bolster and feathers. This dress was much admired.

Gentleman's dresses

Arch Duke John, A pump coloured coat, with moon coloured breeches.

Baron Bantam. Cossack trousers.

Gent. Drake. The uniform of the Coldstream Guards.

On the whole it was one of the most splendid drawing rooms ever witnessed in this country.

The Arch Duke John rises every morning at 6 and bathes in the Thames. He rides out in a plain brown coat attended by only one groom and does not wish to be recognised by the populace. He leaves us shortly for the continent.

We are authorized to contradict the report that it was Capt.^{n} Tartar who wounded Viscount Castlereagh so seriously in the leg last week.

Canine Parliament

[This is too boring to transcribe. I can't be bothered. I'm going on strike. It's just all about dogs doing Parliamentary things. I find these pretend animal things all a bit twee. J.S.]

February 27^{th}, 1819

Col. Poodle presented a petition from the Borough of Lapdogs against the bill (a laugh) – he said that although the petitioners were not subjects of the bill in question in the strictest sense, yet that they had suffered many privations and hardships in having ribbons & bells tied round their necks – he trusted it was the last case in 3 months, whatever the inclemency of the weather might be (a cry of laughter) The hon. member was barked down –

Capt. Tervier rose together after words amidst repeated cries of Question! he wished to propose a clause to prevent clipping of ears.

on the question being put

For the bill — 150
against it — 149

Majority — 1

General Tarry being in his seat in full uniform the vote of thanks was given to him after which he rose and spoke to the following effect –

"It is with feelings of proud emotion that I rise to acknowledge the high honour conferred upon me. It was on only one former occasion that thanks have been voted to a General for his achievement in the polecat war. That obnoxious race was then thought to be extirpated but they again mustered strength to an alarming pitch and again have they been vanquished by me and my brave warriors (applause) gentlemen I have not the tongue of a Demosthenes or a Cicero nor do I boast that I can thank you in heroics or in Doggerel (a laugh) I can only back my thanks as a soldier & shall always be ready to tear the enemies of the nation in pieces (repeated cheers)

The house adjourned at 11 a.m.

Horsepond July 30th

This fashionable watering place now begins to present all its attractions – The pump room is a constant scene of bustle & mirth –

Duchess Sos and the Ladies Wallop frequent the rooms and violin with a host of fashion in their train –

The Duchess is planning great improvements at the Sty – The whole range of troughs are to be pulled down and built so as to communicate with the Hogwash saloon. Lady Stapleton and Baroness Buckwold lead the ton in water excursions.

The Dustman – a Sonnet.

Who gently sounds the noisy bell?
And cries Dust O! throughout Pall Mall
Who climbs the area steps so well?
My Dustman.

Who eats his cheese, nor leaves the rind?
Whose large brimmed hat with grease is lined?
Narrow before, & broad behind?
My Dustman's –

Who, when he's bought the dust on high
Says to the Steward maid "Good bye"
And wipes a tear from either eye?
My Dustman –

And can I ever then forget
~~[illegible]~~
The face of prepossessing feet?
Or cease, when ill, to wish he may be better,
Dustman?

Quadrilles –

To the Editor of the Shawcross Chronicle

Go to whatever house you will
You'll be sure to meet the vile Quadrille.
Gay.

Sir

The topic of Quadrilles is now become one of the most interesting & important – nay more so it is interwoven with our very constitution – and I will venture to say no man can conscientiously discharge his duties in parliament who does not know the birthrest of Quadrilles. I am led to consider therefore what is the origin of this excellent science and since it has not yet been treated of by any of our learned antiquarians allow me to offer my humble conjectures thro' the medium of your excellent paper. The ancient Gauls then certainly had a taste for the dance and to them we owe our modern Batteuse taken no doubt from their war dance in which they struck their spears against their shields – This chassez & dechassez was practiced by our ancestors in their hunting excursions yet it is sufficiently clear that chassez was not introduced till the time of the crusades from whence it derives its name – Critics have been divided as to the term entre chat & no satisfactory etymology has been found for that elevating part of the science allow me to add my conjecture also. Were not the Gauls always a dramatic nation? were they not always observers of nature? what then is more likely than that they took occasion to observe the convulsive leap of the mouse or the entre of the cat, Entre chat? I shall however be happy to receive whenever any more sagacious observer shall offer a better solution of this difficulty –

Meanwhile I am Sir,
Your obed.t Servant
Pirouette.

Advertisements

Mr. Tontonneau announces to the public that he has discovered the Steam-gas-bed-candle by which a person is attended up stairs by a brilliant light moved about by the power of steam. As soon as the person is in bed he has only to pull a string when the gas expires without any unpleasant smell and the remaining power of the steam applies itself in gently drawing the curtains and locking the door. Also his patent Steam Whipper by which means upwards of 50 children may be whipped at the same moment a wonderful saving to all Schoolmasters and parents –

Also his Steam Toothpick by which elegant little machine the teeth may be effectually & expeditiously picked without the trouble of moving the hand to the mouth –

This day is published –
Chegney's British novelist complete in 300 volumes –
Chegney's Thoughts on Romance elegantly printed on vellum

Eighteen maxims by Theresa Tidy 50th Edition By the Same Author
Every woman her own Pindaree – or the Art of eating currant pie without dropping – An Essay –

Signor Dollo respectfully informs the nobility gentry & public at large that his Lounging academy is open daily from 10 in the morning till 2 at night where he gives instruction in every branch of lounging and drawling – people not used to tipping chairs perfected in the course of 6 lessons – Pupils are requested to bring a sofa with them – Terms a guinea a lesson.

Births

At her house the Pantiere the Lady of Admiral Rose Esq.r of twin celebrity – all doing well –

Marriages –

On Monday last by special licence of Archbishop Gardener, Thos. Tor Lowbrow to Jane Scrapit third daughter of Lord Lilly.

At the chapel royal St James's Sir Henry Rockbile Bart. to the widow Fortune –

Deaths

On Thursday last Colonel Wasp in consequence of tight lacing.

Bon Mot. Lord Steam being ~~[illegible]~~ strangely noticed why he did not make money pithily replied "Money sit qui mal y pense"

Published by Authority.

The Dustman
A Sonnet

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