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Frailties of fashion, or, the adventures of an Irish smock

interspersed with whimsical anecdotes of a Nankeen pair of breeches

Containing among a great variety of curious connexions between the most celebrated Demi Reps and Beaux Garcons upon the ton, the secret memoirs of Madame D'Eon as related by herself ...

London, 1784

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Aventures
of an
Irish
Smock

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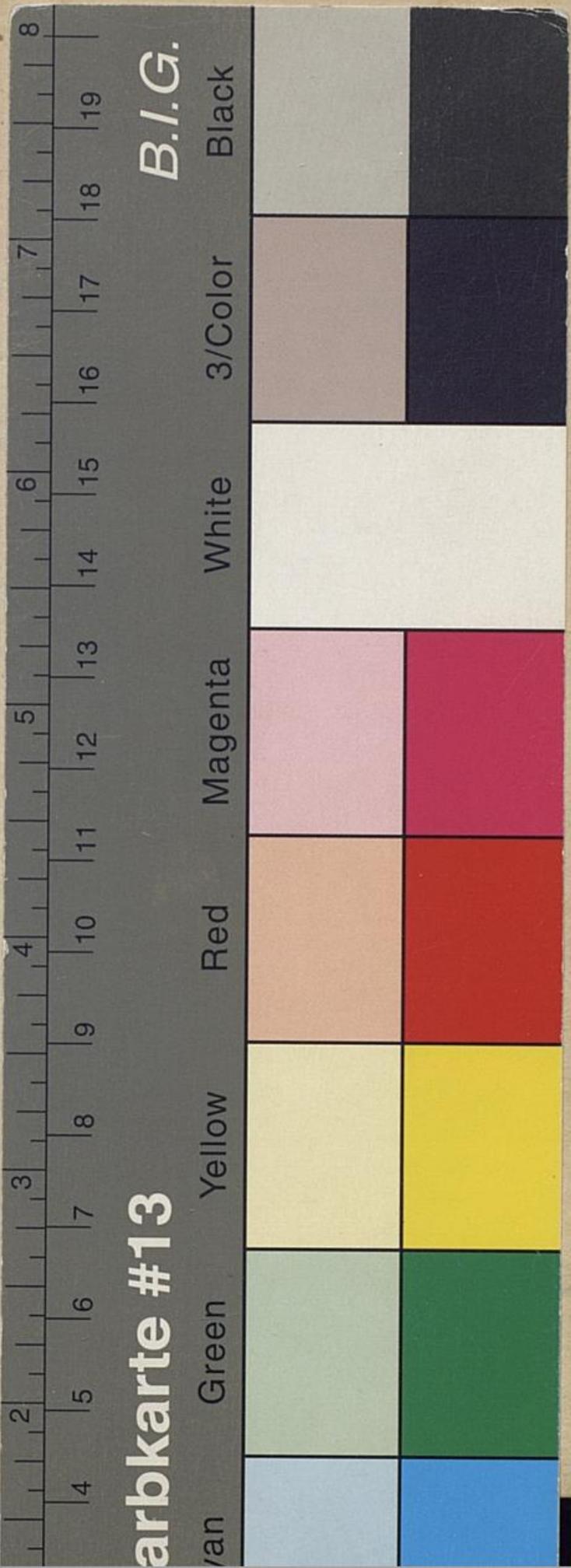
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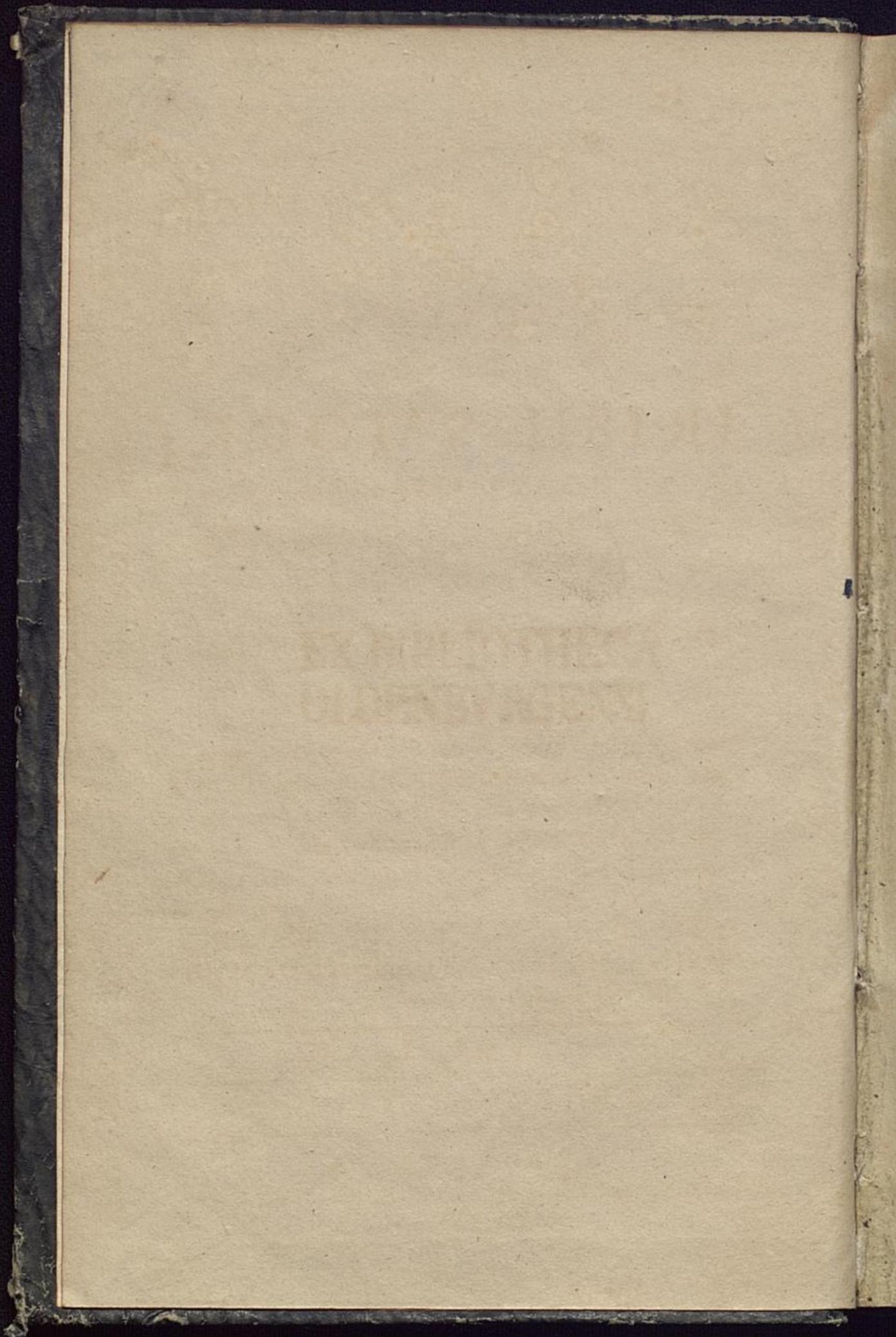


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FRAILTIES of *FASHION*;
OR,
THE ADVENTURES
OF AN
IRISH SMOCK;
INTERSPERSED
WITH WHIMSICAL ANECDOTES
OF
A Nankeen Pair of Breeches.

CONTAINING,

Among a great Variety of curious Connexions between the most celebrated DEMI REPS and BEAUX GARCONS upon the Ton, the secret Memoirs of MADAME D'EON, as related by herself. Amours of COUNT D'ARTOIS. Private Intrigues of LADY W——Y and Mrs. N——N; never before published. The FROLICS OF BOARDING-SCHOOL MISSES. The GAMBOLS OF MAIDS OF HONOUR, &c. &c. &c.

V O L. I.

T H I R D E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N :

Printed for and sold by G. LISTER, No. 46, Old Bailey.

M.DCC.LXXXIV.



FRUITFUL OF FASHION
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OF

**EX BIBLIOTHECA
OLDENBURGENSI.**

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OF HONOUR &c. &c.

THIRD EDITION
LONDON
Printed for and sold by C. LINDLEY, No. 10
MARKET STREET



T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F A N
I R I S H S M O C K , & c .

C H A P T E R I .

Giving the origin of the Irish Smock, and the services it performed whilst in Dublin; with the many obligations she conferred upon the principal actresses of Smock-alley theatre.

TH E Adventures of an Irish Smock may appear somewhat whimsical, if not ridiculous; and the reader may, if he is cynically inclined, imagine they can afford neither pleasantry or entertainment; and that the anecdotes of a Pair of Nankeen Breeches, are still

more impertinent and contemptible; but if the reader should happen to be of a lively turn of mind, and without prepossession or prejudice against indulging an hour to relax from deeper studies, he may, probably, find that these pages may provoke his risible muscles, and at the same time introduce him to some persons who figure in the gay and polite world, whose characters are not perfectly known to the public in general.

Fabricated and ushered into the world in Smock-alley, Dublin, I remained in the warehouse of a wholesale linen draper, who was very fond of acting and actresses, and often supplied the wants of the modern Melpomonics' and Thais's from his store-room, where they frequently repaired to chuse gowns, muslins, and other linen. It was my lot to be stationed

in

in the piece, upon a parcel that was conveniently bedstead high, and being quite handy and commodious, I often bore testimony of those ecstatic enjoyments, which were judged equivalent to such things as the fair customers thought proper to fix upon. I may venture to assert, that I have felt all the pressure of the female part of Smock-alley theatre, and have been instrumental to their gay and elegant appearance at a very moderate rate. The Cy—'s, the B—y's, the A—n's and all the *Corps dramatique* of that sex, have had the greatest obligations to me, though they never had the *honour* to acknowledge them, or the gratitude to return them.

After remaining some months in this situation, I was purchased by a London trader, and shipped off with other goods for Chester, where I arrived safe, and was immediately placed



in a waggon to be sent to London. My adventures upon the road, I shall relate in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. II.

A journey to London—amorous dalliance upon the road, which occasions a combat—Chloe's kindness, and her favours unlimited—arrived in the metropolis, with a curious conference, and mutual discovery between the rivals—The Irish Smock realized.

I Was scarcely deposited in the Chester waggon, before several passengers entered: among others, was a decent looking girl, about eighteen, who had all the appearance of innocence and rusticity. Immediately followed a half pay officer, with his sword in his hand, and a strolling player, who had been unsuccessfully trying his fortune at Cork. They placed

placed themselves like two supporters, on each side Chloe, who seemed no way dissatisfied with the familiarity that presently ensued.

It was now twilight, and I easily perceived that each of her admirers, (for so they both professed themselves) made so free with her charms, that they were both hand in hand in the most critical situation.

This *rencontre*, though *hand in hand*, was not productive of the most amicable consequences; for the captain insisted upon immediate satisfaction, and the rivals both jumped out of the waggon; the son of Mars was armed, but the son of Thespis had no other weapon than his fists, and as the quarrel had arisen from meeting hand in hand, it was agreed to decide it fist and fist.

Though

Though the captain did not want courage, he wanted strength and skill in the Broughtonian art; whereas his antagonist would at least have done as much honour to the boards of that celebrated bruiser, near Oxford-road, as ever he could to the Hibernian stage. The captain had what is called a belly full, with two black eyes, and a bloody nose.

Chloe being of the same opinion with all her sex, that

“None but the Brave deserve the Fair.”

As soon as the captain had sunk into the arms of Morpheus, yielding to the arms of Ranger, and made him and herself completely happy. Repeated blifs, added to the late conflict, made him in turn submit to the influence of the drowfy god.

The

The captain refreshed with sleep, recovered his spirits, and finding his adversary and rival completely composed, made his attack in turn upon the immaculate damsel. She had no reason to question his prowess, though he had not come off victor; she was, however, inclined to try him as a champion in the field of Venus, though he had been unsuccessful in that of Mars. She found that the blood he had lost in combat, had not diminished the ardor of his passion, which surpassed that of his rival, who had relinquished the amorous conflict, after two slight engagements; whereas the captain was actually making his fourth attack when Ranger began to rouse.

It was now day-light, and both the late combatants having received ample satisfaction in all respects, they became
very

very good friends. A keg of brandy was tapped, which belonged to the Captain, and the glafs went round merrily, and in perfect amity.

After this refreshment, the lady found herself inclined to sleep, and she soon yielded to soft and innocent slumbers, like an *immaculate* virgin.

Nevertheless, the rest of the journey she had not sufficient fortitude or chastity, or whatever it may be called, to resist the importunities either of the Captain or Ranger.

We may now suppose ourselves in London, the parties set down, and poor me upon the point of being deposited in a warehouse, till fortune, fate, or caprice, should usher me into the world in another form than that which I then appeared in.

Chloe

Chloe had decamped with her bundle, and the Captain and Ranger began to compare notes. “In for the plate by —” said the Captain — “how are you” “Oh d—n her innocence and virtue, and all that—I have it, and foundly too—no, not foundly, I made a mistake; it is not so deep as a well, nor as wide as a church door, —but I have it.”

I could hear no more, for I was at that instant conveyed to a warehouse in Milk-street, and soon after to a linen-draper’s at Charing-cross, where I was next day purchased by Lady — and converted into her wedding smock, I assisted at consummating the nuptials — a consummation to her Ladyship devoutly to be wished, and remained in her service for some time, as the following chapters will evence.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

Scenes in high life, three weeks after marriage.

One o'clock—Lord Lovesport's parlour, tea-equipage, newspapers, &c.

Enter Lord Lovesport, yawning.

WHAT a damn'd ill run of luck last night—surely I have done something to offend the bones, they will not be reconciled to me. Could I suppose them Dutch toys, and they possessed all the phlegm and resentment of their countrymen, it would be in vain to sue for peace; but if they are of British manufacture, I hope they will prove as generous as the country that has patronized them, and I will endeavour to make an *armistice* with them this evening, to pave the way for a lasting friendship.

Enter

Enter Lady Lovesport.

Why, my lord, you rise early; what time did you come home?

Lord L. I believe it was between five and six.

Lady L. Then I can read your fate. I know your lordship never comes away till your last Rouleau's lost. I did not get into my chair before eight, and yet I cannot boast of any success.

Lord L. Your usual luck, I suppose.

Lady L. Semper eadem—worse and worse—lost every farthing, and owe colonel Slip five hundred—heigh ho!

Lord L. Well, your ladyship can have none of me, I promise you. You have had already two quarters pin money, though we have been married but three weeks: if you were to go on at this rate, madam, you would ruin the

B

Exchequer.

Exchequer. [*takes up the newspaper in a passion, and reads.*]

Lady L. My lord, what news? you seem to smile.

Lord L. Laughable enough, just as I expected, and very apropos. Lady Squander detected in an amour with Sir Harry Target, in paying a debt of honour with honour itself.

Lady L. Poor lady Squander! how I do pity her, how I do feel for her; and how can my lord be angry with her; if he will not allow her necessaries; necessity will drive a woman to any thing.

