

# **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. XVIII.

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

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*

*Lady H-n.* Without farther preface, the matter is this, Lady Teapot, having lost her last favourite spout, which was rivitted on but slightly, has been for some weeks in search of another spout that will fit her to a nicety.

*Lady Lig-r.* Well, lady president, how has she succeeded?

*Mrs. N-n.* As the old saying is, has she met with a pennyworth for her penny? Good spouts, as well as good spouters, I know are very scarce, or at least, they are very *dilatory* in *entering* upon their *parts*, else I should not have made a *locum tenens* of Thomas the coachman, though I must acknowledge, he drove well and safely, let the *stones* be what they might!

*Lady H-n.* Upon my word, Mrs. N—n, you are a lady of great taste  
and

and judgment; and you remind me of my *penetration*—aye, I say *penetration*, as well as *discrimination*, when I hired my man Thomas—he had the most pouting breeches I ever beheld, and I as pouting lips for them—my mouth really watered at them; but not to dwell upon the agreeable intercourse I afterwards had with my man Thomas, whom I absolutely declare, beat Colonel C—s himself, though he was called Colonel Spontoon a *Quinze*; let me return to Lady Milkpot.

*Lady D-y.* Oh, I doubt not but she gained her *end*, for she was always *Craving*.

*Lady H-n.* CRAVING, as you say, right enough; but it is very odd, who she should rivet next for her spout. No less a man than the ——. He

in

in one of his nocturnal excursions, meeting with her, after a *long tete-a-tete* they agreed to rivet; and went to the rivetter's in *Long Acre*, and another *tete-a-tete* and *cul-a-cul* ensued.

*Lady C-ke.* The rivetter's in *Long Acre*—had it not been in *Long Acre*, it would not have been worth a farthing; it would never have gone in, or come out like a *long cork*, which I am so fond of—PLUMP is the word.

*Lady Gr-r.* Your Ladyship always likes the *gusto* of the *chateau magou* in high preservation. But, pray, Lady President, do think this connexion will be of any great duration?

*Lady H-n.* It is at present all under the *seals* of secrecy, and they are in commission, or poor little Nando would break her heart if she were to know it.—Oh, yes, she certainly would!

would break her heart, as all Nando's could witness.

*Lady W—y.* No, no, her ladyship breaks her spout as often as girls in a whole parish in my country crack their pipkins—I will allow her ten days for the wonder and then Baron *Oakham's* wig will fall off and shew his bald pate.

*Mrs. N—n.* What do you think, ladies, of my little *touch and take* of Exeter.

*Lady Gr—r.* She seems to be one of us—a trimmer.

*Mrs. N—n.* Oh! no, very moderate—whilst *W—ms* was pleading at the bar of Exeter, in favour of divorces, she was pleading the same cause, with Captain *P—n* for her solicitor at the bar of love at Exmouth.

*Lady G—r.* She certainly had justice on her side, and it was only strictly  
legal

legal, and might be stiled mere *lex talionis*. Besides the Captain was a superior pilot, and knew how to steer into the harbour of bliss better than a fumbling husband, immured in parchments, bonds, leases, and *releases*, one of which he has given to his wife by their late divorce.

*Lady H—*. But what think you of the story of Miss J—, that goes abroad. I should say nothing for reasons that you may guess—mum upon that score; but I was told by the waiting maid who lately lived with me, that mamma and she were both found reading certain improving books in bed. The mother had got the *Woman of Pleasure* for her amusement, and Miss the first volume of the *Irish Smock*.

*Lady W—y*. Bagatalle! I think they are both very pretty books, and sufficient

sufficient to excite any female's curiosity.

*Mrs. N—n.* But the story of Miss Penelope Prue, a name she is well known by, had taken a firm resolution to be *ravished*, as she fancied a rape must be one of the most pretty, pleasant, and comfortable things in the world; but no ravisher presenting himself in time, she was resolved to turn ravisher herself, and accordingly found the way to William the footboy—no boy, I can assure you, though he is called so, and she was found riding Jehu (in the manner the Lady President, the Celestial Doctor says you was impregnated) by Nelly the cookmaid, who came to demand what she thought her just dues.

*Mrs. N—n.* Recommend me to the prudence of Miss Lovecock, who remained a perfect vestal, and might have passed the ordeals without dan-



ger, till she was five and forty. She detested those monsters, men, till she was past the danger of child-bearing; but no sooner did her birth day arrive, on the glorious forty-five, though she was no Jacobite, than she immediately dismissed her fears and apprehensions—the budget of fecundity was closed, but not the orifice, it dilated more than ever. She hired a butler who knew how to turn his key, and was soon perfect master of her key-hole: a servant in livery occasionally supplied his place, entirely to her satisfaction, and she bid defiance to scandal and population.

