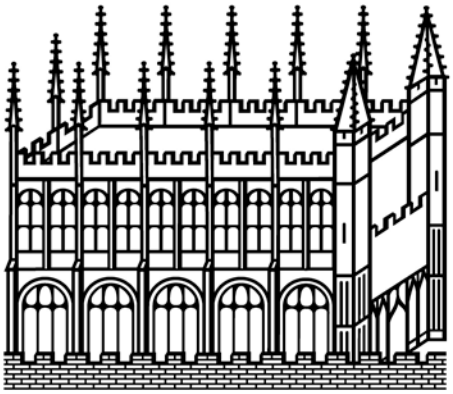

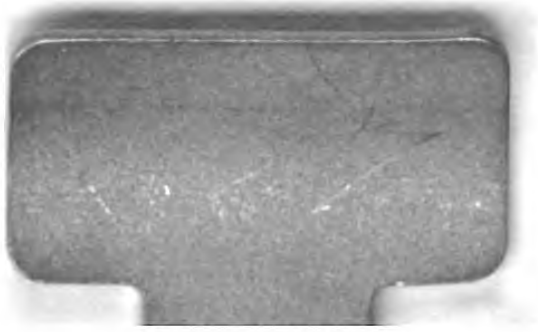

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.

PREBENDARY of *York*, and VICAR of *Sutton* on the Foreſt, and of *Stillington* near *York*.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE

AND

WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

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A

Sentimental JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY

Mr. YORICK.

VOL. I.

A

Sentimental JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

—THEY order, ſaid I, this matter better in France——

—You have been in France? ſaid my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the moſt civil triumph in the world. Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myſelf, That one-and-twenty miles ſailing, for 'tis abſolutely no further from Dover to Calais, ſhould give a man theſe rights. I'll look into them: ſo giving up the argument, I went ſtraight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen ſhirts and a black pair of ſilk breeches——" the coat I have on, ſaid I, look-

"ring to the ſleeve, will do"—took a place in the Dover ſtage; and the packet ſailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got ſat down to my dinner upon a fricaſſee'd chicken ſo inconteſtibly in France, that, had I died that night of an indigeſtion, the whole world could not have ſuſpended the effects of the **droits d'aubaine*—my ſhirts, and black pair of ſilk breeches—portmanteau and all muſt have gone to the king of France—even the little picture which I have ſo long worn, and ſo often have I told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck. Ungenerous!—to ſeize upon the wreck of an unwary paſſenger, whom your ſubjects had beckon'd to their coaſt——by heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of the people ſo civilized and courteous, and ſo renown'd for ſentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reaſon with——

But I have ſcarce ſet a foot in your dominions.

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finiſh'd my dinner, and drank the king of France's health, to ſatisfy my mind that I bore him no ſpleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper—I roſe up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No—

* *All the effects of ſtrangers (Swiſs and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are ſeized by virtue of this law, tho' the heir be upon the ſpot——the profit of theſe contingencies being farm'd, there is no redreſs.*

—No—ſaid I—the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be miſled like other people; but there is a mildneſs in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a ſuffuſion of a finer kind upon my cheek——more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at leaſt of two livres a bottle, which was ſuch as I had been drinking) could have produced.

—Juſt God! ſaid I, kicking my portmanteau aſide, what is there in this world's goods which ſhould ſharpen our ſpirits, and make ſo many kind-hearted brethren of us, fall out ſo cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heavieſt of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purſe, and holding it airily and uncompreſs'd, looks round him, as if he ſought for an object to ſhare it with. In doing this, I felt every veſſel in my frame dilate—the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which ſuſtained life, perform'd it with ſo little friction, that 'twould have confounded the moſt *Phyſical precieuſe* in France: with all her materialiſm, ſhe could ſcarce have called me a machine.—

I'm confident, ſaid I to myſelf, I ſhould have overſet her creed.

The acceſſion of that idea, carried nature, at that time, as high as ſhe could go—I was at peace with the world before, and this finiſh'd the treaty with myſelf—

—Now, was I a King of France, cried —— what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmanteau of me!

THE

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD ſcarce utter'd the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room, to beg ſomething for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the ſport of contingencies—or one man may be generous, as another man is puiſſant—*ſed non, quo ad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reaſoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the ſame cauſes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themſelves—— 'twould be of no diſcredit to us, to ſuppoſe it was ſo: I'm ſure, at leaſt for myſelf, that in many a caſe I ſhould be more highly ſatisfied, to have it ſaid by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither ſin nor ſhame," than have it paſs altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was ſo much of both.

—But be this as it may. The moment I caſt my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous, and accordingly I put my purſe in my pocket—button'd it up—ſet myſelf a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was ſomething, I fear, forbidding, in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deſerved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcatter'd white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it, might be about ſeventy——but from his eyes, and that ſort of fire which was in them, which ſeemed more temper'd

temper'd by courteſy than years, could be no more than ſixty——Truth might ly between—— He was certainly ſixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithſtanding ſomething ſeem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads, which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth——it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at ſomething beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's ſhoulders, beſt knows; but it would have ſuited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indoſtan, I had reverenced it.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo: it was a thin, ſpare form, ſomething above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forwards in the figure, but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and as it now ſtands preſent to my imagination, it gain'd more than it loſt by it.

When he had enter'd the room three paces, he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand upon his breaſt, (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with ſo ſimple a grace—and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been ſtruck with it.—

—A better

—A better reaſon was, I had predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—'TIS very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs—'tis very true—and heaven be their reſource who have no other but the charity of the world, the ſtock of which, I fear, is no way ſufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a ſlight glance with his eye downwards upon the ſleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, ſaid I—a coarſe habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with ſo little induſtry, that your order ſhould wiſh to procure them, by preſſing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languiſhes alſo for his ſhare of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, inſtead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully ſhould it have been open'd to you, for the ranſom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow--but of all others, reſumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, ſurely, have the firſt rights; and I have left thouſands in diſtreſs upon our own ſhore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to

ſay,

ſay, No doubt there is miſery enough in every corner in the world, as well as within our convent. But we diſtinguiſh, ſaid I, laying my hand upon the ſleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we diſtinguiſh, my good father! betwixt thoſe who wiſh only to eat the bread of their own labour—and thoſe who eat the bread of other peoples, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in ſloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciſcan made no reply: a hectic of a moment paſs'd acroſs his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature ſeemed to have had done with her reſentments in him; he ſhewed none—but letting his ſtaff fall within his arm, he preſs'd both his hands with reſignation upon his breaſt, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

MY heart ſmote me the moment he ſhut the door—Pſha! ſaid I, with an air of careleſſneſs, three ſeveral times—but it would not do: every ungracious ſyllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination; I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciſcan, but to deny him; and that the puniſhment of that was enough to the diſappointment, without the addition of unkind language—I conſider'd his grey hairs—his courteous figure ſeem'd to re-enter and gently aſk me what injury he had done me?—and why I could uſe him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, ſaid I within myſelf; but I have only juſt ſet out upon my travels: and ſhall learn better manners as I get along.

THE

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is diſcontented with himſelf, it has one advantage however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaiſe——and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fitteſt for, I walk'd out into the coach-yard, to buy or hire ſomething of that kind to my purpoſe: an old * Deſobligeant in the furtheſt corner of the court, hit my fancy at firſt ſight, ſo I inſtantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monſieur Deſſein the maſter of the hotel—but Monſieur Deſſein being gone to veſpers, and not caring to face the Franciſcan, whom I ſaw on the oppoſite ſide of the court, in conference with a lady juſt arrived at the inn—I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Deſobligeant*.

PREFACE

IN THE *DESOBLIGEANT.*

IT muſt have been obſerved by many a peripatetic philoſopher, That nature has ſet up by her own unqueſtionable authority, certain boundaries and

* *A chaiſe, ſo called in France, from its holding but one perſon.*

and fences to circumſcribe the diſcontent of man: ſhe has effected her purpoſe in the quieteſt and eaſieſt manner, by laying him under almoſt inſuperable obligations to work out his caſe, and to ſuſtain his ſufferings at home. It is there only that ſhe has provided him with the moſt ſuitable objects to partake of his happineſs, and bear a part of that burden which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of ſhoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of ſpreading our happineſs ſometimes beyond *her* limits, but 'tis ſo ordered, that from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in education, cuſtoms and habits, we ly under ſo many impediments in communicating our ſenſations out of our own ſphere, as often amount to a total impoſſibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of ſentimental commerce is always againſt the expatriated adventurer: he muſt buy what he has little occaſion for, at their own price——his converſation will ſeldom be taken in exchange for theirs, without a large diſcount——and this, by the by, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for ſuch converſation as he can find, it requires no great ſpirit of divination to gueſs at his party.—

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the ſee-ſaw of this *Deſobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as the final cauſes of travelling—

Your idle people, that leave their native country, and go abroad, for ſome reaſon or reaſons, which may be derived from one of theſe general cauſes—

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of mind, or
Inevitable neceſſity.

The firſt two include all thoſe who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curioſity, vanity or ſpleen, ſubdivided and combined *in infinitum*.

The third claſs includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more eſpecially thoſe travellers who ſet out upon their travels with the benefit of the Clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors, recommended by the magiſtrate——or young gentlemen tranſported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glaſgow.

There is a fourth claſs, but their number is ſo ſmall that they would not deſerve a diſtinction, was it not neceſſary in a work of this nature to obſerve the greateſt preciſion and nicety, to avoid a confuſion of character. And theſe men I ſpeak of, are ſuch as croſs the ſeas, and ſojourn in a land of ſtrangers, with a view of ſaving money for various reaſons, and upon various pretences: but as they might alſo ſave themſelves and others a great deal of unneceſſary trouble, by ſaving their money at home——and as their reaſons for travelling are the leaſt complex of any other ſpecies of emigrants, I ſhall diſtinguiſh theſe gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *Heads*:

Idle Travellers,
Inquiſitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,

Proud

Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers.

Then follow the Travellers of Neceſſity:

The delinquent and felonious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The ſimple Traveller,

And laſt of all (if you pleaſe)

The Sentimental Traveller

(meaning thereby myſelf) who have travelled, and of which I am now ſitting down to give an account—as much out of *Neceſſity* and the *beſoin de voyager*, as any one in the claſs.

I am well aware, at the ſame time, as both my travels and obſervations will be altogether of a different caſt from any of my fore-runners; that I might have inſiſted upon a whole nitch entirely to myſelf——but I ſhould break in upon the confines of the *Vain* Traveller, in wiſhing to draw attention towards me, till I have ſome better grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle*.

It is ſufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himſelf, that with ſtudy and reflection hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue——it will be one ſtep towards knowing himſelf; as it is great odds, but he retains ſome tincture and reſemblance, of what he imbibed or carried out to the preſent hour.

The man who firſt tranſplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (obſerve he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the ſame wine at the Cape, that the ſame grape produced upon the French mountains—he was too phlegmatic for that—but undoubtedly he expected to drink ſome ſort of vinous liquor; but whe-

ther good, bad, or indifferent—he knew enough of this world, to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his ſucceſs: however, he hoped for the beſt; and in theſe hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his diſcretion, *Mynheer* might poſſibly overſet both in his new vineyard; and by diſcovering his nakedneſs, become a laughing-ſtock to his people.

Even ſo it fares with the poor Traveller, ſailing and poſting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in purſuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by ſailing and poſting for that purpoſe; but whether uſeful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery——and even where the adventurer is ſucceſsful, the acquired ſtock muſt be uſed with caution and ſobriety to turn to any profit—but as the chances run prodigiouſly the other way, both as to the acquiſition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wiſely, if he could prevail upon himſelf, to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, eſpecially if he lives in a country that has no abſolute want of either—and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time coſt me, when I have obſerved how many a foul ſtep the inquiſitive Traveller has meaſured, to ſee ſights and look into diſcoveries; all which, as Sancho Panca ſaid to Don Quixote, they might have ſeen dry-ſhod, at home. It is an age ſo full of light, that there is ſcarce a country or corner of Europe, whoſe beams are not croſſed and interchanged with others—Knowledge in moſt of its branches, and in moſt affairs,

affairs, is like muſic in an Italian ſtreet, whereof thoſe may partake who pay nothing———But there is no nation under heaven—and God is my record, (before whoſe tribunal I muſt one day come and give an account of this work)—that I do not ſpeak it vauntingly—But there is no nation under Heaven, abounding with more variety of learning—where the ſciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more ſurely won than here—where art is encouraged, and will ſo ſoon riſe high—where Nature (take her altogether) has ſo little to anſwer for—and, to cloſe all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with—Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going?—

—We are only looking at this chaiſe, ſaid they—Your moſt obedient ſervant, ſaid I, ſkipping out of it, and pulling off my hat—We were wondering, ſaid one of them, who, I found, was an *inquiſitive traveller*—what could occaſion its motion—'Twas the agitation, ſaid I coolly, of writing a preface—I never heard, ſaid the other, who was a *ſimple Traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *Deſobligeant*.—It would have been better, ſaid I, in a *Vis à Vis*.

—*As an Engliſhman does not travel to ſee Engliſhmen*, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I Perceived that ſomething darken'd the paſſage more than myſelf, as I ſtepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Monſ. Deſſein, the maſter of the hotel, who had juſt returned 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 Monſ. 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 return home, had left it to Monſ. Deſſein's honour, to make the moſt of. Four months had elapſed ſince it had finiſh'd its career of Europe in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard; and having ſallied out from thence but a vampt-up buſineſs at the firſt, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures—but by none ſo little as the ſtanding ſo many months unpitied in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be ſaid for it—but ſomething might—and when a few words will reſcue miſery out of her diſtreſs, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—Now, was I the maſter of this hotel, ſaid I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Monſ. Deſſein's breaſt, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *Deſobligeant*——it ſtands ſwinging reproaches at you every time you paſs by it—

Mon Dieu! ſaid Monſ. Deſſein—I have no intereſt—Except the intereſt, ſaid I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Monſ. Deſſein, in their own ſenſations—I'm perſuaded, 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, Monſ. Deſſein, 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

take it, or let it alone: a Frenchman never is: Monſ. 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 would 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 doſe was made up exactly after my own preſcription; ſo I could not help taking it——and returning Monſ. Deſſein his bow, without more caſuiſtry we walk'd together towards his Remiſe, to take a view of his magazine of chaiſes.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

IT muſt needs be a hoſtile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be a ſorry poſt chaiſe) cannot go forth with the ſeller 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 ſwordſman, and no way a match for Monſieur Deſſein, I felt the rotation of 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 pro file——then, *en face*——thought he look'd like a Jew——then a Turk——diſliked his wig——curſed

——curſed 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 man's 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 reſerve—and I led her up to the door of the Remiſe.

Monſieur 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 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 us, had been fatal to the ſituation—ſhe had infallibly

fallibly turned about—ſo I begun 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.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *Deſobligeant*, becauſe I ſaw the monk in cloſe conference with a lady juſt arrived at the inn—I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much reſtrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suſpicion croſſed my brain, and ſaid, he was telling her what had paſſed; ſomething jarred upon it within me—I wiſhed him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the underſtanding, it ſaves the judgment a world of pains—I was certain ſhe was of a better order of beings—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impreſſion returned, upon my encounter with her in the ſtreet; a guarded frankneſs with which ſhe gave me her hand, ſhewed, I thought, her good education and her good ſenſe; and as I led her on, I felt a pleaſurable ductility about her, which ſpread calmneſs over all my ſpirits—

—Good God! how a man might lead ſuch a creature as this round the world with him!—

I had not yet ſeen her face—'twas not material; for the drawing was inſtantly ſet about, and long before

before we had got to the door of the Remiſe, *Fancy* had finiſhed the whole head, and pleaſed herſelf as much with its fitting her goddeſs, as if ſhe had dived into the TIBER for it—but thou art a ſeduced and a ſeducing ſlut; and albeit thou cheateſt us ſeven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with ſo many charms doſt thou do it, and thou deckeſt out thy pictures in the ſhapes of ſo many angels of light, 'tis a ſhame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the Remiſe, ſhe withdrew her hand from acroſs her forehead, and let me ſee the original—it was a face of about ſix-and-twenty——of a clear tranſparent brown, ſimply ſet off without rouge or powder—it was not critically handſome, but there was that in it, which attached me much more to it—it was intereſting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that ſtate of its declenſion, which had paſſed the two firſt paroxyſms of ſorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itſelf to its loſs—but a thouſand other diſtreſſes might have traced the ſame lines; I wiſh'd to know what they had been—and was ready to inquire, (had the ſame *bon ton* of converſation permitted, as in the days of Eſdras)—"*What aileth thee? and why art thou diſquieted? and why is thy underſtanding troubled?*"—In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and reſolved ſome way or other to throw in my mite of courteſy—if not of ſervice.

Such were my temptations—and in this diſpoſition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady, with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned cloſer to the door of the Remiſe than what was abſolutely neceſſary.

THE

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady! ſaid I, raiſing her hand up a little lightly as I began, muſt be one of Fortune's whimſical doings: to take two utter ſtrangers by their hands—of different ſexes, and, perhaps, from different corners of the globe, and, in one moment, place them together in ſuch a cordial ſituation, as Friendſhip herſelf could ſcarce have achieved for them, had ſhe projected it for a month.——

—And your reflection upon it, ſhews how much, Monſieur, ſhe has embarraſſed you by the adventure.—

When the ſituation is what we ſhould wiſh, nothing is ſo ill-timed as to hint at the circumſtances which make it ſo: you thank Fortune, continued ſhe——you had reaſon——the heart knew it, and was ſatisfied; and who but an Engliſh philoſopher would have ſent notice of it to the brain, to reverſe the judgment?

In ſaying this, ſhe diſengaged her hand with a look which I thought a ſufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miſerable picture which I am going to give of the weakneſs of my heart, by owning, that it ſuffered a pain, which worthier occaſions could not have inflicted. I was mortified with the loſs of her hand, and the manner in which I had loſt it, carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a ſheepiſh inferiority ſo miſerably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are ſhort upon theſe diſcomfitures. In a very few ſeconds ſhe

ſhe laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finiſh her reply; ſo ſome way or other, God knows how, I regained my ſituation.

—She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different converſation for the lady, thinking from the ſpirit as well as moral of this, that I had been miſtaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the ſpirit which had animated the reply was fled ——the muſcles relaxed, and I beheld the ſame unprotected look of diſtreſs which firſt won me to her intereſt——melancholy! to ſee ſuch ſprightlineſs the prey of ſorrow. I pitied her from my ſoul; and though it may ſeem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart,——I could have taken her into my arms, and cheriſhed her, though it was in the open ſtreet, without bluſhing.

The pulſations of the arteries along my fingers preſſing acroſs hers, told her what was paſſing within me: ſhe looked down——a ſilence of ſome moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I muſt have made ſome ſlight efforts towards a cloſer compreſſion of her hand, from a ſubtle ſenſation I felt in the palm of my own—not as if ſhe was going to withdraw hers——but as if ſhe thought about it——and I had infallibly loſt it a ſecond time, had not inſtinct more than reaſon directed me to the laſt reſource in theſe dangers—to hold it looſely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to releaſe it, of myſelf; ſo ſhe let it continue, till Monſieur Deſſein returned with the key; and in the mean time I ſet myſelf to conſider how I ſhould undo the ill impreſſions which the poor monk's ſtory,

in caſe he had told it her, muſt have planted in her breaſt againſt me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within ſix paces of us, as the idea of him croſs'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little cut off the line, as if uncertain whether he ſhould break in upon us or no. He ſtopp'd, however, as ſoon as he came up to us, with a world of frankneſs; and having a horn ſnuff-box in his hand, he preſented it open to me——You ſhall taſte mine—ſaid I, pulling out my box (which was a ſmall tortoiſe one) and putting it into his hand——'Tis moſt excellent, ſaid the monk: Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, ſometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once uſed you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor man bluſh'd as red as ſcarlet. *Mon Dieu!* ſaid he, preſſing his hands together——you never uſed me unkindly. I ſhould think, ſaid the lady, he is not likely. I bluſh'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel to analyſe—Excuſe me, Madam, replied I—I treated him moſt unkindly; and from no provocations—'Tis impoſſible, ſaid the lady. My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of aſſeveration which ſeemed not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiſcretion of my zeal—the lady oppoſed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impoſſible, that a ſpirit ſo regulated as his, could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered ſo ſweet and pleaſurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. We remained ſilent, without any ſenſation of that fooliſh pain which takes place, when in ſuch a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without ſaying a word. Whilſt this laſted, the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the ſleeve of his tunic; and as ſoon as it had acquired a little air of brightneſs by the friction—— he made a low bow, and ſaid, 'twas too late to ſay whether it was the weakneſs or goodneſs of our tempers which had involved us in this conteſt— but be it as it would—he begg'd we might exchange boxes——In ſaying this, he preſented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiſs'd it—with a ſtream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his boſom —and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the inſtrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to ſomething better: in truth, I ſeldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous ſpirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the joſtlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learn from his ſtory, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon ſome military ſervices ill requited, and meeting at the ſame time with a diſappointment in the tendereſt of paſſions, he abandon'd the ſword and the ſex together, and took ſanctuary, not ſo much in his convent as in himſelf.