Lord L. A pretty doctrine it must be acknowledged. So your ladyship places a woman's extravagance and folly in losing a thousand or two of a night, among the necessaries of life; and if her husband is not so great a dupe as to ruin himself in paying these
debts

debts, he becomes a cruel wretch, in not allowing her common necessaries. [*breaks off abruptly, and reads on, when he smiles again.*]

Lady L. Another detection, my lord, and another debt of honour, liquidated the same way *n'est ce pas?*

Lord L. No, this is of another kind: "The honourable Miss P——, who has for some time been in training by her father's equerry, to learn to *manage* and ride the great horse, including the great cabriole, has just rode off with him in a most graceful, not disgraceful manner, to where it is imagined, if they have not made too many *grand pas* upon the road, they are by this time united in holy wedlock."

Lady L. Well, I vow it is laughable enough. I wonder where that

B 2

parson

parson B—s gets his intelligence whilst he's immured in the King's Bench. But I always thought Miss P— would turn out a *prancer*, let her go what road she would.

Lord L. [*pulling out his watch*] I did not think it was so late; it is just three. I had appointments with lord Sweepstakes at Brookes's about this time. John, order the chariot. [*Exit.*]

Lady L. Well, I find his lordship will not listen to my wants; he is entirely cloyed with my charms. We have been married but three weeks, and have had separate beds for this fortnight. After a woman has lost her influence over a husband, it is in vain endeavouring to reason with him upon money matters, more especially, when he is in a run of ill luck himself, which I knew to be the case from lord Sweepstakes,

Sweepstakes, though he did not acknowledge it. Let me see, I have but one expedient left, I have already borrowed every farthing Poundage the steward had, and my jewels are in pledge: luckily this is a court mourning and they are not missed. I'll dress immediately, and repair to Ruby the jeweller's in Bond-street; he has been punctually paid for my wedding trinkets, and cannot refuse me any order I shall give him. [*retires to her dressing-room.*]

Heavens! how shockingly I look this morning—well, I vow, ill-luck and fitting up late will ruin the finest complexion in the world;—thanks to Warren and Bailey, or we should appear like frights indeed! But then one's eyes lose their sparkling, and the spirits flag, that should animate them—

B 3

heigh;

heigh ho! Minionet, give me a little *Eau des Anges* to recruit them. (*drinks a glass*) This is pleasant liquor, and the French are so happy in their names they give their cordials, that no woman of fashion need be ashamed to take them; for who could think that "The water of angels" could be a dram, or even a cordial?

Ensign Cropt-ear, *announced.*

En. I hope I meet your ladyship in perfect health, and that the fatigue of last night was not too great for you? —but the question is quite unnecessary the moment I view those enchanting eyes, that bespeak health and spirits, and—

Lady L. Oh, Captain! pray a truce with your compliments; how can I be well this morning, after such a
mor-

mortifying run of ill-luck last night to the Colonel?

En. What might your ladyship lose to him?

Lady L. My loss, Captain, I should not mind; but I am in his debt.

En. How much pray, my lady?

Lady L. Five hundred.

En. It is very lucky, my lady, he is just that sum in arrear with me; and if your ladyship will permit me, I will balance your account with mine.

Lady L. You are extremely obliging, Captain—but I am at present out of cash, and his lordship out of humour, so that I don't know when I shall be able to repay your compliment.

En. I intreat your ladyship not to let that give you a moment's uneasiness,

uneasiness: I have been very fortunate lately at Brookes's, and am so much in cash, that I have any sum your ladyship may want, at your ladyship's command, and I shall consider it as a singular honour that your ladyship will make use of it, otherwise it will lie dormant in my bureau.

Lady L. (aside) Very gallant indeed — I don't think I shall refuse his offer.

(The vis-a-vis announced.)

En. Which way is your ladyship going to make your morning tour?

Lady L. I am going to Ruby's, in Bond-street.

En. Then I will request the honour of attending your ladyship, as I want something in his way.

Lady L. Captain, your company will be extremely agreeable.

[Exeunt.]

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

A trip to Bond-street. The Ensign's politeness and generosity. A matrimonial phænomenon in high life, with a prelude to an amorous tete-a-tete.

WE may now suppose her ladyship and the Ensign seated in the *vis-a-vis*, and that he failed not seizing every opportunity of saying not only civil, but tender things, such as gratify female vanity, which constantly whisper 'tis all her due.

The coach stops at Ruby's, they descend, enter the shop, and begin to examine his jewels and trinkets; no sooner had the Ensign cast his eye upon a diamond heart, enterwoven with another, in the form of a true lover's knot, with this motto upon it, "*Les coeurs tendres s'unissent;*" than he immediately

mediately presented it to her ladyship. She accepted it, and put it into her bosom — a favourable omen of his future good fortune.

As the Ensign, had during their ride, taken an opportunity of slipping a gold snuff-box into her pocket — not unperceived by her ladyship; and as she judged it contained some of that essential delicate paper so easily transferable at other places than the Bank, she was unwilling to push for any other present at this juncture; but calling, Mr. Ruby aside, told him, she had a near relation who was upon the point of being married, and that as her fortune was not sufficient to equip herself with jewels equal to the match upon the tapis, she proposed complimenting her with a casquet, exactly similar to that which she had upon
her

her nuptials: at the same time enjoining Ruby to the greatest secrecy with respect to lord Lovesport. Mr. Ruby accepted the order with much alacrity, and a thousand obeissances.

On her ladyship's return home, she was naturally excited to view the contents of the snuff-box, which had been dexterously, though as we observed not imperceptibly, slipt into her pocket. The reader may, perhaps, wonder how he came to be so properly prepared for this piece of *leger de main*. It may not therefore be improper to observe, that her ladyship was not much alarmed at his liquidating her debt of honour, by balancing it with one of his own; and that she seemed to give a tacit consent to his offer of assisting her with a loan; he took an opportunity of retiring for a moment,

moment, and slipped two five hundred pound Bank notes into his snuff-box, which contained his portrait.

This discovery was not in the least unpleasent to lady Lovesport; and when his lordship returned to their dinner, and their usual *pleasant tete-a-tete* ensued, she was enabled to support her part with such great spirits, that he began to be alarmed, and fancied she had seen the Colonel, and settled the account in a manner that roused his jealousy; for though his lordship could now view her ladyship's charms without the least amorous emotion, his pride was hurt to think that any other man should supply his place in the conjugal bed.

In consequence of this suspicion, no sooner was dinner over, whilst coffee was still serving, and excited by his
im-

impatience, than he formed a pretext for retiring, and made very strict inquiry of his trusty valet, who served him also in the capacity of pimp and secretary to his amours, to inquire if the Colonel had been there, or any message received from him? The valet assured his lordship, with great truth and sincerity, that the Colonel had not been there, nor had any billet or message come from him. This assurance in some measure removed his lordship's doubts; and, with respect to the Ensign, he never once entered his head.

Upon lord Lovesport's return into the parlour, he assumed an uncommon share of gaiety, entered into conversation, (a circumstance that seldom occurred after dinner) asked her ladyship if she proposed going to the opera

C

that

that night to see the Vestries; to which she readily consented, and to the great astonishment of the whole house, lord and lady Lovesport were once more seen together.

The phenomenon was mentioned in every polite party in less than two hours; the Colonel was very glad to hear it, as he flattered himself, that in consequence of this familiarity, he should get his money; but the Ensign was quite chop-fallen, for though he had not yet settled her debt of honour, having promised it, he could not possibly recede; but his gold snuff-box, his thousand pounds, and his diamond heart, he considered as more essential sacrifices to this reunion. He was ruminating in a very solitary manner at lady Betty Sparkle's rout, and concluding that he was fairly jilted by
this

this family compact, when lady Lovesport, who had just before appeared as a connubial phænomenon at the opera, now entered a meteor of the first magnitude in the vortex of love and delight. The generous swain no sooner beheld her, than his countenance cleared up, his spirits were greatly elated, and he flew to her, paid his devoirs, and at the same time some well timed compliments.

Scarce had he joined her ladyship before the Colonel made his appearance, and made her some fulsome compliments, which the Ensign construing into an indirect demand of his money, he took the Colonel aside, and told him, he had that very morning lost five hundred pounds to lady Lovesport, at piquet, and that as he found there was a similar sum due

C 3

from

from her ladyship to the Colonel, they might easily settle the whole, by wiping off the five hundred due to himself from the Colonel.

This intelligence was not very agreeable to the veteran, as he was in hopes to have touched her ladyship, and let his debt with the Ensign remain unsettled some time longer.

Her ladyship, though much importuned to play, did not touch a card that night; indeed, her paramour kept her in such close conversation, that she could not dismiss herself from him without having been guilty of rudeness, and indeed ingratitude. He greatly importuned her to appoint a day for a *tete-a-tete* party into the country; she said, it would be impracticable whilst his lordship remained in town; but that in about
ten

ten days some electioneering business would call him into the North, when she should be her own mistress. This information cherished the hopes of her swain, who at the beginning of the evening was greatly dejected.

Lady Lovesport returned early that night home, and having now time for meditation and reflection, before she went to sleep, a thousand thoughts started in upon her; she had gone great lengths, and she did not know how to recede: her husband's coolness and indifference had first incited her to list to the Ensign; necessity, and his lordship's refusing her any pecuniary assistance, had prompted her to what she had done; but her husband had that day seemed to relax from his severity; and if he should prove as fond and tender as he



had at first been, it would be cruel and unjust to be unfaithful to his bed. Whilst she was thus balancing accounts between love and conjugal virtue, she fell into the arms of Morpheus, where we shall leave her at present.

C H A P. V.

Lord Lovesport's jealousy roused—An eclaircissement with the Colonel, which gives him the greatest reason to believe the Ensign either has, or designs to cornute him—Settles his measures accordingly to detect his wife's infidelity—The Ensign's generosity farther testified, and its effects.

IT is a trite toast, “ May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning;” with regard to lady Lovesport, this axiom might have

have been reversed, for she was desirous, that “The reflections of the evening might attend her pleasures of the morning.” All her morality, all her reasoning, all her philosophy, yields to imaginary transports of bliss in the arms of the soporific God; or rather in a tumult of rapturous phrensy in the embraces of her dear Ensign, she thinks—

—He holds her off to gaze! Then with new rage
Claspt her till his conscious limbs presage
Torrents of joy which all their banks o'erflow—
So lost, so blest, as she but then could know.

She jumped out of bed, hearing a rap at the chamber-door—her ideas were full fraught with her beloved paramour—when behold it was—his insignificant lordship, who came to tell her, that business of the most pressing nature called him into the
country,

country, and that he should be obliged to depart that very forenoon.

The circumstance met her approbation almost to delight, and she resolved immediately to communicate the lucky tidings to her beloved swain; but little did she guess at the cause of this sudden excursion of his lordship. He had for several hours entertained a strong suspicion, that her ladyship had paid the colonel his debt of honour in a very dishonourable manner for his lordship, and he was resolved to seize the first opportunity to have an *eclaircissement* upon this subject. My lord met the colonel that evening at Brookes's, when he took the old soldier aside, and asked him, "If his wife was not in his debt five hundred pounds?" to which the Colonel replied in the negative; but, Sir, resumed his

his lordship, "She did lose that sum to you." "That is very true," replied the Colonel; but it is settled." "How settled, Sir? Thereby hangs a tale." "My lord, I owed ensign Cropt Ear five hundred pounds, and we have set it off together." No farther explanation was requisite.

His lordship returned home as soon as he had received this information; and her ladyship being retired to rest at so very uncommon an hour, plainly indicated to him that his rival had been happy in her arms; and that her dress having in consequence been so greatly discomposed that she could not make her appearance again that night, she had therefore been compelled to retire to rest, to avoid observation.

Such

Such was the revolution of his lordship's ideas, whilst he lay awake, before he came to the resolution of detecting if possible the intrigue between his wife and the Ensign. He had no business that called him directly out of town; but he resolved to lay in ambush and employ such emissaries as would in all probability arrive at detection.

Her ladyship immediately put on her clothes, out of compliment to her husband, as he was already booted, and the post chaise was expected every moment at the door, that she might take a parting breakfast with him, and leave the most favourable impression of her affection towards him.

No sooner was breakfast finished, than she dispatched her waiting maid with a billet to the Captain's lodgings.

He

He had ere now a just claim to this title, for he had, within a few days, purchased a lieutenancy in the guards, which conferred that title on him. He kissed with rapture the card that intimated his lordship's unexpected departure for the country, and was no sooner dressed than he waited upon her, having previously dispatched a servant to prepare a post chaise, which was to be waiting for them at Hyde-Park-Corner.

During the Abigail's absence, the newspaper was brought to her, and running her eye over the army promotions, she saw her paramour's name. A thought instantly struck her, that if he disposed of his money so rapidly he would soon be out of cash. The idea did not before occur though he had intimated to her that he was in negociation for his new commission; and

and though her ladyship was not without a *tendre* for the Captain, she was not so entirely disinterested as to have no *penchant* towards his purse. The thought, we have just mentioned, was, that Ruby had promised to get the jewels she had ordered finished by that day noon, having informed him she could give him no farther time; and resolved to make a *dernier coup d'essai*, as she considered it, upon the Captain's generosity.

Accordingly, when he appeared, and told her ladyship of the plan of operations he had laid, and his intended trip to Windsor, she did not appear to dissent from his scheme; but informed him she must call upon her jeweller to take up the order she had given him the day he had accompanied her to Bond-street.

The

The Captain seemed happy in the prospect of having so favourable and well-timed an opportunity of giving her Ladyship another testimony of his passion, affection and friendship. He accordingly accompanied her to Ruby's, and there they found the order completed. This son of brilliancy told her Ladyship, "that he had made a point of accomplishing her order, and had stopt all other work in hand, having engaged every journeyman in London, who was unemployed; in so high a degree of estimation did he place the honour of her Ladyship's mandates." The jewels were finely executed, with great taste and judgment, which, added to the rapid manner in which they had been fabricated, called forth her Ladyship's and the Captain's plaudits in the highest manner.

D

Whilst

Whilst lady Lovesport was still contemplating her casket, the Captain gave a wink to Ruby, and they retired into his compting-house, where the gallant son of Mars gave a draft upon his banker for three thousand pounds, which was the amount of the jewels.

Though her Ladyship surmised the cause of her enamorado's retreat with the jeweller, she was not positively convinced of it, till Ruby put the receipt in her hand, during a short interval the Captain had occasion to retire.

So much generosity kindled her gratitude, and every acknowledgment, afresh, and she now first positively resolved to make the Captain as happy that evening as it was in her power.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

A trip to Windsor, not quite in the sentimental style.—Fine speeches upon the road—a flying dinner, an elegant supper;—but the devil of a bonne bouche. A desert beautifully served up—but by some accident most dreadfully spoilt—and yet the confectioner was not much to blame—his conserves were delicate, but his pasteries were tainted with jaundiced eye jealousy.

THE business being finished in Bond-street, greatly to her Ladyship's approbation, they pursued their intended route with joy and alacrity to Windsor. The Captain had dispatched an agent to provide the best apartments at the best inn at Windsor, and to order the best supper that could be procured.

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These dispositions being made, like a prudent commander, all his ideas were now by anticipation ingrossed in rapture. The Captain had read poetry and plays, and had got some passages and speeches by heart, such as

A cordial drop Heaven in our cup
has thrown

To make the bitter draught of life
go down.

And,

Limbs, do your office, and support
me well,

Bear me to her, then fail me if you
can.

