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A Sentimental Journey Through France And Italy

Yorick, ...

London, 1768

In the Street. Calais.

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IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

9
IT must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a forry post-chaise) cannot go forth with the feller thereof into the street to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into the same frame of mind and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-park corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor sword's-man, and no way a match for Monsieur *Dessein*, I felt the rotation of
 all

all the movements within me, to which the situation is incident—I looked at Monsieur *Dessein* through and through—ey'd him as he walked along in profile—then, *en face*—thought he look'd like a Jew—then a Turk—disliked his wig—curst him by my gods—wished him at the devil—

—And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four louis'd'ors, which is the most I can be over-reach'd in?—Base passion! said I, turning myself about, as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment—base, ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man, and
every

every man's hand against thee—
 heaven forbid! said she, raising her
 hand up to her forehead, for I had
 turned full in front upon the lady
 whom I had seen in conference with
 the monk—she had followed us
 unperceived—Heaven forbid indeed!
 said I, offering her my own—she
 had a black pair of silk gloves open
 only at the thumb and two fore-
 fingers, so accepted it without re-
 serve—and I led her up to the door
 of the Remise.

Monseigneur *Dessein* had *diabled* the
 key above fifty times before he found
 out he had come with a wrong one
 in his hand: we were as impatient as
 himself to have it open'd; and so
 attentive

attentive to the obstacle, that I continued holding her hand almost without knowing it; so that Monsieur *Dessein* left us together with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the Remise, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the street: in the latter case, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank—you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment upon Monsieur *Dessein's* leaving



leaving us, had been fatal to the situation—she had infallibly turned about—so I began the conversation instantly.—

—But what were the temptations, (as I write not to apologize for the weaknesses of my heart in this tour, —but to give an account of them)—shall be described with the same simplicity, with which I felt them.