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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. IV.

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## 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.*

**L**ITTLE 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

and he started upon the town with all his little fortune, the wages he had just received at his being discarded.

Being now out of employ, he had many leisure hours upon his hands, which led him into company, where he yielded to the importunities of his acquaintance, to sacrifice to the jolly God. *Not being seasoned*, according to the phraseology of the veteran toppers, he found himself often under the table, when his associates were only elevated to sing a jovial catch or glee.

In one of his inebriate moods, after parting with his Bacchanalian friends, and steering towards his lodging, he was accosted by one of those female nocturnal seductresses, who constantly lay in wait for men in Isaac's condition. He had not the fortitude to resist her intreaties, and they repaired

to what is called a horsepond bagnio. --He went to bed, and sleep soon overcame him; notwithstanding his ideal amorous disposition, he never once turned towards his Dulcinea, but being wrapt in the slumbers of Morpheus, had she been an angel, instead of an infernal spirit, he never would once have thought of her during the whole night. Day light re-appearing he began to wake, and turning about, found his lovely enamoretta had decamped. His senses instantly returned, and jumping up he sought for his Nankeen Breeches—but alas! they were not to be found; whether the nymph put them on through mistake or not, must remain an impenetrable secret; but she did not, at least, leave a petticoat, or any vestige of her own cloaths in lieu of them.

Poor

Poor little Isaac's distress upon the occasion, can better be imagined than described; for having no money to discharge the reckoning, he was under the very disagreeable necessity of leaving his waistcoat behind him by way of a pledge; and it being a very frosty morning, he was compelled to march home without breeches or waistcoat; and what was still more mortifying, neither of those articles were to be met with at his lodging.

We must here leave the ill-fated little Isaac to his unpropitious stars; but cannot refrain observing, that he, like other great men, experienced the greatest vicissitudes of fortune in a very short time. It was but a few days before, that he entered into all the spirit of finance, and was raising millions for the service of his country; but dread-

ful reverse, he could not now raise a penny, a waistcoat, or a pair of breeches, all owing to one inebriate *faux pas*: other great men have been intoxicated, but then it has generally been with the lust of power, the rage of ambition!

It is time, however, we should look after the Nankeen Breeches, as we have still their welfare much at heart. Accordingly, we find, after Doll Raperce had transplanted their contents into her own pocket, she carefully lodged them at a pawnbroker's in the neighbourhood. They did not, however, remain long in this state, as Mr. *Two-to-one*\* judging very shrewdly, that

\* This name is adopted from the sign of the *Three Blue Balls*, which emblematically imply, that it is two to one, that any thing which is pledged will ever be redeemed by the original proprietor of it.

that Doll would never redeem them, he sold them to the first person who enquired after a similar purchase.

Their next master was Mr. Flowery, a great orator, critic, and politician, who frequently exhibited at Coach-maker's Hall, and spoke upon every subject that was agitated; by these means he gained a small stipend, and got a good supper once a week. Upon these occasions it was very observable what extraordinary effects were in the power of money: when the Nankeen Breeches were empty, his discourse was equally so; but in proportion as the pockets were heavy, his heart was light; his spirits flowed spontaneously, and his elocution and rhetoric were excellent arithmeticians, and kept a very just account of the cash in hand: So true is it that the *res pecuniaria* is at

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once the thermometer and barometer of spirits, vivacity, gallantry, and wit.

I shall leave the Breeches in possession of this great orator for a short time, to inquire after his old companion the Irish Smock—and a Smock may be justly pronounced the *ne plus ultra* of all shifts, all logic, all reason, all passion.

#### C H A P. V.

*The Irish Smock again brought to light.*

*—A sketch of the character of Mademoiselle Convert;—an extraordinary revolution in her sentiments, with regard to the male creation.—The cause of her purchasing the Irish Smock.—Her nuptials.—Their defective consummation, and her two-fold amour.*

**I**N the last volume we left the Irish Smock in Rag-Fair, from whence  
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