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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. XVI.

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Nanette et Nanon.

*Une fois il baisoit Nanette—Une fois il
baisoit Nanon.*

C H A P. XVI.

*The result of the amorous conversation,
greatly to the Captain's advantage—
Bob and Mademoiselle pay Mrs. Sid-
dons a dramatic visit—Their judicious
remarks—Bon Mot of George S—n,
upon that Lady's acting—A whimsi-
cal green-room dialogue, in which the
ridiculous character of Lord Flimsy is
depicted.*

AT length the hour of rising came,
at four in the afternoon, the
ladies completely satisfied as well as
the Captain, he having received an ad-
ditional douceur in the morning from
both the joyous fair ones. Lady Brid-
get presented her purse; Lady Diana

K 3. found

found a fifty pounds note in her pocket book, which she judged would be of more service to the Captain than herself, as she was that day to touch a quarter's pin-money, the application of which she had already in a great measure anticipated.

After dressing, and whilst at breakfast, another treaty was entered into by the contracting parties. The outlines of the articles were, that the fair ones should allow the Captain two hundred a year each, and that he should be one month in waiting in the service of each patroness.

This business so very multifarious, was not settled without Bob's participating of the ladies bounty, through the hands of the Captain, who, besides paying the bill in all its exorbitant accumulated form, particularly for
the

the uncommon privilege of lying three in a bed, he received five guineas to be divided between him and the barmaid.

This lucky stroke, added to the other advantages of the preceding night, put Bob and Mademoiselle in such good humour, that as great dramatic critics, they agreed to attend Mrs. Siddons that night, in the character of Jane Shore. They were too polite and well-bred people to think of crowding it into the gallery or the pit; but to avoid all such inconvenience, they sent a servant to keep places for them in the upper boxes.

There is something in the air of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane, that communicates dramatic taste and theatrical judgment to all the inhabitants in the purlieus of those scenic spots.

No

No wonder then that as Bob and Mademoiselle were residents within the magic circle, that they had caught the happy infection of refined criticism! They accordingly pronounced Mrs. Siddons, with energy and emphasis—
A monstrous fine actress.

Notwithstanding their intuitive knowledge with regard to the boards, we shall not dwell upon their praises, as that Lady's acting has been descanted by able pens, and approved connoisseurs in theatrical performances. However, we are pleased that Bob and Mademoiselle's presence at the houses, has afforded us an opportunity of saying something, it is to be hoped, more pertinent and entertaining, than even their *monstrous fine remark.*

The Spectator has observed, that when any persons begin to make a noise
in

in the world, in what sphere soever, the curious part of mankind eagerly listen to the most minute circumstance that relates to them; we shall therefore make no apology for introducing a *bon mot* of George Selwyn upon the occasion; or a whimsical dialogue, or rather rhapsody, that occurred in the green-room.

George, taking up one of the play-bills that announced Mrs. Siddons's performing that evening, said, "Her bills were the best in the world, for they were always duly honoured, and never failed to produce immediate and excellent receipts." The dialogue was of another complexion. Lord Flimsy being in the green-room during Mrs. Siddons's performance of Shore, after her coming off in the third act, he addressed her nearly as follows:

Lord

Lord Flimsy. Heavens! Madam, what angelic acting! it is absolutely supernatural! I scarce know whether I am awake or asleep!

Mrs. Siddons. You are too polite, my Lord—you overwhelm me with compliments.

Lord F. Compliments, Madam, you are mistaken—they are absolute facts, and facts are stubborn things.

Mrs. S. A truce, pray, my Lord, have some compassion.

Lord F. Compassion is not due to you—Idolatry you must command, from ever judicious, sensible, auditor. Madam, I remember Cibber, Pritchard, and of course, Yates and Crawford—But what of them? Put them all in one scale, and you, Madam, alone, in the other, and they would not counterpoize it. You are, Madam,
without

without flattery, the essence, the quintessence, nay, I may say, the soul of just acting. Nature alone is your guide—You are the female Garrick of the age, without his fulsome stage-trick, and vicious pronunciation—You are, Madam, in one word—

Here Mrs. Siddons appeared so greatly disconcerted at Lord Flimsy's extravagant elogiums, that she was incapable of replying, being ready to swoon at such gross flattery, when a gentleman present, who justly compassionated her mortifying situation, said to Flimsy, " My Lord, the
 " highest encomiums the lady can
 " receive, are from such a numerous
 " and brilliant audience as she is now
 " honoured with, and the greatest
 " favour you can at present confer
 " upon her is to avoid distressing her
 " at

“ at this critical moment, and divert-
“ ing her thoughts from recollecting
“ her part.

This well-timed remonstrance had the desired effect, it silenced the impertinence of Lord Flimsy's tongue; and Mrs. Siddons, with the assistance of some hartshorn and water, recovered from the violent embarrassment his Lordship's fulsome flattery had thrown her into, and she was enabled to go through the remainder of her part, with the usual *eclat*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

*All is not well that ends bad—or an
unfortunate mistake of Bob the Great
—Succeeded, however, with some fa-
vourable circumstances, that gave
Mademoiselle very great satisfaction
—The Irish Smock is transferred and
obtains a new mistress.*

“*ALL's well that ends well,*” is the
title of a play that has always
been received with applause; would
that we could say the *farce*, or rather
fracas, that followed Mrs. Siddon's
Jane Shore, had met with equal plau-
dits—or Bob's approbation. But,
alas! the fable, though not fabulous,
of this *after-piece*, runs thus:
L Bob,