*Lady H—*. Miss Lovelock after this period never stood in need of Doctor Day's happy remedies to remove obstructions.

*Mrs. N—n*. No—a propos—her butler's name was *Day*, and her footman's

man's *Night*—so she turned *Day* into *Night*, and *Night* into *Day*.

A general laugh ensued, which was presently interrupted by the cry of *Fire!*—*Fire!*—*Fire!*—which like most incendiaries destroyed the harmony of society, and dispersed the Court.

C H A P. XIX,

*Or, that of criticism; being a curious dialogue between a professed critic and the editor, concerning the merits of this work. In which Crito, the passionate CRITO, is UN-CRITICISED.*

**W**HEN the editor had got thus far in this volume, he was called upon by an old school-fellow, who has for some years gone by the name of *Crito*, as he is strongly sus-

M 2 pected

pected of writing in one of the Reviews. Crito perceiving the M. S. upon the bureau, asked if it was a new work, to which he was answered, it was the second volume of the Irish Smock. "Then, I presume," said Crito, "it is no secret." "None in the least," replied the editor, "and I should be glad to have your remarks upon it, as far as I have gone."

After having read the first chapter, with a supercilious smile of contempt, "This is," said he, "one of the most extraordinary chapters I ever perused; it is something more than the chapter of accidents, it is the chapter of inconsistency, and incoherence. In the first place, for heaven sake, why do you stile your book-seller Mr. Elzivir, any other name almost would have done for you; but  
you

you might as well have called him, with as much propriety, Mr. Type."

"Sir," answered the editor, "a bookfeller deals in letters as well as a printer, and therefore I cannot see the impropriety."

"Bless me," resumed the critic, "could not you have called him, as it is a fictitious name *Folio*, or as it *en bro-cheure* STITCHEM?"

Here the editor could not refrain from smiling, saying, "that would have been as bad as if he called him Mr. Stichall; and that made him recall to mind a *jeu d'Esprit* of Lord M——d.

"His Lordship had some time since for his tipstaff, one Mr. Stichall, who being announced to Lord M——d, one day, in presence of Lord Chesterfield, the latter ob-

M 33 served

served, "That was a very multifarious  
 " name for one man." "That is a  
 " just observation," replied Lord M—.  
 " My *Tipstaff* is such a great officer,  
 " and such a *Tipstaff*, that he is well  
 " deserving the name of Stichall, for  
 " there is not a woman of sensibility  
 " within the bills of mortality, who  
 " would not like to be laid down by  
 " him, though she would not *ex officio*  
 " like to be taken up by him."

"Sir," said Crito, "that might have  
 been a good joke when Lord M——d  
 said it; but it is not now in point.  
 To the text; *again* what do you mean  
 by being lapidated like another Ste-  
 phen with the ruins of Dunkirk;\* or

being

\* Dunkirk was at this time not compleatly forti-  
 fied; but every stone was numbered, so that they  
 might be put together in a few days.

being swallowed up like another Jonah in the gulph of St. Laurence, by a whale."

"Oh, Sir," replied the Editor, "I thought that passage required no explanation. If you recollect, I said I was writing comments upon the preliminary articles, in which I might have added, that I highly condemned permitting the French to have Dunkirk re-fortified; and I was fearful you gentlemen critics would have *demolished* me with the ruins of those fortifications which I wished to *demolish*. As to being swallowed by a whale in the gulph of St. Laurence, I was apprehensive from the same quarter, that having reprobated the favour granted the French of fishing upon the banks of Newfoundland, that some overgrown critic might, like another Leviathan, swallow  
low

low me amongst the small fry of literature, for my temerity of opinion."

The Editor had no sooner given this answer, than Crito threw down the manuscript, saying, "he was incorrigible, and would leave him to his fate," which the Editor was not in the least displeas'd with, as his *little familiar* was waiting in the passage for this half sheet of copy.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XX.

*Betty being burnt out of the new female coterie, this conflagration compelled her to seek for another place—Is hired by Lord Drowsy to superintend his wife's fidelity—no—infidelity.—A lecture apropos, from a late celebrated trial, with the agreeable close.*

**A**FTER Betty was burnt out of the new coterie, when some of the members sanctum sanctorum were finged, as a methodistical reasoner would say, by way of judgment for their scandalous proceedings, she found it expedient to inquire after another place, and was recommended to *Lord Drowsy*; the *lawful* husband of *Lady Sprightly*, whose nuptials, however, were never legally consummated, though it was a consummation her ladyship had  
 most