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Frailties of fashion, or, the adventures of an Irish smock

interspersed with whimsical anecdotes of a Nankeen pair of breeches

Illustrated with some of the most striking and humorous descriptions in high and low life, that fancy can suggest ...

London, 1783

Chap. XXVI.

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CHAP. XXVI,

Or, the finale; on the future destinies of the Irish Smock and Nankeen Pair of Breeches.

THE Parcæ had by this time cut the thread of the career of both the Irish Smock and the Nankeen Breeches; and they were fairly or foully worn out in the service of their respective mistresses and masters, and are now consigned to the dunghill.

"Imperial Cæsar dead, and turn'd to clay;
"May stop a hole, to keep the wind away."

If such might have been the probable fate of Cæsar, it was still the more likely lot of the Smock and Breeches. As to Irish Bess, if she

may

may be ſo called, ſhe was ſtill in ſpirits, though ſhe ſwarmed, not yet with ideas, but maggots, and ſhe chanted with the poet:

"One common fate we both muſt prove."

No ſuch thing ſaid the Breeches; it has been your happy lot to have been born in Hibernia, and fair Britannia has ſmiled upon you and your race: for my part, I was produced near the banks of the Indus, as my complexion clearly teſtifies. You may ſtill be converted to ſuch noble uſes as may hand you down to poſterity with a Newton, or a Boyle, an Addiſon or a Pope: but my deſtiny is very different; the zenith of my ambition can only prompt me to be converted into *whity-brown* paper to incloſe pounds of ſugar, or ſerve as papillots to a coxcomb,

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comb, and immediately afterwards be committed to the flames and perish in ashes for ever; but even should you become fool's cap, you would never have the mortification of assisting to decorate the head of an ideot.

Whilst this curious conversation lasted, a rag-gatherer approached, immediately clapped them in her basket, and conveyed them to Saffron-hill, she there sold them to a paper-maker, where we must leave them, as regeneration is not the work of an hour—but we cannot conclude without congratulating the Irish Smock, not, indeed, entirely upon Nankeen's prediction; but on the probability of her not once more dying a sudden death, as she still constitutes part of her self, in these volumes.

FINIS.

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