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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. III.

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C H A P. III.

The Sale continued, when Kit Fred—k, the Goldfinch, Lady W—y, Mrs. Nel—n, and Lady C—ke are knocked down—B—ll, M—re, and Mrs. W—ms are not put up, they having been previously disposed of by private contract.

ABOUT twelve o'clock the next day, the same company attended the sale, where they found a numerous and brilliant audience to attend Mr. C—ie's pulpit oratory. In about half an hour he mounted the rostrum, and after paying his obeisances, with his usual politeness, to the elegant groupe, he began the auction.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I had designed to have put up Dally the Tall and Kitty Fred—k in one lot; but at
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the particular request of the D— of Q—y, I was induced to alter my plan, and accordingly knocked Dally down yesterday. I shall therefore now introduce Kitty alone; for indeed she has scarce her parallel. The innumerable conquests she has made will the best certify the irresistible power of her charms: heroes, and almost demi-gods, have been in the train of her captives, and so great was her influence, that the grandson of a sovereign prince allowed her to adopt his name, and pass for his consort. Such a condescension alone would be sufficient without any farther argument to evince she was almost an angel. But look at her, Gentlemen, what a languish! what a glance! what a simper! what a shape! what a leg! what a *tout ensemble*! I cannot refrain from dwelling with

B. 3. pleasure.

pleasure on this subject; I am sure it renovates my youth; rouses the Venus lurking in my veins, and makes me forget I am at this instant a mere auctioneer. Pray, Gentlemen, bid.

Lord B—t. I will give five hundred to cross my Irish breed.

C—ie. Five hundred only bid—why, Gentlemen, she would sell for double that sum at Smithfield, only to run in a Gig. Pray, Gentlemen, examine her closely, take her into the other room and see if she has any hidden blemishes. I can assure you, Gentlemen, she is perfectly sound, wind and limb. Heavens! no more than five hundred! one hundred more for myself, as I shall want a little exercise next summer during the long vacation. *(knocks Kitty down at six hundred for his own use.)*

The

The next lot, Gentlemen, is the *Goldfinch*—there is a lot for ye, Gentlemen—she has never been in the possession of but one person, who to be sure is an actor; but he not taking proper care to rehearse his part in time, she is to be disposed of as a valuable lot, little or nothing worse for wear. She has besides many great talents, and attractions; she sings like a nightingale, and even makes the Castle of Andalusia re-echo with the plaudits she receives.

Lord H—ke Well, I will bid a good price at once—I will give three thousand.

C—ie. A going for three thousand, that most beautiful lot the *Goldfinch*, no way the worse for wear—a going for three thousand.—a going, a going, for three thousand pounds—a going, a going,

three thousand, and nobody more?
(knocks her down to Lord H—ke.)
 Your lordship is very fortunate in having no counter bidder. You have positively purchased a very great bargain. The next lot, Gentlemen, is the celebrated Lady W—y, well known by the appellation of Lady Wagtail. Her renown is so great, and her admirers have been so numerous, that almost every gentleman here must not only be acquainted with her fame, but probably has had ocular, if not sensible demonstration of her extraordinary amorous charms. There certainly have been many captain B—ts, though they might not have been so peculiarly distinguished by her *caro sposo*, as to have been assisted by him in the character of Atlas, in displaying her naked charms, whilst she was emerging, like
 another

another Venus, from the flood. She has since devoted her whole time in studying all Aretin's postures; and there is reason to believe she is a great proficient in every movement and operation pointed out by the celestial Doctor.

Lord D—t. I am not even now *blind* to her charms, and will give a thousand.

C—ie. A thousand bid for Lady W—y, alias Wagtail, a lady of uncommon renown in the republic of gallantry and intrigue—a going, a going, a going. [*knocks her down to Lord D—, whom she takes under the arm and leads to his carriage.*]

C—ie. The next lot, Gentlemen, is the no less celebrated Mrs. N—n, so eminently distinguished in Doctors Commons for her feats of gallantry.
She

is as great an adept as any voluptuous female in the arts of the most luxurious gratifications; and she is particularly famous for training her body coachman to drive *à la Levrette*.

Col. B—d—n. I—I—I— will give fifty pounds for her, it is all the money I can give for her at present.

C—t—y, the Friseur. Pardie, dat is no money. I will give one hundred for her, if it was only for her head of hair to make *tetes* and *queues*.

C—ie. Upon my word this is a shame—but, Monsieur C—y, you must have her. [*knocks her down.*]

The next, and last lot, which I shall dispose of to day, is Lady C—ke. This lady is a great admirer of long corks, and of a morning, by way of refreshment, before she goes to Court. I would therefore recommend her to some stout, broad shouldered Hiberni-

an,

an, either from Corke or Tipperary.

Capt. O'K—y. Oh, by Jafus, she will do for me; I shall, by St. Patrick, be home to a hole, even if I throw crabs; but methinks I shall nick her; and as I was always ambitious of having a lady of quality, I will give a thousand pounds for her at one word; the cafter goes for a thousand—I know her paces are good, and I shall think her as great an acquisition as *Eclipse*, to breed out of.

C—ie. Captain, you are a gentleman of taste and judgment, and I shall therefore knock down her ladyship to you now. I must now inform you, gentlemen, that B—ll, M—re, and Mrs. W—ms, of Exeter, are disposed of by private contract.

C H A P

C H A P. IV.

The Nankeen Breeches once more make their appearance.—A very melancholy accident that happens to the unfortunate little Isaac, by which he is rendered pennyless, waistcoatless, and breechesless.—The Nankeen pair are accordingly transferred to a certain great Orator, Critic, and Politician.

LITTLE Isaac's reverie as a *Financier* was soon at an end, and he found himself out of place in every sense of the word, without a patron or patroness to protect him. He was obliged to quit his regimentals, and his imaginary dignity, the preliminaries being now signed between Lady W—y and Mrs. N—n, and his services no longer wanted by either. In consequence of this reform, the Nankeen Breeches necessarily became in play; and