

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

Digitalisierung von Drucken

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. XVII.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-17682

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,

Bob, the great Mercury of the Garden—rich, powerful and artful, had nearly got his bones broke, not on account of Mademoiselle a la Blaize, or the fatal influence of her fiery tale, which, like that of a comet, pertended dreadful consequences—nor on account of being accessary, in a little *leger de main*, in the long shuffle, the *pont* or the *slip*.—No such thing; it was for an error unintentionally committed, that many a pimp of rank, and pander of quality (for such there are) would have made their fortunes by.

In a word, this crime, if such it can be called, was neither more nor less than procuring the *most handsome* and engaging *Lais* upon his list. It is true, his employer ordered him to procure the *ugliest* he could obtain, upon this supposititious principle, that
he

he would run the least risk with her, as no other man than himself ever thought of such a device, with or without Mrs. Phillips's mechanic preventives, to avoid turning geographer, in despite of his teeth, and display *Greenland* in all *chirurgical* glory. Sir John Foresight had an utter aversion to French ragouts, amongst which he considered *les e—ns a la blaize*.

Unfortunately Bob knew Sir John to be a wag of a jocular, ironical turn, and he considered this mandate in an ironical point of view. But ironically as Bob judged it, he literally discovered his mistake by the *argumentum stickadum*.

It is true Bob served Sir John with a judge's warrant, and the baronet found it adviseable to come down *fifty*, by way of comprise; but still *Bob's*

bones told him, very feelingly told him, to be careful in future how he took his orders, and not to judge of his employers jocularly or turn for *humour*, to put them in such a *humour*, as to narrowly escape having his bones broke again.

Whatever pain *Bab* might personally feel upon this occasion, *Mademoiselle Convert* was secretly pleased at its consequences, as he bought out of the fifty pounds composition-money, two pieces of Irish cloth, one of which he presented her with, as a compliment for the attendance she had paid him during his confinement to his bed, which was occasioned by the mistake and misfortune we have just mentioned.

Such a present was what *Mademoiselle* greatly stood in need of, and as soon as she had equipped herself in our,
rhat

that is, the Smock way, she dismissed her faithful servant, who had long and essentially afforded her assistance.—*Betty*, the housemaid became the proprietor of the remains of the Irish Smock, and she tickled it into such good order, that it once more, with the assistance of a few patches, but no paint, made a respectable appearance, or at least served to cover those charms, which when disclosed had often captivated *Tim*, the boot-catcher, who was a person of no small consequence, in his own opinion, in the *hotel*. Having transferred the property of the Irish Smock, we must attend it whilst it will hang together, as well as our story.

Betty, and the Smock, were soon after discharged for a little *simple* speculation, on account of the disappearance of a few silver spoons. But

L 3

Betty,

Betty, as well as the Smock, soon began to wear a more favourable *affect* than heretofore. An attendant was wanting at the new *female coterie*, commonly called the Court of Scandal, and here Bet and her Smock gained admittance, and through their intercession we shall in the next chapter introduce the reader. But we must caution him to secrecy, as every member and person, or visitor is sworn, not upon the prayer-book, indeed, but upon Sheridan's School for Scandal, published in Ireland, from which this feminary seems to have derived its origin.

CHAP:

L 3

C H A P. XVIII.

The Court of scandal, or the new female coteri, exemplified in an authentic conference, which passed in that assembly, respecting some of the GREATEST, and SMALLEST female characters, UNCHARACTERISTIC in this nation.

Dowager Lady H——n, in the chair.

Lady Grov—r, Lady C—ke,

Lady Lig—r, Lady W—y,

Lady D—y, Mrs. N—n.

PRESIDENT. Ladies, ladies, great news, I assure you.

Lady Gr. Pray let us have it—I long for news.

Lady