I feel a damp upon my ſpirits, as I am going to add, that in my laſt return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not

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in his convent, but, according to his deſire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a ſtrong deſire to ſee where they had laid him—when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I ſat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it which had no buſineſs to grow there, they all ſtruck together ſo forcibly upon my affections, that I burſt into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman: and I beg the world not to ſmile but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it ſo long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without firſt preſſing it to my lips: the blood and ſpirits, which had ſuffer'd a revulſion from her, crowded back to her, as I did it.

Now the two travellers who had ſpoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that criſis to be paſſing by, and obſerving our communications, naturally took it into their heads, that we muſt be *man and wife* at leaſt; ſo ſtopping as ſoon as they came up to the door of the Remiſe, the one of them, who was the inquiſitive traveller, aſk'd us, if we ſet out for Paris the next morning?——I could only anſwer for myſelf, I ſaid; and the lady added, ſhe was for Amiens. We dined there yeſterday, ſaid the ſimple traveller—You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thouſand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris;* but, upon pulling out my poor monk's lit-

tle horn box to take a pinch of ſnuff—I made them a quiet bow, and wiſhing them a good paſſage to Dover—they left us alone—

—Now where would be the harm, ſaid I to myſelf, if I was to beg of this diſtreſſed lady to accept of half of my chaiſe?—and what mighty miſchief could enſue?

Every dirty paſſion, and bad propenſity in my nature, took the alarm, as I ſtarted the propoſition ——It will oblige you to have a third horſe, ſaid AVARICE, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket.—You know not who ſhe is, ſaid CAUTION—or what ſcrapes the affair may draw you into, whiſper'd COWARDICE.——

Depend upon it, Yorick! ſaid DISCRETION, 'twill be ſaid you went off with a miſtreſs, and came by aſſignation to Calais for that purpoſe—

——You can never after, cried HYPOCRISY aloud, ſhew your face in the world——or riſe, quoth MEANNESS, in the church—or be any thing in it, ſaid PRIDE, but a louſy prebendary.

—But 'tis a civil thing, ſaid I—and as I generally act from the firſt impulſe, and therefore ſeldom liſten to theſe cabals, which ſerve no purpoſe, that I know of, but to encompaſs the heart with adamant—I turn'd inſtantly about to the lady—

But ſhe had glided off unperceived, as the cauſe was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the ſtreet, by the time I had made my determination; ſo I ſet after her with a long ſtride, to make her the propoſal with the beſt addreſs I was maſter of; but obſerving ſhe walk'd with her cheek half reſting upon the palm of her hand—with the ſlow, ſhort meaſur'd ſtep of thoughtfulneſs, and with her eyes, as ſhe went ſtep by ſtep, fix'd upon the ground, it ſtruck me, ſhe was trying

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the ſame cauſe herſelf.—God help her! ſaid I, ſhe has ſome mother-in-law, or tartufiſh aunt, or nonſenſical old woman, to conſult upon the occaſion, as well as myſelf: ſo not caring to interrupt the *proceſſe*, and deeming it more gallant to take her at diſcretion than by ſurprize, I faced about, and took a ſhort turn or two before the door of the Remiſe, whilſt ſhe walk'd muſing on one ſide.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on firſt ſight of the lady, ſettled the affair in my fancy, "that ſhe was "of the better order of beings"—and then laid it down as a ſecond axiom, as indiſputable as the firſt, that ſhe was a widow, and wore a character of diſtreſs—I went on further; I got ground enough for the ſituation which pleaſed me—and had ſhe remained cloſe beſide my elbow till midnight, I ſhould have held true to my ſyſtem, and conſidered her only under that general idea.

She had ſcarce got twenty paces diſtant from me, ere ſomething within me called out for particular inquiry—it brought on the idea of a further ſeparation—I might poſſibly never ſee her more—the heart is for ſaving what it can; and I wanted the traces thro' which my wiſhes might find their way to her, in caſe I ſhould never rejoin her myſelf: in a word, I wiſh'd to know her name—her family's—her condition; and as I knew the place to which ſhe was going, I wanted to know from whence ſhe came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies ſtood in the way. I form'd a ſcore different plans—

There was no ſuch thing as a man's aſking her directly—the thing was impoſſible.

A little French *debonnaire* captain, who came dancing down the ſtreet, ſhewed me, it was the eaſieſt thing in the world; for popping in betwixt us, juſt as the lady was returning back to the door of the Remiſe, he introduced himſelf to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to preſent him to the lady——I had not been preſented myſelf—ſo turning about to her, he did it juſt as well by aſking her, if ſhe had come from Paris?—No: ſhe was going that rout, ſhe ſaid.—*Vous n'etez pas de Londre?*—ſhe was not, ſhe replied.—Then Madame muſt have come thro' Flanders.—*Apparemment vous etez Flammande?* ſaid the French captain.—The lady anſwered, ſhe was.—*Peut être, de Liſle?* added he—She ſaid, ſhe was not of Liſle.—Nor Arras?—nor Cambray?—nor Ghent?—nor Bruſſels? She anſwered, ſhe was of Bruſſels.

He had had the honour, he ſaid, to be at the bombardment of it laſt war—that it was finely ſituated, *pour cela*—and full of nobleſſe when the Imperialiſts were driven out by the French—(the lady made a ſlight courteſy)—ſo giving her an account of the affair, and of the ſhare he had in it—he begg'd the honour to know her name—ſo made his bow.

—*Et Madame à ſon Mari?*—ſaid he, looking back when he had made two ſteps—and without ſtaying for an anſwer—danced down the ſtreet.

Had I ſerved ſeven years apprenticeſhip to good breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

AS the little French captain left us, Monſ. Deſſein came up with the key of the Remiſe in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaiſes.

The firſt object which caught my eye, as Monſ. Deſſein open'd the door of the Remiſe, was another old tatter'd *Deſobligeant:* and notwithſtanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy ſo much in the coach-yard but an hour before—the very ſight of it ſtirr'd up a diſagreeable ſenſation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churliſh beaſt into whoſe heart the idea could firſt enter, to conſtruct ſuch a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of uſing it.

I obſerved the lady was as little taken with it as myſelf: ſo Monſ. Deſſein led us on to a couple of chaiſes which ſtood abreaſt; telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchaſed by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris, ſo were in all reſpects as good as new—They were too good—ſo I paſs'd to a third, which ſtood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price—But 'twill ſcarce hold two, ſaid I, opening the door and getting in—Have the goodneſs, Madam, ſaid Monſ. Deſſein, offering his arm, to ſtep in—The lady heſitated half a ſecond, and ſtepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to ſpeak to Monſ. Deſſein, he ſhut the door of the chaiſe upon us, and left us.

THE

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

C'EST bien comique, 'tis very droll, ſaid the lady ſmiling, from the reflection that this was the ſecond time we had been left together by a parcel of nonſenſical contingencies—*c'eſt bien comique*, ſaid ſhe—

—There wants nothing, ſaid I, to make it ſo, but the comic uſe which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to—to make love the firſt moment, and an offer of his perſon the ſecond.

'Tis their *fort*, replied the lady.

It is ſuppoſed ſo at leaſt—and how it has come to paſs, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of underſtanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth: but for my own part, I think them errant bunglers, and in truth the worſt ſet of markſmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *ſentiments!*

I ſhould as ſoon think of making a genteel ſuit of clothes out of remnants:—and to do it—pop—at firſt ſight by declaration—is ſubmitting the offer, and themſelves with it, to be ſifted, with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if ſhe expected I ſhould go on.

Conſider then, madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers—

That grave people hate Love for the name's ſake—

That ſelfiſh people hate it for their own—

Hypocrites for heaven's—

And

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worſe frighten'd than hurt by the very report—What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at leaſt after the time, that his ſilence upon it becomes tormenting. A courſe of ſmall, quiet attentions, not ſo pointed as to alarm—nor ſo vague as to be miſunderſtood,—with now and then a look of kindneſs, and little or nothing ſaid upon it—leaves Nature for your miſtreſs, and ſhe faſhions it to your mind——

Then I ſolemnly declare, ſaid the lady, bluſhing——you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MOnſieur Deſſein came back to let us out of the chaiſe, and acquaint the lady, the Count de L-----, her brother, was juſt arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite good-will for the lady, I cannot ſay, that I rejoiced in my heart at the event—and could not help telling her ſo—— for it is fatal to a propoſal, madam, ſaid I, that I was going to make you——

—You need not tell me what the propoſal was, ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon both mine, as ſhe interrupted me.—A man, my good Sir, has ſeldom an offer of kindneſs to make to a woman, but ſhe has a preſentiment of it ſome moments before—

Nature arms her with it, ſaid I, for immediate preſervation.——But I think, ſaid ſhe, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend—and to deal frankly

frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had—(ſhe ſtopped a moment)—I believe your good-will would have drawn a ſtory from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In ſaying this, ſhe ſuffered me to kiſs her hand twice, and with a look of ſenſibility, mixed with a concern, ſhe got out of the chaiſe——and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finiſhed a twelve-guinea bargain ſo expeditiouſly in my life: my time ſeemed heavy upon the loſs of the lady, and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myſelf into motion—I ordered poſt-horſes directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! ſaid I, hearing the town-clock ſtrike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a ſingle hour in Calais——

—What a large volume of adventures may be graſped within this little ſpan of life by him who intereſts his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to ſee, what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, miſſes nothing he can fairly lay his hands on.—

——If this won't turn out ſomething—another will—no matter—'tis an eſſay upon human nature ——I get my labour for my pains—'tis enough—the pleaſure of the experiment has kept my ſenſes, and the beſt part of my blood awake, and laid the groſs to ſleep.

I pity

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, and cry, 'tis all barren——and ſo it is; and ſo is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, ſaid I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a deſert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections.—If I could do no better, I would faſten them upon ſome ſweet myrtle, or ſeek ſome melancholy cypreſs to connect myſelf to—I would court their ſhade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon them, and ſwear they were the lovelieſt trees throughout the deſert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myſelf to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris——from Paris to Rome——and ſo on——but he ſet out with the ſpleen and jaundice, and every object he paſs'd by was diſcoloured or diſtorted——He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miſerable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon——he was juſt coming out of it—*'Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit*, ‡ ſaid he——I wiſh you had ſaid nothing worſe of the Venus of Medicis, replied I——for in paſſing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddeſs, and had uſed her worſe than a common ſtrumpet, without the leaſt provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a ſad tale of ſorrowful adventures had he to tell, " wherein he ſpoke of " moving accidents by flood and field, and of the " cannibals

‡ *Vide S——'s Travels.*

" cannibals which each other eat: the Anthro-
" pophagi"——he had been flea'd alive, and be-devil'd, and uſed worſe than St. Bartholomew, at every ſtage he had come at——

——I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You had better tell it, ſaid I, to your phyſician.

Mundungus, with an immenſe fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples—from Naples to Venice—from Venice to Vienna—to Dreſden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleaſurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled ſtraight on, looking neither to his right hand or his left, leſt Love or Pity ſhould ſeduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itſelf, was it poſſible to get there with ſuch tempers, would want objects to give it——every gentle ſpirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival——Nothing would the ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but freſh anthems of joy, freſh raptures of love, and freſh congratulations of their common felicity——I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and was the happieſt manſion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be ſo far from being happy, that the ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once loſt my portmanteau from behind my chaiſe, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the poſtillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting——Nor was it till I got

got to Montriul, upon the landlord's aſking me if I wanted not a ſervant, that it occurred to me, that that was the very thing.

A ſervant! that I do moſt ſadly, quoth I—Becauſe, monſieur, ſaid the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to ſerve an Engliſhman——But why an Engliſh one, more than any other?——They are ſo generous, ſaid the landlord——I'll be ſhot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myſelf, this very night——But they have wherewithal to be ſo, monſieur, added he——It was but laſt night, ſaid the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois preſentoit un ecu a la fille de chambre----Tant pis, pour Madlle Jonatone*, ſaid I.

Now Jonatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord ſuppoſing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I ſhould not have ſaid *tant pis*——but, *tant mieux*. *Tant mieux, toujours, Monſieur*, ſaid he, when there is any thing to be got——*tant pis*, when there is nothing. It comes to the ſame thing, ſaid I. *Pardonnez moi*, ſaid the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to obſerve, once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux*, being two of the great hinges in French converſation, a ſtranger would do well to ſet himſelf right in the uſe of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French marquis, at our ambaſſador's table, demanded of Mr. H——, if he was H—— the poet? No, ſaid H—— mildly——*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

It is H—— the hiſtorian, ſaid another----*Tant mieux*, ſaid the Marquis. And Mr. H——, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had ſet me right in this matter, he calls in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had ſpoke of—ſaying only firſt, That as for his talents, he would preſume to ſay nothing——Monſieur was the beſt judge what would ſuit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would ſtand reſponſible in all he was worth.

The landlord deliver'd this in a manner which inſtantly ſet my mind to the buſineſs I was upon —and La Fleur, who ſtood waiting without, in the breathleſs expectation which every ſon of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at firſt ſight; but never more ſo than when a poor devil comes to offer his ſervice to ſo poor a devil as myſelf; and as I know this weakneſs, I always ſuffer my judgment to draw back ſomething on that very account—and this more or leſs, according to the mood I am in, and the eaſe——and I may add the gender too, of the perſon I am to govern.

When La Fleur enter'd the room, after every diſcount I could make for my ſoul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; ſo I hired him firſt——and then began to inquire what he could do: But I ſhall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them ——beſides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't ſay my weakneſs was ever ſo inſulted by my wiſdom, as in the attempt.

La

La Fleur had ſet out early in life, as gallantly as moſt Frenchmen do, with *ſerving* for a few years; at the end of which, having ſatisfied the ſentiment, and found moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory to him—he retired *a ſes terres*, and lived *comme il plaiſoit a Dieu*---that is to ſay, upon nothing.

—And ſo, quoth *Wiſdome*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours thro' France and Italy! Pſha! ſaid I, and do not one half of your gentry go with a hum-drum *compagnon du voyage* the ſame round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay beſides? When a man can extricate himſelf with an *equivoque* in ſuch an unequal match—he is not ill off——But you can do ſomething elſe, La Fleur? ſaid I——*O qu'oui!* —he could make ſpatterdaſhes, and play a little on the fiddle——Bravo! ſaid Wiſdome——Why, I play a baſs myſelf, ſaid I---we ſhall do very well ——You can ſhave, and dreſs a wig a little, La Fleur!——He had all the diſpoſitions in the world ——It is enough for heaven! ſaid I, interrupting him—and ought to be enough for me——So ſupper coming in, and having a friſky Engliſh ſpaniel on one ſide of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other——I was ſatisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as ſatisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

AS La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon

the ſtage, I muſt intereſt the reader a little further in his behalf, by ſaying, that I had never leſs reaſon to repent of the impulſes which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow—he was a faithful, affectionate, ſimple ſoul as ever trudged after the heels of a philoſopher; and notwithſtanding his talents of drum-beating and ſpatterdaſh-making, which, though very good in themſelves, happen'd to be of no very great ſervice to me, yet was I hourly recompenſed by the feſtivity of his temper—it ſupplied all defects—I had a conſtant reſource in his looks in all difficulties and diſtreſſes of my own—I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether 'twas hunger, or thirſt, or cold, or nakedneſs, or watchings, or whatever ſtripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeying, there was no index in his phyſiognomy to point them out by—he was eternally the ſame; ſo that if I am a piece of a philoſopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am——it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philoſophy of this poor fellow, for ſhaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a ſmall caſt of the coxcomb——but he ſeemed at firſt ſight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him—he ſeemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen ſhirts and ſilk pair of breeches; and bid him

him faſten all upon the chaiſe—get the horſes put to—and deſired the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'eſt un garçon de bonne fortune, ſaid the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were moſt kindly taking their leave of him, as the poſtillion was leading out the horſes. La Fleur kiſſed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promiſed he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, ſaid the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is ſcarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is always in love."———I am heartily glad of it, ſaid I—'twill ſave me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In ſaying this, I was making not ſo much La Fleur's eloge, as my own, having been in love with one princeſs or another almoſt all my life, and I hope I ſhall go on ſo, till I die, being firmly perſuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it muſt be in ſome interval between one paſſion and another: whilſt this *interregnum* laſts, I always perceived my heart locked up—I can ſcarce find in it to give Miſery a ſixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as faſt as I can, and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generoſity and good will again; and would do any thing in the world, either for, or with any one, if they will but ſatisfy me, there is no ſin in it.

—But in ſaying this—ſurely I am commending the paſſion—not myſelf.

A FRAGMENT.

——THE town of Abdera, notwithſtanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vileſt and moſt profligate town in all Thrace. What for poiſons, conſpiracies and aſſaſſinations——libels, paſquinades and tumults, there was no going there by day—'twas worſe by night.

Now, when things were at the worſt, it came to paſs, that the Andromeda of Euripides being repreſented at Abdera, the whole orcheſtra was delighted with it: but of all the paſſages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender ſtrokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic ſpeech of Perſeus,

O Cupid, prince of God and men, &c.

Every man almoſt ſpoke pure iambics the next day, and talk'd of nothing but Perſeus his pathetic addreſs—" O Cupid! prince of God and men"—in every ſtreet of Abdera, in every houſe——" O " Cupid! Cupid!"—In every mouth, like the natural notes of ſome ſweet melody which drops from it, whether it will or no———nothing but " Cupid! Cupid! prince of God and men"——The fire caught, and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened itſelf to Love.

No pharmacopoliſt could ſell one grain of hellebore—not a ſingle armourer had a heart to forge one inſtrument of death—Friendſhip and Virtue met together, and kiſs'd each other in the ſtreet—the golden age return'd, and hung o'er the town of Abdera—

Abdera—every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitiſh woman left her purple web, and chaſtely ſat her down and liſten'd to the ſong.

'Twas only in the power, ſays the Fragment, of the God whoſe empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the ſea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is diſputed and paid for in the inn, unleſs you are a little ſour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaiſe; and that is with the ſons and daughters of poverty, who ſurround you. Let no man ſay, "let them go to the devil"—— 'tis a cruel journey to ſend a few miſerables, and they have had ſufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few ſous out in my hand; and I would counſel every gentle traveller to do ſo likewiſe: he need not be ſo exact in ſetting down his motives for giving them—they will be regiſter'd elſewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives ſo little as I do; for few that I know have ſo little to give: but as this was the firſt public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! ſaid I. I have but eight ſous in the world, ſhewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd ſoul without a ſhirt on inſtantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two ſteps out of the circle, and making a diſqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out,

Place

Place aux dames, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the ſentiment of a deference for the ſex with half the effect.

Juſt heaven! for what wiſe reaſons haſt thou order'd it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at ſuch variance in other countries, ſhould find a way to be at unity in this?

—I inſiſted upon preſenting him with a ſingle ſous, merely for his *politeſſe*.

A poor little dwarfiſh briſk fellow, who ſtood over againſt me in the circle, putting ſomething firſt under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his ſnuff-box out of his pocket, and generouſly offered a pinch on both ſides of him: it was a gift of conſequence, and modeſtly declined—The poor little fellow preſs'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeneſs—*Prenez en—prenez*, ſaid he, looking another way; ſo they each took a pinch—Pity thy box ſhould ever want one! ſaid I to myſelf; ſo I put a couple of ſous into it—— taking a ſmall pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it—He felt the weight of the ſecond obligation more than that of the firſt—— 'twas doing him an honour—the other was only doing him a charity——and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here! ſaid I to an old ſoldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the ſervice—here's a couple of ſous for thee—*Vive le Roi!* ſaid the old ſoldier.

I had then but three ſous left: ſo I gave one, ſimply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd—The poor woman had a diſlocated hip; ſo it could not be well, upon any other motive.

Mon

Mon cher et tres charitable Monſieur—There's no oppoſing this, ſaid I.

My Lord Anglois—the very ſound was worth the money—ſo I gave *my laſt ſous for it.* But in the eagerneſs of giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to aſk a ſous for him, and who, I believed, would have periſh'd ere he could have aſk'd one for himſelf: he ſtood by the chaiſe a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had ſeen better days—Good God! ſaid I—and I have not one ſingle ſous left to give him—But you have a thouſand! cried all the powers of nature ſtirring within me—ſo I gave him—no matter what—I am aſhamed to ſay *how much*, now—and was aſhamed to think how little, then: ſo if the reader can form any conjecture of my diſpoſition, as theſe two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the preciſe ſum.

