



## CHRONICLES OF YE EIGHT BEDDED ROOM

by T.G.B.

June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1850

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### Chronicles of Ye Eight Bedded Room

by some of its inhabitants.

This is a copy of a typescript copy of a lost magazine by some boys of Brighton College in 1850. The original typescript is in the Brighton Reference Library, Church Street, Brighton, UK. The original seems to have been illustrated as gaps have been left in the typescript. It is impossible to be certain of the writers, but I think that probably T. E. Holland was one of them in his early days at the school. The typescript and typescripts of the 1852 BRIGHTONIAN were brought from Sir Alan Pugh in 1922 for 16 shillings for the Brighton Reference Library. Parts of them have been published in "The History of Brighton College."

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*From a handwritten transcript made by me in 1967 while at Brighton College Junior School.*

*Piers A. Vaughan  
April 2019*

# PREFACE

- - - - Genteel Reader - - - -

Because there hath always been from time immemorial a Preface.

Therefore we also write unto ye a Preface – not because of the use or advantage in the thing, or by reasons of any profit to be derived thereof – but for the above reason of its extreme antiquity.

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More we detain thee not. But purpost at once to dive headlong into the unfathomable mysteries of....

“Ye Eight Bedded Room.”

Remaining your obedient servants,

T.G.B.

June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1850

Brighthelmstone

Dedication  
by permission to  
the August Majesty of  
PUNCH

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Sir,

We, encouraged by your gracious condescension venture to place this book on its first entrance into the World, under your distinguished patronage which may bring what little merit it possesses, more favourably under the criticizing eye of the public.

We remain Sir  
Your grateful servants  
T.G.B.

## CAPUT I INTRODUCTORY

We who record the following are students at a public school not 100 miles distant from Brighton and reside at a certain Boarding House in which is an apartment who rejoices in the name of

“Ye Eight Bedded Room.”

And know ye also, that we get into various scrapes in this ever renowned –

“Eight Bedded Room”

Furthermore know ye – that this room is separated only by a thin boarding from the den of an ever watchful Dragon! Alias the study of one of ye Principal Masters of our school! And ye Room itself is an oblong parallelogram.

*(missing diagram)*

Let ABCD be the room, then because I is equal to a chest of drawers and 3 to a washstand, therefore 2 is equal to a bed. And furthermore it may be proved, that, because F is equal to a door and H to a chimney, therefore C is equal to the Dragon's Den and X to a window, then Q.E.D.

Prepare ye then to hear the details of some of the Scrapes, Divertissements, Punishments and Forgivenesses of the Aborigines of “Ye Eight Bedded Room.”

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## SCRAPE I<sup>st</sup>

But not always resided, were we, in the Eight Bedded Room, but descended originally a Northern horde from the vast mountain lands of Sixbeds, but what happened there, being remote from present time I fail to recall.

So, genteel reader, excuse actions prior to our occupation of

“the Famous Eight Bedded Room.”

Know ye a regulation of our school: the use of gunpowder in any form is strictly prohibited.

Against this regulation we offended.

For –

We have all got pistols and powder flasks and all the appurtenances thereof. And we used to sally forth armed with dangerous and destructive weapons, to the infinite hurt of all small birds that would wait to be popped at. We used to walk in a wood at some distance, walk on each side of a hedge, and when a bird rose, we all fired together, to the imminent danger of our lives.

Sometimes we fired a ball at a mark – often a hat.

This continues a long time, but Fortune's Wheel never stands still. So one night in the "Eight Bedded Room", a fellow who was rather a Daft, alias Green, laid on a chest of - - - drawers - - - a thin train of powder! Thus –

*(missing diagram)*

Let A be a powder flask pouring powder on the train C, and let some fool light the other end, it is evident that A blows up with a vast explosion and shatters the hand of the Daft. The noise is herd, several streets off. The Dragon hears it – comes in – can't see for smoke. Daft lets cat out of bag. We are reported to the Principal. Awful row, indulgence stopped for a long time.

Thus ends "Ye Gunpowder Treason and Plot."

T.

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## SCRAPE II

One evening in "Ye Eight Bedded Room" having previously been to a Mesmeric entertainment and talking the subject over, T. proposes the well-known and laughable trick of mesmerizing with a smoked plate, which was improved on by the above mentioned Daft, who suggested filling a plate with water and soot, which we procured from the chimney; and upon the arrival of one ignorant of our machinations, we informed him of the astonishing feat of mesmerising with a plate of clean water. T. was accordingly blindfolded and shammed to be mesmerised, and described it as a very celestial entertainment. The unsuspecting fellow was blindfolded – a plate of soot and water substituted – with which we daubed his face presenting a laughter-stirring spectacle to be amused audience.

But during this operation, a vat quantity of soot was spilt on the floor in which the fellows treading, carried the stain to their respective counterpanes.

The next morning, sad to narrate!!, the Dragon entering "Ye Eight Bedded Room", discovered the rueful mess; and, fierce he stormed and forever stopped our "leaves." We scrubbed the floor, the counterpanes we cleaned, and to appease the Dragon's ire we went on explaining the proceeding. We mollified his rage, and he soon relieved us of our punishment.

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## SCRAPE III

One night when we were in the "Eight Bedded Room", most of us inclined to sleep, went to bed and doused the Glim. But we, discovering two of our number absent, and fearing that they, coming up late, would injure our repose, we blockaded the door with beds, and began to slumber, when the two, G. and E. arrived and stormed at the dor. This continued for a long time, the row increasing every moment. The Dragon hears it, came, and commanded us to open the door, but as we were laughing immensely, and the beds could not be moved in a moment, we could not admit him, which made him very angry. When we did let him in, we could not speak a word for laughing, which enraged him still more. He stopped our "Leaves", but after explaining and petitioning, he let us off. Thus ended the affair.

