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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**

Chap. II.

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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*