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A Sentimental Journey Through France And Italy

Yorick, ...

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C A L A I S.

I Perceived that something darken'd the passage more than myself, as I stepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually *Monf. Dessein*, the master of the *hôtel*, who had just return'd from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *Desobligeant*; and *Monf. Dessein* speaking of it, with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belong'd to some *innocent traveller*, who, on his

D 2 return



return home, had left it to Monf. Deffein's honour to make the moft of. Four months had elapfed fince it had finifh'd its career of Europe in the corner of Monf. Deffein's coach-yard; and having fallied out from thence but a vampt-up bufinefs at the firft, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures—but by none fo little as the ftanding fo many months unpitied in the corner of Monf. Deffein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be faid for it—but something might—and when a few words will refcure mifery out of her diftreff, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—Now

—Now was I the master of this hôtel, said I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Monf. Deffein's breast, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *Desobligeant*—it stands fwinging reproaches at you every time you pafs by it—

Mon Dieu! said Monf. Deffein— I have no interest—Except the interest, said I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Monf. Deffein, in their own sensations—I'm perfuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himself, every rainy night, disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon your spirits—You suffer, Monf. Deffein, as much as the machine—



I have always observed, when there is as much *sour* as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishman is eternally at a loss within himself, whether to take it, or let it alone: a Frenchman never is: *Monf. Dessein* made me a bow.

C'est bien vrai, said he—But in this case I should only exchange one disquietude for another, and with loss: figure to yourself, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaise which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris—figure to yourself how much I should suffer, in giving an ill impression of myself to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit*.

The

The dose was made up exactly after my own prescription; so I could not help taking it—and returning Monf. Dessein his bow, without more casuistry we walk'd together towards his Remise, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

