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

interspersed with whimsical anecdotes of a Nankeen pair of breeches

Illustrated with some of the most striking and humorous descriptions in high and low life, that fancy can suggest ...

London, 1783

Chap. XIV.

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quainted that she was nominally and with great propriety stiled Mademoiselle C—n à la blaise. The consequence of this amour was still more fatal than *Briden's* loss of his money; for he eventually lost by this engagement the *Briden* of Priapus.

C H A P. XIV.*

Whimsical scenes at an hotel—Anecdotes of Solomon Solomons, Lucy W—lls and Captain Tearall—Strange caprices of Lord Flagellum—A lucky adventure for Captain M'Intosh, in which two ladies upon the haut ton are chief performers.

MANY other whimsical scenes often occurred here.

Solomon Solomons, from St. Mary Axe, having detected Lucy W—lls
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in a close confab. with Captain Tearall, verified his name, and was wise enough to turn her off at a minute's warning, having judiciously repossessed himself of her watch and trinkets, which he had formerly given her, while she was in amorous dalliance, as he perceived, through the keyhole, with the Captain in the bed-chamber. The Captain, who had fixed his mind upon the watch, was greatly disappointed, after he had done double duty, that the reward he had proposed making himself, was marched off, as he found from the maid, with this son of Levy.

The Captain was only upon half pay, cash ran very low, his taylor was very importunate, and Lucy had promised the use of her watch to raise some money upon to tranquilize the

son of the thimble. Tearall had accordingly exerted his abilities, and Lucy acknowledged, she should never like circumcision afterwards, there was so much difference in being gratified in a christian-like manner, and by an unbeliever, who had sacrificed his prepuce to religious principles, and had little left to swear by, much less afford a woman of her amorous disposition, those extatic delights, which she throbb'd after.

The Captain's rage was unbounded at this discovery, and he swore in the most tremendous manner, that what had been left, besides the foreskin, should be *razibus*, the first time he met the caitif infidel.

Solomon having resolv'd never again to visit Lucy, escap'd the Captain's menaces, till the latter was
safely

safely lodged, at the suit of his taylor, in the King's Bench. In the mean time he visited Bob's *hotel*, and placing great confidence in him and Madame Convert, had frequently a *butter'd bun* served up for a *pucelage jamais touché*. Solomon, with all his wisdom, had not judgment enough to penetrate into this mystery—for, as it has been already observed, he was a man of no great penetration. He paid well for his bliss, real or imaginary—the sum was stipulated at Maidenhead prices—the poundage was touched and divided, and little Solomon (not *Isaac*) had the laugh most heartily against him, as he departed, by the three contracting parties.

Lord Flagellum was an excellent cull, but of another description, and disposition: his Lordship thought

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there was more virtue in birch, than in Mrs. Birch herself, of Chapel-street, Soho, or all the valuable simples that ever were culled. He was not nice or delicate in choice: the *em bon points* gained his election, a quick hand, and a readymotion, expressed with strength and energy, had great charms in his opinion. Indeed, they constituted the chief, if not the whole of his idea of amorous delight. Bet Armstrong was his favorite; no woman about the Garden flourished a rod with more dexterity, strength and address, than Bet: she was framed for excellence in this line by nature, and great experience had made her a complete mistress of the art of flogging in all its variegated systems. It is generally believed, that she has whipt more money out of her culls pockets, and
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into her own, than any Thais in King's Place, or the whole parish of Marybone. Indeed, she has amassed so much money by her amazing flourishes, that she has some thoughts of setting up her carriage; and has gone so far as to consult Mademoiselle Convert upon her arms and motto. After some consideration, Mademoiselle thought she should have a spanking birch broom for her crest, a female hand weilding a rod for her arms; and her motto might be, "Voila comme les fots sont fouteux de leur argent." However, upon reflection, Mademoiselle thought it would be more pertinent to introduce *foueté* instead of f—t—eux.

Let it not, however, be believed, that all the customers who frequented this hotel, were as impotent or as ca-

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precious as Solomon or Lord Flageb-lum. Many instances to the contrary might be given. The following recent anecdote may serve as a specimen in this line.

Captain M'Intosh, of the Highland regiment, is a fine tall, robust young fellow; and though a Scotchman, possesses a happy address, and is in a great measure divested of his national prejudices. This gentleman was in the Park a few Sundays since, and was the admiration of every female in that gay promenade; but what made him still more conspicuous, and his *tout en semble* still more attractive, was a fortunate display of his *fine natural parts*, occasioned by the propitious zephyrs wantoning with his short curtain of decency that hung before him instead of breeches—Upon such
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an occasion, even a Nankeen Pair of Breeches, notwithstanding the high estimation we hold them in, were a fool to his wanton curtain, that so propitiously wantoned with every breeze, as to make all the female promenaders mouths water, and those *latent ones* POUT, though undiscovered by the transient spectator. Ladies Bridget Wishfor't, and Diana Lovemore, had the most complete view in profile of the Captain's *tout en semble*. Heavens! said Lady Bridget, what a fine man! Goodness! said Lady Diana, I never saw any *thing* like it. Thus matters passed for the present; but mark the sequel.

Two nights after these very identical ladies were incog. at Covent-Garden, in the two shilling gallery: they were seated in the third row, when
 Captain

Captain M'Intosh made his appearance at the door: he immediately caught both their eyes, which were rivetted upon him all the while he descended. What a glorious *exhibition*: for both ladies--the royal *exhibition* was nothing to it; Sir Joshua's originals, were but copies, daubs, compared to this--pure nature, with all its attractions, was an *exhibition* indeed: truly imperial, and worthy of the Empress of all the Russias.

The Captain descended, displaying all his trophies of love to the greatest advantage, even without the assistance of his propitious breezes, which so peculiarly favoured him in the Park. The ladies immediately separated to make room for him between them. What were their feelings during the representation, words can scarcely express.

This much is certain, they never listened to a line that was uttered, or ever cast a glance upon the stage: their eyes were rivetted upon the Captain, from head to foot; but his plaid curtain chiefly attracted their attention. They complained of *L'Enui* near the close of the play, and their *entertainment* was, agreeable to all of the party, transferred to *L'hotel de Mademoiselle Convert*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

Some striking—no, almost striking alterations between two female candidates for bliss—Polite bickerings, exemplified in the characters of Lady Bridget and Lady Diana—A treaty of pacification is proposed and entered upon, in which the Captain exhibits his pleasing powers to great advantage.

BEING arrived at the hotel, we may naturally suppose that the best supper which could be procured made the necessary prologue to the still more gratifying entertainment. The campaign circulated briskly, the ladies eyes seemed to rival each other in sparkling, ogling, and glancing. Sometimes an ironical sneer passed between the female candidates, and at others a severe inuendo dropt, concerning their