Again,

There act my joys though thunders
shake the room.

With these and a few more similar flights they reached Windsor—her Ladyship in high spirits; the Captain looking

looking upon every hour, every minute, every moment, as his declared foe till bed time.

Whilst the lovers were thus engaged, his Lordship was employed in a very different manner. Lady Love-sport's vis-a-vis had been watched to Ruby's, in Bond Street, and from thence to Piccadilly, where it was dismissed under pretence of her Ladyship and the Captain walking in the Green-park, which they effectually did, by entering at the private door, and traversing the Wilderness; they retired to the great gate opposite Hyde-Park, where a post chaise and four was waiting for them. A messenger was instantly dispatched to a coffee-house in St. James's Street. From hence he immediately departed, but it was some time before he could



get his chaise ready to begin the pursuit.

Her Ladyship and the Captain took a flying repast upon the road, and arrived at Windsor just as supper was upon the point of being served up. The air had created a keen appetite in her Ladyship; and though the Captain's appetite was full as keen, but of another kind, he drank three or four glasses of Champaign extraordinary to exhilarate his spirits. He now became very pressing for her Ladyship to retire to rest; and, after much importunity she withdrew to undress.

Whilst she was at the glass disposing of her night-cap, she had a severe conflict in her mind, with regard to the part she was going to act, and how she should perform it with as much decency and decorum. At one instant

a qualm of conscience seized her, and she had some disagreeable forebodings, that had nearly induced her to sham illness, and send a message to the Captain, requesting his indulgence to lie alone that night; but the Captain's impatience, which could only be equalled by the fervor of his passion, could now be dallied with no longer: half an hour had elapsed since her Ladyship had withdrawn to her bed-chamber—his watch lay upon the table, and every moment appeared to him an age. The house-clock struck ten, which was a kind of alarm to him; he flew to the bed-chamber, and finding the door unlocked, entered without any interruption; but her Ladyship complained greatly at being thus taken by surprise, contrary to the laws of politeness and decorum.

He

He found it requisite to apologise for his conduct, by declaring that the violence of his passion had got the better of his prudence and his reason.

He now, in a phrenzy that can better be described at the sight of all her revealed charms, caught her in his arms and conducted her to the bed. As her delicate sensations, and fine feelings were ere this surmounted, she yielded to her fate. The Captain's clothes were thrown off—with the rapidity of lightning, and he was undressed and in bed in less than a minute.

Here we should drop the curtain, and leave the lovers to indulge, and to their genius freely give in a profusion of extatic bliss, that each of them had before anticipated. But, alas! their cruel stars prevailed: Lord Lovesport had
had

had been in the house some minutes, and had visited every apartment in it, except that where her Ladyship and the Captain were now upon the very *brink* of paying their devotions with the greatest fervency at the shrine of Venus.

At this critical moment the door was burst open, and the bed curtains being withdrawn, his Lordship and the two servants appeared with candle and pistols.

What an alarming situation to the Captain! what a distressful predicament for her Ladyship. The lover did not wait to expostulate, but jumping out of bed flung up the sash, and flew out of the window with greater swiftness and agility than ever Lun or Woodward had even done in the most pressing pursuit in pantomime.

It

It is true he had no other clothes to incumber him than his shirt. He fortunately fell upon some straw that lay in the yard, which broke his fall, and he was but little hurt. Luckily he met with his own postillion, who procured him a great coat to cover himself, and concealed him in the hay-loft till morning.

The scene that ensued between Lord and Lady Lovesport, was of a very different nature from any one exhibited in a pantomime. She fell prostrate at his feet, and with a flood of tears, entreated his Lordship's forgiveness; at the same time declaring in the most solemn manner, that her honour had not yet been violated! His Lordship not listening to such declarations, was upon the point of wreaking his vengeance on her that instant, and
snapt

snapt a pistol at her, which missed fire, and his attendants prevented any farther danger that might have ensued.

His Lordship having retired in the greatest rage, left her Ladyship to her own melancholy and distracting reflections. However, after shedding an involuntary flood of tears, she rang the bell and inquired after the Captain; could gain no tidings of him. She then called for some refreshment, and after drinking a glass of wine and water, she began to doze, and solace herself with thinking she had gained possession of the jewels, which were paid for; that she had a thousand pounds in her pocket; and his Lordship could not dispossess her of the marriage settlement. Having revolved these things in her mind, she got some rest; and in the morning rose perfectly chearful; and was not a little pleased that the
 Captain

Captain had not yet accomplished the full extent of his wishes. She returned to town, but did not go to her own house, as she was justly apprehensive of a very disagreeable reception.

C H A P. VII.

Introduction of the Nankeen, or Nanking Pair of Breeches—Is first introduced to the Irish Smock by Captain Cropt-Ear at Windsor—Afterwards renews his acquaintance, through the interposition of La Fleur, the Captain's valet, who enters into the service of Mademoiselle Minionette, whose encouragement he received.*

WHETHER I originated in Asia or Europe, at Nanking or in London, I will not pretend to aver, at

* We have adopted the former orthography, as it is more customary, and, of course, familiar.

as I found myself in no state of portable existence, till I was fitted upon Captain Cropt-ear the very day he had an assignation with Lady Lovesport: it was the first time I made an acquaintance with the Irish Smock, and our intimacy lasted some time; for though my master was unfortunately surpris'd by Lord Lovesport at Windsor, and her Ladyship's sport, as well as the Captain's, for that Evening destroyed, being dismissed his service, as Nanking he thought was of so *loose* a disposition, that I was incessantly discovering more than decency would allow; I became the servant of his servant, a French Lacquey, whom I fitted to a nicety. Our fresh connection arose from Minionette, Lady Lovesport's waiting maid, having made free with her mistress's effects,

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the Irish Smock, amongst other commodities, came into her possession. Accordingly we had frequent interviews together, and Minionette and La Fleur agreed so well together, that it was generally believed by the Irish Smock and myself, that a marriage contract would ensue: but this surmise proved a newspaper "It is said"; for after six months close connection, without *ceremony*, or *benefit for the clergy*, a rupture ensued, upon a suspicion of jealousy; and I found my pockets now much better filled than before, as Minionette took great pains to empty them, and my master now was engaged in the service of an elderly lady in the New Buildings; who, though a nominal vestal at sixty, had no sort of objection to a bit of gentle *pastime* with her butler.

This

This lady, whose name was Miss Manlove, having overstood her market till she was near fifty, resolved to have all the enjoyments of matrimony, without the danger of having a bad husband. She was now past child-bearing, and had, therefore, nothing to fear on the score of *reputation*. A judicious choice was only necessary. She had already had an English, an Irish, and a Scotch butler. The Englishman had died in her service; the Irishman had communicated to her a disorder that is more fashionable than is generally believed; and the filthy Scotchman had given her that nasty, beggarly, poverty-struck disorder—the Itch. Miss Manlove was, therefore, resolved to try a French man, in despite of national prejudices, and she found La Fleur a



man after her own heart. Besides, he was no bad cook, could make ragous and fricasees, and tickle her appetite in every respect.

Alas! poor Miss Manlove was so highly served to all ends, that she died of a surfeit of—*Andouille* and frica-seed frogs.

But before this event I had already changed my master. La Fleur being treasurer, butler, and petticoat-pensioner, ordinary and extraordinary, to Miss Manlove, had a great variety of clothes; and I being considered as superannuated, was disposed of to a Jew, who soon after sold me in Monmouth-street, where Frank Easy being somewhat seedy in his appearance, and having occasion for a pair of breeches, as his present pair, according to the Hibernian phraseology, were some-
 what
 wha

what "Out at the elbows"; he purchased, and put me on immediately, leaving his old ones for which he was allowed the capital sum of six-pence.

C H A P. VII.

Minionette is detected in robbing her mistress of her diamond-cross, and is turned away—takes the Irish Smock, which she had often worn, with her. Her amours, &c.--Becomes acquainted with a highwayman, who furnishes her with Bank-notes to a considerable amount—her manner of concealing them.—Her adventures on board the Imperial packet.—An interview with few Brokers at Amsterdam.

LADY Lovesport, upon her arrival in the metropolis, repaired to her millener's, and there sent for

E 3

her

her trusty Abigail, Minionette, to know the state of domestic affairs. She was informed that his Lordship had given strict orders, that her Ladyship should never pass his threshold again; he had discharged Minionette, and ordered her to take her clothes away that very day; and that she had left his lordship in consultation with two lawyers, whom he had sent for.

Her ladyship now became reconciled to her fate, agreed to keep Minionette in her service, and ordered her to seek for a convenient lodging; and at the same time to bring all Lady Lovesport's clothes with her when she brought her own.

These commissions were punctually executed, and she provided her Ladyship next day with very convenient lodgings in upper Brook-street.

The

The Captain, who lay all night in the hay-loft concealed by the postilion, did not dare to emerge from his obscurity till he judged his Lordship had beat a retreat. He then made enquiry after her Ladyship, and found that she had just decamped. Luckily the Captain recovered his clothes, a circumstance that might not have occurred if he had waited only a few minutes longer, as nobody had been in the chamber from the time of Lady L's departure. This recovery was highly agreeable, not only on account of being enabled to make a decent appearance, upon his return to London; but also with respect to his pocket-book, which contained Bank-notes to a considerable amount; and in his breeches fob was a very valuable gold watch.

Affairs

Affairs were in this train, when Lady Lovesport missed her diamond-cross, and several others things of considerable value, many of which were found in Minionette's trunk, upon which her Ladyship dismissed her; but did not judge it prudent to prosecute her, as she was too deep in her secrets to be rendered a professed foe.

Minionette had for some time been acquainted with a young fellow who passed for a man of fortune; he dressed, gamed, and wenched, like one; but nobody new from what source his finances arose. The sequel may probably explain the mystery.

He one morning called upon Minionette, and after some amorous conversation, and still more amorous dalliance, he told her he believed now their fortunes were made, if she would

execute

execute a commission of which she was very capable, as she spoke the French language very fluently. Saying this he produced a handful of Bank-notes, but told her at the same time they were not negotiable here; that it was necessary therefore for her to make a trip to the Continent, and repair to Amsterdam, where she might get cash for them. The bait was too tempting for Minionette to hesitate with respect to the part she should act. She was then advised to conceal the treasure, and properly secure it in her *sanctum sanctorum*, as the custom-house officers would not have the insolence or indecency to examine those sacred premises. She accordingly set off for Dover to go on board an Imperial packet for Ostend,

Ostend, and as it failed so unexpectedly, that she had not time or opportunity to remove the concealed Bank-notes till she got on board. The Captain was an Hibernian, and did honour to his country for his Herculean form, and his fondness of the fair sex. He had viewed Minionette with a strong *penchant* from the moment he saw her; and, by the conversation that passed between them at the inn during supper-time, he imagined she was not one of those rigid vestals, who would swoon, except with rapture, at finding herself in the arms of a powerful and fond admirer. Accordingly he seized an opportunity whilst she was asleep in the cabin, to make a sudden attack—when, to his great surprize, he found the citadel already possessed.

He

He drew forth his rival with rage and indignation, and beheld a *Philippic** of mitred magnitude, crammed with bank-notes. Having dispossessed his rival, he mounted the ramparts, and the fortrefs of bliss surrendered with *discretion*. The reader will doubtless allow the propriety of this expression, as she capitulated on condition of having her treasure restored. This agreement the Captain most religiously performed; and during the rest of the trip, as they were longer at sea than they expected, she voluntarily yielded to his embraces, and passed the time in a manner entirely to her satisfaction as well as the Captain's gratification.

* Such of our readers as are initiated in the mysteries of Half-moon street, will be apprised of the propriety of this expression.

We

We shall now suppose Minionette at Amsterdam, surrounded by a parcel of Jew brokers, who being in the secret of the Bank-notes having been stolen, as they were already advertised in the London papers, offered her a mere song for them. In a word, for a hundred pounds, she was obliged to take twenty, and so in proportion.

Ere she had completely negotiated this business, she learnt by the English prints, that her paramour, who had supplied her with the notes, had been taken up, tried, and condemned for a highway robbery. Having gained this intelligence, she resolved not to return to England in a hurry, but to visit France, and repair to Paris.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

*The humours of an E. O. table, with
some well known characters in the
gambling circles.*

O tempora!—O mores!

Or the world as it goes.

MANY of our country readers,
(and we flatter ourselves that
this work will be read with avidity in
all parts of the globe) may not be ac-
quainted with the nature of a game,
which for some time past has been the
most fashionable, and the most fatal
of any that has fascinated not only the
dupes in the vicinity of St. James's, but
merchants and tradesmen in the pur-
lieus of Covent-garden, and even jour-
ney-men and mechanics in the neigh-
bourhood



bourhood of the Fleet and the Old Bailey. We shall, therefore, attempt to convey an idea of an E. O. table, which is the irresistible magnet of the blind votaries of blind fortune.

An E. O. table, is of a circular form, between three and four feet in diameter, the interior is divided from the exterior, and turns upon an axis; this mutuable center contains forty niches, or partitions, marked alternately E. and O.; a kind of gallery furrounds this part, which forms a declivity, round which a small ball is circulated, while the interior part of the table is in motion, and the wager is determined by the ball falling in one of the niches. So far the game appears very fair and equal; but when the reader is informed, that the boxholder, or proprietor of the table, reserves

serves to himself two holes of the forty, on condition of answering all bets proposed; the great disparity of chance will easily appear, as when the ball falls into either of these niches, called bar-holes, the box-keeper sweeps all the stakes. Thus it appears the box-holder has a pull or advantage of five per cent. every time the table goes round, which is in less time than a minute; so that upon the supposition that the play continues eight hours, and there are a hundred pounds every time depending, the box-holder must, according to calculation, which in the long run never fails gaining 2400 pounds, agreeable to gamesters reckoning calculation. But admitting that not near so large a sum is invariably played for, and that the play does not continue eight hours, the advantage on the side of the box-holder remains proportionably the same.



Our readers distant from the metropolis, or those who have not caught the rage of the fashionable vowels, as they are stiled, will be astonished that any rational beings, who know that two and two constitute four, would risk their money, and their ready money, for all stakes are deposited, at so very great a disadvantage. It is true that some modest box-holders, in order to gain more custom than their fraternity, have, in circular hand-bills, which notify the places of these associations, reduced their advantage to a single barhole; but though this reduction of the former pull still evidently gives a most intolerable advantage to the box-keeper; it has not been adopted but by a few of the inferior sort of table-keepers. But their latent pulls are still greater than all the rest; as

as it has been clearly proved, that in their bar-holes are concealed real magnets, and in the balls are inserted small globes of steel.

To conclude this descriptive account of E. O. I shall only add, that it owed its origin to what is called gold and silver, or G. S. instead of E. O. but a late act of parliament having particularly specified that game among the number of unlawful ones; to evade the penalties inflicted by that law upon the table-holders, as well as players of that game, the letters were changed, and some are G. R. tables, and a ball instead of an index made to determine the fate of the wagers.

So much for the history of the game; I shall now introduce the reader into company with my master, to a celebrated E. O. rendezvous under the Piazza, Covent-garden.

