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A Sentimental Journey Through France And Italy

Yorick, ...

London, 1768

Amiens.

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A M I E N S.

THE words were scarce out of 28
 my mouth, when the Count
 de L***'s post-chaise, with his
 sister in it, drove hastily by: she had
 just time to make me a bow of re-
 cognition—and of that particular
 kind of it, which told me she had
 not yet done with me. She was as
 good as her look; for, before I had
 quite finished my supper, her bro-
 ther's servant came into the room
 with a billet, in which she said, she
 had taken the liberty to charge me
 with a letter, which I was to present
 myself to Madame R*** the first
 K 3 morning.

morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story—that she still owed it me; and if my rout should ever lay through Bruffels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L***—that Madame de L*** would be glad to discharge her obligation.

Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Bruffels—'tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the rout of Flanders, home—'twill scarce be ten posts out of my way; but were it ten thousand! with what a moral delight will
it

it crown my journey, in sharing in the sickening incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer? to see her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is there still left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I'm sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night besides her.

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterness and most reprobate of expressions.

K 4

It



It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some one; and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before—swearing as I did it, that it should last me through the whole journey—Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity—she had a right to my whole heart—to divide my affections was to lessen them—to expose them, was to risk them: where there is risk, there may be loss—and what wilt thou

thou have, Yorick! to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence—so good, so gentle and unreproaching?

—I will not go to Bruffels, replied I, interrupting myself—but my imagination went on—I recall'd her looks at that crisis of our separation when neither of us had power to say Adieu! I look'd at the picture she had tied in a black ribband about my neck—and blush'd as I look'd at it—I would have given the world to have kiss'd it, —but was ashamed—And shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands—shall it be smitten to its very root—and smitten, Yorick!
by

by thee, who hast promised to shelter
it in thy breast?

Eternal fountain of happiness! said
I, kneeling down upon the ground—
be thou my witness—and every pure
spirit which tastes it, be my witness
also, That I would not travel to
Brussels, unless Eliza went along
with me, did the road lead me to-
wards heaven.

In transports of this kind, the
heart, in spite of the understanding,
will always say too much.