I could afford nothing for the reſt, but *Dieu vous beniſſe—Et le bon Dieu vous beniſſe encore*—ſaid the old ſoldier, the dwarf, *&c.* The *pauvre honteux* could ſay nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thank'd me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING ſettled all theſe little matters, I got into my poſt-chaiſe with more eaſe than ever I got into a poſt-chaiſe in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far ſide of a little *bidet*, * and another on this (for I count

* *Poſt-horſe.*

count nothing of his legs)—he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.—

—But what is happineſs! what is grandeur in this painted ſcene of life? A dead aſs, before we had got a league, put a ſudden ſtop to La Fleur's career—his bidet would not paſs by it—a contention aroſe betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very firſt kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Chriſtian, ſaying neither more or leſs upon it, than, Diable! ſo preſently got up and came to the charge again aſtride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one ſide of the road to the other, then back again—then this way—then that way, and in ſhort every way but by the dead aſs.

La Fleur inſiſted upon the thing—and the bidet threw him.

What's the matter, La Fleur, ſaid I, with this bidet of thine?—*Monſieur*, ſaid he, *c'eſt un cheval le plus opiniatre du monde*—Nay, if he is a conceited beaſt, he muſt go his own way, replied I—ſo La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good ſound laſh, the bidet took me at my word, and away he ſcamper'd back to Montriul.—*Peſte!* ſaid La Fleur.

It is not *mal à propos* to take notice here, that tho' La Fleur availed himſelf but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter—namely, *Diable!* and *Peſte!* that there are nevertheleſs three, in the French language; like the poſitive, comparative, and ſuperlative, one or the other of which ſerve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable! which is the firſt and poſitive degree, is generally uſed upon ordinary emotions of

of the mind, where ſmall things only fall out contrary to your expectations—ſuch as—the throwing once doublets—La Fleur's being kick'd off his horſe, and ſo forth—cuckoldom, for the ſame reaſon, is always—*Le Diable!*

But in caſes where the caſt has ſomething provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots—'tis the ſecond degree.

'Tis then *Peſte!*

And for the third—

But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miſeries muſt have been their lot, and how bitterly ſo refined a people muſt have ſmarted, to have forced them upon the uſe of it.

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in diſtreſs!—whatever is my *caſt*, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

But as theſe were not to be had in France, I reſolved to take every evil juſt as it befel me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no ſuch covenant with himſelf, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of ſight—and then, you may imagine, if you pleaſe, with what word he cloſed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horſe in jack-boots, there remained no alternative, but taking La Fleur either behind the chaiſe, or into it.—

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the poſt-houſe at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

—AND this, ſaid he, putting the remains of a cruſt into his wallet—and this ſhould have been thy portion, ſaid he, hadſt thou been alive to have ſhared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apoſtrophe to his child; but 'twas to his aſs, and to the very aſs we had ſeen dead in the road, which had occaſioned La Fleur's miſadventure. The man ſeemed to lament it much; and it inſtantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was ſitting upon a ſtone bench at the door, with the aſs's pannel and its bridle on one ſide, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—look'd at them, and ſhook his head. He then took his cruſt of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it ſome time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his aſs's bridle—looked wiſtfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a ſigh.

The ſimplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongſt the reſt, whilſt the horſes were getting ready; as I continued ſitting in the poſt-chaiſe, I could ſee and hear over their heads.

—He ſaid he had come laſt from Spain, where he had been from the furtheſt borders of Franconia; and had got ſo far on his return home, when his aſs died. Every one ſeem'd deſirous to know what buſineſs could have taken ſo old

and poor a man ſo far a journey from his own home.

It had pleaſed Heaven, he ſaid, to bleſs him with three ſons, the fineſt lads in all Germany; but having in one week loſt two of the eldeſt of them by the ſmall-pox, and the youngeſt falling ill of the ſame diſtemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him alſo, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his ſtory, he ſtopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He ſaid, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had ſet out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the ſame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who ſtood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money.—The mourner ſaid, he did not want it—it was not the value of the aſs—but the loſs of him.—The aſs, he ſaid, he was aſſured, loved him—and upon this, told them a long ſtory of a miſchance upon their paſſage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had ſeparated them from each other three days; during which time, the aſs had ſought him as much as he had ſought the aſs, and that they had neither ſcarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou haſt one comfort, friend, ſaid I, at leaſt, in the loſs of thy poor beaſt; I'm ſure thou haſt been a merciful maſter to him.—Alas! ſaid the mourner, I thought ſo, when he was alive—but now that he is dead, I think otherwiſe.—I fear the weight of

myſelf, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him—they have ſhortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to anſwer for.—Shame on the world! ſaid I to myſelf—Did we love each other, as this poor ſoul but loved his aſs—'twould be ſomething.—

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's ſtory threw me into, required ſome attention: the poſtillion paid not the leaſt to it, but ſet off upon the *pavè* in a full gallop.

The thirſtieſt ſoul in the moſt ſandy deſert of Arabia could not have wiſhed more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quite movements; and I ſhould have had an high opinion of the poſtillion, had he but ſtolen off with me in ſomething like a penſive pace—On the contrary, as the mourner finiſhed his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling laſh to each of his beaſts, and ſet off clattering like a thouſand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's ſake to go ſlower—and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped.—The deuce take him and his galloping too—ſaid I—he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a fooliſh paſſion, and then he'll go ſlow, that I may enjoy the ſweets of it.

The poſtillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a ſteep hill about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of temper with him—and then with myſelf, for being ſo.

My

My caſe then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real ſervice to me.——

—Then, prithee get on—get on, my good lad, ſaid I.

The poſtillion pointed to the hill———I then tried to return back to the ſtory of the poor German and his aſs————but I had broke the clue ———and could no more get into it again, then the poſtillion could into a trot.—

—The deuce go, ſaid I, with it all! Here am I ſitting as candidly diſpoſed to make the beſt of the worſt, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one ſweet lenitive at leaſt for evils, which Nature holds out to us; ſo I took it kindly at her hands, and feel aſleep; and the firſt word which rouſed me was *Amiens*.

———Bleſs me! ſaid I, rubbing my eyes—this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

THE words were ſcarce out of 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 recognition——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 brother'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 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 route ſhould ever ly through Bruſſels, 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 Bruſſels——'tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home——'twill ſcarce be ten poſts out of my way; but were it ten thouſand! with what a moral delight will 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 beſide her?

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

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

——and what wilt 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 Bruſſels, 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 riband 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 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 thou my witneſs alſo, That I would not travel to Bruſſels, unleſs Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven.

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

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not ſmiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unſucceſsful in his feats of chivalry——and not one thing had offer'd to ſignalize his zeal for my ſervice from the time he had enter'd into it, which was almoſt four-and-twenty hours. The poor ſoul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L***'s ſervant, coming with the letter, being the firſt practicable occaſion

which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it; and in order to do honour to his maſter, had taken him into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the beſt wine in Picardy; and the Count de L***'s ſervant in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeneſs with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a paſſport in his very looks) ſoon ſet every ſervant in the kitchen at eaſe with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no ſort of prudery in ſhewing them, La Fleur, in leſs than five minutes, had pull'd out his fife, and leading off the dance himſelf with the firſt note, ſet the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre d'hotel*, the cook, the ſcullion, and all the houſhold, dogs and cats, beſides an old monkey, a-dancing: I ſuppoſe there never was a merrier kitchen ſince the flood.

Madame de L***, in paſſing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing ſo much jollity below ſtairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to aſk about it; and hearing it was the Engliſh gentleman's ſervant who had ſet the whole houſe merry with his pipe, ſhe order'd him up.

As the poor fellow could not preſent himſelf empty, he had loaden'd himſelf in going up ſtairs with a thouſand compliments to Madame de L***, on the part of his maſter———added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health———told her, that Monſieur his maſter was *au deſeſpoir* for her re-eſtabliſhment from the fatigues of her journey———and, to cloſe all, that Monſieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour———And he has done me the honour, ſaid Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, to ſend a billet in return.

Madame

Madame de L*** had ſaid this with ſuch a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to diſappoint her expectations—he trembled for my honour——and poſſibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attach'd to a maſter who could be wanting *en egards vis à vis d'une femme*; ſo that when Madame de L*** aſked La Fleur if he had brought a letter——*O qu'oui*, ſaid La Fleur: ſo laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right ſide pocket with his left hand, he began to ſearch for the letter with his right——then contrary-wiſe——*Diable!*——then ſought every pocket——pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob——*Peſte!*——then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor——pulled out a dirty cravat—a handkerchief—a comb—whip-laſh——a night-cap——then gave a peep into his hat—*Quelle etourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the Auberge——he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had juſt finiſhed my ſupper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole ſtory ſimply as it was: and only added, that if Monſieur had forgot *(par hazard)* to anſwer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas*—— and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether ſure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had ——a devil himſelf could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have miſtook the road——or embarraſſed me in ſo doing—his heart was in no fault——I was under no neceſſity

neceſſity to write——and what weighed more than all—he did not look as if he had done amiſs.

—'Tis all very well, La Fleur, ſaid I.——— 'Twas ſufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and return'd with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them cloſe before me, with ſuch a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun and begun again; and though I had nothing to ſay, and that nothing might have been expreſs'd in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way pleaſe myſelf.

In ſhort I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur ſtept out and brought a little water in a glaſs to dilute my ink—then fetch'd ſand and ſeal-wax—It was all one: I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again—*Le Diable l'emporte!* ſaid I half to myſelf—I cannot write this ſelf-ſame letter; throwing the pen down deſparingly as I ſaid it.

As ſoon as I had caſt down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the moſt reſpectful carriage up to the table, and making a thouſand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durſt ſay, would ſuit the occaſion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour—Then prithee, ſaid I, let me ſee it.

La Fleur inſtantly pull'd out a little dirty pocket-book cramm'd full of ſmall letters and billet-doux in a ſad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the ſtring which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came

came to the letter in queſtion—*La voila!* ſaid he, clapping his hands; ſo unfolding it firſt, he laid it before me, and retired three ſteps from the table whilſt I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

JE ſuis penetré de la douleur la plus vive, et reduit en même temps au deſeſpoir par ce retour imprevû du Corporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce ſoir la choſe du monde la plus impoſſible.

Mais vive la joie! et toute la mienne ſera de penſer a vous.

L'amour n'eſt *rien* ſans ſentiment.

Et le ſentiment eſt encore *moins* ſans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais ſe deſeſperer.

On dit auſſi que Monſieur le Corporal monte la garde Mecredi: alors ce ſera mon tour.

Chacun a ſon tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je ſuis, MADAME,
Avec toutes les ſentiments les plus reſpecteux et les plus tendres tout a vous,

JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count——and ſaying nothing about mounting guard on Wedneſday—and the letter was neither right or wrong—ſo to gratify the poor fellow, who ſtood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter,—I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way——I ſeal'd it up and

and ſent him with it to Madame de L***——— and the next morning we purſued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can conteſt the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks—'tis very well in ſuch a place as Paris—he may drive in at which end of a ſtreet he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whoſe whole infantry does not exceed a ſingle man, had beſt quit the field; and ſignalize himſelf in the cabinet, if he can get up into it—I ſay *up into it*—for there is no deſcending perpendicular amongſt 'em with a "*Me voici! mes enfans*"—here I am—whatever many may think.

I own my firſt ſenſations, as ſoon as I was left ſolitary and alone in my own chamber in the hôtel, were far from being ſo flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my duſty black coat, and looking through the glaſs ſaw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleaſure.—The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had loſt their vizards—the young in armour bright which ſhone like gold, be-plumed with each gay feather of the eaſt—all—all tilting at it like faſcinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love.—

Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very firſt onſet of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom—ſeek—ſeek ſome winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled or flambeau

ſhot

ſhot its rays—there thou mayeſt ſolace thy ſoul in converſe ſweet with ſome kind *griſſet* of a barber's wife, and get into ſuch coteries!—

—May I periſh! if I do, ſaid I pulling out the letter which I had to preſent to Madame de R***. —I'll wait upon this lady the very firſt thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go ſeek me a barber directly—and come back and bruſh my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he abſolutely refuſed to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

—But I fear, friend! ſaid I, this buckle won't ſtand.—You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will ſtand—

What a great ſcale is every thing upon in this city! thought I--The utmoſt ſtretch of an Engliſh periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into a pail of water."—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confeſs I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally ſo ſtruck with the great works of nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a compariſon leſs than a mountain at leaſt. All that can be ſaid againſt the French ſublime in this inſtance of it, is this—that the grandeur is *more* in the *word*; and *leſs* in the *thing*. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vaſt ideas, but Paris being ſo far inland, it was not likely I ſhould

ſhould run poſt a hundred miles out of it, to try the experiment—the Pariſian barber meant nothing.—

The pail of water ſtanding beſide the great deep, makes certainly but a ſorry figure in ſpeech —but 'twill be ſaid—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a ſingle moment.

In honeſt truth, and upon a more candid reviſion of the matter, *The French expreſſion profeſſes more than it performs.*

I think I can ſee the preciſe and diſtinguiſhing marks of national characters more in theſe nonſenſical *minutiæ*, than in the moſt important matters of ſtate; where great men of all nations talk and ſtalk ſo much alike, that I would not give ninepence to chuſe amongſt them.

I was ſo long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night: but when a man is once dreſſed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account: ſo taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go—I ſhall conſider of that, ſaid I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye ſmall ſweet courteſies of life, for ſmooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at firſt ſight; 'tis ye who open this door and let the ſtranger in.

—Pray,

—Pray, Madame, ſaid I, have the goodneſs to tell me which way I muſt turn to go to the *opera comique*:—Moſt willingly, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, laying aſide her work——

I had given a caſt with my eye into half a dozen ſhops as I came along, in ſearch of a face not likely to be diſordered by ſuch an interruption; till at laſt, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as ſhe ſat in a low chair, on the far ſide of the ſhop facing the door——

—*Tres volontaire;* moſt willingly, ſaid ſhe, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and riſing up from the low chair ſhe was ſitting in, with ſo chearful a movement and ſo chearful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I ſhould have ſaid—"This woman is grateful."

You muſt turn, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, going with me to the door of the ſhop, and pointing the way down the ſtreet I was to take—you muſt turn firſt to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns: and be ſo good as to take the ſecond ——then go down a little way, and you'll ſee a church, and when you are paſt it, give yourſelf the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf*, which you muſt croſs—and there, any one will do himſelf the pleaſure to ſhew you——

She repeated her inſtructions three times over to me with the ſame good natured patience the third time as the firſt—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unleſs to hearts which ſhut them out—ſhe ſeem'd really intereſted, that I ſhould not loſe myſelf.

I will not ſuppoſe it was the woman's beauty, notwithſtanding ſhe was the handſomeſt griſſet, I think, I ever ſaw, which had much to do with the ſenſe I had of her courteſy; only remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as ſhe had done her inſtructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what ſhe had ſaid--ſo looking back, and ſeeing her ſtill ſtanding in the door of the ſhop, as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to aſk her whether the firſt turn was to my right or left—for that I had abſolutely forgot.——Is it poſſible! ſaid ſhe, half laughing.—'Tis very poſſible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—ſhe took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a ſlight courteſy.

——*Attendez!* ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilſt ſhe called a lad out of the back ſhop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am juſt going to ſend him, ſaid ſhe, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaiſance to ſtep in, it will be ready in a moment, and he ſhall attend you to the place.——So I walk'd in with her to the far ſide of the ſhop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which ſhe laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to fit, ſhe ſat down herſelf in her low chair, and I inſtantly ſat myſelf down beſide her.

—He will be ready, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, in a moment——And in that moment, replied I, moſt willingly would I ſay ſomething very civil to you for

for all theſe courteſies. Any one may do a caſual act of good nature, but a continuation of them ſhews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is in the ſame blood which comes from the heart, which deſcends to the extremes (touching her wriſt) I am ſure you muſt have one of the beſt pulſes of any woman in the world—— Feel it, ſaid ſhe, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery——

———Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadſt paſſed by, and beheld me ſitting in my black coat, and in my lack-adayſical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever——How wouldſt thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profeſſion!—and thou ſhouldſt have laugh'd and moralized on—Truſt me, my dear Eugenius, I ſhould have ſaid, "there are worſe occupations in this "world *than feeling a woman's pulſe.*"——But a Griſſet's! thou wouldſt have ſaid——and in an open ſhop! Yorick——

——So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world ſaw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulſations, and was going on faſt towards the fortieth, when her huſband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the ſhop, put me a little out in my reckoning.—

'Twas nobody but her huſband, ſhe ſaid———ſo I began a freſh ſcore—Monſieur is ſo good, quoth ſhe, as he paſs'd by us, as to give himſelf the trouble of feeling my pulſe—The huſband took off his hat, and making me a bow, ſaid I did him too much honour—and having ſaid that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! ſaid I to myſelf, as he went out ———and can this man be the huſband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what muſt have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to thoſe who do not.

In London, a ſhopkeeper and a ſhopkeeper's wife ſeem to be one bone and one fleſh: in the ſeveral endowments of mind and body, ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other has it, ſo as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are ſcarce two orders of beings more different: for the legiſlative and executive powers of the ſhop not reſting in the huſband, he ſeldom comes there—in ſome dark and diſmal room behind, he ſits commerceleſs in his thrum night-cap, the ſame rough ſon of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *ſalique*, having ceded this department, with ſundry others, totally to the women———by a continual higgling with cuſtomers of all ranks and ſizes, from morning to night, like ſo many rough pebbles ſhook long together in a bag, by amicable colliſions they have worn down their aſperities and ſharp angles, and not only become round and ſmooth, but will receive, ſome of them a poliſh

a poliſh like a brilliant—Monſieur *le Mari* is little better than the ſtone under your foot——

—Surely——ſurely, man! it is not good for thee to ſit alone——thou waſt made for ſocial intercourſe and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe.—With all the benignity, ſaid I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected—She was going to ſay ſomething civil in return—but the lad came into the ſhop with the gloves——*A propos*, ſaid I; I want a couple of pairs myſelf.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful Griſſet roſe up when I ſaid this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the ſide over againſt her; they were all too large. The beautiful Griſſet meaſured them one by one acroſs my hand—It would not alter the dimenſions——She begg'd I would try a ſingle pair, which ſeemed to be the leaſt——She held it open——my hand ſlipp'd into it at once——It will not do, ſaid I, ſhaking my head a little—No, ſaid ſhe, doing the ſame thing.

There are certain combined looks of ſimple ſubtlety——where whim, and ſenſe, and ſerioufneſs, and nonſenſe, are ſo blended, that all the languages of Babel ſet looſe together, could not expreſs them—they are communicated and caught ſo inſtantaneouſly, that you can ſcarce ſay which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of

words to ſwell pages about it——it is enough in the preſent to ſay again, the gloves would not do; ſo, folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was juſt room for the parcel to ly between us.

The beautiful Griſſet look'd ſometimes at the gloves, then ſide-ways to the window, then at the gloves——and then at me. I was not diſpoſed to break ſilence—I follow'd her example: ſo I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and ſo on alternately.

I found I loſt conſiderably in every attack—ſhe had a quick black eye, and ſhot through two ſuch long and ſilken eye-laſhes with ſuch penetration, that ſhe look'd into my very heart and reins—It may ſeem ſtrange, but I could actually feel ſhe did—

It is no matter, ſaid I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was ſenſible the beautiful Griſſet had not aſk'd above a ſingle livre above the price——I wiſh'd ſhe had aſk'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about——Do you think, my dear Sir, ſaid ſhe, miſtaking my embarraſſment, that I could aſk a *ſous* too much of a ſtranger—and of a ſtranger whoſe politeneſs, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himſelf at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, ſaid I; and if you were, you are welcome—ſo counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a ſhop-keeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was no body in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only becauſe I honour the man whoſe manners are ſoftened by a profeſſion which makes bad men worſe; but that I once knew one ——for he is no more——and why ſhould I not reſcue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the deareſt of my flock and friends, whoſe philanthropy I never think of at this long diſtance from his death—but my eyes guſh out with tears. For his ſake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and ſo I ſtrode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myſelf beſide him.

The old officer was reading attentively a ſmall pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of ſpectacles. As ſoon as I ſat down, he took his ſpectacles off, and putting them into a ſhagreen caſe, return'd them and the book into his pocket together. I half roſe up, and made him a bow.

Tranſlate this into any civilized language in the world—the ſenſe is this:

"Here's a poor ſtranger come into the box—— "he ſeems as if he knew no body: and is never "likely, was he to be ſeven years in Paris, if eve- "ry man he comes near keeps his ſpectacles up- "on his noſe—'tis ſhutting the door of conver- "ſation abſolutely in his face——and uſing him "worſe than a German."

