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## A WOMAN OF FASHION'S JOURNAL.

DREAMT of the Captain—certainly a fine Man—counted my Card Money—loft considerably—never play again with the Dowager—Breakfasted at Two—my new Maid too handsome—remember to part with her—sent Cards of Compliments to the two Miss Crochets and Lady Dunder—my Lap Dog Chloe very unwell—apprehensive the poor Animal is cross in Love—a sad thing that I know by experience—the Man from Vickery's call'd with my new Wig—very becoming—but some-how it has not the Air of that purchas'd by Miss Twig, in St. James's-Street—could not dress myself to my Satisfaction—Jenny abominably awkward—shall certainly part with her—my head continually running on the Captain—buy no more Rouge in the City—might as well use Brick-Dust—never can fettle these Feathers to my liking—“ can I e'er cease to love thee, ah, no my Love no!”—a charming Air that—remember to get my Piano-Forte put in order against my next Evening Concert—read two Chapters in the new Novel of *Innocent Adultery*—and part of the *Monk*—Mr. Lewis a delightful Writer—so Chaste and Moral—remember to enquire for the Tales of Wonder!!—lounged at the Musical Library—bespoke new Dress—ate some Ice in Bond-Street—very cooling—dont like Lady Mazey's new Chariot—dined at Seven at Lady Rackett's—the Captain there—more than usually agreeable—went to the Opera—the Captain in the Party—House prodigiously crowded—my ci-divant Husband in the opposite Box—rather mal apropos—but no matter—*telle chose font*—looked into Lady Squander's Rout—positively a Mob—very right in engaging Townshend—remember to bespeak him for next Wednesday—sat down to Cards—in great Luck—won a cool Hundred of my Lord Lack-wit and fifty of the Baron—returned home at five in the Morning—indulged in half an hour's Reflection—resolved on Reformation, and erased my Name from the PIC-NIC SOCIETY.

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