

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 horse back finds to her dismay that only two hours are before her to compose her Chronicle arrange her letter press &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 Curtiss paid a flying visit on their way to Count Gilbert's -

Wednesday - The family of Curtiss dined at the Pavilion

Thursday - The Godstep of Monstony provided -

Friday - The Archbishop's Norman and la Marguerite made a excursion to Windmill Hill & returned laden with fruit flowers game &c. &c. -

Saturday - Mails brought this patches from the Chancellor to la Margte, the contents of which will appear in columns -

Correspondence

October 6th de Sept. 1818

The clock of St Clements had boldly struck twelve And the angel smiled over her gateway when Giovanni & Malpho with passports ^{with grace} Umbrellas parturitions & bags took their place

On the well-cushion'd seats of the Carriage Royale Giovanni and Malpho two knights straight stall The parcels were pack'd & the trunks were all staid

And the coursers impatient to drag forth ^{thru' the door} But who can describe Giovanni's dismay

He find that his surcoat and plaid were ^{away} His dear French surcoat, his plaid of green ^{stripes}

And all in an old hackney chariot's gripes & horror. The cloak which the Champ de Mars ^{ground}

To be in the hands of a plover-brook - placed The M. Custom's tartan of high Scottish ^{birth}

To be jumbled with blue silk bags of the ^{wealth} The thought is too shocking - Sawmill dear ^{surcoat}

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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 6^{eme} 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, which retired to the owners their ^{of quiet}
 To me you were always the best ^{friend} ^{and true} friend. You got to relate that at Dover I bought
 A Dutch coat of druggil with many a ^{fine} ^{piece}
 Other cloaks from the temples my ^{which} ^{had} ^{kept} ^{out} ^{the} ^{cold} ^{most} ^{delicious}
 From the rains of the sky & the surf of the deep, And made me so hearty my story to tell
 But still in whole Musing haunts the ^{past} ^{scene} ^{of} ^{deep} ^{bottle}
 I'll forget not my surmount of deep ^{green} bottles. Now Morphew's schooled Giovanni's afflic
 Now Morphew's schooled Giovanni's afflic ^{tion} I left him just now in the nave on a ^{dark}
 Lord Ralph dream'd his journey was ^{over} ^a ^{piece} where he hears a Dutch sermon of ^{the}
 Two companions we had who both chatted ^{away} So might we go on to old Bruges from ^{where}
 So we stowed & we chatted till dawning. We proceed to Ghent's town by canal ^{the}
 At 12 the next day we arriv'd safe at Dover. Do not think I compass'd very rough ^{travels}
 Not sorry this part of our journey was ^{over} They mostly have crept in my ^{brain}
 On the quay I met Mademoiselle ^{de} ^{la} ^{Comtesse} and assure you if this were not ^{my}
 Who offered me dinner with every kind ^{of} ^{food} I'd polish them up for your ^{service}
 The latter look pretty, and fresh from a tour Adieu then, with love to the ^{royal}
 To Paris from whence they are on the ^{point} ^{of} ^{return} I wish you could see the brown ^{cloud}
 And now we expanded our wings to the ^{gate} which envelope the forms of ^{the}
 The name of our vessel the ^{Blanchon} ^{is} ^{well} ^{known} ^{and} ^{conceal} ^{their} ^{light} ^{figures} ^{from}
 Some ladies seemed ready to give up ^{their} ^{hearts} you would then set the fashion to lead ^{the}
 (As sea sick men they) to to shambles in ^{death} and promenade all, in a ^{stable}
 But descending from deck, each soon ^{slapt} ⁱⁿ ^{her} ^{birth} ^{and} ^{continue} ^{each} ^{hour} ^{to} ^{fly} ^{by} ^{the} ^{channel} ^{of} ^{the} ^{river}
 in her ^{birth} ^{and} ^{continue} ^{each} ^{hour} ^{to} ^{fly} ^{by} ^{the} ^{channel} ^{of} ^{the} ^{river}

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

Do not be much fear that the weather is breaking
 send himself to the clouds that the sun
 is betaking
 that we care not for rain hail tempest
 or drought
 having laid in a stock of content for the winter

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 geo-
 graphical bonnets peliper de

Lost

A pocket book with a blisp de blugny
 written in the first page, containing
 an address to the Moon, lines to the
 Planet Venus - de Jupiter - de smock
 or beachy head - The fragment of a
 novel entitled Tender Despondency
 or Esthetinda Charpigny de de
 Whoever possessing the said pocket book
 shall refuse to send it to Heathley's
 library will be excommunicated

Fashionable Parties

Friday next - Mr de Here gives a
 grand dinner party to the Curtiss
 family Major & Mrs Willard &c

Saturday Archduchess Norman
 will give a grand ^{pre-dinner} dinner in the
 case named after her ladyship

Monday Countess gives a grand
 invalid dinner - looks kept

Reverend and Reverend

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 Ethe-
 linda 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