The

The French officer might as well have ſaid it all aloud; and if he had, I ſhould in courſe have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, "I was ſenſible of his attention, and return'd "him a thouſand thanks for it."

There is not a ſecret ſo aiding to the progreſs of ſociality, as to get maſter of this *ſhort hand*, and be quick in rendering the ſeveral turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it ſo mechanically, that when I walk the ſtreets of London, I go tranſlating all the way; and have more than once ſtood behind in the circle, where not three words have been ſaid, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and ſworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was juſt entering the door of the hall, when the Marqueſina di F*** was coming out in a ſort of a hurry——ſhe was almoſt upon me before I ſaw her; ſo I gave a ſpring to one ſide to let her paſs—She had done the ſame, and on the ſame ſide too; ſo we ran our heads together: ſhe inſtantly got to the other ſide to get out; I was juſt as unfortunate as ſhe had been, for I had ſprung to that ſide, and oppoſed her paſſage again——— We both flew together to the other ſide, and then back——and ſo on——it was ridiculous; we both bluſh'd intolerably; ſo I did, at laſt, the thing I ſhould have done at firſt—I ſtood ſtock ſtill, and the Marqueſina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her ſo much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the paſſage—She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather ſide-ways, as if

ſhe

ſhe would make room for any one coming up ſtairs to paſs her—No, ſaid I—that's a vile tranſlation: the Marqueſina has a right to the beſt apology I can make her: and that opening is left for me to do it in—ſo I ran and begg'd pardon for the embarraſſment I had given her, ſaying it was my intention to have made her way. She anſwered, ſhe was guided by the ſame intention towards me ——ſo we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the ſtairs; and ſeeing no *chicheſbee* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach—— ſo we went down the ſtairs, ſtopping at every third ſtep to talk of the concert and the adventure—— Upon my word, Madame, ſaid I, when I had handed her in, I made ſix different efforts to let you go out——And I made ſix efforts, replied ſhe, to let you enter——I wiſh to heaven you would make a ſeventh, ſaid I——With all my heart,— ſaid ſhe, making room—Life is too ſhort to be long about the forms of it——ſo I inſtantly ſtepp'd in, and ſhe carried me home with her—And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I ſuppoſe, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which aroſe out of the tranſlation, gave me more pleaſure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; ſo that being pretty much unprepoſſeſſed, there muſt have been grounds for what ſtruck me the moment I caſt

caſt my eyes over the *parterre*——and that was, the unaccountable ſport of nature, in forming ſuch numbers of dwarfs——No doubt, ſhe ſports at certain times in almoſt every corner of the world: but in Paris, there is no end to her amuſements—The goddeſs ſeems almoſt as merry as ſhe is wiſe.

As I carried my idea out of the *opera comique* with me, I meaſured every body I ſaw walking in the ſtreets by it———Melancholy application! eſpecially where the ſize was extremely little——the face extremely dark——the eyes quick—the noſe long—the teeth white—the jaw prominent—to ſee ſo many miſerables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper claſs into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down——every third man a pigmy!——ſome by rickety heads and hump backs;—others by bandy legs—a third ſet arreſted by the hand of Nature in the ſixth and ſeventh years of their growth—a fourth, in their perfect and natural ſtate, like dwarf apple-trees; from the firſt rudiments and ſtamina of their exiſtence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might ſay, 'tis owing to undue bandages—a ſplenetic one, to want of air—and an inquiſitive traveller, to fortify the ſyſtem, may meaſure the height of their houſes—the narrowneſs of their ſtreets, and in how few feet ſquare in the ſixth and ſeventh ſtories ſuch number of the *Bourgeoiſie* eat and ſleep together; but I remember Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body elſe, in ſpeaking one evening of theſe matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increaſed almoſt to any ſize, provided they came right into the world; but the miſery was, the citizens of Paris were ſo

coop'd

coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them—I do not call it getting any thing, ſaid he—'tis getting nothing——Nay, continued he, riſing in his argument, 'tis getting worſe than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty, or five and twenty years of the tendereſt care, and moſt nutricious aliment beſtowed upon it, ſhall not at laſt be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very ſhort, there could be nothing more ſaid upon it.

As this is not a work of reaſoning, I leave the ſolution as I found it, and content myſelf with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carouſal to the Palais Royal, and obſerving a little boy in ſome diſtreſs at the ſide of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty——Never mind, ſaid I; ſome good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel ſome little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful toward this poor blighted part of my ſpecies, who have neither ſize or ſtrength to get on in the world—I cannot bear to ſee one of them trode upon; and had ſcarce got ſeated beſide my old French officer, ere the diſguſt was exerciſed, by ſeeing the very thing happen under the box we ſat in.

At the end of the orcheſtra, and betwixt that and the firſt ſide-box, there is a ſmall eſplanade left, where, when the houſe is full, numbers of all ranks take ſanctuary. Though you ſtand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the ſame price as in the orcheſtra. A poor defenceleſs being of this order had

had got thruſt ſomehow or other into this luckleſs place—the night was hot, and he was ſurrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himſelf. The dwarf ſuffered inexpreſſibly on all ſides; but the thing which incommoded him moſt, was a tall corpulent German, near ſeven feet high, who ſtood directly betwixt him and all poſſibility of his ſeeing either the ſtage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by ſeeking for ſome little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying firſt one ſide, then the other; but the German ſtood ſquare in the moſt unaccommodating poſture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepeſt draw-well in Paris; ſo he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's ſleeve, and told him his diſtreſs—The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliah did upon David—and unfeelingly reſumed his poſture.

I was juſt then taking a pinch of ſnuff out of my monk's little horn box———And how would thy meek and courteous ſpirit, my dear monk! ſo temper'd to *bear and forbear!*———how ſweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor ſoul's complaint!

The old French officer ſeeing me liſt up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apoſtrophe, took the liberty to aſk me what was the matter—I told him the ſtory in three words; and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his firſt tranſports, which are generally unreaſonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife——The German

look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury ſharpened by an inſult, be it to who it will, makes every man of ſentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box, to have redreſſed it.—The old French officer did it with much leſs confuſion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the ſame time with his finger at the diſtreſs——the centinel made his way to it.——There was no occaſion to tell the grievance——the thing told itſelf; ſo thruſting back the German inſtantly with his muſket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—This is noble! ſaid I, clapping my hands together—And yet you would not permit this, ſaid the old officer, in England.

——In England, dear Sir, ſaid I, *we ſit all at our eaſe.*

The old French officer would have ſet me at unity with myſelf, in caſe I had been at variance, —by ſaying it was a *bon mot*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth ſomething at Paris, he offered me a pinch of ſnuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

IT was now my turn to aſk the old French officer, "What was the matter?" for a cry of "*Hauſſez les mains, Monſieur l' Abbé,*" re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the *parterre*, was as unintelligible to me, as my apoſtrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was ſome poor Abbe in one of the upper *loges*, who he ſuppoſed had got planted

perdu behind a couple of griſſets, in order to ſee the opera, and that the *parterre* eſpying him, were inſiſting upon his holding up both his hands during the repreſentation.—And can it be ſuppoſed, ſaid I, that an eccleſiaſtic would pick the Griſſet's pockets? The old French officer ſmiled, and whiſpering in my ear, open'd a door of knowledge which I had no idea of—

Good God! ſaid I, turning pale with aſtoniſhment——is it poſſible, that a people ſo ſmit with ſentiment, ſhould at the ſame time be ſo unclean, and ſo unlike themſelves—*Quelle groſſierté!* added I.

The French officer told me, it was an illiberal ſarcaſm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it, by Moliere—but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining—Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *groſſiertés*, in which they take the lead, and loſe it of one another by turns——that he had been in moſt countries, but never in one where he found not ſome delicacies, which others ſeem to want: *Le* POUR, *et le* CONTRE *ſe trouvent en chaque nation;* there is a balance, ſaid he, of good and bad every where; and nothing but the knowing it is ſo, can emancipate one half of the world from the prepoſſeſſions which it holds againſt the other—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *ſçavoir vivre*, was by ſeeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of ſuch candour and good ſenſe, as coincided with my firſt favourable impreſſions of his character—

ter—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I miſtook the object—'twas my own way of thinking—the difference was, I could not have expreſſed it half ſo well.

It is alike troubleſome to both the rider and his beaſt—if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and ſtarting all the way at every object which he never ſaw before—I have as little torment of this kind, as any creature alive; and yet I honeſtly confeſs, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I bluſh'd at many a word the firſt month—which I found inconſequent and perfectly innocent the ſecond.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about ſix weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town——Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the moſt correct; and I never wiſh to ſee one of more virtues and purity of heart—In our return back, Madame de Rambouliet deſired me to pull the cord——I aſk'd her if ſhe wanted any thing—*Rien que pour piſſer*, ſaid Madame de Rambouliet—

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p-ſs on———And, ye fair myſtic nymphs! go each one *pluck your roſe*, and ſcatter them in your path—for Madame de Rambouliet did no more—I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the prieſt of the chaſte CASTALIA, I could not have ſerved at her fountain with a more reſpectful decorum.

END OF VOLUME I.

A

Sentimental Journey

THROUGH

FRANCE and ITALY.

BY

MR. YORICK.

VOL. II.

A

Sentimental JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his ſon upon the ſame ſubject into my head—and that bringing in Hamlet; and Hamlet, the reſt of Shakeſpear's works, I ſtopped at the Quai de Conti in my return home, to purchaſe the whole ſet.

The bookſeller ſaid he had not a ſet in the world —*Comment!* ſaid I; taking one up out of a ſet which lay upon the counter betwixt us—He ſaid, they were ſent him only to be got bound, and were

were to be ſent back to Verſailles in the morning to the Count de B----.

—And does the Count de B----, ſaid I, read Shakeſpear? *C'eſt un Eſprit fort;* replied the bookſeller.——He loves Engliſh books, and, what is more to his honour, Monſieur, he loves the Engliſh too. You ſpeak this ſo civilly, ſaid I, that it is enough to oblige an Engliſhman to lay out a louis d'or or two at your ſhop——the bookſeller made a bow, and was going to ſay ſomething, when a young decent girl of about twenty, who by her air and dreſs, ſeemed to be *fille de chambre* to ſome devout woman of faſhion, came into the ſhop and aſked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Eſprit:* the bookſeller gave her the book directly; ſhe pulled out a little green ſatin purſe run round with a riband of the ſame colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, ſhe took out the money, and paid for it. As I had nothing more to ſtay me in the ſhop, we both walked out at the door together.

—And what have you to do, my dear, ſaid I, with *The wanderings of the heart*, who ſcarce know yet you have one? nor till love has firſt told you it, or ſome faithleſs ſhepherd has made it ache, can'ſt thou ever be ſure it is ſo.——*Le Dieu m'en garde!* ſaid the girl.—With reaſon, ſaid I—for if it is a good one, it is a pity it ſhould be ſtolen: it is a little treaſure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dreſſed out with pearls.

The young girl liſtened with a ſubmiſſive attention, holding her ſatin purſe by its riband in her hand all the time.——It is a very ſmall one, ſaid I, taking hold of the bottom of it——ſhe held it towards me——and there is very little in it, my dear, ſaid I; but be but as good as thou art handſome, and heaven will fill it: I had a parcel of crowns

in

in my hand to pay for Shakeſpear; and as ſhe had let go the purſe entirely, I put a ſingle one in; and tying up the riband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more an humble courteſy than a low one——it was one of thoſe quiet, thankful ſinkings, where the ſpirit bows itſelf down——the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleaſure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, ſaid I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you ſee the crown, you will remember it—ſo do not, my dear, lay it out in ribands.

Upon my word, Sir, ſaid the girl, earneſtly, I am incapable——in ſaying which, as is uſual in little bargains of honour, ſhe gave me her hand —*En verité, Monſieur, je mettrai cet argent aparte*, ſaid ſhe.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it ſanctifies their moſt private walks: ſo, notwithſtanding it was duſky, yet as both our roads lay the ſame way, we made no ſcruple of walking along the Quai de Conti tôgether.

She made me a ſecond courteſy in ſetting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if ſhe had not done enough before, ſhe made a ſort of a little ſtop, to tell me again—ſhe thanked me.

It was a ſmall tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be miſtaken in the perſon I had been rendering it to for the world—but I ſee innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befal the man who ever lays a ſnare in its way!

The

The girl ſeemed affected ſome way or other with what I ſaid—ſhe gave a low ſigh—-I found I was not empowered to inquire at all after it—-ſo ſaid nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

—But is this the way, my dear, ſaid I, to the hotel de Modene? ſhe told me it was—or, that I might go by the Rue de Guineygaude, which was the next turn—-Then I will go, my dear, by the Rue de Guineygaude, ſaid I, for two reaſons; firſt I ſhall pleaſe myſelf, and next I ſhall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was ſenſible I was civil—and ſaid, ſhe wiſhed the hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre.—-You live there? ſaid I.—-She told me ſhe was *fille de chambre* to Madame R....—-Good God! ſaid I, it is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens —The girl told me, that Madame R...., ſhe believed, expected a ſtranger with a letter, and was impatient to ſee him—ſo I deſired the girl to preſent my compliments to Madame R...., and ſay I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We ſtood ſtill at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilſt this paſſed—-We then ſtopped a moment whilſt ſhe diſpoſed of her *Egarements du Cœur, &c.* more commodiouſly than carrying them in her hand—-they were two volumes; ſo I held the ſecond for her, whilſt ſhe put the firſt into her pocket; and then ſhe held her pocket, and I put the other in after it.

It is ſweet to feel by what fine-ſpun threads our affections are drawn together.

We ſet off afreſh, and as ſhe took her third ſtep, the girl put her hand within my arm——I

was

was juſt bidding her—but ſhe did it of herſelf, with that undeliberating ſimplicity, which ſhewed it was out of her head that ſhe had never ſeen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of conſanguinity ſo ſtrongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and ſee if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeneſs——Tut! ſaid I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Guineygaude, I ſtopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindneſs——She bid me adieu twice——I repeated it as often; and ſo cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where elſe, I am not ſure but I ſhould have ſigned it with a kiſs of charity, as warm and holy as an apoſtle.

But in Paris, as none kiſs each other but the men—I did, what amounted to the ſame thing—I bid God bleſs her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been inquired after by the Lieutenant de Police——The deuce take it, ſaid I——I know the reaſon. It is time the reader ſhould know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head, but that, had I told it then, it might have been forgot now——and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with ſo much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war

war with France, and had reached Dover, and looked through my glaſs at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea preſented itſelf; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a paſſport. Go but to the end of a ſtreet, I have a mortal averſion for returning back no wiſer than I ſet out; and as this was one of the greateſt efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could leſs bear the thoughts of it: ſo hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *ſuite*. The Count had ſome little knowledge of me, ſo made little or no difficulty—only ſaid, his inclination to ſerve me could reach no further than Calais; as he was to return by way of Bruſſels to Paris: however, when I had once paſſed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I muſt make friends, and ſhift for myſelf—Let me get to Paris, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I—and I ſhall do very well. So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieuteuant de Police had been inquiring after me—the thing inſtantly recurred—and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the maſter of the hotel came into my room to tell me the ſame thing, with this addition to it, that my paſſport had been particularly aſked after: the maſter of the hotel concluded with ſaying, He hoped I had one—Not I, faith! ſaid I.

The maſter of the hotel retired three ſteps from me, as from an infected perſon, as I declared this—and poor La Fleur advanced three ſteps towards me, and with that ſort of movement which a good ſoul makes to ſuccour a diſtreſſed one—the fellow won my heart by it; and from that ſingle

trait,

trait, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had ſerved me with fidelity for ſeven years.

Mon ſeigneur! cried the maſter of the hotel—but recollecting himſelf as he made the exclamation, he inſtantly changed the tone of it—If Monſieur, ſaid he, has not a paſſport (*apparemment*) in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one.—Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference.—Then *certes* replied he, you will be ſent to the Baſtile or the Chatelet, *au moins*. Poo! ſaid I, the king of France is a good-natured ſoul—he will hurt no body.—*Cela n'empeche pas*, ſaid he—you will certainly be ſent to the Baſtile to-morrow morning.—But I have taken your lodgings for a month anſwered I, and I will not quit them a day before the time, for all the kings of France in the world. La Fleur whiſpered in my ear, That no body could oppoſe the king of France.

Pardi, ſaid my hoſt, *ces Meſſieurs Anglois ſont des gens tres extraordinaires*—and having both ſaid and ſworn it—he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

The HOTEL at PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur with a ſerious look upon the ſubject of my embarraſſment, which was the reaſon I had treated it ſo cavalierly: and to ſhew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the ſubject entirely; and whilſt he waited upon me at ſupper, talked to him with more than uſual gaiety about

Paris, and of the *opera comique*.—La Fleur had been there himſelf, and had followed me thro' the ſtreets as far as the bookſeller's ſhop; but ſeeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deemed it unneceſſary to follow me a ſtep further—ſo making his own reflections upon it, he took a ſhorter cut—and got to the hotel in time to be informed of the affair of the Police againſt my arrival.

As ſoon as the honeſt creature had taken away, and gone down to ſup himſelf, I then began to think a little ſeriouſly about my ſituation.—

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt ſmile at the remembrance of a ſhort dialogue which paſſed betwixt us the moment I was going to ſet out—I muſt tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little ſubject to be overburdened with money as thought, had drawn me aſide to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling him the exact ſum, Eugenius ſhook his head, and ſaid it would not do; ſo pulled out his purſe in order to empty it into mine;—I have enough in conſcieuce, Eugenius, ſaid I.—Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius—I know France and Italy better than you.—But you do not conſider, Eugenius, ſaid I, refuſing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I ſhall take care to ſay or do ſomething or other for which I ſhall get clapped up in the Baſtile, and that I ſhall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expence—I beg pardon, ſaid Eugenius, drily: really I had forgot that reſource.

Now the event I treated gaily came ſeriouſly to my door.

Is

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philoſophy, or pertinacity——or what is it in me, that after all, when La Fleur had gone down ſtairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwiſe than I had then ſpoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Baſtile! the terror is in the word——Make the moſt of it you can, ſaid I to myſelf, the Baſtile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a houſe you cannot get out of——Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year—but with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man cannot get out, he may do very well within——at leaſt for a month or ſix weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmleſs fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiſer man than he went in.

I had ſome occaſion (I forget what) to ſtep into the court-yard, as I ſettled this account; and remember I walked down ſtairs in no ſmall triumph with the conceit of my reaſoning——Beſhrew the *ſombre* pencil! ſaid I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with ſo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind ſits terrified at the objects ſhe has magnified herſelf, and blackened: reduce them to their proper ſize and hue, ſhe overlooks them——It is true, ſaid I, correcting the propoſition——the Baſtile is not an evil to be deſpiſed——but ſtrip it of its towers—fill up the foſsè——unbarricade the doors——call it ſimply a confinement, and ſuppoſe it is ſome tyrant of a diſtemper——and not of a man which holds you in it——the evil vaniſhes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this ſoliloquy, with a voice, which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."——I looked up and down the paſſage, and ſeeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the paſſage, I heard the ſame words repeated twice over; and looking up, I ſaw it was a ſtarling hung in a little cage.—"I can't get out—I can't get out," ſaid the ſtarling.

I ſtood looking at the bird: and to every perſon who came through the paſſage it ran fluttering to the ſide towards which they approached it, with the ſame lamentation of its captivity—"I can't "get out," ſaid the ſtarling—God help thee! ſaid I, but I will let thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turned about the cage to get the door; it was twiſted and double twiſted ſo faſt with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thruſting his head through the trellis, preſſed his breaſt againſt it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! ſaid I, I cannot ſet thee at liberty—"No," ſaid the ſtarling—"I can't get out—I can't get out," ſaid the ſtarling.

I vow, I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the diſſipated ſpirits, to which my reaſon had been a bubble, were ſo ſuddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet ſo true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my ſyſtematic reaſonings

ings upon the Baſtile; and I heavily walked up ſtairs, unſaying every word I had ſaid in going down them.

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, Slavery! ſaid I——ſtill thou art a bitter draught; and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account.—— It is thou, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs, addreſſing myſelf to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worſhip, whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo, till NATURE herſelf ſhall change ——no *tint* of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron—— with thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou are exiled———Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the laſt ſtep but one in my aſcent—grant me but health, thou great Beſtower of it, and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion—and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them.

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage purſued me into my room; I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was,

was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groups in it did but diſtract me——

—I took a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I ſaw him pale and feveriſh: in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood——he had ſeen no ſun, no moon in all that time——nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice——his children——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there——he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down——ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle——He gave a deep ſigh—I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul——I burſt into tears ——I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn——I ſtarted up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him be-

ſpeak

ſpeak me a *remiſe*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

——I will go directly, ſaid I, myſelf, to Monſieur Le Duc de Choiſeul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but, not willing he ſhould ſee any thing upon my cheeks which would coſt the honeſt fellow a heart-ache —I told him I would go to bed by myſelf—and bid him go do the ſame.

