

that something attack her, and which the good Abbot 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 afraid, she has no ruin's blood about her, and will make hereafter a most excellent Country Clergyman's wife.

It must be expected now, I should make some mention of M<sup>rs</sup> More the mother of this fine family. She is an authoress I 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 loved & 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 M<sup>rs</sup> Editor, Your's truly  
an old acquaintance

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> 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 evening by a Peer who not only spurs into futurity but also holds converse with future generations. You will see it is a bit of a

Newspaper for April A.D. 2018  
A great discovery has been made. Some workmen digging in the waste ground on which formerly stood Gowen Street, discovered an antique portfolio. It was found to contain several sheets of paper entitled "The Family Chronicle, and the 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 Gowen 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 Grandmothers stare could they raise their heads from their mossy tombs & behold the Ladies of our day talking 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

that sometimes attack her, and which the good Abbess Clugny so happily exorcises<sup>1</sup>. 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.<sup>de</sup> 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<sup>2</sup>. 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 Mrs. Editor, Yours truly  
an old acquaintance. Adss.

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Dear Mrs. 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<sup>3</sup>

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

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<sup>1</sup>Another fascinating comment, as Anne Margaret possibly suffered from depression throughout her life. She married Edward Polhill in 1823. J.S.

<sup>2</sup>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.

<sup>3</sup>What? How did they know? This is extraordinary! J.S.

to France than been so reduced by  
 their extravagance as to become House  
 painted 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 Phology they had but one child who by  
 some strange contrivance died of suspicion  
 at a rout. Emilia married but was reduced  
 to poverty by excessive extravagance, and  
 her descendants go about as Savoyards with  
 sharp Venetian Instruments - The only lineal  
 descendant of Marguerite perished in the great  
 earthquake. The several times warned of  
 the approaching shock he laid obstinately in  
 his bed and there met his fate - The abbess de  
 Clugny died single in her nunnery in  
 France. If Madame More the same still  
 exists I will continue to exist as long as the  
 novel called Theresa Tidy shall be read in  
 all languages of the known world - 54

The Wish.

Descend O Muse I pray some scene  
 What's a thy wondrous fancy chose  
 Bedeckt with richest syloan green,  
 Coloured by Nature's brightest hues!  
 2  
 And O kind fortune, hear my prayer!  
 Thus may I spend my future day  
 A Spartan's simple garments wear  
 Nor feel the weight of husband's story  
 3  
 Let others hug Hymeneal chains  
 And glitt' in their gay attire  
 For me! I fly when Jove's reigns  
 Nor the contested name desire -

4  
 O never may I learn to kneel  
 Before proud man, Auction's Lord,  
 Never may I be doomed to feel  
 His changing whim, his haughty word.

5  
 Capricious in a single life  
 Flowing maid his power confess  
 Carnation like the hapless wife  
 Must change his humour with his days

6  
 Now simple, genuine, pure, his taste  
 We're taught to copy Milton's Eve  
 This violent love of nature's 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 his wedding ring  
 Not followed by no wedding train  
 As gaily shall I laugh & sing  
 While my grave ears oppress my brain  
 Beatrice 85

Advertisements

April 1. In consequence of the honey that was  
 played this day on the authors of *Locusta*, the  
 great notice thro' the medium of this paper that not  
 one copy of that valuable work will be issued to  
 the proprietors of that plot for less than 800  
 price they fixed upon it: but as the authors by no  
 means wish to profit from so old-fashioned  
 worn out a tale, they will most gladly do it  
 for 1000

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 who 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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### The Wish

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

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

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

Oh never may I learn to kneel  
 Before proud men, Creation's Lord  
 Never may I be doomed to feel

His changing whim, his haughty word

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

Now simple, genuine, pure, his taste  
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Now soft retiring damsels please  
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 Now careless boldness, rattling case  
 Must catch his eye, & win his love.

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.

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

Beatrice  
 EG

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### 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.