The first person we saw was an actor ranting in true tragic numbers in one corner of the room for the loss of his last shilling : he had narrowly escaped from the house and the bailiffs, whom he had reason to think were waiting for him below stairs. Perceiving my master enter, he recovered himself, in some degree, and in approaching having made him acquainted with his misfortunes, I felt a hand come into the right-side pocket, when half-a-guinea was extracted, and secretly conveyed to the unfortunate son of Thespis, who returned to the table, and, by reverse of fortune, in less than an hour, not only recovered all the money he had lost, but was ten guineas gainer.

In the mean while, Frank was not unsuccessful ; for I found my burthen greatly increase, while I doubt not his
heart

heats lightened. Just as I found my stock had been encreased by an additional five guineas, a pistol was heard to go off in the æra, which greatly alarmed every one present; and information was immediately brought up stairs, that the young man who had been so remarkable unfortunate all the evening, and was supposed to have lost near a thousand pounds, had gone down stairs, retired backwards, and there destroyed himself.

The consternation was very great amongst all the parties present, and the more judicious judged it highly prudent to retire, it being imagined, as soon as information reached the peace officers in the next street of what had happened, some of the myrmidons from that quarter might appear, to make enquiries, not only into the cause
of

of the deceased's death; but might also take into custody such as were present, and confine them all night, to give an account of themselves the next day.

In this opinion my master and Bufkin retired, and meeting with poor Sam Scribble under the Piazza, they took him into the Shakespear, where a good supper was ordered, a circumstance that threw Sam into very fine spirits, as he acknowledged he had not yet broke his fast that day, though he had not been thus abstemious according to proclamation.

After supper, Sam was very entertaining, and gave some anecdotes of his life, which we shall reserve for the next chapter, as the conversation was interrupted by the master of the house, who, upon introducing a *magnum bo-*
num,

num, and drawing the cork, gave a lamentable account of the catastrophe which had happened next door.

He said, the young man who had shot himself that night, had been brought in there, and that by the papers which were found in his pocket, he appeared to be a banker's clerk, and had been collecting cash for his master that morning, to the amount of above nine hundred pounds, every shilling of which he had lost, and which had, doubtless, driven him to execute the rash deed he had perpetrated.

This information induced the company to go and view the body, when my master and Buskin recognized him, though they had not taken particular notice of him at the table. This melancholy affair damped the conversation, and made the company retire.

NOT



not early, but positively sooner than they otherwise would have done.

CHAP. X.

The morning.—A visit from Sam Scribble—His history—Literary adventures in Dublin—His reception by the Irish booksellers.—Resolves to visit England, and repair to the Emporium of learning, wit, and genius—as well as wealth.

WHEN my master returned home at night, he examined the contents of my pockets (which the reader may think, perhaps, was making very free; but as we had but one purse between us, it occasioned no difference) and to his inexpressible pleasure found he was forty-four guineas in pocket, besides

besides the half guinea he lent Buskin, the payment of his own reckoning, and that of Sam Scribble at the tavern. He had scarce recollected the name of Sam Scribble in the account before he made his appearance to breakfast, a meal he was very fond of, and to which he paid due honour, when he could attain it.

Sam looked a little dismal at seeing but a single muffin upon the plate; but his countenance began to clear up, when the servant was sent to fetch three pennyworth more. Before the maid got out of the room, he took an opportunity of whispering to her, that she must have seven for three pence. These preliminaries being settled, the muffins toasted and well buttered, Sam having undertaken that department himself, all his misfortune were disbanded

banded, and after having eat three muffins, and drank two basons of tea, he began to resume the conversation of the preceding evening.

I had begun, Sir, said Sam, last night to give you a little sketch of my history; but the melancholy affair that was brought upon the carpet, having given the conversation a different and more gloomy turn, I could not then proceed in my narration; but if it is agreeable to you, and you are at leisure, I will now resume my sketch. This being assented to, Sam proceeded as follows:

I believe it were needless to acquaint you, I am a native of Ireland, was apprenticed to a bookseller in Dublin, which afforded me an opportunity to indulge my taste, for reading, as my master had very little custom, passed
most

most of his time at the tavern, and consequently I had sufficient leisure and little interruption to pursue my studies, and having an ample library before me, which I had much reason to consider as my own, no one else made scarcely any use of it, I picked up as much learning as I judged requisite to qualify one for an author. When I had made this progress in my studies and erudition, my master broke, my library was sold by auction, and I was turned a drift to seek for a livelihood. My imaginaiton being fertile, and my plan preconcerted in favor of a literary life, I immediately sat down, and in a very short space of time produced two neat volumes ; but though I called them novels, I must acknowledge there was very little no-



velty in them ; for I had made pretty free with Fielding, Smollet, and Sterne ; but as I built upon the ignorance of bookfellers in general, who are feldom acquainted with any thing more about books, except title pages and editions ; I immediately offered my production to one of the most capital of the trade in Dublin. After having kept it two or three days, he paid it many encomiums, faying there was a great deal of wit, and humour and character, and all that in it ; but he was forry that he could not purchase it, for that copies in Ireland were mere drugs, they could not afford to pay for good ones, and bad ones were not worth printing.

I could not pretend to deny the truth of all *Quarto* said, for I was convinced

vinced there was a deal of wit and humour, and character in my volumes, or there was none to be met with in Tom Jones, Peregrine Pickle, or Tristram Shandy; and I also knew that few, very few original copies were printed in Ireland upon booksellers accounts; as the trade then dealt mostly, if not totally, in printed editions *smuggled* from England. The word *smuggled*, Sir, may here appear to you unintelligible, as books are not prohibited to be exported from England to Ireland; but, Sir, they are *smuggled* by journeymen printers in London, who are bribed to send off the sheets as soon as they are worked; and often two sheets of the same piece are running a race from London to Chester by the post, addressed to different Irish bookfellers, not unlike



the two late secretaries, who endeavoured to jockey each other upon the course to Holyhead, and afterwards to jostle his opponent out of a packet-boat to get over to Dublin.

Pardon this digression, Sir, resumed Sam, but it forced itself so naturally upon me, that I could not resist the impulse, and authors and poets cannot refrain from dealing in episodes. I shall now resume.

Finding there was no possibility of disposing of my manuscript in Dublin, unless I would print it upon my own account, in the manner which most of the originals are published there, by some nobleman or honourable gentleman, who fancies he has as much wit as money; and is not convinced to the contrary, when his publication does not pay for print and paper, he
damns

damns the taste and judgment of the Public, and swears he will write no more for them—those stupid *ingrates*! I say, Sir, unless I had adopted this plan of publication, my novel must have been consigned to oblivion; therefore I resolved to set out for London, the emporium of taste, science, and literature; the mart of genius, fancy and invention. To this end it was necessary I should dispose of all my moveables, and part of my wardrobe.

I arrived at the Head, after a storm, with my head and mind very much disturbed, as I found I could not compass, with all my finances, an outside place in the stage or fly; and as I could not *promener en carosse* like a French man, I resolved to *promener*



a' pied, which was much more natural though far more disagreeable.

Nothing material happened to me upon the road, nor was I much terrified, though when I approached the metropolis, there were many robbers abroad, as I had taken care to conceal my manuscript in my breeches.

Here I could not help smiling, if Nankeen breeches can smile, at my own importance, to think, that we were not only the safeguards of all real, but even imaginary riches; and though Sam Scribble travelled in a pair of greasy leather, not genteel *Nankeen* breeches, he considered them as his best and most trusty friends, and as such deposited to their care and confidence, all his hopes, all his fortune. Nor was he to blame in the confidence he reposed, for he arrived
safe

safe in town, with all that was valuable about him.

Just as I reached Hounslow, continued Sam, I was accosted by two footpads, and finding I had only eightpence in my pocket, and that I was an Irish boy, lately come from the Sod, they dismissed me without reducing my *immense* fortune.

C H A P. XI.

Sam Scribble's arrival in London.—His meeting with Dick Rant, and their conversation upon theatrical subjects.—Sam waits upon a certain great circulating librarian—the reception he meets with.

UPON my arrival in London I now thought I had reached the ultimate goal of all my wishes; I imagined

gined, from what I had heard, it was impossible to want money in Lombard-street, with or without drafts; and that no man could be destitute of a dinner in Leadenhall-market, though he had not a *thirteener* in his pocket. But alas! I was presently convinced of my errors.

As soon as I got to the stones end in Piccadilly, I considered my fortune as immediately made; indeed, I began to contemplate, whether I should take a ready furnished house, or only a lodging; whether I should keep a servant in or out of livery, or both; true it is, the fascination, as I advanced towards Devonshire-house, carried me so far, that I began to debate, whether I should order a chariot or a *vis-a-vis*. Just as I had reached the summit of this delirium, I felt such an internal indication

indication of being extremely hungry, that my thoughts were all in a moment turned towards eating. My carriage disappeared, my servant was dismissed, my apartments dissolved like the fabric of a vision, and nothing presented itself to my view but a—
Sirloin of beef in all its glory.

As I approached Leicester-fields, I recollected Dick Rant, who was upon the boards in Dublin, had told me, there was an excellent house in Ruffel-street, Covent-garden. It was the Black-lion, which now recurred to my memory, with all the allurements he had bestowed upon it. I soon found it out, and almost as soon ordered a large beef steak, which I thought the nicest meal I had ever met with in my life; which, added to a pot of porter, put me into tolerable good spirits, which
had

had not time to subside in the disagreeable contemplation of the state of my finances, before I saw my friend Rant enter; we were equally astonished at seeing each other; and I received no small satisfaction in observing him so well dressed. After he had eat a mutton chop, and drank a pint of porter, he ordered eighteen pennyworth of punch, which induced me to give him a hint concerning the state of my pocket; to which he replied, never mind, I have credit here, and to-morrow is pay day at the house. I congratulated him upon his being employed at a London theatre, where I was told all the performers had good salaries. That is very true, said Dick—but to let you into the secret, I am little more than a dumb waiter—a mere faggot; though I am resolved to give myself

myself as many airs as ever Garrick did ; and I abuse the printers of the bills when they put my name in smaller letter than the first rate actors—there is nothing like a laudable ambition said Rant, for I intend doing *Othello* for my own benefit, though by the bye, I have but an *eighth* share in it. I doubt not that will display my powers, and bring me forward next year.

By this time it approached twelve o'clock, and it was necessary to think of a lodging ; this I intimated to Dick, which I found appeared to give him some uneasiness; saying he had only one bed, and that Poll D— lived with him, and probably she might not that night be called out to a bagnio ; but added he, I'll chalk your reckoning with mine—you must take up your quarters

quarters at the Brown-bear till to-morrow, and at two o'clock I'll meet you here, we'll have something for the tooth; and if you cannot dispose of your manuscript, I'll assist you with a trifle till you can.

Being an entire stranger in London, I pursued his directions; he conducted me to the Brown-bear, when he left me in a scene of riot, debauchery and confusion. As soon as it was daylight I beat a retreat; and having cleaned myself as well as I could, took a walk till the shops were open.

Having been in the bookfelling trade I could not fail being acquainted with the greatest dealers, manufacturers, and fabricators of romances in London. A certain illustrious name in Holborn immediately struck me, and I waited upon this Circulating Librarian,

Librarian, whilst he was at breakfast. I could not at first make him understand me, as he was somewhat deaf, and was upon the point of enrolling my name amongst the number of his subscribers, when exerting a Stentorian voice, I convinced him of his error, and produced my two volumes. He stared me full in the face, saying, I was a young author, as he had never seen me before, and he was acquainted with most of the literary faces upon the town. He then desired me to leave my manuscript till Monday; but anticipated my fate, by saying, that novels were mere drugs now; that he had half a dozen milleners' prentices in the sentimental way, and four mantua-makers journeymen in the epistolary stile, who wrote by the yard as they worked at their trades; that he

VOL. I.

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had

had a commodity from them both good and cheap, but it would not tell since the additional duty on paper, besides nothing will do but double entendre, and they are so da—n'd modest, that they will not sport a luscious conceit, though it would carry off a whole impressiion; but hoped I was not quite so scrupulous.

I retired and met my friend Rant, according to appointment, when he accommodated me with half-a-crown, advising me not to refuse any thing Mr. Illustrious might offer, as money was very scarce.

On the Monday I waited upon my bookfeller, who told me, the M. S. did not suit him—that he expected to have found it dashed and sprinkled; but, however, as I had been at the trouble of coming twice, he would
advance

advance me a guinea, and if it came to a second edition, with the luscious improvements he should get his *operator-general* to throw into it, he would let me have half-a-guinea more. I doubt not he took advantage of the distress he saw depicted in my countenance, and necessity compelled me to accept what this generous Mecænas offered.

From this moment I took an utter aversion to letters, and have, with the advice of my friend Rant, come to a resolution of attempting the boards; he is accordingly to introduce me tomorrow to Mr. Dibble Davis, professor-general of the drama, and from whom I am to receive half a dozen lessons gratis, on condition of playing at his next benefit.

When Mr. Scribble had got thus far, a rap at the door was a prelude to

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the

the announcing of Mr. Melville, upon which Sam took his leave, but not before my master had slipped half-a-crown into his hand, which he thought would be a necessary passport to the next cook-shop.

C H A P. XXII.

The chapter of accidents ;—or, the adventures of an unfortunate poet, kinsman to Sam Scribble.

AN unfortunate author, and an unfortunate poet, are nearly synonymous, and equally proverbial. Poor Dick Stanza, who was first cousin to Sam Scribble, and had treated him with his last shilling at Jupp's, has often wished that he could say with Shenstone, that his name was inimical

cal to a pun; but this was not the case with Richard: The poet had no objection to pay his devotions to Bacchus, as well as Apollo, and upon many occasions he has been called *tumble down Dick*; as to *Stanza*, that was a professional pun, which he could not avoid drunk or sober. But the last fall that poor Dick met with was very fatal to him. He had just finished an ode upon our glorious victories in the West Indies, and had waited, ineffectually waited upon his bookseller, to touch the cash. The bookseller was gone to assist at a venison feast—but that was not the case with Dick—No venison—no turbot—no green peas, when they were half-a-crown a quart! Luckily, however, he met with Ned Effay, who laboured nearly in the same vineyard.—My dear Dick, said Effay, I



am sorry to see you so chop-fallen— Chop-fallen, indeed, replied Stanza, for I have not broke my fast to-day; and it is now almost four o'clock. I guess the cause, resumed Ned,—but mum!—no reflections—if you will partake of a foused mackarel, it is at your service. Soufe was the word—and they accordingly repaired to Edward Essay, Esquire's, apartments, which by accident were elevated as his ideas;—in a word, for the benefit of the air, he resided up four pair of stairs in Little Britain.

Essay was a man of spirit, as his writings have completely evinced—for he and the King's-Bench, have been as familiarly acquainted as the devil upon two sticks, and the bachelor of Salamanca: But no more of that. Ned recommended some juniper
per

per to Dick, to prevent the soufed mackarel rising in his stomach—*probatum est*; they both belonged to the faculty—but what a falling down was there! Dick broke his nose attempting to descend the stairs, and plague of it, Ned would lend him a stick to assist him upon his return; when unfortunately turning a short corner near Holborn, in his progress towards St. Giles's, and having the fatal crab under his arm he broke a window.