THE STARLING.

ROAD to VERSAILLES.

I Got into my *remiſe* the hour I propoſed: La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the beſt of his way to Verſailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a ſhort hiſtory of this ſelf-ſame bird, which became the ſubject of the laſt chapter.

Whilſt the Honourable Mr. * * * * was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an Engliſh lad who was his groom; who, not caring to deſtroy it, had taken it in his breaſt into the packet —and by courſe of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it ſafe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the ſtarling; and as he had little to do better the five months his maſter ſtaid there, he taught it in his mother's tongue, the four ſimple words—(and no more)—to which I owned myſelf ſo much its debtor.

Upon his maſter's going on for Italy—the lad had given it to the maſter of the hotel—But his little ſong for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris—the bird had little or no ſtore ſet by him—ſo La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whoſe language he had learned his notes—and telling the ſtory of him to Lord A—Lord A begged the bird of me—in a week, Lord A gave him to Lord B——Lord B made a preſent of him to Lord C——and Lord C's gentleman ſold him to Lord D's for a ſhilling——— Lord D gave him to Lord E——and ſo on——half round the alphabet—From that rank he paſſed into the lower houſe, and paſſed the hands of as many commoners———But as all theſe wanted to *get in*———and my bird wanted to get out———he had almoſt as little ſtore ſet by him in London as in Paris.

It is impoſſible but many of my readers muſt have heard of him; and if any, by mere chance, have ever ſeen him—I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird,——or ſome vile copy ſet up to repreſent him.

I have nothing further to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have born this

poor

poor ſtarling as the creſt to my arms.——————
Thus:

——And let the heralds officers twiſt his neck about, if they dare.

THE

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind, when I am going to aſk protection of any man: for which reaſon, I generally endeavour to protect myſelf; but this going to Monſieur Le Duc de C*****'was an act of compulſion—had it been an act of choice, I ſhould have done it, I ſuppoſe, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty addreſs, as I went along, did my ſervile heart form! I deſerved the Baſtile for every one of them.

Then nothing would ſerve me, when I got within ſight of Verſailles, but putting words and ſentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myſelf into Monſieur Le Duc de C*****'s good graces——This will do—ſaid I—Juſt as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his meaſure—Fool!—continued I—ſee Monſieur Le Duc's face firſt—obſerve what character is written in it; take notice in what poſture he ſtands to hear you—mark the turns and expreſſions of his body and limbs——And for the tone—the firſt ſound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all theſe together you will compound an addreſs at once on the ſpot, which cannot diſguſt the Duke—the ingredients are his own, and moſt likely to go down.

Well! ſaid I, I wiſh it well over——Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole ſurface of the globe; and if in the field—why not face to face in the cabinet too? And truſt me, Yorick, whenever it is not

ſo,

ſo, man is falſe to himſelf; and betrays his own ſuccours ten times, where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de Ç . . . . with the Baſtile in thy looks—My life for it, thou wilt be ſent back to Paris in half an hour, with an eſcort.

I believe ſo, ſaid I—Then I will to the Duke, by Heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairneſs in the world.—

—And there you are wrong again, replied I.—A heart at eaſe, Yorick, flies into no extremes—it is ever on its centre—Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates—I find I ſhall do very well: and by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myſelf ſo much the better for my own lecture, that I neither aſcended the ſteps like a victim to juſtice, who was to part with life upon the topmoſt,—nor did I mount them with a ſkip and a couple of ſtrides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the ſaloon, I was met by a perſon who poſſibly might be the *maitre d'hotel*, but had more the air of one of the under ſecretaries, who told me the Duc de C . . . . was buſy—I am utterly ignorant, ſaid I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an abſolute ſtranger, and what is worſe in the preſent conjuncture of affairs, being an Engliſhman too.—He replied, that did not increaſe the difficulty.—I made him a ſlight bow, and told him I had ſomething of importance to ſay to Monſieur Le Duc. The ſecretary looked towards the ſtairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to ſome one—But I muſt not miſlead you, ſaid I—for what I have to ſay is of no manner of import-

ance.

ance to Monſieur Le Duc de C · · · ·—but of great importance to myſelf.—*C'eſt une autre affaire*, replied he—Not at all, ſaid I, to a man of gallantry.—But pray, good Sir, continued I, when can a ſtranger hope to have *acceſſe?* In not leſs than two hours, ſaid he, looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the court-yard ſeemed to juſtify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a proſpect—and as walking backwards and forwards in the ſaloon, without a ſoul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Baſtile itſelf, I inſtantly went back to my *remiſe*, and bid the coachman drive me to the *cordon bleu*, which was the neareſt hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it—I ſeldom go to the place I ſet out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half way down the ſtreet, I changed my mind: as I am at Verſailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; ſo I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round ſome of the principal ſtreets—I ſuppoſe the town is not very large, ſaid I.——The coachman begged pardon for ſetting me right, and told me it was very ſuperb, and that numbers of the firſt dukes and marquiſes and counts had hotels—The count de B · · · ·, of whom the bookſeller at the Quai de Conti had ſpoke ſo handſomely the night before, came inſtantly into my mind—And why ſhould I not go, thought I, to the Count de B · · · ·, who has ſo high an idea of Engliſh books, and Engliſh men——and tell him my

my ſtory? ſo I changed my mind a ſecond time—In truth it was the third: for I intended that day for Madame R····in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly ſent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would aſſuredly wait upon her—but I am governed by circumſtances——I cannot govern them; ſo ſeeing a man ſtanding with a baſket on the other ſide of the ſtreet, as if he had ſomething to ſell, I bid La Fleur go up to him, and inquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis ſelling *patés*——It is impoſſible, La Fleur! ſaid I.—La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myſelf; but perſiſted in his ſtory; he had ſeen the croix ſet in gold, with its red riband, he ſaid, tied to his button-hole—and had looked into the baſket and ſeen the *patés* which the Chevalier was ſelling; ſo could not be miſtaken in that.

Such a reverſe in a man's life awakens a better principle than curioſity: I could not help looking for ſome time at him, as I ſat in the *remiſe*—the more I looked at him—his croix and his baſket, the ſtronger they wove themſelves into my brain——I got out of the *remiſe* and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a ſort of a bib which went half way up his breaſt; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His baſket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damaſk napkin; another of the ſame kind was ſpread at the botom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatneſs throughout; that one might have bought his *patés* of him, as much from appetite as ſentiment.

He

He made an offer of them to neither; but ſtood ſtill with them at the corner of a hotel, for thoſe to buy who choſe it, without ſolicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a ſedate look, ſomething approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the baſket than him, and having lifted up the napkin and taken one of his *patés* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the beſt part of his life had paſſed in the ſervice, in which, after ſpending a ſmall patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that at the concluſion of the laſt peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with thoſe of ſome other regiments, left without any proviſion—he found himſelf in a wide world, without friends, without a livre—and indeed ſaid he, without any thing but this--(pointing, as he ſaid it, to his croix) —The poor chevalier won my pity, and he finiſhed the ſcene, with winning my eſteem too.

The king, he ſaid, was the moſt generous of princes, but his generoſity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongſt the number. He had a little wife, he ſaid, whom he loved, who did the *patiſſerie*; and added, he felt no diſhonour in defending her and himſelf from want in this way—unleſs Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleaſure from the good, in paſſing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It ſeems he uſually took his ſtand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace; and as his croix had

had caught the eyes of numbers, numbers had made the ſame inquiry which I had done—He had told them the ſame ſtory, and always with ſo much modeſty and good ſenſe, that it had reached at laſt the King's ears—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and reſpected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity ——he broke up his little trade by a penſion of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to pleaſe the reader, I beg leave he will allow me to relate another out of its order, to pleaſe myſelf——the two ſtories reflect light upon each other,—and it is a pity they ſhould be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN ſtates and empires have their periods of declenſion, and feel in their turns what diſtreſs and poverty is—I ſtop not to tell the cauſes which gradually brought the houſe d'E.... in Britany into decay. The Marquis d'E.... had fought up againſt his condition with great firmneſs; wiſhing to preſerve and ſtill ſhew to the world ſome little fragments of what his anceſtors had been—their indiſcretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obſcurity*—But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deſerved it. He had tried his ſword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expenſive—and ſimple œconomy was not a match for it——there was no reſource but commerce.

In

In any other province in France, ſave Britany, this was ſmiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wiſhed to ſee re-bloſſom—But in Britany, there being a proviſion for this, he availed himſelf of it; and taking an occaſion when the ſtates were aſſembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two ſons, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though ſeldom claimed, he ſaid, was no leſs in force; he took his ſword from his ſide——Here——ſaid he———take it; and be truſty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The preſident accepted the Marquis's ſword—he ſtayed a few minutes to ſee it depoſited in the archives of his houſe—and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of ſucceſsful application to buſineſs, with ſome unlooked for bequeſts from diſtant branches of his houſe——returned home to reclaim his nobility and to ſupport it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a ſentimental one, that I ſhould be at Rennes at the very time of this ſolemn requiſition: I call it ſolemn———it was ſo to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he ſupported his lady—his eldeſt ſon ſupported his ſiſter, and his youngeſt was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice——

—There was a dead ſilence. When the Marquis had approached within ſix paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioneſs to his youngeſt ſon, and advancing three ſteps before his family—

he

he reclaimed his ſword—His ſword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almoſt out of the ſcabbard—it was the ſhining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to ſee whether it was the ſame——when obſerving a little ruſt which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I ſaw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived, by what followed.

" I ſhall find, ſaid he, ſome *other way*, to get it " off."

When the Marquis had ſaid this, he returned his ſword into its ſcabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two ſons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monſieur le Count de B····. The ſet of Shakeſpears was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up cloſe to the table, and giving firſt ſuch a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were—I told him I had come without any one to preſent me, knowing I ſhould meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I truſted, would do it for me—it is my countryman the great Shakeſpear, ſaid I, pointing to his works—*et ayez la bonté, mon cher ami*, apoſtrophizing his ſpirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur là.*———

The Count ſmiled at the ſingularity of the introduction; and ſeeing I looked a little pale and

ſickly, inſiſted upon my taking an arm chair: ſo I ſat down; and to ſave him conjectures upon a viſit ſo out of all rule, I told him ſimply of the incident in the bookſeller's ſhop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the ſtory of a little embarraſſment I was under, than to any other man in France—And what is your embarraſſment? let me hear it, ſaid the Count. So I told him the ſtory juſt as I have told it the reader.——

—And the maſter of my hotel, ſaid I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monſieur le Count, that I ſhall be ſent to the Baſtile—but I have no apprehenſions, continued I—for in falling into the hands of the moſt poliſhed people in the world, and being conſcious I was a true man, and not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land, I ſcarce thought I lay at their mercy. It does not ſuit the gallantry of the French, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I, to ſhew it againſt invalids.

An animated bluſh came into the Count de B....'s cheeks, as I ſpoke this——*Ne craignez rien*—Do not fear, ſaid he—Indeed I do not, replied I again—beſides, continued I, a little ſportingly—I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and do not think Monſieur le Duc de Choiſeul is ſuch an enemy to mirth, as to ſend me back crying for my pains.

—My application to you, Monſieur le Count de B..., (making him a low bow) is to deſire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good nature, or I had not ſaid half as much—and once or twice ſaid—*C'eſt bien dit.* So I reſted my cauſe there, —and determined to ſay no more about it.

The Count led the diſcourſe: we talked of indifferent things—of books and politics, and men

—and

—and then of women—God bleſs them all! ſaid I, after much diſcourſe about them—there is not a man upon earth who loves them ſo much as I do: after all the foibles I have ſeen, and all the ſatires I have read againſt them, ſtill I love them, being firmly perſuaded, that a man, who has not a ſort of an affection for the whole ſex, is incapable of ever loving a ſingle one as he ought.

Heh bien! Monſieur l'Anglois, ſaid the Count, gaily—You are not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land—I believe you—*ni encore*, I dare ſay, *that* of our women—But, permit me to conjecture—if, *par hazard*, they fell in your way—that the proſpect would not affect you.

I have ſomething within me which cannot bear the ſhock of the leaſt indecent inſinuation: in the ſportability of chit-chat, I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and, with infinite pain, have hazarded a thouſand things to a dozen of the ſex together—the leaſt of which I could not venture to a ſingle one, to gain heaven.

Excuſe me, Monſieur le Compte, ſaid I—as for the nakedneſs of your land, if I ſaw it, I ſhould caſt my eyes over it with tears in them—and for that of your women (bluſhing at the idea he had excited in me) I am ſo evangelical in this, and have ſuch a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on—But I could wiſh, continued I, to ſpy the *nakedneſs* of their hearts, and thro' the different diſguiſes of cuſtoms, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them, to faſhion my own by—and therefore am I come.

It is for this reaſon, Monſieur le Compte, continued I, that I have not ſeen the Palais Royal—nor the Luxembourg——nor the Façade of the Louvre—nor have attempted to ſwell the cata-

logues we have of pictures, ſtatues, and churches —I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and ſee the original drawings and looſe ſketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itſelf.

The thirſt of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breaſt of the connoiſſeur, has led me from my own home into France —and from France will lead me through Italy—it is a quiet journey of the heart in purſuit of NATURE, and thoſe affections which riſe out of her, which make us love each other—and the world, better than we do.

The Count ſaid a great many civil things to me upon the occaſion: and added very politely, how much he ſtood obliged to Shakeſpear, for making me known to him—but, *à propos*, ſaid he —Shakeſpear is full of great things—He forgot a ſmall punctilio of announcing your name—it puts you under a neceſſity of doing it yourſelf.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE 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 wiſhed 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 my purpoſe—for Shakeſpear 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 fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK,

RICK, 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——it is 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 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 Yoricks. The Yorick your lordſhip thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flouriſhed in Horwendillus's court——the other Yorick is myſelf, who have flouriſhed, my lord, in no court——He ſhook his head——Good God! ſaid I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great, with Alexander the copperſmith, my lord——It was all one, he replied——

—If Alexander king of Macedon could have tranſlated your lordſhip, ſaid I—I am 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 Compte* ——*Mon Dieu!* ſaid he, embracing me——*Vous etes Yorick.*

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

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B..... had gone ſo abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakeſpear into his pocket—*Myſteries which muſt explain themſelves, are not worth the loſs of time, which a conjecture about them takes up:* it was better to read Shakeſpear; ſo taking up "*Much ado about Nothing*," I tranſported myſelf inſtantly from the chair I ſat in to Meſſina in Sicily, and got ſo buſy with Don Pedro and Benedict and Beatrice, that I thought not of Verſailles, the Count, or the Paſſport.

Sweet pliability of man's ſpirit, that can at once ſurrender itſelf to illuſions, which cheat expectation and ſorrow of their weary moments!——long——long ſince had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod ſo great a part of them upon this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too ſteep for my ſtrength, I get off it, to ſome ſmooth velvet path which fancy has ſcattered over with roſebuds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back ſtrengthened and refreſhed——When evils preſs ſore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new courſe——I leave it——and as I have a clearer idea of the Elyſian fields than I have of heaven, I force myſelf, like Æneas, into them——I ſee him meet the penſive ſhade of his forſaken Dido——and wiſh to recognize it—I

ſee

ſee the injured ſpirit wave her head, and turn off ſilent from the author of her miſeries and diſhonours—I loſe the feelings for myſelf in hers—and in thoſe affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at ſchool.

Surely this is not walking in a vain ſhadow—nor does man diſquiet himſelf in vain *by it*—he oftener does ſo in truſting the iſſue of his commotions to reaſon only.—I can ſafely ſay for myſelf, I was never able to conquer any one ſingle bad ſenſation in my heart ſo deciſively, as by beating up as faſt as I could for ſome kindly and gentle ſenſation, to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B..... entered, with my paſſport in his hand. Monſ. le Duc de C...., ſaid the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare ſay, as he is a ſtateſman——*Un homme qui rit*, ſaid the Duke, *ne ſera jamais dangereux*.—Had it been for any one but the king's jeſter, added the Count, I could not have got it theſe two hours.——*Pardonnez moi*, Monſ. Le Compte, ſaid I—I am not the king's jeſter——But you are Yorick?—Yes.—*Et vous plaiſantez ?*——I anſwered, Indeed I did jeſt—— but was not paid for it—it was entirely at my own expence.

We have no jeſter at court, Monſ. Le Compte, ſaid I; the laſt we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.—ſince which time, our manners have been ſo gradually refining, that our court at preſent is ſo full of patriots, who wiſh for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of their country—— and our ladies are all ſo chaſte, ſo ſpotleſs, ſo good, ſo devout—there is nothing for a jeſter to make a jeſt of—

Voila un perſiflage ! cried the Count.

THE

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

AS the paſſport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors and commandants of cities, generals of armies, juſticiaries, and all officers of juſtice, to let Mr. Yorick, the king's jeſter, and his baggage, travel quietly along—I own the triumph of obtaining the paſſport was not a little tarniſhed by the figure I cut in it—but there is nothing unmixed in this world; and ſome of the graveſt of our divines have carried it ſo far as to affirm, that enjoyment itſelf was attended even with a ſigh—and that the greateſt *they knew of*, terminated, *in a general way*, in little better than a convulſion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriſkius, in his commentary upon the generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of ſparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at laſt had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

—It is ſtrange! writes Bevoriſkius; but the facts are certain, for I have had the curioſity to mark them down one by one with my pen—but the cockſparrow, during the little time that I could have finiſhed the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his careſſes three-and-twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriſkius, is heaven to his creatures!

Ill-fated

Ill-fated Yorick! that the graveſt of thy brethren ſhould be able to write that to the world, which ſtains thy face with crimſon, to copy even in thy ſtudy.

But this is nothing to my travels——So I twice—twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the French? ſaid the Count de B····, after he had given me the paſſport.

The reader may ſuppoſe, that after ſo obliging a proof of courteſy, I could not be at a loſs to ſay ſomething handſome to the inquiry.

—*Mais paſſe, pour cela*—Speak frankly, ſaid he; do you find all the urbanity in the French, which the world give us the honour of?——I had found every thing, I ſaid, which confirmed it—*Vraiment*, ſaid the count—*Les François ſont polis.* To an exceſs, replied I.

The count took notice of the word *exceſſe*; and would have it I meant more than I ſaid. I defended myſelf a long time, as well as I could, againſt it—he inſiſted I had a reſerve, and that I would ſpeak my opinion frankly.

I believe, Monſ. Le Compte, ſaid I, that man has a certain compaſs, as well as an inſtrument; and that the ſocial and other calls have occaſion by turns for every key in him; ſo that if you begin a note too high or too low, there muſt be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the ſyſtem of harmony——The Count de B···· did not underſtand muſic, ſo deſired me to explain it ſome

ſome other way. A poliſhed nation, my dear Count, ſaid I, makes every one its debtor; and beſides, urbanity itſelf, like the fair ſex, has ſo many charms; it goes againſt the heart to ſay it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him all together, is empowered to arrive at—if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities, then gets them. I muſt not preſume to ſay, how far this has affected the French in the ſubject we are ſpeaking of—but ſhould it ever be the caſe of the Engliſh, in the progreſs of their reſentments, to arrive at the ſame poliſh which diſtinguiſhes the French, if we did not loſe the *politeſſe de cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions, than courteous ones—we ſhould at leaſt loſe that diſtinct variety and originality of character, which diſtinguiſhes them, not only from each other, but from all the world beſides.

I had a few King William's ſhillings as ſmooth as glaſs in my pocket: and foreſeeing they would be of uſe in the illuſtration of my hypotheſis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded ſo far—

See, Monſ. Le Compte, ſaid I, riſing up, and laying them before him upon the table—by jingling and rubbing one againſt another for ſeventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become ſo much alike, you can ſcarce diſtinguiſh one ſhilling from another.

The Engliſh, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and paſſing but few people's hands, preſerve the firſt ſharpneſſes which the fine hand of nature has given them—they are not ſo pleaſant to feel—but in return, the legend is ſo viſible, that at the firſt look, you ſee whoſe image and ſuperſcription they bear.—But the French, Monſ. Le Compte,

added

added I, wiſhing to ſoften what I had ſaid, have ſo many excellencies, they can the better ſpare this —they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good temper'd people as is under heaven—if they have a fault—they are too *ſerious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, riſing out of his chair.

Mais vous plaiſantez, ſaid he, correcting his exclamation.—I laid my hand upon my breaſt, and with earneſt gravity aſſured him, it was my moſt ſettled opinion.

The Count ſaid he was mortified, he could not ſtay to hear my reaſons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C · · · ·.

