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## **Digitalisierung von Drucken**

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

interspersed with whimsical anecdotes of a Nankeen pair of breeches

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

**London, 1783**

Chap. VIII.

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sponge into her sanctum sanctorum when she goes to bed—the natural moisture of the body will make the sponge expand, consequently dilate the parts—A larger piece of sponge next night, &c.

C H A P. VIII.

*A terrestrial disaster to a Celestial Doctor—  
—A curious dialogue at a certain coffee-house between two great impostors—  
At length a coalition is agreed upon for their mutual advantage, and they retire to settle the preliminaries.*

**M**ISFORTUNES we are told ever attend the righteous, and superior genius and talents are too often subject to the same inconveniencies—Who would have believed that the Celestial Doctor, who seems to command heaven and earth, should find himself a few



few hours after he had emancipated all human beings from the shackles of clerical restraint, and enabled them under the auspices of the Rosy Goddess of Health to spread and multiply, should find himself in durance vile, in Carey-street, under the peculiar care of A—mst—g. But such are the vicissitudes of human nature, that we discover an accident will prevail. However, after sojourning a few days, he found means to extricate himself, and made his re-appearance at the *nominal* Temple of Hymen in Pall Mall, and then made a *nominal* trip to Ireland.

This accident would not have given him such uncommon mortification, had it not been thrown in his teeth by the wonderful Kavenhuller, at a certain coffee-house near the Hay-market.

[A



[*A curious dialogue took place upon this occasion between the Celestial and the Infernal doctor.*]

*Kavenbuller.* I wish you joy, Doctor, to see you once more at large.

*Celestial.* And I wish you joy, most wonderful Sir, that you have not lately been summoned to attend the Court of Conscience, in Air-street, because a gentleman from the other end of the town had forgot to bring the Sun, Moon, and Stars in his pockets, and make an eclipse at noon-day.

*Kavenbuller.* Sir, you are not very polite—You know I am invited by all the crowned heads in Europe to visit their Courts, and exhibit my wonderful wonders wherever I go.

*Celestial.* You are a very lucky man, Mr. Kavenhuller, and no man would seem to understand the art of puffing better than you, if it was not so glaring,  
so



so incredible, so very impossible, that it defeats its own purpose.

*Kavenbulla*. I don't understand you, pray explain your meaning.

*Celestial*. Why, Sir, you find more bank notes, drafts, and purses of money in your room than would set up a banker's shop.

*Kavenbulla*. Well, Sir, and do not I always advertise them, to convince the world of my wonderful honesty, my astonishing probity.

*Celestial*. But what is wonderful, and really astonishing, we never hear of any person, either claiming or recovering his property.

*Kavenbulla*. There my modesty and delicacy prevail—I do not chuse to put any individual to the blush for want of prudence

*Celestial*. Such modesty! such delicacy!



caey! may be pronounced without a parallel.

*Kaven.* Sir,—because you have surmounted all modesty, all delicacy, and nightly put decency to the blush, you think it is not to be met with in Piccadilly, as they have long since taken a lasting farewell in Pall Mall.

*Celest.* Your modesty is truly exemplary; but I fear if it were put up at auction by Christie, it would not produce the fraction of a farthing.

*Kaven.* Do you think I am such a profligate as to sell my modesty—No, Sir, I hold it in too much esteem.

*Celest.* No, Sir, I did not think you could be so barefaced as to pretend vending the smallest scruple of modesty; but I think you are a wholesale dealer



dealer and chapman in impudence, by which you thrive most wonderfully.

*Kaven.* Men envy my good fortune—but two of a trade cannot agree; and yet I think we should; for, to own the truth, I must acknowledge we are two of the most errant impostors that ever attempted to bubble the public.

*Celest.* For once you have hit upon the truth without intending it; and, upon recollection, I think if we enter into an imaginary war we shall excite the attention still more of the public, and put cash into our pockets, faster than we do at present.

*Kaven.* Brother, brother, we have hitherto been both in the wrong—let us henceforth declare nominal war, that we make a better peace, and league together in private for mutual advantage.

*Celest.*



*Celest.* I made a d---mn'd blunder in attacking the Rambler's Magazine; I have seen my folly, and that I have been putting many pounds into the proprietors pockets entirely at my expence—they have blocked me, and block-headed me, and I am resolved for the future to leave them to themselves—but our project will tend greatly to our advantage, and instead of proving ourselves blocks or blockheads, we will convince the dupes who listen to us, that they are the blockheads, and we are the real cunning wiseacres.

*Kaven.* Agreed, and now for a letter to arrange our plan.

C H A P.



## C H A P. IX.

*Some secrets in the family of Lady Brilliant discovered by Mrs. Floyd, which she turns to her advantage—reasons for Lady Brilliant's preferring a private to a public education, and the consequent good effects that result from it—Experiments in natural philosophy—the intended effects produced—An elopement to Scotland—some outlines of the journey there.*

**M**RS. FLOYD was by this time pretty well settled in Lady Brilliant's house, and having made herself pretty intimate with all the family secrets, she availed herself of them, and failed not to turn them to her advantage. Her ladyship's *bush money* was no inconsiderable article, and miss's *wink money* was also of some estimation.

Lady