This mishap reduced him to the necessity of visiting the watch-house, where he was obliged to remain till the ensuing morning; when at length his patron, after he had got rid of the fumes of his overnight's debauch, and compleatly digested the venison, &c. &c. &c. came and released poor Tumble Down Dick; but not without
 taking

CHAP.



taking with him the poem by way of security for the disbursement he had made to liberate the unfortunate poet.

These accidents were attended with some others full as aggravating. His washerwoman not finding him at home when she brought him his best, and, indeed, only shirt, repaired with it to the blue balls, where it remained deposited for some days; add to this, he lost his hat in the affray, which took place upon his return from Ned's; from these melancholy circumstances, he was incapacitated from waiting upon the Librarian to settle his accounts for several days, till starvation stared him in the face, and compleatly proved this a chapter of accidents to the unfortunate Dick.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

The umbrella, or the parapluie and parasol—A Sbandean digression.

FOLLY and vanity constantly go hand in hand upon all occasions, and may be seen every day and every hour in and about this metropolis, from the peer down to the pauper. Perhaps the present rage of wearing umbrellas is one of the most striking proofs of the absurdity of the times. Whilst they were confined to the ladies, the mode was to be overlooked, or considered as one of those appendages to female dress, which a finished coquette might consider she was entitled to. Nay, when the epicene gender, I mean the present race of macaronies, took them up, as their
gender

gender was equivocal, the propriety of the censure still remained doubtful, but when Herculean figures six feet high, perhaps professed martinets, took up the parapluye or the parasol, it became high time to lay aside their spon-
toons.

But the ridicule is carried farther, an officer with a great coat and boots on, whom we might suppose was prepared to ford a river, has been seen in one of the mildest and most serene days in summer, carrying his umbrella, as the insignia of his courage, fortitude, and resolution of braving all danger, scorning all fear.

What shall we say to a man with a shabby—aye, a ragged coat, a hat not worth two-pence, whose stockings pleaded in the most forcible manner for a little darning worsted, carrying

an

an umbrella worth more than all his wardrobe? This might be stiled the summit of folly, if some other species, equally striking, could not be produced. It, for the moment, makes us recall an anecdote of the late chevalier Defcafeu, of Poitic, and eccentric memory.

The chevalier, from absence, or poverty, or both, had reduced his wardrobe so low, that his very breeches would not cover his nakedness. The gentlemen, who then associated at Old Slaughter's coffee-house, which he constantly frequented, made a liberal subscription for him, that he might re-equip himself with his taylor. The subscription money was communicated to him with great delicacy, by a gentleman to whom he had had former pecuniary obligations,

obligations, and a hint was given him concerning the necessity of having immediately another pair of breeches, that he might not shock decency and the lady at the bar.

Two nights after he made his appearance in a second-hand embroidered coat, and a new feather in his hat—but with the same breeches as had given so much offence. A gentle remonstrance being delivered to him upon the occasion—he replied, “He was inspired by his muse and his genius to purchase that feather to soar above breeches, and all such low concerns, to Mount Parnassus.”

CHAP. XIV.

The chapter of virtue and chastity.

VIRTUE, what art thou?—Chastity, how camest thou in such company?—in a brothel!

Have we not seen even
Cato 'midst a *gamesome* crowd;
No stranger to the revels there allowed?

Virtue came forward—blushed
and acknowledged her mistake. “I thought,” said she, “that under the very eye of Justice, no such rendezvous could possibly be admitted, I imagined with the poet:

He can't be wrong whose life's been
always—*Right!*

But I have been mistaken—I am
convinced Bow-street should be called

VOL. I. I *Frail-*

Frail-street; and that *Right* is often in the wrong.

Virtue wept and retired with becoming elegance, decency, and contrition.

Chastity then stepped forward, and owned she was an impostor--that *Chastity* was a word, without a meaning—a perfect Zero in arithmetic, to constitute an imaginary value. “Look through the world and see where I am a real inhabitant. Is it at Nova Zembla, or under the Tropics? Both the Poles disown me. I am another *Psalmazar*—I have framed an existence, that never did exist; and have forged a language that never was taught. Ask Lady H—n, Lady G—r, Lady L—r, Lady Wor—y, in short Lady every body, if this be not fact? Ask even the Maids of Honour—

—“ *Maids*

—“ *Maids of Honour—Maids indeed!*

Miss H—— a perfect maid, and a maid of Honour, dropt the following manuscript in Windsor-castle, on the 4th of July 1782, and we think our readers will not be displeas'd to see it in print.

A Fragment.

A stich in time saves nine—no such thing, said Nancy—a stich in time may promote nine—Nine what? said Jenny—weight for inches, no doubt replied Nancy—ha! ha! ha! I find you are a sporting lady—you'll do for the turf—high for the Sod—Very right, resumed Nancy—Neck or nothing.

Phelim O'Blunder was all this while behind the screen, and heard every syllable—By Jafus, my dear girls, you

I 2

are

are very right—neck or nothing—here is the goose-neck with all the giblets—stew them down as fast as you please.

The unexpected salute, though at first a little surprising, was very agreeable—they soon reconciled themselves to the whimsicality of their situation; and both Nancy and Jenny *entered*, as well as Phelim, upon the culinary art, and by turns stewed down the neck and giblets, till they reduced them almost to a jelly. Very nourishing, indeed, said Nancy—Very prolific, I am sure, said Jenny!

[Here was a chasm in the manuscript; but we imagine, it was only meant to give Phelim time to breathe, and recover himself, as we find the giblets, were afterwards *rechaufés*.]

Indeed

Indeed Mr. Phelim, observed Nancy, I think your name should not have been *O'Blunder*, for you are up to every thing, home to a hole wherever you go—Once more and then—high-ho!—Oh, ye gods! Stewed neck and giblets for ever— for ever—ever!—ever!

C H A P. XV.

A short chapter about nothing---being a sketch of men without characters, and females without reputation.

Ilya des caracteres, fans caractere; et des reputations, fans reputation.

VOLTAIRE, ou quelqu'autre auteur.

THERE are many men who pass through life without any character all, such as the chevalier, now

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Madame

Madame D'Eon, who was pronounced *by authority* in the London Gazette by a kind of prophetic gift to have no *character whatever*; but that great *channel of authenticity* has often been guilty of blunders. Welsh congratulatory addresses have been presented that never existed, and we have often been told that the K— was *graciously pleased* to nominate a whole administration, when he never was *more vexed* in his life at being *parforce et nécessité*, compelled to agree to these nominations and appointments.

A man without a character is generally possessed of an independent income, that enables him to make a decent appearance. He dresses in a morning, then comes forward, makes his appearance at a coffee-house, where he takes up a news-paper, because it is the fashion; but as he abhors
politics,

politics, never reads foreign news, and detests parliamentary debates. His head is a *caput mortuum*, and his mind a mere *blank*. He is an echo of all that he hears, without being a judge of any thing he repeats. He is imposed upon by *hummers*, cheated by *sharpers*, and inveigled by *harlots*, who pass upon him for women of fashion whose favours are only granted to the finest *beaux garçons* upon the ton, not for the sake of any pecuniary view, but merely through wantonness, as a certain dutchess lately went to Bath.

Women of reputation without reputation, may be thus described. They preach up *virtue* to the highest pitch. — Call every females conduct in question, who has been suspected of a *faux pas* — would not be seen in company with them upon any consideration,
having

having their reputations so much at heart, and holding them (such as they *are*, or *are not*) in the highest estimation. Yet, if past forty-five, a number that has been equally critical in the political as it is in the female world, they may give a loose to the most promiscuous gratifications, their characters being secured from pregnancy by age, and their *cicisbeos* being generally of that class, who do not mix with the polite world, and, therefore, have not an opportunity of propagating scandal in refined circles. Hence we may account for so many athletic *upper servants*, who do nothing but wait on their ladies, and so many able-bodied *body coachmen*.

Having thus on the one side fenced their reputation by years, and secured
a con-

a conspicuous pew at church, they frequently repair thither either for the sake of reading Hoyle elegantly and orthodoxically bound like a prayer-book, or to ogle the parson if he be young and handsome, and eventually enlist him under the banner of their admirers.

These are outlines of characters without character, and reputations without reputation, that the intelligent reader will be able to apply to many amongst his male and female acquaintance.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVI.

Minionette's intimate acquaintance with Madame D'Eon---That celebrated lady's history as delivered by herself, containing many curious particulars that never before transpired.

SOON after Minionette's arrival at Paris, she found means to be introduced to Madame D'Eon, who finding she had lately come from England, was very desirous and inquisitive to be acquainted with the state of gallantry in this kingdom, and particularly of what the world said of her. In these respects Minionette was very capable of gratifying her most extensive curiosity, which so captivated and ingratiated her with Madame D'Eon, that she was invited to an
apartment

apartment in her house, and they became inseparable companions.

In the course of one of their *tete-a-tetes*, Minionette having expressed some desire of being more particularly acquainted with the story of the late nominal chevalier, he or she (though Madame was no longer of the doubtful gender) readily acquiesced to give an outline of her *history*, nearly as follows:

“ My memoirs are, doubtless, very extraordinary, and I shall one day give them to the world, not only as an apology for my conduct, but as a tribute to posterity, for having for such a series of years imposed upon my own country, and the several courts of Europe. I have, however, this to say in my vindication, that I always exerted my greatest abilities, as well in a military as a political capacity, for the service of my king, and the glory of his people.”

After

After this exordiom, Madame D'Eon continued as follows: " My father was an officer of rank in the army, and had distinguished himself upon various occasions in the campaigns of *Louis quatorze*; he had, however, received little other reward than a small pension, which accompanies the order of St. Louis, and was therefore obliged to live in an obscure manner distant from the metropolis. He had a brother, who had never been married, and seemed to have taken an aversion to the fair sex, as it is surmised from some crosses he experienced in love, in his juvenile days, and some difasters he met with from beauty. Thus irritated at the female world, he shunned their company, and acquainted my father he should bequeath all his fortune to his son, in case he should have

have one; but if he unfortunately should have no other than female issue, his thoughts, in this respect, would be directed to another channel. My father having received this information, and being willing to preserve the estate in the family, at my birth concealed my sex, and passed me for a boy. I was cherished as such, and received an education suited to my nominal gender. After having gone through a classical career, and improved myself in the polite exercises, I obtained a commission in the army. About this period my uncle died and left me the promised patrimony, which though not great, enabled me to figure like a gentleman, and preserve the rank I held in the army with propriety and honour.

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“ My

“ My father’s past services being considered, and without vanity, my military talents being noticed by my superior officers, I was speedily promoted, and obtained the rank of captain of dragoons, in which capacity I acted the last war in Germany.

“ As I had entertained as great a detestation, almost as my uncle, for women, and nearly hated and despised myself for being born one; I endeavoured to combat all those passions that might betray the secret, which I had resolved, if possible, never to reveal. But, as the English poet finely says,

—Nature is Nature, Lælius,

Let the wise say what they will.—

I found I had undertaken a task that it was almost impracticable to perform.

The

The frailties and fatalies of love I soon experienced. A young Lieutenant in our corps, who seemed born to captivate and conquer, as well in the field of Mars as that of Venus, made such an impresson on me, that I was at length compelled to make him my confidant. Whenever I met his eyes, mine were rivetted upon them, and I felt such an apparently electric shock throughout my whole frame, as I thought had so far betrayed me, that I imagined it was needless to keep on the mask any longer.

But before I yielded to his solicitations, upon the discovery I made, I conjured him to the most inviolable secrecy, which he sealed with his fervent vows and protestations almost unparelled. In this respect I had no reason to upbraid him; but he was so inconstant,

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and

and fond of variety, that I soon experienced the effects of his roving. I now called him to account for injuring me in a most essential manner, and compelling me to expose my sex to the surgeon of the regiment. We fought; I wounded him; but not without receiving a wound myself, as (displaying her bosom) you may perceive."

"The campaign soon after closed: I returned to Paris, and was employed in a public capacity at the court of Petersburgh, where I acquitted myself to the satisfaction of that Versailles. I was there, nevertheless, in a very whimsical predicament, as a certain great lady, who considered the *Corps diplomatique*, entirely at her devotion, made such indirect overtures, that I was obliged to call into play all the address

dress that I was then *master* of, to avoid coming to such an *ecclaircissement*, as would have betrayed me in every respect.

Soon after this I was appointed Charge d'Affaires to the Court of England; my reception there, and the dispute I had with Count Guerchy, are recent in every one's memory. Even there I had a very difficult game to play with the ladies, and particularly with the Stable Yard Messalina, who had for some years laid an embargo upon all Foreign Ministers. By a stratagem I escaped detection, in intimating that I found my health was injured, and her ladyship politely thanked me for the generous information.

By this means I avoided making a worse figure, *if possible*, than a certain northern potentate, who was in Eng-

land some years since, and whom she had solicited to her arms ; but upon a fair and amorous trial before the God of Love and herself, he was pronounced *incapable*, or in other words—as her ladyship expressed it, “ *Il ne valoit pas la peine d’être br—lé---car,*
 “ *au bout du tout, il n’a rien fait---il*
 “ *m’a seulement ratté.*” *

“ I now approach that period which called my sex in question, and gave rise to many Policies that were opened upon that subject. If you recollect, continued Madame E’Eon, I made *un trou a la Lune* for some weeks, and was advertised ; many of my friends thinking some accident had befallen me,
 and

* The mere English reader must here be left to his own suggestion, as we cannot find *proper* words in the English language to translate this passage.

and that I might have been robbed and assassinated. The truth is, I was pregnant, and near the time of my delivery; a temporary retreat was therefore necessary, and I took up my residence for some time at a house near Red-lion-square, in consequence of an advertisement that suited my present purpose.

“ Unfortunately, the midwife, who attended me, formerly visited some of the upper servants at Count de Guerchy’s; she recognized my features, and discovered the imposition I had hitherto put upon the public, to my landlady. The affair soon got wind, and I had no sooner recovered from my late indisposition, and appeared again abroad, than the policies I have already mentioned began to be set on foot. Many impertinent questions were even put to me by several of the parties concerned,

cerned, and I failed not to resent them in a proper manner, suitable to the rank I had assumed in life.

“At length, however, a trial took place, and such evidences were subjoined as evidently proved my real sex. It was now time to quit England, and I accordingly returned to France, where I was kindly received at Court. The Queen having been informed of what had passed in England, intreated me to reveal the secret, as I might be sure of her protection. It was in vain any longer to continue the disguise, and since that time I have appeared as you see, garbed like a female.”

Madame D'Eon had scarcely reached this part of her narrative, before Count Artois and another nobleman were announced, and presently introduced.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

Minionette enters into the service of Count D'Artois as a procurefs—succeeds in her negociation with Mrs. L-b-rt, is handsomely rewarded—Her intrigue with M. Pouffebien, a musqueteer—Her intrigue with M. Da—l—. The consequences of her itch for pilfering.

MINIONETTE judged this a favourable opportunity of making an acquaintance with the Count, whose amours re-echoed through Paris, and in which she thought she could act a very useful part to his Highness, and a no less beneficial one to herself. With these sentiments she failed not to ingratiate herself as much as possible with

with the Count, and to enforce all the services she could render him. His Highness thought himself happy in meeting with a woman, so finely calculated for his purpose, as he had had for some time an English Lady in his eye, whom all the Parisian procureesses had ineffectually endeavoured to obtain for him.