G

## SCRAPE IV

(which ought rather to be yclept a spree, not being found out)

One fine day, we, namely B. G. T. E. E. N. took a walk to the other end of the town. Now you must understand that we have very close bound, so this walk was unlawful.

We went to the Barrack Station, and then walked to the further extremity of the town – when lo!, in a cab approached the Principal. We took as closed cab, got under the seats, and boldly drove through one of the frequented streets, passing various Masters, Prepositers, etc., and finally drove safe to our destination round the corner of the street. Where we disembarked - - - All RIGHT.

T.

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## SCRAPE V

One night T. & G. were greatly disturbed from their slumber by sundry scratchings, noises, etc. On the following morning they discovered their beds, faces and pillows covered with filth. (Know ye, genteel reader, that above the aforesaid T. and G.'s beds there existed a certain ledge on which certain mice had colonised themselves). This they discovered to be the cause of the disturbance. Accordingly inspired with a sudden revenge and desire of skinning them by the aid of steps and the help of cook, who furnished them with a trip, commenced their murderous warfare against the mice, the inhabitants of the upper regions of "Ye Eight Bedded Room."

The first night T. was agreeably surprised by the click of the trap, who of course instantly imagined the delight of skinning the unfortunate mouse on the following morning. So the next morning on ascending the ladder the mouse was caught. Delightful moment!!! T. & G. proceeded to the operation of skinning the mouse. Several more were in the same unceremonious manner put to death till the whole race of mice was exterminated.

B.

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## SCRAPE VI

One fine spring day, as T. and N. were returning from a renowned swimming bath, greatly enticed by the smell and sight of a fresh boiled crab, they purchased it without delay, and concealing it within a large paper bag, carried home and secured it from the sight of the fierce Dragon. On the return of G. and B. from a very pleasant ride, they also enticed by the pleasure of enjoying a good and hearty supper, took their share. After evening prayers, supper appearing, each seized a hunk of bread with a knife, fork and plate, and the above-said crab was produced.

How to break the monster's claws? At length we hit upon a plan. T. took up the monster's claws, and smashed it against the mantelpiece, and scattered the fragments far and wide. We made a circle on the bed, and claw by claw disappeared under the suction of our masticators. We continued in this manner till our appetites failed us, and one by one dropped off, everyone in the room being satisfied. We called the servant to carry down the mess, but his feet slipping, he split the fragments of crab, and knife, fork, plate, etc., with a tremendous noise.

The Dragon, on hearing this, with flashing eyes entered “Ye Eight Bedded Room;”, enquired from whence the Oise proceeded. We told him t’was on the stairs. Balked of his prey, he went straightway down the stairs to the scene of action, and on his arrival, he saw nothing but a mixed mess of crab, etc. He threatened his servants with dismissal and asked the authors of the dire mishap. We answered: “All.” He replied: “Then suffer all together, and exit!”

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## SCRAPE VII

(Beinge a true and faithful History of Adventures in ye “Bush”)

*Imprimis* – know ye that not far from our school exists a vast and uninhabited mansion, once a hotel, called the “Bush”, and it had the reputation of being haunted, or infested with smugglers, or coiners. Also, there existeth a tunnel leading from the seashore. And one day, when we were following a branch of this tunnel, we found ourselves in a courtyard belonging to the “Bush.”

We burst a door, and, following a passage, discovered numerous suspicious looking chambers and baths. We explored some more passages leading to nothing in particular.

But in one we saw a vast hole.

We let a fellow down an awful depth with a rope. He came to a cavern extending farther than his eye could reach on every side, but owing the light failing we could not explore it. We hauled him up with some difficulty and emerged.

At the back of the “Bush” we found a large door which we burst, and went into a large room full of straw, with another door of solid oak which we could not open....

Thus ended this adventure.

T.

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## SCRAPE VIII

A short time afterwards, exhausted by the scorching heat of the day, we hired a boat and went for a bathe.

Accordingly having rowed some distance from the shore we proceeded to bathe. After swimming in a large circuit we got into the boat all safe and sound.

On looking up we spied the revenue-cutter “laying off and on.” At length we, with our untied strength, reached it, and being asked by the Lieutenant to come on board, we came alongside, but as they threw us a rope, the Commander’s boat was approaching with long sweeps. We then, with the promise of coming on board another day, left it.

On our return passing under the pier, lo!, a parasol was seen floating in the air and alighted on the sea. After a vigorous pull, we gradually neared the scene of action, when two other boats we discovered were fast

approaching near us. One already had missed the wished-for prize. Fortune favoured us, but as we grabbed the prize, a stupid lout in the next boat sunk it with his oar....

Soon after, we landed, and hearing the band playing on the pier we bethought of a walk thither; but just as we were paying, who should we see but the Dragon, his wife, brother, and brother's wife. On their enquiring what we wanted, we said we were going on the Bazaar. N.B. the pier was out of bounds. We excused ourselves and got out of the difficulty. Thus ended the adventure.

B.

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## SCRAPE IX

This renowned "Eight Bedded Room" gained such fame, for internal warfare, etc., that a boy from another room being put into it, fearing to inhabit such an evil reputed place, walked straight off on the very next morning, some hundreds of miles, and never returned!!

(This is an Incident, not a Scrape).

2 of the Compilers of these Scrapes, T. and B., have forever left the land of Eight Beds!!!!

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**Here endeth ye Adventures of**

**"Ye Famous Chronicles of Ye Eight Bedded Room"**

**by**

**T.G.B.**