

Ode on the Family Chronicle

Motto

"I will give you a verse I made to this note yesterday in despite of my invention." Shakespeare.

O Muse of Timia! 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,
Hocrist around thy lord Timian youth,
Whispering the ready jest, the gay retort,
Come! at my bidding, from thy favorite haunts,
The classic study, or the Straw-stick shade,
With gentle touch awake my simple lyre
To sing the glories of the Chronicle!
In Timia's halls ere Chronicles were known
Full oft the awful hours of dull depart
In calm digestive silence crept away,
Or capping rhymes, and cracking nuts alone,
With showy sound broke on the heavy ear.
Inventive Charveller! thus thine to make.

Ode on the Family Chronicle

Motto

"I will give you a verse I made to this note yesterday
in despite 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 Chronides,
 And bid in union sweet each fertile brain,
 The grave, the gay, the giddy, the profound,
 Its tribute send to gild the weekly page
 There - Sylvia's portraits, Chigny's sentiment,
 The Chancellor's raileries, Emilia's adas,
 Theodor's diaries, de Margrites wit,
 Great Darwell's muse, descriptive, gay, sublime
 With many a tale of yore by Madame Mere,
 Succorina charm the listening evening groups,
 Maria the light laugh, or prompt the pensive sigh,
 Oh happy page! unawed by critic's frown,
 Unmouled 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 Margrites sparkling eye is dim,
 When tottering Sylvia's head is silv'ered o'er,
 And Mere de Chigny's emboupoint is fled,
 When meath the double weight of years and fame
 Thy mighty founder's apt 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 Timians in thy words learn
 How friendship once her gentle fetters wears

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.

CC Feb 15th 1819.

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And bound each heart and pen in harmony.

EC Feb^y 15th 1819.