His Highness communicated his design to Minionette, informing her, that he was well assured Mrs. L-b-rt, the Lady in question, was comeatable; but unfortunately she spoke very little French, and his Duennas could not speak a syllable of English. The case was very different with his present negociatress, as she spoke French and English almost equally fluent. Minionette accordingly entered upon the
business

business, having previously *la patte graissée*, with a hundred Louis d'Ors.

She first made herself acquainted with Mrs. L-b-t's situation and connexions in England. She found this Lady had lately been separated from her husband, upon a detection in an intrigue with Captain S— of the guards, who had gained her affections by promising her an elegant *vis-a-vis*; but not having fulfilled his agreement, she broke with him, and had repaired to Paris in a fit of picque and resentment. Minionette, accordingly produced a letter, supposed to be written by the Captain, in which he apologized for his neglect, and promised if she would return, to fulfil all his agreements. The contents of this epistle exasperated her ten times more than ever; she tore it, and threw it into the fire, vociferating,

rating, "Treacherous villain!—do you think I am to be imposed upon a second time!" So far the embassy had the most happy effect that could be devised, and the Count having been previously made acquainted with her *penchant* for equipages, had ordered one of the most elegant that could be devised in Paris, with Mrs. L-b-t's cypher and crest. Upon a signal from Minionette he made his appearance in it, and being announced as the coach-maker he was introduced.

Mrs. L-b-t was greatly astonished when she was informed that the brilliant carriage at the door was her's. Her amazement increased at being informed that it was ordered by Count D'Artois, as she *declared* she had never spoken to his Highness in her life, though she must acknowledge it
was

was an honour she could have wished for, as she was informed he was one of the most polite and accomplished gentlemen in France."

"You are mistaken, Madam, said the Prince, I have just had that felicity which surpasses all honour; when throwing off his great coat he discovered his star; and Mrs. L-b-t soon recognized his features. Thus taken by surprize, the Count flung himself at her feet, and intreated her to accept of the carriage. His importunities were so polite and persuasive, that she by degrees consented, and the next day she shone the meteor of all Paris, as this present was accompanied by several others, which enabled her to out-sparkle the most brilliant toast at the opera.

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L

Finding

Finding the Count so extremely generous, and so completely to her mind, we may, without the aid of foresight, suggest, that he soon supplied the place of the discarded captain.

This intrigue was carried on for some week at Minionette's apartments, without the world's having any suspicion of it, as both the parties repaired thither constantly in disguise, and the duenna was so skilful in her operations, that the landlady of the house was an intire stranger to any amour being carried on under her roof.

All Paris, however, were thunderstruck at seeing Mrs. L-b-t on a sudden make so dazzling a figure, after having remained in obscurity for several weeks. She appeared at all public places, and gave the *ton*; for being
a very

a very fine woman, tall and elegant, in her prime, and an Englishwoman, she introduced many English fashions, which appearing so uncommonly becoming on her, and every woman fancying she can look as well as another, if dressed the same, the Parisian ladies, in their dishabille, appeared in the Thuilleries and Palais Royal as if they were walking in St. James's Park.

We may suppose, that whilst Minionette was performing these good offices for Mrs. L-b-t, she did not entirely forget herself. No, she had soon after her coming to Paris had an intrigue with a Musqueteer, who was a reputed petticoat pensioner; he therefore, never dilated his purse-strings in behalf of the fair sex, as he, on the contrary, thought, as being a very fine

L 2

fellow

fellow, and an admired *cicisbio*, that the ladies *pin-money* was *pin-money* for him. Upon this principle he never made Minionette but trifling presents of baubles and trinkets of no intrinsic value, thinking that by presenting her his dear self, she was sufficiently honoured, and that *love for love* was the greatest barter he could possibly make.

Although Minionette had a *penchant* for Monsieur *Poussébien*, she was not quite of so disinterested a disposition, as to think that her charms were not deserving of more solid tributes than transitory blifs. She resolved, therefore, to play a double game the first opportunity that offered, which was not far distant.

Monsieur Du———l, Count Artois's private secretary, frequently attended
him

him upon his amorous parties, as his Highness could place the greatest confidence in his secrecy and attachment. Whilst his Highness was amusing himself with Mrs. L-b-t in the bed-chamber, he frequently entered into very agreeable *tete-a-tetes* with Minionette in the drawing-room, and the sofa often bore testimony of, and supported such amorous scenes, as can better be imagined than described. Mr. Du——l had not, however, the abilities of pleasing like the athletic M. Poussieben: but he gratified her in another respect, much more to her advantage. He made her some valuable presents, and gave her several pecuniary testimonies, which did not a little gratify her avarice, which seemed to be her predominant passion. She, therefore, judiciously settled her

L 3

amorous

amorous system upon a two-fold basis
—Du——l for profit; Pouffebien for
pleasure.

Such was the train of affairs, when
Minionette's natural itch for pilfering
could not be suppressed; it appeared
to be inherent in her; for at a time
that she might be said literally to roll
in money, she could not resist the
temptation of making free with
Du——l's gold repeating watch set
with jewels of considerable value. He
discovered the theft, and was so en-
raged at her perfidy and ingratitude,
that he resolved to punish her in the
most exemplary manner, had she not
made her escape from Paris *a la Sour-
dine*.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

Minionette returns to England—Is robbed upon the road, and reduced to great distress—Advertises for a tutor-essè's place in a boarding-school, and is accordingly engaged—Her insidious arts of debauching the morals of the young ladies, by which several were enticed to follow such practices as nearly proved fatal to them—Is detected in her proceedings, turned away, and soon found in the greatest necessity—Her connexion with a jolly Jack Tar.

MINIONETTE judged it prudent to return to England, thinking she had made as good an harvest as had been in her power on the Continent. We accordingly a few days after the late discovery find her at Ostend, ready to embark for England.

She

She now solaced herself, that with the money she had raised in her different pursuits, she should be perfectly at ease, and enabled to pass the remainder of her days quite comfortably: but alas! how vain, how futile are all our mundane prospects. The future elysium she had just been depicting to herself, in a few moments changed into the regions of Pluto.

Her chaise had not got many miles on this side Canterbury, than she had a tale of woe to relate, very different from those tales which are usually ascribed to that vicinity. Attacked by two highwaymen, she was robbed of all her valuable effects, including the watch she had purloined from Count D'Artois's secretary. Had the robbers been acquainted with the means that had been
used

used to obtain in great part this itinerant treasure, they might with some degree of propriety have stiled it *Lex Talionis*; notwithstanding their ignorance in this respect, they thought their only crime was that of being stimulated by poverty, to make free with another's property richer than themselves.

Upon Minionette's arrival in London, she was involved in the greatest perplexity to know what course to pursue. On reading the Daily Advertiser, and observing that a governess was wanted for a genteel boarding-school near town, she resolved to offer herself; and giving some testimonials of her being just arrived from Paris, the mistress immediately engaged her at a handsome salary.

Thus situated, she might have
thought

thought herself very easy and comfortable, if ambition, true or false, had not invariably fired her breast. She found in this female seminary, several young ladies of family and fortune under her tuition, just at that **critical** time of life, when the passions begin to actuate the female breast: and Minionette resolved to turn this circumstance to her advantage.

Notwithstanding the highwaymen had robbed her of all the cash, notes, and jewels that were in her possession, they had left her several books and toys, which they judged were of no intrinsic value. Amongst these were several copies of a book well known in Paris, and not entirely unknown in London, called "*Bijoux indiscrets*," and as she was not a mere theoretical professor in the art which these books
treated

treated upon, she was in possession of several of the “very indiscreet toys” which they recommended.

The young ladies bought both the books and toys with avidity, and she was upon the point of writing abroad for a fresh cargo of each commodity, when an unlucky adventure frustrated her design, and destroyed all her future hopes in that immaculate seminary.

Miss R— and Miss P—, who were somewhat older than the rest of the scholars, had for some time laid their heads together, to realize those imaginary joys, which the *Bijoux indiscrets*, had only tickled their fancies with. They were in possession of the *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, and had often read them with delight upon retiring to rest; particularly that passage, where the nosegay boy is exhibited

bited in such lively, feeling, and glowing colours. It is true, that the indiscreet toys had ere now often supplied their place—but they sighed, panted; incessantly panted for the reality.

Having, as we said, laid their heads together, a thought suggested itself to Miss P—, that though they had no Nofegay-boy at hand, the gardener's lad, who was a fine comely youth, about nineteen, might very well supply his place; and there was some reason to think he was qualified to be the living representative of Priapus, the God of the Gardens.

It was accordingly resolved, that the greatest secrecy should prevail, and that whilst the rest of the young ladies were amusing themselves with Priapus's effigy, they would fold the Deity's proxy in their arms.

The

The next day Miss R— took an opportunity of walking in the garden, whilst young Sylvanus was watering his plants: after some conversation, he presented her with a bouquet, and she returned the compliment with a guinea; at the same time slipping a billet into his hand, signifying that the chamber window would be open at twelve that night. Sylvanus was not so ignorant as to misconstrue the meaning of this assignation; and, at the hour appointed he mounted his ladder, and entered the seat of bliss.

He stript, and lay between the semi-vestals, turning alternately to each, when
 Bodies mingling, sexes blending,
 Who should most be lost contending.
 proved a very different gratification from what the virgins had hitherto received from Minionette's mere *passo tempos*.

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M

The

The amorous business continued for several weeks, during which time Priapus so successfully, or unsuccessfully, as it eventually proved, he planted his seed, that both Miss R— and Miss P— proved pregnant.

There is a curiosity implanted in the female breast, that far surpasses any thing which stimulates ours. The appendages of the young ladies apparel were examined in the most scrupulous manner, and such interrogatories put to them as would make even an Irish Smock blush. In a word the feats of love were suspected, and an ample discovery ensued, with a *development* of the machinations and manœuvres of Minionette. The consequence was, she was turned a-drift, and poor Sylvanus sent for a soldier.

We

We are happy, however, to find that this complicated *faux pas*, was not attended with any disagreeable consequences to the young ladies: for that great and skilful Esculapius, the abortive Doctor D—y being called in, by his assistance and abilities, neither of their *bellies* rose in judgment against them; and we have the farther pleasure to add, from undoubted authority, that a treatise of marriage is on the *tapis* between Miss R— and a certain rich north country Baronet; and that Miss P— is pricked down to be appointed Maid of honour upon the first vacancy.

Remerciée in this manner, Minionette had a new plan to chalk out, and she soon found it necessary to patrol the streets: but as she took up this *vocation* during the long *vacation*, she found her wardrobe gradually diminish. In

fine, she was at length reduced to vend her Irish Smock, that had bore witness of her various vicissitudes of fortune for a considerable time.

It was with pungent sorrow and affliction, she parted with her trusty and well beloved servant, who had proved herself faithful and constantly attached upon every occasion. But dire necessity urged the deed: and she accordingly repaired to Rag Fair, to dispose of me, gentle Reader, your devoted slave to sink into obscurity—not without hopes, however, of emerging from my present cloud, and like *Sol* appear again with greater radiance.

Whilst the unfortunate Minionette was thus vending me, a jolly Jack Tar, just returned from a cruise, with his pocket lined with shiners, came to purchase a ruffled shirt—they retired

red together; but what became of them afterwards I cannot at present tell.

C H A P. XIX.

Curious anecdotes of the celebrated Mrs.

N——n; in which are displayed many whimsical situations, and unexpected gratifications,—Her man Thomas's good fortune interrupted by a certain son of Thespis.—Succeeds him in his principal character—Fatal effects of her coachman's good luck, &c. &c.

IT is time now to look after the Nankeen Breeches, which ere this had been transferred through the agency of a long bearded Levite, under the description of an old clothes man, to little Isaac, Mrs. N——n's foot-

M 3

for

for be it remarked—though he was nick-named *little Isaac*, from that character in the *Duenna*; he was a lad of considerable parts as well as penetration, as the sequel will clearly evince.

The public history of Mrs. N—n is so well known, that it would be impertinent here to dwell upon it; but there are some private anecdotes concerning this Lady, as well as the celebrated Lady W—r—y, which have not transpired, that will, doubtless, prove agreeable and satisfactory to the curious reader.

It has doubtless appeared somewhat extraordinary upon her trial, that Thomas C—pe, her coachman, should rank amongst the list of her paramours, before and after she made experiment of Oxonians; actors, who
played

played perfectly well and entirely to her satisfaction, as well as squires and men of rank; but the cause of this intimacy is still to be revealed, for though her man Thomas could *cope* with most women, let their *calibres* be what they might, he would not have had the effrontery to have attacked his mistress, had not a whimsical circumstance occurred that favoured the attempt and accomplished his design.

Mr. B—— the actor had made an appointment with her that day precisely at one o'clock; but one of the Bath managers calling upon him, they discoursed so long upon the theatrical matters, that Mrs. N——n began to be out of all patience, and with deep philosophical research, like her namesake, Sir Isaac, she was meditating
the

the discovery of a new prism. She threw up her chamber-window, and leaning out, observed Thomas and Isaac in conversation. Isaac, like his great predecessor of the same name, she judged was in possession of a very valuable prism; but notwithstanding many indirect overtures she had made him, to examine it, he had hitherto, either through bashfulness, or for want of more explicit declarations, constantly concealed it.

The subject of Thomas and Isaac's conversation at this juncture was as whimsical as their mistress's reveries: said Isaac, "Tom, now is your time, if you have a mind to make a bold push—she has been this hour impatiently waiting for the actor, and I am positive you can supply his place entirely to my Lady's satisfaction—for,
poor

poor gentleman, she has made him rehearse so often, that his pipe is almost fore." Tom took the hint, and being in a complete mettlesome mood, crept up stairs, Mrs. N——n still leaning out of the window, and cogitating upon nothing but natural philosophy, and the powerful effects of a well applied *prism*. Having entered the chamber unperceived, and shut the door, he boldly made an assault *a la Levrette*. Mrs. N———n was not insensible or displeas'd at this unexpected attack, which far surpass'd what she expected.

After the second lounge, she cried in extasy, "Heavens! who is that?" "Only your man Thomas," replied the coachman, "Oh, very well," resumed Mrs. N———n, "drive on coachman! drive on as fast as you please;
you

you are as good a whipper in as you are a driver."

At this very critical period Mr. B—tt entered, and suprised Thomas in his last *coup d'essai*. He shrunk and retired.—“Heavens! Madam,” said the hero of the boards—“What do I see!”

“Oh!” replied Mrs. N—, with great *sang froid*, for she was pretty cool by this time; “Is it you, you keep your engagements very punctually—if you do not play your part better upon the dramatic stage, than that of gallantry, I do not wonder you stand so much in need of a prompter?”—“I find, Madam,” he replied, with some warmth, “You stand in need of no prompter—but a stallion; and if you cannot get him, as you must have

have something out of the stable, you put up with the coachman!"

"You seem warm Mr. B——, he was only your *locum tenens*, and no bad one, I can assure you."

