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**A Sentimental Journey Through France And Italy**

**Yorick, ...**

**London, 1768**

The Passport. Versailles.

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## THE PASSPORT.

## VERSAILLES.

**T**HERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am—for there is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of than of myself; and I have often wish'd I could do it in a single word—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occasion in my life, I could accomplish this to any purpose—for Shakepear lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers scene in  
the

the fifth act, I lay'd my finger upon YORICK, and advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name — Me, *Voici!* said I.

Now whether the idea of poor Yorick's skull was put out of the Count's mind, by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of seven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account—'tis certain the French conceive better than they combine—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the less at this; inasmuch as one of the first of our own church, for whose candour and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into

into the same mistake in the very same case.—“ He could not bear, he said, to look into sermons wrote by the king of Denmark’s jester.” —Good, my lord! said I—but there are two Yorick’s. The Yorick your lordship thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flourish’d in Horwendillus’s court—the other Yorick is myself, who have flourish’d my lord in no court—He shook his head—Good God! said I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great, with Alexander the Copper-smith, my lord—’T was all one, he replied—

—If Alexander king of Macedon could have translated your lordship,

F 4

said



said I — I'm sure your Lordship  
would not have said so.

The poor Count de B\*\*\*\* fell  
but into the same error—

— *Et, Monsieur, est il Yorick?*  
cried the Count.— *Je le suis,* said I.  
— *Vous?—Moi—moi qui ai l'honneur*  
*de vous parler, Monsieur le Com te—*  
*Mon Dieu!* said he, embracing me—  
*Vous etes Yorick.*

The Count instantly put the Shake-  
spear into his pocket—and left me  
alone in his room.

THE