But if it is not too far to come to Verſailles to eat your ſoup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleaſure of knowing you retract your opinion—or, in what manner you ſupport it.—But if you do ſupport it, Monſ. Anglois, ſaid he, you muſt do it with all your powers, becauſe you have the whole world againſt you.—— I promiſed the count I would do myſelf the honour of dining with him before I ſet out for Italy —ſo took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment inquiring for me.—I do not know, ſaid the porter, whether ſhe is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up ſtairs; and when I had got within ten ſteps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming eaſily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R · · · · had ſent her upon ſome commiſſions to a *merchande des modes*, within a ſtep or two of the hotel de Modene; and as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her inquire if I had left Paris; and if ſo, whether I had not left a letter addreſſed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was ſo near my door, ſhe returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two, whilſt I wrote a card.

It was a fine ſtill evening, in the latter end of the month of May——the crimſon window curtains (which were of the ſame colour of thoſe of the bed) were drawn cloſe—the ſun was ſetting, and reflected through them ſo warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*'s face——I thought ſhe bluſhed—the idea of it made me bluſh alſo—we were quite alone; and that ſuperinduced a ſecond bluſh, before the firſt could get off.

There is a ſort of a pleaſing half guilty bluſh, where the blood is more in fault than the man—it is ſent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it—not to call it back, but to make the ſenſation of it more delicious to the nerves—it is aſſociated—

But I will not deſcribe it.—I felt ſomething at firſt within me, which was not in ſtrict uniſon with the leſſon of virtue I had given her the night before—I ſought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one.—I took up a pen—I laid it down again—my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one, he is an adverſary, whom if we reſiſt, he will fly from us——but I ſeldom reſiſt him at all; from a terror, that though I may conquer, I may ſtill get a hurt in the combat—

bat—ſo I gave up the triumph for ſecurity; and inſtead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myſelf.

The fair *fille de chambre* came cloſe up to the bureau where I was looking for a card—took up firſt the pen I caſt down, then offered to hold me the ink: ſhe offered it ſo ſweetly, I was going to accept it—but I durſt not—I have nothing, my dear, ſaid I, to write upon.—Write it, ſaid ſhe, ſimply, upon any thing.—

I was juſt going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips.—

If I do, ſaid I, I ſhall periſh—ſo I took her by the hand and led her to the door, and begged ſhe would not forget the leſſon I had given her—She ſaid, indeed ſhe would not—and as ſhe uttered it with ſome earneſtneſs, ſhe turned about, and gave me both her hands, cloſed together, into mine—it was impoſſible not to compreſs them in that ſituation——I wiſhed to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myſelf againſt it—and ſtill I held them on.——In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again—and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were ſtanding—I had ſtill hold of her hands—and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither aſked her——nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but ſo it did happen, we both ſat down.

I will juſt ſhew you, ſaid the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purſe I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So ſhe put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it for ſome time—then into the left—" She had

loſt it."——I never bore expectation more quietly —it was in her right pocket at laſt—ſhe pulled it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted ſatin, and juſt big enough to hold the crown—ſhe put it into my hand—it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand reſting upon her lap—looking ſometimes at the purſe, ſometimes on one ſide of it.

A ſtitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my ſtock—the fair *fille de chambre*, without ſaying a word, took out her little huſſive, threaded a ſmall needle, and ſewed it up—I foreſaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as ſhe paſſed her hand in ſilence acroſs and acroſs my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels ſhake, which fancy had wreathed about my head.

A ſtrap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her ſhoe was juſt falling off—See, ſaid the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot—I could not for my ſoul but faſten the buckle in return, and putting in the ſtrap—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to ſee both were right—in doing it too ſuddenly—it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre—and then—

THE CONQUEST.

PARIS.

YES—and then—Ye whoſe clay-cold heads, and lukewarm hearts, can argue down, or maſk your paſſions——tell me, what treſpaſs is it that man ſhould have them? or how his ſpirit ſtands anſwerable to the Father of ſpirits, but for his conduct under them?

If

If nature has ſo wove her web of kindneſs, that ſome threads of love and deſire are entangled with the piece—muſt the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—Whip me ſuch ſtoics, great Governor of nature! ſaid I to myſelf—Wherever thy providence ſhall place me for the trials of my virtue——whatever is my danger——whatever is my ſituation—let me feel the movements which riſe out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one—I will truſt the iſſues to thy juſtice, for thou haſt made us—and not we ourſelves.

As I finiſhed my addreſs, I raiſed the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room—ſhe ſtood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket—*and then*—the victory being quite deciſive—and not till then, I preſſed my lips to her cheek, and taking her by the hand again, led her ſafe to the gate of the hotel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

IF a man knows the heart, he will know it was impoſſible to go back inſtantly to my chamber—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the cloſe of a piece of muſic, which had called forth my affections—therefore, when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hotel for ſome time, looking at every one who paſſed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a ſingle object, which confounded all kind of reaſoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philoſophic, ſerious, aduſt look, which paſſed and repaſſed ſedately along the ſtreet, making a turn of about ſixty paces on each ſide of the gate of the hotel—the man was about fifty-two—had a ſmall cane under his arm——— was dreſſed in a dark drab-colour'd coat, waiſt-coat and breeches, which ſeemed to have ſeen ſome years ſervice—they were ſtill clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of acoſting a good many in his way, I ſaw he was aſking charity; ſo I got a ſous or two out of my pocket, ready to give him, as he took me in his turn—he paſſed by me without aſking any thing—and yet did not go five ſteps further before he aſked charity of a little woman——I was much more likely to have given of the two——He had ſcarce done with the woman, when he pulled off his hat to another who was coming the ſame way.——An ancient gentleman came ſlowly—and, after him a young ſmart one—He let them both paſs, and aſked nothing: I ſtood obſerving him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably purſued the ſame plan.

There were two things very ſingular in this, which ſet my brain to work, and to no purpoſe—the firſt was, why the man ſhould only tell his ſtory to the ſex—and ſecondly—what kind of ſtory it was, and what ſpecies of eloquence it could be, which ſoftened the hearts of the women, which he knew it was to no purpoſe to practiſe upon the men.

There were two other circumſtances which entangled this myſtery——the one was, he told every woman what he had to ſay in her ear, and in a way

way which had much more the air of a ſecret than a petition,—the other was, it was always ſucceſsful —he never ſtopped a woman, but ſhe pulled out her purſe, and immediately gave him ſomething.

I could form no ſyſtem to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuſe me for the reſt of the evening, ſo I walked up ſtairs to my chamber.

THE CASE of CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the maſter of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I muſt provide lodgings elſewhere——How ſo, friend? ſaid I.——He anſwered, I had a young woman locked up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and it was againſt the rules of his houſe.—Very well, ſaid I, we will all part friends then—for the girl is no worſe—and I am no worſe—and you will be juſt as I found you ——It was enough, he ſaid, to overthrow the credit of his hotel.——*Voyez vous, Monſieur*, ſaid he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been ſitting upon.——I own it had ſomething of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not ſuffering me to enter into any detail of the caſe, I exhorted him to let his ſoul ſleep in peace, as I reſolved to let mine do that night, and that I would diſcharge what I owed him at breakfaſt.

I ſhould not have minded, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, if you had had twenty girls—It is a ſcore more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon—Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning —And does the difference of the time of the day

at Paris, make a difference in the ſin?——It made a difference, he ſaid, in the ſcandal.—I like a good diſtinction in my heart; and cannot ſay I was intolerably out of temper with the man—I own it is neceſſary, re-aſſumed the maſter of the hotel, that a ſtranger at Paris ſhould have the opportunities preſented to him of buying lace and ſilk ſtockings and ruffles, *et tout cela*——and it is nothing if a woman comes with a bandbox.—O' my conſcience, ſaid I, ſhe had one; but I never looked into it.—Then, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, has bought nothing.——Not one earthly thing, replied I.—Becauſe, ſaid he, I could recommend one to you who would uſe you *en conſcience*.——But I muſt ſee her this night, ſaid I——He made me a low bow, and walked down.

Now ſhall I triumph over this *maitre d'hotel*, cried I—and what then?——Then I ſhall let him ſee I know he is a dirty fellow.—And what then?——What then!——I was too near myſelf to ſay it was for the ſake of others.—I had no good anſwer left—there was more of ſpleen than principle in my project, and I was ſick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the Griſſet came in with her box of lace—I will buy nothing, however, ſaid I, within myſelf.

The Griſſet would ſhew me every thing—I was hard to pleaſe: ſhe would not ſeem to ſee it; ſhe opened her little magazine, laid all her laces one after another before me—unfolded and folded them up again, one by one, with the moſt patient ſweetneſs—I might buy—or not——ſhe would let me have every thing at my own price—the poor creature ſeemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herſelf out to win me, and not ſo much in a manner

which

which ſeemed artful, as in one I felt ſimple and careſſing.

If there is not a fund of honeſt cullibility in man, ſo much the worſe—my heart relented, and I gave up my ſecond reſolution as quietly as the firſt——Why ſhould I chaſtiſe one for the treſpaſs of another? if thou art tributary to this tyrant of an hoſt, thought I, looking up in her face, ſo much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four *Louis d'ors in* my purſe, there was no ſuch thing as riſing up and ſhewing her the door, till I had firſt laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

——The maſter of the hotel will ſhare the profit with her——no matter——then I have only paid, as many a poor ſoul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at ſupper, he told me how ſorry the maſter of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's reſt will not ly down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it——So I bid La Fleur tell the maſter of the hotel, that I was ſorry, on my ſide, for the occaſion I had given him—and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman ſhould call again, I ſhall not ſee her.

This was a ſacrifice, not to him, but myſelf, having reſolved, after ſo narrow an eſcape, to run

no

no more riſks, but to leave Paris, if it was poſſible, with all the virtue I entered it.

C'eſt deroger à nobleſſe, Monſieur, ſaid La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he ſaid it ——*Et encore Monſieur*, ſaid he, may change his ſentiments——and if *(par hazard)* he ſhould like to amuſe himſelf——I find no amuſement in it, ſaid I, interrupting him—

Mon Dieu! ſaid La Fleur,—and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious——ſomething hung upon his lips to ſay to me, or aſk me, which he could not get off; I could not conceive what it was; and, indeed, gave myſelf little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle ſo much more intereſting upon my mind, which was that of the man's aſking charity before the door of the hotel ——I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that, not out of curioſity—it is ſo low a principle of inquiry, in general, I would not purchaſe the gratification of it with a two-ſous piece—but a ſecret, I thought, which ſo ſoon and ſo certainly ſoftened the heart of every woman you came near, was a ſecret at leaſt equal to the philoſophers ſtone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been maſter of it.

I toſſed and turned it almoſt all night long in my brains, to no manner of purpoſe; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my ſpirit as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his; and I will not heſitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wiſe men of Paris, as much as thoſe of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himſelf ſo gallantly arrayed, I ſcarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montriul to give him a new hat with a ſilver button and loop, and four louis d'ors *pour s'adoniſer*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him juſtice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good ſcarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the ſame—They were not a crown worſe, he ſaid, for the wearing—I wiſhed him hanged for telling me—they looked ſo freſh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have impoſed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de Friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart ſore at Paris.

He had purchaſed, moreover, a handſome blue ſatin waiſtcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed ſomething the worſe for the ſervice it had done, but it was clean ſcoured—the gold had been touched up, and upon the whole was rather ſhowy than otherwiſe—and as the blue was not violent, it ſuited with the coat and breeches very well: he had ſqeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a ſolitaire; and had inſiſted with the *fripier*, upon a gold pair of garters

to

to his breeches knees—He had purchaſed muſlin ruffles, *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money—and a pair of white ſilk ſtockings for five more—and, to top all, nature had given him a handſome figure, without coſting him a ſous.

He entered the room thus ſet off, with his hair dreſſed in the firſt ſtile, and with a handſome *bouquet* in his breaſt—in a word, there was that look of feſtivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and by combining both together, it inſtantly ſtruck me, that the favour he wiſhed to aſk of me the night before, was to ſpend the day, as every body in Paris ſpent it, beſides. I had ſcarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of truſt, as if I ſhould not refuſe him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis à vis de ſa maitreſſe.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myſelf *vis à vis* Madame de R****—I had retained the *remiſe* on purpoſe for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a ſervant ſo well dreſſed as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: never could have worſe ſpared him.

But we muſt *feel*, not argue in theſe embarraſſments—the ſons and daughters of ſervice part with liberty, but not with Nature in their contracts; they are fleſh and blood, and have their little vanities and wiſhes in the midſt of the houſe of bondage, as well as their taſk-maſters—no doubt, they have ſet their ſelf-denials at a price—and their expectations are ſo unreaſonable, that I would often diſappoint them, but that their condition puts it ſo much in my power to do it.

Behold!

Behold! Behold, I am thy ſervant—diſarms me at once of the powers of a maſter—

—Thou ſhalt go, La Fleur! ſaid I.

—And what miſtreſs, La Fleur, ſaid I, canſt thou have picked up in ſo little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breaſt, and ſaid it was a *petite demoiſelle* at Monſieur Le Compte de B****'s—La Fleur had a heart made for ſociety; and, to ſpeak the truth of him, let as few occaſions ſlip him as his maſter—ſo that ſome how or other—but how—heaven knows—he had connected himſelf with the *demoiſelle* upon the landing of the ſtair-caſe, during the time I was taken up with my paſſport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my intereſt, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his—the family, it ſeems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's houſhold, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a week at leaſt are ſure to lay down all your cares together; and dance and ſing and ſport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the ſpirit of other nations to the earth!

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA FLEUR had left me ſomething to amuſe myſelf with for the day more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, and

and he had a good ſtep to bring it, he had begged a ſheet of waſte paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand—As that was plate ſufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was; and as I reſolved to ſtay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur* to beſpeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfaſt by myſelf.

When I had finiſhed the butter, I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the ſame by the waſte paper—but ſtopping to read a line firſt, and that drawing me on to a ſecond and third—I thought it better worth; ſo I ſhut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I ſat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time, and for aught I know might have been wrote by him—it was moreover in a Gothic letter, and that ſo faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it coſt me infinite trouble to make any thing of it—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afreſh—and then to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza.—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of underſtanding it increaſed but the deſire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again—and after two or three hours poring upon it with almoſt as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonſenſical inſcription, I thought I made ſenſe of it; but to make ſure of it, the beſt way, I imagined, was to turn it into Engliſh, and ſee how it would look then—ſo I went on leiſurely, as a trifling man does, ſometimes writing a ſentence—then taking a turn or two—and then looking how the world went, out of the window;

window; ſo that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it—I then began and read it as follows.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

—Now as the notary's wife diſputed the point with the notary with too much heat—I wiſh, ſaid the notary, throwing down the parchment, that there was another notary here only to ſet down and atteſt all this—

—And what would you do then, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe, riſing haſtily up—the notary's wife was a little ſume of a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply—I would go, anſwered he, to bed.—You may go to the devil, anſwered the notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the houſe, the other two rooms being unfurniſhed, as is the cuſtom at Paris, and the notary not caring to ly in the ſame bed with a woman who had but that moment ſent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat and cane and ſhort cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at eaſe towards the *pont neuf*.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have paſſed over the *pont neuf*, muſt own, that it is the nobleſt—the fineſt—the grandeſt—the lighteſt—the longeſt—the broadeſt that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe—

By this, it ſeems, as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worſt fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbonne can alledge againſt it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, it is more blaſphemouſly *ſacre Dieu*'d there, than in any other aperture of the whole city—and with reaſon, good and cogent, Meſſieurs; for it comes againſt you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with ſuch unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who croſs it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor notary, juſt as he was paſſing by the ſentry, inſtinctively clapped his cane to the ſide of it, but in raiſing it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the ſentinel's hat hoiſted it over the ſpikes of the balluſtrade clear into the Seine.—

—*It is an ill wind*, ſaid a boatman, who catched it, *which blows no body any good.*

The ſentry, being a Gaſcon, incontinently twirled up his whiſkers, and levelled his harquebuſs.

Harquebuſſes in thoſe days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, ſhe had borrowed the ſentry's match to light it—it gave a moment's time for the Gaſcon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage—*It is an ill wind*, ſaid he, catching off the notary's caſtor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor notary croſſed the bridge, and paſſing along the Rue de Dauphine into the fauxbourgs of St. Germain, lamented himſelf as he walked along, in this manner:

Luckleſs man that I am! ſaid the notary, to be the ſport of hurricanes all my days—to be born to have the ſtorm of ill language levelled againſt

me

me and my profeſſion wherever I go—to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempeſt of a woman—to be driven forth out of my houſe by domeſtic winds, and deſpoiled of my caſtor by pontific ones—to be here, bare-headed, in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents—where am I to lay my head?—miſerable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points of the whole compaſs can blow unto thee, as it does to the reſt of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the notary was paſſing on by a dark paſſage, complaining in this ſort, a voice called out to a girl, to bid her run for the next notary—now the notary being the next, and availing himſelf of his ſituation, walked up the paſſage to the door, and paſſing through an old ſort of a ſaloon, was uſhered into a large chamber diſmantled of every thing but a long military pike—a breaſt-plate—a ruſty old ſword, and bandoleer, hung up equidiſtant in four different places againſt the wall.

An old perſonage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and, unleſs decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay ſupporting his head upon his hand in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was ſet cloſe beſide it, and cloſe by the table was placed a chair—the notary ſat him down in it; and pulling out his ink-horn and a ſheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breaſt over the table, he diſpoſed every thing to make the gentleman's laſt will and teſtament.

Alas! Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, raiſing himſelf up a little, I have nothing to bequeath which will pay the expence of bequeath-

ing, except the hiſtory of myſelf, which I could not die in peace unleſs I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits ariſing out of it, I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me——it is a ſtory ſo uncommon, it muſt be read by all mankind—it will make the fortunes of your houſe—the notary dipped his pen into his ink-horn——Almighty director of every event in my life! ſaid the old gentleman, looking up earneſtly and raiſing his hands towards heaven—thou whoſe hand has led me on through ſuch a labyrinth of ſtrange paſſages down into this ſcene of deſolation, aſſiſt the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man——direct my tongue by the ſpirit of thy eternal truth, that this ſtranger may ſet down nought but what is written in that BOOK, from whoſe records, ſaid he, claſping his hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted!—the notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye——

—It is a ſtory, Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, which will rouſe up every affection in nature—it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herſelf with pity——

—The notary was inflamed with a deſire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn—and the old gentleman turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his ſtory in theſe words——

—And where is the reſt of it, La Fleur? ſaid I, as he juſt entered the room.

THE

THE FRAGMENT,

AND THE * BOUQUET.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up cloſe to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other ſheets of it, which he had wrapt round the ſtalks of a *bouquet*, to keep it together, which he had preſented to the *demoiſelle* upon the *bouvelards*——Then, prithee, La Fleur, ſaid I, ſtep back to her to the Count de B****'s hotel, and *ſee if thou canſt get*——There is no doubt of it, ſaid La Fleur—and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of diſappointment in his looks than could ariſe from the ſimple irreparability of the fragment—*Juſte ciel!* in leſs than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his laſt tender farewell of her——his faithleſs miſtreſs had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen——the footman to a young ſempſtreſs—and the ſempſtreſs to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it—Our misfortunes were involved together——I gave a ſigh——and La Fleur echoed it back again to my ear——

—How perfidious! cried La Fleur—How unlucky! ſaid I.——

—I ſhould not have been mortified, Monſieur, quoth La Fleur, if ſhe had loſt it—Nor I, La Fleur, ſaid I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no, will be ſeen hereafter.

* *Noſegay.* THE

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either diſdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good ſentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I ſee paſs at broad noon day, in large and open ſtreets—Nature is ſhy, and hates to act before ſpectators; but in ſuch an unobſerved corner, you ſometimes ſee a ſingle ſhort ſcene of hers, worth all the ſentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together—and yet they are abſolutely fine—and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they ſuit a preacher juſt as well as a hero, I generally make my ſermon out of them—and for the text—"Cappadocia, Pontus and Aſia, Phrygia and Pamphilia"—is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark paſſage iſſuing out from the *opera comique* into a narrow ſtreet; it is trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre*, * or wiſh to get off quietly on foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a ſmall candle, the light of which is almoſt loſt before you get half-way down, but near the door—it is more for ornament than uſe: you ſee it as a fixed ſtar of the leaſt magnitude; it burns—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this paſſage, I diſcerned, as I approached within five or ſix paces of the door, two ladies ſtanding arm in arm, with their backs, againſt

* *Hackney-coach.*

againſt the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; ſo edged myſelf up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my ſtand—I was in black, and ſcarce ſeen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman of about thirty-ſix; the other of the ſame ſize and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them ——they ſeemed to be two upright veſtal ſiſters, unſapped by careſſes, unbroke in upon by tender ſalutations: I could have wiſhed to have made them happy—their happineſs was deſtined, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expreſſion, and ſweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-ſous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it ſingular, that a beggar ſhould fix the quota of an alms——and that the ſum ſhould be twelve times as much as what is uſually given in the dark. They both ſeemed aſtoniſhed at it as much as myſelf——Twelve ſous! ſaid one——a twelve-ſous piece! ſaid the other ——and made no reply.

