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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. VII.

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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

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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.

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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.

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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 fortress 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-
neymen and mechanics in the neigh-
bourhood

VOL. I.

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bourhood

