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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 Garçons upon the ton, the secret memoirs of Madame D'Eon as related by herself ...

**London, 1784**

Chap. XXII.

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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.*

**A**N 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 Essay, who laboured nearly in the same vineyard.—My dear Dick, said Essay, 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 Ed-  
 ward 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 bache-  
 lor of Salamanca: But no more of  
 that. Ned recommended some juni-  
 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  
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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  
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