The poor man ſaid, He knew not how to aſk leſs of ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

Poo! ſaid they——we have no money.

The beggar remained ſilent for a moment or two, and renewed his ſupplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, ſaid he, ſtop your good ears againſt me——Upon my word, honeſt man! ſaid the younger, we have no change—— Then God bleſs you, ſaid the poor man, and multiply thoſe joys which you can give to others without change!——I obſerved the elder ſiſter

put

put her hand into her pocket——I will ſee, ſaid ſhe, if I have a ſous.——A ſous! give twelve, ſaid the ſupplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, ſaid the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the elder—What is it but your goodneſs and humanity which make your bright eyes ſo ſweet, that they outſhine the morning even in this dark paſſage? and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother ſay ſo much of you both as they juſt paſſed by?

The two ladies ſeemed much affected; and impulſively at the ſame time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-ſous piece.

The conteſt betwixt them and the poor ſupplicant was no more—it was continued betwixt themſelves, which of the two ſhould give the twelve-ſous piece in charity——and to end the diſpute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I Stepped haſtily after him: it was the very man whoſe ſucceſs in aſking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had ſo puzzled me—and I found at once his ſecret, or at leaſt the baſis of it—it was flattery.

Delicious eſſence! how refreſhing art thou to nature! how ſtrongly are all its powers and all its weakneſſes on thy ſide! how ſweetly doſt thou mix with

with the blood, and help it through the moſt difficult and tortuous paſſages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not ſtraitened for time, had given it here in a larger doſe: it is certain he had a way of bringing it into leſs form for the many ſudden caſes he had to do with in the ſtreets; but how he contrived to correct, ſweeten, concentre, and qualify it——I vex not my ſpirit with the inquiry———it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-ſous pieces—and they can beſt tell the reſt, who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world not ſo much by doing ſervices, as receiving them: you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground: and then you water it, becauſe you have planted it.

Monſ. Le Compte de B****, merely becauſe he had done me one kindneſs in the affair of my paſſport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to preſent me to others, and ſo on.

I had got maſter of my *ſecret*, juſt in time to turn theſe honours to ſome little account; otherwiſe, as is commonly the caſe, I ſhould have dined or ſupped a ſingle time or two round, and then by *tranſlating* French looks and attitudes into plain Engliſh, I ſhould preſently have ſeen, that I had got hold of the *couvert* * of ſome more entertaining gueſt;

* *Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and ſpoon.*

gueſt; and in courſe ſhould have reſigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiſs.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B - - - -: in days of yore he had ſignalized himſelf by ſome ſmall feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'amour*, and had dreſſed himſelf out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever ſince——the Marquis de B - - - - wiſhed to have it thought the affair was ſomewhere elſe than in his brain. "He "could like to take a trip to England," and aſked much of the Engliſh ladies. Stay where you are, I beſeech you, Monſ. le Marquiſe, ſaid I—Les Meſſrs. Anglois can ſcarce get a kind look from them as it is.——The Marquis invited me to ſupper.

Monſ. P - - - - the farmer-general was juſt as inquiſitive about our taxes.—They were very conſiderable, he heard—If we knew but how to collect them, ſaid I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monſieur P - - - -'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been miſrepreſented to Madame de Q - - - as an *eſprit*——Madame de Q - - - was an *eſprit* herſelf; ſhe burnt with impatience to ſee me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my ſeat before I ſaw ſhe did not care a ſous whether I had any wit or no—I was let in, to be convinced ſhe had.—I call heaven to witneſs I never once opened the door of my lips.

Madame de V - - - vowed to every creature ſhe met, "She had never had a more improving con-"verſation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French-woman—She is coquette—then deiſt—

then *devote*: the empire during theſe is never loſt—ſhe only changes her ſubjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominion of the ſlaves of love, ſhe repeoples it with ſlaves of infidelity——and then with the ſlaves of the church.

Madame de V * * * was vibrating betwixt the firſt of theſe epochas: the colour of the roſe was fading faſt away—ſhe ought to have been a deiſt five years before the time I had the honour to pay my firſt viſit.

She placed me upon the ſame ſopha with her, for the ſake of diſputing the point of religion more cloſely.—In ſhort, Madame de V * * * told me, ſhe believed nothing.

I told Madame de V * * * it might be her principle; but I was ſure it could not be her intereſt to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive, how ſuch a citadel as her's could be defended——that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world, than for a beauty to be a deiſt ——that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her——that I had not been five minutes ſat upon the ſopha beſide her, but I had begun to form deſigns—and what is it, but the ſentiments of religion, and the perſuaſion they had exiſted in her breaſt, which could have checked them as they roſe up?

We are not adamant, ſaid I, taking hold of her hand—and there is need of all reſtraints, till age in her own time ſteals in, and lays them on us—but, my dear lady, ſaid I, kiſſing her hand—it is too—too ſoon—

I declare I had the credit all over Paris, of unperverting Madame de V * * *—She affirmed to Monſieur D * * * and the Abbe M * * *, that in one half

half hour I had ſaid more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopedia had ſaid againſt it—I was liſted directly into Madame de V * * *'s *Coterie*—and ſhe put off the epocha of deiſm for two years.

I remember it was in this *Coterie*, in the middle of a diſcourſe, in which I was ſhewing the neceſſity of a *firſt cauſe*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the furtheſt corner of the room, to tell me my *ſolitaire* was pinned too ſtrait about my neck—It ſhould be *plus badinant*, ſaid the Count, looking down upon his own —*but a word*, Monſ. Yorick, *to the wiſe*—

—And from the wife, Monſ. Le Compte, replied I, making him a bow—*is enough.*

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met—*Pardi! ce Monſ. Yorick a autant d'eſprit que nous autres.*—*Il raiſonne bien*, ſaid another.—*C'eſt un bon enfant*, ſaid a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drank, and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but it was a diſhoneſt *reckoning*—I grew aſhamed of it—it was the gain of a ſlave—every ſentiment of honour revolted againſt it—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly ſyſtem*—the better the *Coterie*—the more children of Art—I languiſhed for thoſe of Nature: and one night, after a moſt vile proſtitution of myſelf to half a dozen different people, I grew ſick—went to bed —ordered La Fleur to get me horſes in the morning, to ſet out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the diſtreſs of plenty was in any one ſhape till now——to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the ſweeteſt part of France—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up——a journey, through each ſtep of which, muſic beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their cluſters—to paſs through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Juſt heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes—and, alas! I have but a few ſmall pages left of this to crowd it into—and half of theſe muſt be taken up with the poor Maria, my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The ſtory he had told of that diſordered maid, affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where ſhe lived, it returned ſo ſtrong into my mind, that I could not reſiſt an impulſe which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

It is going, I own, like the knight of the Woful Countenance, in queſt of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never ſo perfectly conſcious of the exiſtence of a ſoul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door, her looks told me the ſtory before ſhe opened her mouth—

She had loſt her huſband: he had died, ſhe ſaid, of anguiſh, for the loſs of Maria's ſenſes, about a month before—ſhe had feared at firſt, ſhe added, that it would have plundered the poor girl of what little underſtanding was left—but on the contrary, it had brought her more to herſelf—ſtill ſhe could not reſt—her poor daughter, ſhe ſaid, crying, was wandering ſomewhere about the road—

—Why does my pulſe beat languid, as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whoſe heart ſeemed only to be tuned to joy, to paſs the back of his hand twice acroſs his eyes, as the woman ſtood and told it? I beckoned to the poſtillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a poplar—ſhe was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand—a ſmall brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the poſtillion go on with the chaiſe to Moulines—and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dreſſed in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted within a ſilk-net.—She had, ſuperadded likewiſe to her jacket, a pale green riband, which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover; and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her with the ſtring——"Thou ſhalt not leave me, Sylvio," ſaid ſhe. I looked in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe

was

was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as ſhe uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I ſat down cloſe by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then ſteeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and as I did it, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions within me, as I am ſure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all the books with which materialiſts have peſtered the world, ever convince me of the contrary.

MARIA.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herſelf, I aſked her if ſhe remembered a pale thin perſon of a man, who had ſat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She ſaid, ſhe was much unſettled at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as ſhe was, ſhe ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next, that her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the theft—ſhe had waſhed it, ſhe ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket, to reſtore it to him, in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again, which, ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me ſee it; ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I ſaw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had ſince that, ſhe told me, ſtrayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once——

and returned back—that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without ſhoes—how ſhe had born it, and how ſhe had got ſupported, ſhe could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, ſaid Maria, to the ſhorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I; and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and ſhelter thee: thou ſhouldſt eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee, and bring thee back—when the ſun went down I would ſay my prayers, and when I had done, thou ſhouldſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe, nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted, for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria obſerving, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was ſteeped too much already to be of uſe, would need go waſh it in the ſtream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? ſaid I——I will dry it in my boſom, ſaid ſhe—it will do me good.

And is your heart ſtill ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I.

I touched upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows—ſhe looked with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time in my face; and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe, and played her ſervice to the Virgin—The ſtring I had touched ceaſed to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herſelf—let her pipe fall—and roſe up.

And where are you going, Maria? ſaid I.—She ſaid, to Moulines.—Let us go, ſaid I, together.

ther.———Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ſtring, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THOUGH I hate ſalutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I ſtopped to take my laſt look and laſt farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms——affliction had touched her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly —ſtill ſhe was feminine—and ſo much was there about her of all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza's out of mine, ſhe ſhould *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria ſhould ly in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckleſs maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journieth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the being who has twice bruiſed thee, can only bind them up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myſelf ſo joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but preſſing through this gate of ſorrow to it, my ſufferings have totally unfitted me: in every ſcene of feſtivity I ſaw

Maria in the back ground of the piece, ſitting penſive under her poplar; and I had got almoſt to Lyons before I was able to caſt a ſhade acroſs her—

——Dear ſenſibility! ſource inexhauſted of all that's precious in our joys, or coſtly in our ſorrows! thou chaineſt thy martyr down upon his bed of ſtraw——and it is thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN—Eternal fountain of our feelings!—it is here I trace thee—and this is thy "*divinity* "*which ſtirs within me*"—not, that in ſome ſad and ſickening moments, "*my ſoul ſhrinks back upon* "*herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction*"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel ſome generous joys and generous cares beyond myſelf——all comes from thee, great——great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remoteſt deſert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languiſh—hears my tale of ſymptoms, and blames the weather for the diſorder of his nerves. Thou giveſt a portion of it ſometimes to the rougheſt peaſant who traverſes the bleakeſt mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—This moment I beheld him leaning with his head againſt his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it—Oh! had I come one moment ſooner!——it bleeds to death——his gentle heart bleeds with it—

Peace to thee, generous ſwain!——I ſee thou walkeſt off with anguiſh—but thy joys ſhall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the ſharer of it—and happy are the lambs which ſport about you.

THE

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming looſe from the fore-foot of the thill-horſe, at the beginning of the aſcent of Mount Taurira, the poſtillion diſmounted, twiſted the ſhoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the aſcent was of five or ſix miles, and that horſe our main dependence, I made a point of having the ſhoe faſtened on again, as well as we could; but the poſtillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaiſe-box, being of no great uſe without them, I ſubmitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of a road, the poor devil loſt a ſecond ſhoe, and from off his other fore-foot; I then got out of the chaiſe in good earneſt; and ſeeing a houſe about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the poſtillion to turn up to it. The look of the houſe, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, ſoon reconciled me to the diſaſter.—It was a little farm-houſe, ſurrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and cloſe to the houſe, on one ſide, was a *potagerie* of an acre and an half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peaſant's houſe—and on the other ſide was a little wood which furniſhed wherewithal to dreſs it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the houſe—ſo I left the poſtillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the houſe.

The family conſiſted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or ſix ſons and ſons-in-law,

law, and their ſeveral wives, and a joyous genea-logy out of them.

They were all ſitting down together to their lentil-ſoup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promiſed joy through the ſtages of the repaſt—'twas a feaſt of love.

The old man roſe up to meet me, and with a reſpectful cordiality would have me ſit down at the table; my heart was ſat down the moment I entered the room; ſo I ſat down at once like a ſon of the family; and to inveſt myſelf in the character as ſpeedily as I could, I inſtantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myſelf a hearty luncheon; and, as I did it, I ſaw a teſtimony in every eye, not only of an honeſt welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not ſeemed to doubt it.

Was it this—or tell me, Nature, what elſe it was which made this morſel ſo ſweet——and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was ſo delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the ſupper was to my taſte—the grace which followed it was much more ſo.

THE GRACE.

WHEN ſupper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife——to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the ſignal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair——and the young men to the door to waſh their faces, and change their ſabots; and in three minutes, every ſoul was ready upon a little

little eſplanade before the houſe, to begin—The old man and his wife came out laſt, and, placing me betwixt them, ſat down upon a ſofa of turf by the door.

The old man had ſome fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*—and at the age he was then of, touched well enough for the purpoſe. His wife ſung now and then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again, as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the ſecond dance, when, from ſome pauſes in the movement wherein they all ſeemed to look up, I fancied I could diſtinguiſh an elevation of ſpirit different from that which is the cauſe or the effect of ſimple jollity. —In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but, as I had never ſeen her ſo engaged, I ſhould have looked upon it now as one of the illuſions of an imagination, which is eternally miſleading me, had not the old man, as ſoon as the dance ended, ſaid, that this was their conſtant way; and that all his life long, he had made it a rule, after ſupper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice: believing, he ſaid, that a chearful and contented mind was the beſt ſort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peaſant could pay——

—Or a learned prelate either, ſaid I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

WHEN you have gained the top of Mount Taurira, you run preſently down to Lyons—adieu then to all rapid movements! It is a journey of caution; and it fares better with ſentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; ſo I contracted

tracted with a Voiturin to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaiſe ſafe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honeſt people! fear not; your poverty, the treaſury of your ſimple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midſt of thy diſorders, thou art ſtill friendly to the ſcantineſs thou haſt created——with all thy great works about thee, little haſt thou left to give, either to the ſcythe or to the ſickle—but to that little, thou granteſt ſafety and protection! and ſweet are the dwellings which ſtand ſo ſheltered.

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the ſudden turns and dangers of your roads —your rocks—your precipices—the difficulties of getting up—the horrors of getting down—mountains impracticable—and cataracts, which roll down great ſtones from their ſummits, and block up his road.—The peaſants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my Voiturin got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing before a paſſage could any how be gained: there was nothing but to wait with patience——it was a wet and tempeſtuous night; ſo that, by the delay, and that together, the Voiturin found himſelf obliged to take up, five miles ſhort of his ſtage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the road ſide.

I forthwith took poſſeſſion of my bed-chamber ——got a good fire——ordered ſupper; and was thanking heaven it was no worſe——when a voiture arrived with a lady in it and her ſervant-maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the houſe, the hoſteſs, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as ſhe uſhered them in, that there was no body in it but an Engliſh gentleman ——that there were two good beds in it, and a cloſet within the room which held another—— the accent in which ſhe ſpoke of this third bed, did not ſay much for it——however, ſhe ſaid, there were three beds, and but three people——and ſhe durſt ſay, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters.—I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it—ſo inſtantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an abſolute ſurrender of my bed-chamber, I ſtill felt myſelf ſo much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it—ſo I deſired the lady to ſit down—preſſed her into the warmeſt ſeat—called for more wood—— deſired the hoſteſs to enlarge the plan of the ſupper, and to favour us with the very beſt wine.

The lady had ſcarce warmed herſelf five minutes at the fire, before ſhe began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener ſhe caſt her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed—I felt for her—and for myſelf; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the caſe itſelf, I found myſelf as much embarraſſed as it was poſſible the lady could be herſelf.

That the beds we were to ly in were in one and the ſame room, was enough ſimply by itſelf to have excited all this——but the poſition of them, for they ſtood parallel, and ſo very cloſe to each other as only to allow ſpace for a ſmall wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair ſtill more oppreſſive to us—they were fixed up

moreover

moreover near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one ſide, and a large beam which croſſed the room on the other, formed a kind of receſs for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our ſenſations—if any thing could have added to it, it was, that the two beds were both of them ſo very ſmall, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feaſible, my lying beſide them, though a thing not to be wiſhed, yet there was nothing in it ſo terrible which the imagination might not have paſſed over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offered little or no conſolation to us; it was a damp cold cloſet, with a half diſmantled window-ſhutter, and with a window which had neither glaſs or oil paper in it to keep out the tempeſt of the night. I did not endeavour to ſtifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; ſo it reduced the caſe in courſe to this alternative——that the lady ſhould ſacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the cloſet herſelf, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid—or that the girl ſhould take the cloſet, *&c. &c.*

The lady was a Piedmonteſe of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks—The maid was a Lyonoiſe of twenty, and as briſk and lively a French girl as ever moved.——There were difficulties every way—and the obſtacle of the ſtone in the road, which brought us into the diſtreſs, great as it appeared whilſt the peaſants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now—I have only to add, that it did not leſſen the weight which hung upon our ſpirits, that

we

we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt, to each other, upon the occaſion.

We ſat down to ſupper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furniſhed, our tongues had been tied up, till Neceſſity herſelf had ſet them at liberty—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, ſent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them; ſo that by the time ſupper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourſelves inſpired with a ſtrength of mind ſufficient to talk, at leaſt, without reſerve, upon our ſituation. We turned it every way, and debated and conſidered it in all kinds of lights, in the courſe of a two hours negotiation; at the end of which, the articles were ſettled finally betwixt us, and ſtipulated for, in form and manner of a treaty of peace—and, I believe, with as much religion and good faith on both ſides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to poſterity.

They were as follow:

Firſt. As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monſieur——and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmeſt, he inſiſts upon the conceſſion on the lady's ſide of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame; with a proviſo, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimſy tranſparent cotton, and appear likewiſe too ſcanty to draw cloſe, that the *fille de chambre* ſhall faſten up the opening, either by corking pins, or needle and thread, in ſuch manner as ſhall be deemed a ſufficient barrier on the ſide of Monſieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of Madame, that Monſieur ſhall ly the whole night through in his *robe de chambre*.

Rejected: inaſmuch Monſieur is not worth a *robe de chambre;* he having nothing in his portmanteau, but ſix ſhirts, and a black ſilk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the ſilk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre*, and ſo it was ſtipulated and agreed upon that I ſhould ly in my black ſilk breeches all night.

3dly. It was inſiſted upon, and ſtipulated for, by the lady, that after Monſieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguiſhed, that Monſieur ſhould not ſpeak one ſingle word the whole night.

Granted; provided Monſieur's ſaying his prayers, might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was, the manner in which the lady and myſelf ſhould be obliged to undreſs and get to bed ——there was but one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to deviſe; proteſting as I do it, that if it is not the moſt delicate in nature, it is the fault of his own imagination—againſt which this is not my firſt complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the ſituation, or what it was, I know not; but ſo it was, I could not ſhut my eyes; I tried this ſide and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight; when Nature and patience both wearing out——O my God! ſaid I—

—You have broke the treaty, Monſieur, ſaid the lady, who had no more ſlept than myſelf.—I begged a thouſand pardons—but inſiſted it was no more than an ejaculation—ſhe maintained it was an entire infraction of the treaty——I maintained

tained it was provided for in the clauſe of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up her point, though ſhe weakened her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the diſpute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

Upon my word and honour, Madame, ſaid I—ſtretching my arm out of bed, by way of aſſeveration—

—(I was going to have added, that I would not have treſpaſſed againſt the remoteſt idea of decorum for the world)—

—But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hoſtilities would enſue in courſe, had crept ſilently out of her cloſet, and it being totally dark, had ſtolen ſo cloſe to our beds, that ſhe had got herſelf into the narrow paſſage which ſeparated them, and had advanced ſo far up as to be in a line betwixt her miſtreſs and me—

So that when I ſtretched out my hand, I caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*——

END OF VOLUME II.

YORICK's

Sentimental JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

BY

EUGENIUS.

VOL. III.

PREFACE.

THE following ſheets are not preſented to the Public as the offſpring of Mr. Sterne's pen.

The Editor has, however, compiled this Continuation of his *Sentimental Journey*, from motives, and upon ſuch authority, as, he flatters himſelf, will form a ſufficient apology to his readers for its publication.