"I believe not, from what I could perceive, when your tenant was ejected, unable any longer to pay the window-tax." Saying this, he turned upon his heel, and left her to her own meditation, which soon concentrated in these resolutions. Thomas shall be put upon a better establishment—he must be paid for ordinaries and extraordinaries, for he cannot perform double duty without receiving a double salary; besides, it will be necessary that the cook receive intimation, that strong soups and viper broth be prepared for this industrious driver.

Mrs.

Mrs. N—n having ratified these resolutions *nem. con.* in her own breast, she rang for Thomas, who immediately made his appearance, when she presented him with five guineas, as a specimen of her future generosity for his expected good services.

Tom having received this testimony of his mistress's benevolence, he repaired to the kitchen, and acquainted little Isaac with his good fortune, and his perspective views; at the same time insisted upon treating him with a bowl of punch for the lucky hint he had given him; nay, in the fulness of his glee, and the expansion of his heart, he offered *little Isaac* a moiety of his amorous perquisites, but the youth with his usual modesty refused it; however, as he had not yet paid Abraham for his nankeen breeches,
and

and he was to call the next morning ; he was persuaded to accept of half-a-guinea, to liquidate the demand of the Levite.

Thomas having succeeded Mr. B—tt in his most capital as well as lucrative character, it was necessary for him often to exhibit ; but in this personification it unfortunately happens that practice diminishes powers and abilities, and the more a performer represents a practical lover's part, the less capable he is of approving himself a Roscius on the Cyprian boards. Never was this observation more completely verified than in the case of poor Thomas, who though he had hitherto been able to *Cope* with all the sex, found a N—n insatiable ; her amorous researches were like Sir Isaac's astronomical ones, extended from pole to pole, and like his still ungratified,

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still

still excited by inexhaustible curiosity
—at least.

In fine, after a few weeks had elapsed from the time that Thomas had entered up nis new vocation, he became in a declining state—strong soups and viper broth lost their efficacy; and from a stout bodied coachman, thus embodied, he was emaciated, and reduced to a mere skeleton. No handkerchiefs was now thrown as the signal for rapture—No little stones *flung*, in hopes of having them returned with great ones. Vide Trial, p. 11, 12.

In this dilemma what could Mrs. N—n do? B—ggs and B—tt had been discharged as worn out in the service. Thomas was now an invalid, and where must she look for solace, in so desperate a situation? A happy thought struck her, whilst her head lay ruminating upon her pillow,

to

pathetic with respect to all that regarded the amorous passion, that they appeared to feel and see with the same organs; as the following billet from Lady W—y to Mrs. N—n, which the latter had just received will evince.

Lady W—y to Mrs. N—n.

“ The Captain acquitted himself last night tolerably well, owing, I believe, to an extraordinary dose of cantharides, which I administered without his knowledge in a glass of Champagne;—I shall administer a larger to-night, in hopes he will *discharge* his obligations in proportion; all my fear is, I shall find him in the morning like Gen. Armiger: In that case, if he is cut away from me, it cannot be near so bad as *Cæsarian* operation, I shall renew
my

my acquaintance with Lord D—h—t, who, tho' blind as love, seemed so greatly enamoured with me in our last *tete-a-tete* (some people for the double entendre may reverse it) that I think he was Cupid himself. Hower, if you have a supernumerary collection of *chers amis*; you may transfer them to me, though they do not rise superior to a coachman who drives with a footman, and understands his paces, or a postillion who mounts *secundem artem*. *Auresse*, I leave it to you.

Your's,

W—y.

Mrs. N—n had been ruminating upon this letter which she had just received from Lady W—y; and the idea of Lord D—h—t being so well qualified to afford delight, struck her

N 3

fancy

fancy very forcibly, and she began to form various projects for supplanting her Ladyship with her noble gallant. Tom the coachman was worn out in the service, and though she had, ere now seduced little Isaac to her arms, he played his game so cunningly for fear of meeting with a similar fate to his fellow-servant, that his mistress was not satisfied with his performances. Besides Mrs. N—n's pride was somewhat roused at the thought of having an intrigue with a nobleman, who had so eminently distinguished himself in the annals of gallantry.

Scarcely had she come to the final resolution of leaving no stone unturned to be happy in the embrace of Lord D—h—t, than Mrs. Lustring, her mantua-maker, was announced. Mrs. N—n was then sipping her chocolate
in

in bed, and she gave Mrs. Lustring an audience in that situation; after chocolate had been served to the worthy matron, and her spirits had been recruited by a cordial, she began to open her budget of scandal; gave an account of the different intrigues that were carried on at her house, which she declared was the most secret rendezvous for *tete-a-tete* parties of any in town, and concluded that Lord D—h—t was to meet Lady W—y there to-morrow evening by appointment.

Nothing could have been more grateful to the ears of Mrs. N—n than this information. My dear Mrs. Lustring, said she, pray take another drop of cordial, as it has done you great good, and much enlivened your spirits this cold morning. Mrs. N—n thus developed

developed the secret to her, of having resolved to supplant Lady W—y with Lord D—t; and that if Mrs. Lustring would afford her what assistance she could to carry the plan into execution, she would consider her as the best friend she had in the world, and should never think herself able to acquit the obligation.

The good Lady now inquired in what manner she could be effected. “Why,” resumed N—n, “let me personate Lady W—y to-morrow, my voice is not unlike hers, and I have the vanity to think I can afford his Lordship equal satisfaction to her Ladyship.” Mrs. Lustring hesitated a moment, and then said, “but, Madam, my honour, and the reputation of my house are at stake?” Nevertheless Mrs. N—n having applied a proper *douceur*;

douceur; Mrs. Lustring at length consented.

The only obstacle that now occurred to Mrs. N--n for the completion of her project, was the danger of meeting my Lady face to face at the time and place of rendezvous. However, after some minutes meditation, she resolved upon the following scheme: As Lady W--y had often signified to Mrs. N--n that she thought Isaac a fine young fellow, and that she envied her happiness in being possessed of such a lacquey; she resolved to send him with a billet, in answer to Lady W--y's last and to intimate that Isaac was much at her service, if she could prevail upon him to come to action. Accordingly the next day Mrs. N--n penned the following laconic epistle:

“ My

“ My dear Lady,

“ Your ideas of gratification charm me—Yet I tremble for the poor Captain, desist from administering *cantbarides*—give him a furlow, as I have with this sent him a substitute ; train him to your fancy, and make the best use you can of him. At present he is somewhat aukward in wielding his spontoon, but a little more practice and your Ladyship’s tuition, will, methinks, enable him to go through his exercise to your satisfaction.

I cannot conclude, my good lady, without repeating I admire your sentiments, they are so congenial with my own ; therefore,

Indulge, and to your Genius freely
give,

For not to live as ease—it not to live.

Yours affectionately,

(*Au revoir.*) N—n.

Having sealed this billet, she dispatched Isaac with it at half past five in the afternoon, half an hour before the time of appointment with Lord D—t. No sooner had Isaac entered her apartment, and she had perused the letter, than she began to view the bearer very attentively. Isaac appeared more amiable and desirable in her ladyship's eyes than ever. Her passion began to operate in its full force. "Come nearer, said she, Isaac, you are not afraid of a woman, or you would not have lived so long with your mistress—you have a well turned leg and thigh, and those breeches display the manly contour of your limbs amazingly. Saying this, she stroked his Nankeen Breeches in such a manner, that poor Isaac lost two of his

his

his front buttons which were forced off in despite of his teeth.

Such an exhibition now presented itself, that Lady W—y could no longer subdue her rage for gratification; and as he had made no efforts to seize the opportunity that presented itself, she resolved it should not be lost. She with dexterity threw him upon his back on the sofa, mounted, and like another St. George, subdued the dragon, which had thus irritated her.

Isaac having surmounted all his fears of offending, and being presented with a refreshing glass of Madeira, his spirits and abilities were soon exhilarated and restored, and her ladyship was so perfectly satisfied with her own feats of horsemanship, which, in her opinion, far surpassed either Astley's or Hughes's that minutes and hours glided on imperceptibly

perceptibly; and it was near nine o'clock before she recollected her appointment with Lord D—h—t. She was at first somewhat mortified at having disappointed his Lordship; but she solaced herself with the reflection, that her time had not been mispent, and that his lordship probably could not have afforded her so much gratification, as little Isaac had done.

We had like to have omitted, that in the intervals of Lady W—y and Isaac's amorous dalliance, he entertained her with several anecdotes concerning Mrs. N—n, which her Ladyship was before unacquainted with; particularly the circumstance of Mrs. N—'s putting a paper into his watch case, (as mentioned in the Trial, vol. I. p. 4.) with this inscription in it.

Little Isaac, when'er your watch doth stand,
Remember always, I am near at hand.

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CHAP.

C H A P. XXI.

Mrs. N—n's interview with Lord D—t; the ample revenge she took upon Lady W—y,—reveals the secret to his Lordship, which greatly irritates him against Lady W—y.—An extraordinary adventure at Mrs. L—g's, —a female combat, accompanied with black eyes not natural, &c. &c. &c.

WHILST Lady W—y was thus amusing herself with Isaac, Mrs. Nn was not entirely idle at Mrs. Lustring's: she took ample revenge upon her ladyship, in the arms of Lord D—h—t.

His Lordship being introduced to Mrs. N—n as Lady W—y, he no sooner seized her hand, than without giving her time to speak, he almost devoured

devoured her with kisses, when repairing to the bed-chamber, not waiting for the tedious operation of undressing, he rushed upon the seat of bliss, and manifested his vigour by twice beating to arms, without making the least retreat.

Mrs. N— now received many compliments from his Lordship, on the great improvement her person had received since their last interview, and declared if he had not had a prior acquaintance with her, he should have fancied he had actually been the first happy man who had loosed the vestal zone.

This compliment, though it will appear a little *outré*, when addressed to Mrs. N—n, may, in some measure, be imputed to his Lordship's real sentiments, as Mrs. N—n never had but

one child, which had been smuggled into the world; whereas lady W—y had been the mother of several. After this intimation, we shall leave the intelligent reader to draw his own conclusions from the premises.

Mrs. N—n triumphed in the comparison, and her vanity would not suffer her any longer to conceal the imposition she had put upon his lordship. She revealed the whole scene, when Lord D—, in a fit of picque and resentment at Lady W—y's inattention to her appointment, swore he would never speak to her again; then clasping Mrs. N—n in his arms, and repeating those joys she had already so amply experienced, swore he would from that moment transfer all the regard and affection he had heretofore entertained for Lady W—y, to Mrs. N—n.

Lady

Lady W —y sent to enquire that evening, whether Lord D—t had been at Mrs. Lustring's; when learning that he had been punctual to a moment, according to his appointment, she penned the next morning an apologetic card, for not having been able to wait upon him, having been suddenly taken ill; but, her heart, her life, her soul, had attended him though unseen. His lordship treated this card with the contempt it merited, by returning no other answer than the billet itself. This treatment greatly nettled lady W—y's pride, and excited her resentment, resolving to have an interview with Isaac at Mrs. Lustring's, dressing him in a suit of Capt. B—t's cloaths, in order to excite, if possible, his Lordship's jealousy.

He was sent that very morning with a complimentary card to Lady W—y from Mrs. N——n, to enquire after her Ladyship's health, and to know in what manner the Captain's substitute had acquitted himself. Lady W. immediately imparted her scheme to Isaac, after having hired him for her valet, and agreed to give him double the wages he received from Mrs. N. He was pleased with the conceit of appearing in the character of a gentleman, which his vanity and ambition had often inspired him to believe he should one day figure in as his proper station.

It happened that Lord D——t, and Mrs. N—— had made an appointment that very evening at Mrs. Lustring's, and by some mistake the worthy duenna being unacquainted with

with the *denouement*, Mrs. N——n had made to his Lordship, and the merited resentment he had testified against Lady W——y, in consequence of the slighting manner she had treated him, introduced her, as usual, to Lord D——; and soon after Isaac was ushered to Mrs. N—— as Captain Wilson.

The surprize was equal on both sides, and Mrs. N—— finding Lady W—— was in the house, and actually in company with Lord D——; she rushed into the room where they were, and found them not in a state of amorous dalliance, but of mutual reproach and recrimination. Mrs. N——n was, nevertheless, so enraged at thinking Lady W——y had planned this scheme to rival her with Lord D——, that she flew at her Ladyship, pulled
off

off her cap and threw it into the fire: Lady W—y resented this affront in the same manner she had received it; and both their head-dresses now blazed, whilst the female gladiators disposed of two black eyes to each other before they were parted.

At length an explanation took place, and Lady W—y judged it prudent to beat a retreat, and leave Mrs. N— in possession of his Lordship.

Mrs. Lustring now made grievous complaints at this uproar, which had brought a crowd about the door, and Lord D—— to appease the hostess, made her a compliment of a bank note. Mrs. Lustring, with seeming reluctance, accepted it, and having given the populace a crown to drink, they soon dispersed, and the neighbourhood

bourhood recovered its usual tranquillity.

Notwithstanding the hostilities that had occurred at Mrs. Lustring's between the two champions, they met two days after, and "so congenial were their ideas, upon all matters that related to sensuality, and unlimited gratification," that they were then perfectly reconciled, and all animosity whatever subsided, and made way for an agreeable chit-chat, which we shall present our readers with in a succeeding chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXI.

On rapes and rapeseed.—Miss Penelope Prue's resolution of being positively ravished.—Mrs. Prue's soliloquy upon the occasion.—A case in point determined by the Doctors of the Sorbonne. Thoughts on rapes in general. Queen Elizabeth's curious and judicious determination upon the occasion.

MISS Penelope Prue, aged thirteen years and three months, reads the news-papers, besides novels, and still more—luscious trials. She has entered upon the Sessions-Paper for the trial of a rape sworn against a man who got a woman with twins; when the judges upon the bench thought some occurrences might arise
rather

rather too indelicate for a chaste ear, and advised the ladies to retire; but Lady Gros— spoke from the gallery, and said, “ she would take her chance.”

“ Lord, Mamma, said Miss, what a pretty thing a rape must be; I long to be ravished; it is so comical—pray, Mamma, was you ever ravished? Ravished child! you astonish me! I do not know rightly what you mean— Yes, I have been ravished by Guadagni, and Giardini; but I never brought them to trial at the Old Bailey—I tried them another way, their shakes were so thrilling and so enchanting.”

“ Well, Mamma, if that is the case, I am resolved to be ravished, let the consequences be what they will.”

Why, child, you certainly do not understand me yet—I mean I was ravished

vished

vished with music—semi quavers, in alto.”

“ Well, said Miss Prue, still resolving to be ravished, “ Doctor A—, my musick master shall ravish me; I know he has a fine finger at a hard bar, and he shall do it in alto.”

“ Prythee, child, mind what you say; your ignorance and youth will not protect you from the wicked designs of designing men, whether music masters or not, who have more strings to their bow than one.”

“ Child! ignorance! and youth! I do not understand you, Mamma—I am not such a child, nor so ignorant, nor so young, but what I am old enough to be ravished—and ravished I will be.”

Runs

Ran off with the Sessions-paper, which opened of itself with the leaves much foiled at the rape.

Mrs. Prue being alone, entered into a kind of soliloquy with herself—this girl of mine is very forward; and tho' she was baptised Penelope, I do not think she has an ounce more nun's flesh about her than I have; and I remember very well parson Tallboy got my virginity, before I was her age. I really believe she has been got with rape-feed, for I pretended to be ravished the first night I was married, to prevent my husband detecting I had lost my virginity.



A case in point, determined by the Doctors of the Sorbonne.

(C O P Y.)

“ Diane Bellesfesses, wife of Louis Jean Priape Bonvit, of Cul de Sac Notre Dame, deposeth and maketh oath, that on the 23d day of January, 1736, in the morning, the said Louis Jean Priape Bonvit, did carnally and forcibly enter the body of the said Diane Bellesfesses, she being then fast asleep, against her will and inclination; and dreaming she was at confession to her holy father Atoutfaire: and this deponent prayeth such relief, as to this learned body may seem meet; being further apprehensive that she is now pregnant, as her holy father and spiritual confessor hath from the goodness of his disposition, and the great regard he hath for her bodily and future welfare,

fare,

fare, informed her, that it will be of the most imminent danger to her salvation here and hereafter, to become pregnant out of the pale of the church.

(Signed)

DIANE BELLESFESSES.

“ The learned doctors of the Sorbonne having taken this extraordinary case into consideration, together with the respondent’s defence, setting forth,

“ That the respondent Louis Jean Priape Bonvit, hath been married according to the rites of our holy church for upwards of a twelvemonth to Diane Bellesfesses Bonvit, and that though he took every possible opportunity to obtain consummation under some frivolous pretence or other; the said Diane Bellesfesses have evaded, eluded, and disappointed the said Bon Vit. Sometimes pretending it was Friday,

P 2.

or

or a Fast-day, or that she had been communing with her holy father *A-tout faire*, and it was incompatible with her confessional day. In fine, under these and similar pretences, the respondent was at length compelled to avail himself of a stratagem to obtain his just connubial dues and rights of the marriage-bed; therefore, hopes the learned and impartial doctors of the Sorbonne will determine, as in their great wisdom and judgment shall seem meet."

The determination of the doctors of the Sorbonne:—"Having taken the appellant and respondent's representations into due and mature consideration, as so important, interesting, and critical a case requires; we do resolve that the respondent Louis Jean Priape Benvit is not guilty of a rape, *prima facie*,

facie, upon *Diane Bellesfesses*, the said 28th day of January, 1739, neither being a Fast-day, nor she having been within four-and-twenty hours at confession with her holy and spiritual father Autoutfaire. Moreover, there is an error in dating her appeal from the *Cul de Sac Notre Dame*; as upon the strictest enquiry we have been able to make, she is an inmate of the "Carrefour des quatre Cheminées."

(L. S.)

SOUSSIGNE,

GALLIARD, *Suntaire*."

Being upon the subject of rapes, we cannot help giving it as our opinion, that it is almost impracticable for one man, without the aid of others, to commit a rape literally, and *bona fide* upon a woman who has attained the age of maturity. Women are not such novices as to be forced into blifs

P 3

contrary

contrary to their inclination ; a bolster or a pillow, properly applied, has often circumvented the attacks of the boldest assailant ; and Queen Elizabeth long since sanctified this doctrine upon a similar occasion, which we think carries with it as much weight and sound reasoning, as the determination of the learned Doctors of the Sorbonne—

When the recorder made his report to that sapient Queen, of a young lad's having committed a rape upon a woman almost old enough to be his mother, and who was what is commonly stiled, in the strand dialect, a First-rate, and who like our modern first-rates, was little better than a street-walker ; she told the Recorder to draw his sword and give her the sheath, when waving it about, she bid him re-sheath his sword, which he in vain attempted.

attempted.—“As well might you,”
said she, “commit a rape upon me—
who am a perfect Virgin.”*

C H A P. XXIII.

*Anticipation anticipated; or, a bold
stroke for being a Senatorial Orator
in St. Stephen's—The Budget opened
by Little Isaac, and many new Taxes
proposed.*

IS A A C was still in possession of the
Captain's clothes, and wore them
as often as he conveniently could with-
out detection. He was not a little
vain of his person, and as Mrs. N—
had pronounced he was an impudent

* The province of *Virginia* which was settled
in her reign, derived its name from her *imma-
culate celibacy*.—The Earl of *Essex*, &c. &c.
were then forgot.

fellow,

fellow, and she loved an impudent fellow, (see the Trial, Vol. I. p. 21.)* he was impudent enough to think he was a clever fellow; nay, his vanity, or ambition, or what you will, carried him so far as to think he was at least an under graduate in the line of gentility, he might make some figure as a senator in a certain chapel. He had found that Sir Francis Wronghead had said *Aye*, when we should have

* Though this asseveration may seem in some degree to militate against the contour of the general Character of Little Isaac; in order to reconcile this apparent contradiction, we think it necessary to remind the reader of the syllogistic manner of Orator Henly, of paradoxical memory, proving himself the most modest man alive. "My worthy brethren," said the Orator, "every man is born with an equal share of impudence, and as I have made the most use of mine of any man breathing --- Consequently (*Ergo*) I have the least left, and therefore am the most modest man alive."

said

said *Nay*, and that was all he could say. Pimps and parasites had said nothing, and pseudo Patriots had been muzzled from the time they had obtained their ultimatum. Let me, said little Isaac, try a speech, and I will upon this occasion, suppose myself the Premier opening the budget.

“ It is with the most pungent sorrow, I rise upon this occasion to propose new Taxes at a time that I am too sensible the people in general groan under their present burthen; but the necessity of the times demand it; and in order to obtain an honourable peace, which I hope is not far distant, we must prosecute the war with vigour. I flatter myself, however, that the new Taxes I shall propose, will be found as little oppressive as possible to the poor and industrious, the indigent and laborious :

borious: I shall, therefore, without farther preface, give you the heads of such imposts as will be scarcely felt by any, but the rich and dissipated, the extravagant, luxurious, and ridiculous, part of the community."

The first Tax I shall propose, is one upon horses and asses of all professions and denominations, the latter part of this Tax I estimate at 2/. each, 500,000/. as mules are included.

The second is upon dogs and puppies of every species, whether they walk upon four or two legs, as is often the case, no legs at all. This I compute at 5/. each 200,000/. as the Italian greyhounds so much in esteem with the ladies as lap-dogs, being eunuchs and exotics, are to pay double.

The third is upon wh—es of quality, who have not been *fairly entered*.

or taken up their freedom, but like hawkers and pedlars hurt the fair trader, without keeping an open shop. This is supposed, upon the most moderate computation at only 20l. a head or tail, at 300,000/.

On horned cattle, out of Smithfield, whether cornuted with or without their consent, this tax at 5l. a head, will amount to 1,000,000l. annually at least.

Riding masters, and petticoat pensioners naturally succeed, and as they are paid out of the ladies pin money, we may put them down at 10l. each without mulcting them arbitrarily.— This is estimated at 200,000l.

The next is on quacks, political and medicinal, who swarm about this Metropolis, and are certainly fair game, as they impose upon all the world if they are able, they cannot think themselves
 imposed

imposed upon to contribute 20l. a year to be allowed continuing their impositions and deceptions, total 300,000l.

The article of *paint* will properly be introduced here, as the ladies endeavour to impose upon us with false faces, I think they should *prima facia* pay for their borrowed complexions; but not to hurt their delicacy, by an exciseman or tax-gatherer *gauging* the *depth* of their fictitious beauty, this tax should be laid on at the fountain-head, and the perfumers and dealers in cosmetics, rouge, pearl powder and blue veins, should deliver in upon oath every month an account of their stock in trade of charms, and take out a licence for vending of beauty, wholesale and retail. It is computed there are at least 50,000 perfumers in England, who at only 20l. *per annum* for
their

their licence, will produce a million of money.

I have laid aside my intention of taxing maids, as I am apprehensive this impost would be so inconsiderable as scarcely to pay for its collecting.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding I am myself a bachelor, I shall lay a pretty heavy impost upon male celibacy, as I think a man had better, as times go, pay nineteen shillings in the pound, than be married; but I only fix it at five shillings, 400,000*l.*

This naturally leads to a tax upon duennas, lady abbeffes, procureffes, intriguing chamber-maids, milleners, and mantua-makers. When little Isaac had got thus far indilating his budget, he was taken with such a violent fit of coughing, that he was obliged to end it very abruptly.

VOL. I.

Q C H A P.

C H A P. XXIV ;

Or, the chapter of divorces, anecdotes and Histoires ; with the outline of the character of Jack Clackit, an original in real and polite life. With a devilish whimsical conclusion of this volume.

LADY W—r—y waited two days after the *fracas* upon Mrs. N—n, and having given vent to a violent fit of laughter, said, “ Law, what two fools we were the other night.” But I am come to tell you I met my *caro sposo* just now, he stoop my chair, and put this billet into my hands. “ My dear girl, as it is impossible to get a divorce, you may as well come and live with me again ; let all that’s past be forgotten, and I promise you upon my word of honour,

nour,

nour, that I will not upbraid you with your conduct; and moreover, will never exhibit you again when naked, and whilst bathing, to any man alive." —what would you have me do, my dear Mrs, N—n?

Lord, my dear Lady, talking of divorces, my hair dresser has just been telling me a whimsical anecdote of Lord D— and D—. H. He says, that after L—d D—y had detected his wife's infidelity with the D. of D. the D. of H. waited upon his Lordship, and intreated him to get a divorce, as the D. of D. had assured him upon his honour, notwithstanding what had happened, he would marry Lady D—y if it were in his power. That Lord D—y, in consequence of this information, wrote a polite billet to the D— of D. and intreated a personal inter-
 Q 2 view,

view, which taking place, his Lordship asked his Grace, if it were true he had declared he would marry Lady D—y, in case he obtained a divorce; to which the Duke replied, upon his honour, in the affirmative; when Lord D—y, swore by G— he would not get a divorce, that he might not give her an opportunity of using another man so ill as she had done him.

This is a whimsical anecdote, I must acknowledge, said Lady W—y; but I cannot approve of his Lordship's sentiments upon this occasion; they border a little upon the Quixotic, and appear to be refined. As to my part, I avow, if I were a man, and found I had been cornuted, I should take uncommon pleasure in the idea, that my rival might stand as good a chance as myself of becoming a cuckold as well

well

well as myself. Surely he could not have imbibed these notions from the A—mst—d or Miss F—n, they would like to have the whole sex upon a level with themselves, that they neither might be laughed at or upbraided. But you have not answered my question; Mrs. N—n, would you advise me to compromise matters with my well beloved husband?

Really, my Lady, it is a question that involves many contingencies in it: for instance, do you think he would wink at your future as well as past infidelities? Do you think by this realliance you would be restored to your former rank and consequence in the polite world?

Very pertinently remarked, indeed, said Lady W—y; I fear he would pretend to be as jealous as ever; and

Q 3

Lord

Lord knows, *variety* is my motto ; I might as well be confined to one cap, as to one man, let them be ever so fashionable, or ever so handsome. Besides, in case he should expect constancy, my late intense studies would be lost, and now that I have arrived at being a complete mistress of all *Aretin's* postures, I should have no opportunity of putting them in practice ; though I have been so ravished with them even in theory. No, I cannot consent, unless he will give me a *carte blanche*. As to your second question, I am pretty well convinced, the hypocritic prudes will never admit me again into what they call the pale of virtue—so that I will e'en continue as I am, and take my chance.

Just as her Ladyship had come to this pious resolution, Jack Clakit was
announced,

announced. Jack is a character pretty well known about this town for his incessant talkativeness; he is the nuisance of most coffee-houses, and the bane of all private societies. He is in every sense the modern Garrulus, who has no pleasure but in hearing his own sweet voice, though he croaks like a ravin; never listens to any answers, though he puts twenty questions; flies from one subject to another, without the least affinity or connection, and may be pronounced a complete rhapsodist. But let Jack speak for himself, as he is so capable.

“ Ladies, your obsequious,—I never thought you would see me alive again, 'sdeath, my lady, I narrowly escaped being frozen last night in the Cambridge fly—but I am scarce unpetrified yet—but I will tell you a droll story I heard from a passenger, which kept

US



us awake, and with the assistance of my flaggon—right Nantz I assure you, preserved me from that sleep of death, “from whose bourn no traveller returns.”—But the story; it is a devilish good one I can assure you, and I believe I shall send it to the papers, or the magazines; for it has never been in print, as you know I read every thing, and can therefore determine this point.

To the point itself. Sir, said the passenger, I am afraid there is something ominous in this Fly; for this very Fly, going down from London to Cambridge a short time since (in just such weather as this, only it snowed most monstrously) with three passengers, consisting of an old Alderman and two lively young ladies; the coachman mistook his way, occasioned by the heavy snow that lay upon the ground,

ground, and got to Rayflow, where they were obliged to remain all night. One of the young ladies, who was the most jocular, and who thought, from their situation and male companionship, their chastity was in no great danger, said, *I think in our present alarming crisis, we should lay aside all punctilio and ceremony, to avoid perishing in such a night of mistake and peril; for my part, I am afraid of being frozen up. Indeed, my dear,* added the other little wanton, *that is dreadful, tho' I may soon be in the same predicament; but I fear our Turncock will be likewise petrified as to be unable to perform his duty upon this occasion.* The Alderman answered with a snore, and left the Tits to enjoy their pleasantries. That was d—n'd good, was it not Lady W—y? —but I must tell you a *bon mot* of my own at breakfast. It was asked what
 were

were the greatest curses in the world, by a very pretty girl, who seemed to be as sportive as either of the frolicksome girls before in the Fly, when they had like to be frozen up. Madam, said I, if you will confine it to Europe, I will give you my opinion. "A Scotchman with his national fiddle, and without nails—a Frenchman without Soup—a Spaniard without Garlic—a Dutchman without herrings—an Irishman without potatoes—and every one without money." D—n'd good, was it not my lady? A general laugh ensued, and I gained more applause than my friend with his frozen canals. But I had like to have forgot to tell you there is to be a very extraordinary auction to-morrow at C—ie's, all the demi-reps and Thais's upon the Ton, are to be put up at auction: Ladies, your names are both
in

in the Catalogue; I have it in my pocket, I shall bid for the Perdita, and if she is knocked down to me, I shall dispose of her at Garraway's by inch of candle; I am sure of selling her to advantage among the Jews; as to the bird of Paradise, she probably may hop the twig to-night, as I saw two bailiffs lurking about her door—the Arm—d will still bring money, if she is put up with her jewels; but I am afraid they are taken to much care of by a near relation in Jermyn-street—curse upon the Blue Balls, they are the ruin of half the fine women about town. As to Dalr—ple and Kit Fred—d, they will be put up in one lot, and probably be knocked down to a Lady Abbess, at prime cost. Barn-ll will fetch her price, and M-re, as an original, will attract the Connoisseurs—with regard to the rest—

With

With regard to the rest, or as the French say, *au reste*, I must, like Jack Clackit, leave them to be knocked down or up, as Mr. C—ie and his auditors may think proper ; for such was the state of the Irish Smock and Nankeen Breeches, when the Printer's Devil came for the copy of this half sheet, informing the Editor, that this Volume was advertised for the next day, and that it was impossible to wait any longer for the manuscript without disappointing the public, who were in eager expectation of seeing so curious and valuable a production.—So, as the devil would have it, he flew away with what was written, and the Editor has not seen it since.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