The abrupt manner in which the ſecond volume concluded, ſeemed forcibly to claim a ſequel; and doubtleſs, if the author's life had been ſpared, the world would have received it from his own hand, as he had materials already prepared. The intimacy which ſubſiſted between Mr. Sterne and the editor, gave the latter frequent occaſion of hearing him relate the moſt remarkable incidents of the latter part of his laſt journey, which made ſuch an impreſſion on him, that he thinks he has retained them ſo perfectly,

as

as to be able to commit them to paper. In doing this, he has endeavoured to imitate his friend's ſtyle and manner; but how far he has been ſucceſsful in this reſpect, he leaves the reader to determine. The work may now, however, be conſidered as complete; and the remaining curioſity of the readers of Yorick's Sentimental Journey, will at leaſt be gratified with reſpect to facts, events, and obſervations.

YORICK's

YORICK's

Sentimental JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

The CASE of DELICACY completed.

——CAUGHT hold of the *fille de chambre's*——

"What?" ſays the critic.

Hand.

"No, no, a plain ſubterfuge, Mr. Yorick," cries the caſuiſt.

"Yes, 'tis indeed but too plain," ſays the prieſt.

Now I'll venture my black ſilk breeches, that have never been worn but upon this occaſion, againſt a dozen of Burgundy, ſuch as we drank laſt night—for I mean to lay with the lady—that their worſhips are all in the wrong.

"'Tis

" 'Tis ſcarcely poſſible, reply theſe ſagacious " gentlemen: the conſequence is too obvious to " be miſtaken."

Now I think, that if we conſider the occaſion ——notwithſtanding the *fille de chambre* was as lively a French girl as ever moved, and ſcarce twenty—if we conſider that ſhe would naturally have turned her front towards her miſtreſs, by way of covering the breach occaſioned by the removal of the corking pins——it would puzzle all the geometricians that ever exiſted, to point out the ſection my arm muſt have formed to have caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*——

But we will allow them the *poſition*—was it criminal in me? was I appriſed of her being ſo ſituated? could I imagine ſhe would come without covering? for what, alas! is a *ſhift only*, upon ſuch an occaſion?

Had ſhe, indeed, been as much diſpoſed for taciturnity, as my Pariſian *fille de chambre*, whom I firſt met with her *Egaremens du Cœur*, all would have been well: But this loquacious *Lionnoiſe* no ſooner felt my hand, than ſhe ſcreamed like a ſtuck pig. Had it contained a poinard, and had I been making an attempt upon her life as well as her virtue, ſhe could not have been more vociferous. *Ah Monſeigneur!——Ah Madame!——Monſieur l'Anglois——il y eſt! il y eſt!*

Such repeated exclamations ſoon brought together the hoſteſs and the two voiturins; for as they thought nothing leſs than bloodſhed was going on, their conſciences would not let them remain abſent.—The hoſteſs, in a tremulous ſituation, was imploring St. *Ignace*, whilſt ſhe croſſed herſelf with the greateſt ſwiftneſs. The voiturins had forgot even their breeches in the hurry, and there-

fore

fore had a leſs claim to decency in appearance than myſelf; for I had by this time jumped out of bed, and was ſtanding bolt upright, cloſe to the lady, when we received this viſit.

After the firſt teſtimonies of ſurpriſe had ſubſided, the *fille de chambre* was ordered to explain the cauſe of her outcry, and whether any robbers had broke into the inner room. To this ſhe made no reply, but had preſence of mind enough to make a precipitate retreat into the cloſet.

As the explanation reſted upon her, and ſhe was unwilling to make it, I ſhould have eſcaped all cenſure of ſuſpicion, had I not, moſt unfortunately, in my toſſing and tumbling in bed for want of reſt, worked off a very material button upon my black ſilk breeches; and, by ſome accident, the other button having ſlipped its hole, the ſtipulated article of the breeches ſeemed to have been entirely infringed upon.

I ſaw the Piedmontoiſe lady's eye catch the object; and mine purſuing the courſe of her direction, I beheld what put me more to the bluſh, though in breeches, than the nakedneſs of the two voiturins, the hoſteſs's tattered ſhift, or even her ladyſhip's diſmantled charms.

I was ſtanding, Eugenius, bolt-upright, cloſe to her, when ſhe made this diſcovery.——It brought back her recollection—ſhe jumped into bed, and covered herſelf over with the clothes, ordering breakfaſt to be got immediately.

Upon this ſignal our viſitors retired, and we had an opportunity of conferring upon the articles of our treaty.

THE NEGOTIATION.

AS the ſecurity of the corking-pins had been ineffectual for ſome time, the Piedmontoiſe lady, like an able negotiator, armed herſelf at all points, before ſhe reſumed the conference. She well knew the powers of dreſs as well as addreſs;—though, believe me, I thought every argument of her revealed rhetoric inſurmountable. But here comes the *caffé au lait*, and I have ſcarce time to huddle on my things.

At BREAKFAST.

Lady. I wonder not, Sir, that the miſunderſtandings between France and England are ſo frequent, when your nation are ſo often, and without provocation, guilty of the infraction of treaties.

Yor. Bleſs me! Madam, recollect yourſelf; it was ſtipulated by the third article, that Monſieur might ſay his prayers;—and I have to this moment done nothing more than ejaculate, though your *fille de chambre*, by her extraordinary, and as yet unintelligible outcries, threw me into violent convulſions, and ſuch as were very far from being of the pleaſanteſt ſort.

Lady. Pardon me, Sir, you have infringed upon every article, except the firſt, which was dictated by external politeneſs;—but even here, the barrier ſtipulation was broke down.

Yor. Your ladyſhip will pleaſe to obſerve, that the barrier part of the treaty was broke down by yourſelf, in the warmth of your argument concerning the third article.

Lady.

Lady. But then, Sir, the breeches?

Yor. There, indeed, Madam, you touch me to the quick.——I acknowledge the default;—but it was the effect of accident.

Lady. But it was not the effect of accident that occaſioned you to lay violent hands upon my *fille de chambre.*

Yor. Violent hands, Madam!——I touched her but with one hand; and a jury of virgins, Madam, could have brought it in nothing more than the chance-medley of ſenſation.

After this congreſs, a new treaty was entered into, by which all poſſible care was taken for the exigencies of inns, beds, corking-pins, naked *fille de chambres*, unlucky breeches, buttons, *&c. &c. &c.* So that if we had planned a new convention for the demolition of the harbour of Dunkirk, and that of Mardyke, it could not have been done with more political circumſpection; nor could one have thought it poſſible to have been evaded, either by deſign or accident.

A PROVISION for the POOR.

NATURE! whatever ſhape thou weareſt, whether on the mountains of Nova Zembla, or on the parched ſoil of the torrid tropics, ſtill thou art amiable! ſtill ſhalt thou guide my footſteps! With thy help, the life allotted to this weak, this tender fabric, ſhall be rational and juſt. Thoſe gentle emotions which thou inſpiredſt by an organized congeniality in all thy parts; teach me to feel;—inſtruct me to participate another's woes, to ſympathize at diſtreſs, and find an uncommon glow of ſatisfaction at felicity. How then can the temporary, tranſient misfortunes of

an hour cloud this brow, where Serenity was wont to fix her reign?——No,——avaunt ye wayward jaundice ſpleens!——ſeize on the hypocrite, whoſe heart recoils at every forged puritanic face;——aſſail the miſer, who ſighs even when he beholds his treaſures, and thinks of the inſtability of bolts and locks.——Reflect, wretch, on the ſtill greater inſtability of life itſelf; calculate, caitiff, the days thou haſt to live——ſome ten years, or leſs;——allot the portion thou now ſpendeſt for that period, and give the reſt to the truly needy.

Could my prayers prevail, with zeal and reaſon joined, miſery would be baniſhed from earth, and every month be a vintage to the poor!

FRIENDSHIP.

SOME over-rigid prieſt may perhaps imagine my prayer ſhould have preceded breakfaſt and buſineſs, and that then my negotiation with the fair Piedmontoiſe might have been more ſucceſsful.——It might ſo.

My life hath been a tiſſue of incidents, interwoven by the hand of Fortune, after a whimſical but not diſtaſteful pattern: the ground is light and cheerful, but the flowers are ſo variegated, that ſcarce any weaver of fancy will be able to imitate it.

A letter from Paris, from London, from you, Eugenius!—Oh, my friend! I'll be with thee, at the Hôtel de Saxe, ere you have tarried the double rotation of diurnal reckoning.

THE

THE CONFLICT.

"THEN I will meet thee, ſaid I, fair ſpirit! "at Bruſſels.——'Tis only returning from "Italy thro' Germany to Holland, by the route "of Flanders." What a conflict between love and friendſhip! Ah Madame de L———! the Remiſe door hath ruined my peace of mind.——The monk's horn-box recals you every moment to my ſight;——and thoſe eyes, which view thy fair form in fancy, realize a ſtream that involuntarily flows!

If ever I wiſhed for an inflexible heart, callous to anxiety, and equally inſenſible to pleaſure and to pain, 'tis now: but this is blaſphemy againſt the religion of ſentiment, and I will expiate my crime.——How? I will pay that tribute which is due to friendſhip, though it coſt my affections the toll even of life.

The CASE of FALSE DELICACY.

WHEN I had embraced this reſolution, I began to think what apology I could politely make to the Piedmontoiſe lady for my abrupt departure, and non-performance of the treaty I had entered into as far as Turin. If any part of our former connection had the appearance of being infringed upon, the incidents and accidents which occaſioned the ſeeming infraction, might in ſome meaſure palliate the circumſtances; but here is a direct violation of our ſecond treaty, that was ſo religiouſly ratified. How then can the potentates of the earth be conſidered as culpable for the re-

newal of a war, after a *definitive treaty of peace*, conſidering the many unforeſeen and unexpected events by which the temple of Janus may be thrown open!——Whilſt I was in this ſoliloquy, ſhe entered the room, and told me, that the voiturins were ready, and the mules harneſſed.——Eugenius, if a bluſh be a mark of innate modeſty, or ſhame, and not of guilt, I will confeſs to thee, that whilſt my face was crimſoned o'er with the tinge of conſcious impropriety, my tongue faultered, and refuſed its office.——"Madam, ſaid I, "a letter"——and here I ſtopt. She ſaw my confuſion, but could not account for it.

"We can ſtay, Sir, till you have wrote your "letter."—My confuſion increaſed;—and it was not till after a pauſe of ſome minutes, when I ſummoned to my aid the powers of reſolution and friendſhip, that I was able to tell her, "I muſt "be the bearer of it myſelf."

Didſt thou ever, when in want of money, apply to a dubious friend to aſſiſt thee? What then were thy feelings, whilſt thou waſt viewing the agitations of his muſcles, the terror or compaſſion of his eye; or ſinking the tender emotions of the heart, and turning to thee with a malicious ſneer, he aſked thee,—"What ſecurity?" Or, wert thou ever enamoured with an imperious haughty fair one, on whom thou hadſt laviſhed all thy wiſhes, hopes, and joys; when having at length marſhalled thy reſolution to declare thy paſſion, catching her eyes at the firſt opening of thy ſoul, thou ſaweſt indignation and contempt lurking in each pupil arming for thy deſtruction:—then, Eugenius, figure to yourſelf the beauteous Piedmontoiſe collecting all her pride and vanity

nity into one *focus*, with female reſentment for their engineer.

C'eſt la politeſſe Angloiſe : mais cela ne convient pas à des honnêtes gens.

" This is Engliſh politeneſs; but it ſhould not " be exerciſed upon decent people."

Why, in the name of fate, or chance, or fatal ſway, or what you will, ſhould the incidents of my life, the wayward ſhades of my canvas, draw upon a whole nation ſuch an imputation ?

'Twere injurious, fair Piedmontoiſe ! But thou art gone, and may the cherubims of felicity attend thee !

OBSTINACY.

THIS was not the only difficulty I experienced from the alteration in my plan of operations. The voiturin, with whom I had agreed to carry me to Turin, would not wheel about to St. Michael, before he had completed his journey, as he there expected a returning traveller to defray the expence back. I in vain pleaded the advantage he would receive by ſo ſhort a poſt, and that he would moſt probably find ſomebody there deſtined to Turin. No ;——he was as obſtinate as the mules he drove, and there ſeemed a congeniality of ſentiment between them, which might perhaps be aſcribed to their conſtant acquaintance and converſation. All my rhetoric, all my reaſoning, made as little impreſſion as the excommunications and anathemas religiouſly and devoutly pronounced by the French clergy againſt the intruding rats and caterpillars.

Finding there was no other alternative than paying the double fare back, I at length conſented; and with my uſual philanthropy, began to impute this thirſt of gain, ſo univerſally prevalent, to ſome latent cauſe in our frame, or to ſome inviſible particles of air which we ſuck in with our firſt breath, as ſoon as we are uſhered into the world, with a ſcream of diſapprobation at the journey we are compelled to perform.

The CHANCE-MEDLEY of EXISTENCE.

"THE ſcream of diſapprobation at the jour-
"ney we are compelled to perform."—This conceit pleaſed me, and I thought it both new and appoſite to my preſent ſituation; ſo getting into the chaiſe, with a ſmile of complacency at the mules, who for once ſeemed to have conferred all their perverſe diſpoſition on their driver, I revolved in my mind ſome ſtrange unconnected concluſions from the premiſes of my conceit.

If then, ſaid I, we are forced upon this journey of life; if we are brought into it without our knowledge or conſent; and if, had it not been for the fortuitous concourſe of atoms, we might have been a tobacco-pipe, or even a tobacco-ſtopper——a gooſe, or a monkey——why are we accountable for our paſſions, our follies, and our caprices? Were you or I, Eugenius, by ſome tyrant, compelled to be a courtier, ere we had learn'd to dance, ſhould he puniſh us for the awkwardneſs of our bow? Or, having learn'd to dance, ſhould know nothing of the etiquettes of courts; wherefore make me, againſt my will, a maſter

maſter of the ceremonies, to be impaled for my ignorance?——Heroes and emperors have been loſt in nocturnal imagery, and Alexander and Cæſar might have been bleached from exiſtence.

Conſider this, Eugenius, and laugh at the boaſted ſelf-importance of the greateſt monarchs of the earth.

MARIA.

UPON my arrival at Moulines, I inquired after this diſconſolate maid, and was informed ſhe had breathed her laſt, ten days after I had ſeen her. I informed myſelf of the place of her burial, whither I repaired; but there was

Not a ſtone to tell where ſhe lay.

However, by the freſhneſs of the ſurface of the earth which had been removed, I ſoon traced out her grave,—where I paid the laſt tribute due to virtue;—nor did I grudge a tear.

Alas, ſweet maid, thou art gone!—but it is to be numbered with angels, whoſe fair repreſentative thou waſt upon earth.——Thy cup of bitterneſs was full, too full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity.——There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into the ſweets, the pureſt ſweets of immortal felicity.

The POINT of HONOUR.

AFTER having paid theſe ſincere obſequies to the manes of Maria, I reſumed my chaiſe, and fell into a train of thinking on the happineſs and

and miſery of mankind: this reverie, however, was preſently interrupted by the claſhing of ſwords in a thicket adjoining to the road. I ordered the poſtillion to ſtop, and, getting out, repaired to the ſpot from whence the noiſe iſſued. It was with ſome difficulty I reached the place, as the path which led to it was meandering and intricate.

The firſt object which preſented itſelf to my view, was a handſome young man, who appeared to be expiring in conſequence of a wound he had juſt received from another not much older, who ſtood weeping over him, whilſt he held the bloody inſtrument of deſtruction reeking in his hand.——I ſtood aghaſt for ſome moments on ſeeing this melancholy ſpectacle. When I had recovered myſelf from the ſurpriſe into which it had thrown me, I inquired the cauſe of this bloody conflict; but received no other anſwer than a freſh ſtream of tears.

At length, wiping away the briny flood which watered his cheek, with a ſigh he uttered, "My "honour, Sir, compelled me to the deed; my "conſcience condemned it:——but all remon- "ſtrance was vain; and through the boſom of "my friend I have pierced my own heart, whoſe "wounds will never heal." Here a freſh guſh of woe iſſued from the ſource of ſorrow, which ſeemed inexhauſtible.

What is this phantom, Honour! that plunges a dagger where it ſhould offer balſam? Traitor, perfidious traitor! thou that ſtalkeſt at large under the habit of ridiculous cuſtom, or more ridiculous faſhion, which, united by caprice, have become a law—a code of laws!——Equally unknown

known to our forefathers, unknown to thoſe we ſtyle unpoliſhed and barbarous, you are reſerved for this age of luxury, learning, and refinement; for the ſeat of the Muſes, the reſidence of the Graces.——Ah! is it poſſible? Are ye not the fair repreſentatives of Gratitude, which ſo often runs counter to Honour and her fallacious blandiſhments?

GRATITUDE,

A FRAGMENT.

——GRATITUDE being a fruit which cannot be produced by any other tree than Beneficence, muſt neceſſarily, from having ſo noble an origin, ſo divine a deſcent, be a perfect virtue.

I ſhall not, for my part, ſays *Multifarius Secundus*, heſitate to place it at the head of all the other virtues; eſpecially as the Omnipotent himſelf requires no other at our hand;——this alone affording all the others neceſſary for ſalvation.

Even the Pagans held this virtue in ſuch high eſteem, that in honour of it they imaged three divinities, under the name of the Graces, whom they diſtinguiſhed by the names of *Thalia*, *Aglaia*, and *Euphroſyne*. Theſe three goddeſſes preſided over Gratitude, judging, that one alone was not ſufficient to do honour to ſo rare a virtue. It is to be obſerved, that the poets have repreſented them naked, in order to point out, that in caſes of beneficence and acknowledgment, we ſhould act with the utmoſt ſincerity, and without the

the leaſt diſguiſe. They were depicted Veſtals, and in the bloom of youth; to inculcate, that good offices ſhould ever be remembered in their moſt verdant freſhneſs; that our gratitude ought never to ſlacken or ſink under the weight of time; and that it behoves us to ſearch for every poſſible occaſion to teſtify our ſenſibility of benefits received. They were repreſented with a ſoft and ſmiling mien, to ſignify the joy we ſhould feel, when we can expreſs our ſenſe of the obligations we owe; their number was fixed to three, to teach us that acknowledgments ſhould be threefold, in proportion to the benefit received; and they were deſcribed as holding each other by the hand, to inſtruct us that obligations and gratitude ſhould be inſeparable.

Thus have we been taught by the Pagans, whom we condemn!——Chriſtians, remember you are their ſuperiors;——ſhew your ſuperiority in virtue.

THE FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

WHILST the unfortunate ſtranger was lamenting the deſtruction of his friend, he forgot his own ſafety.——Perceiving ſome horſemen at a diſtance, and conjecturing, that having gained intelligence of the intended duel, they might perhaps be coming in ſearch of the combatants, I entreated him to get into my chaiſe, which ſhould carry him with all poſſible ſpeed to Paris, where he could either conceal himſelf till the affair was ſettled in his favour, or eſcape to any part of Europe.

My

My remonſtrances had their proper effect, and, with little farther entreaty, I prevailed on him to be my companion and fellow-traveller.

By the time we had got about a league from the fatal ſpot, I obſerved the moiſture of his eyes diminiſhed, his boſom throbbed with leſs energy, and his whole frame began to tranquilize. We had not yet broke ſilence ſince my reſuming the chaiſe; when, finding his propenſity to make me acquainted with the cauſe of his misfortune increaſe, I politely, though not impertinently, urged him to the taſk.

THE STORY.

"I AM, ſaid he, the ſon of a member of the parliament of Languedoc. Having finiſhed my ſtudies, I went to reſide for ſome months at Paris, where I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman ſomewhat younger than myſelf, who was a man of rank, and the heir to a conſiderable fortune: and who had been ſent thither by his relations, as well for improvement, as to eſtrange him from a young lady of inferior rank and fortune, who ſeemed too much to have engroſſed his attention.

"He revealed to me his paſſion for this young lady, who, he ſaid, had made ſo great an impreſſion on him, that it was not in the power of time or abſence to obliterate her dear image from his boſom. They kept up a conſtant correſpondence by letters: thoſe from her ſeemed to breathe the pureſt accents of ſympathetic love. He conſulted me how he ſhould act, and I adviſed him always to the beſt of my judgment. I could not pretend to diſſuade him from loving the lady, whoſe form, he

he told me, was the repreſentation of Venus: and, if it is poſſible to be enamoured with a pourtrait drawn by ſuch a warm admirer, that, ſurely, had the power of exciting all the emotions of the tender paſſion. I therefore applauded his choice; and, as our ſentiments entirely agreed upon the impotence of wealth and grandeur, when placed in competition with happineſs, we conſidered the tyranny of parents, in compelling their children to marry againſt their inclinations, as the greateſt of all temporal evils.

"About this time, I received a letter from my father, ordering me to return home. As there was ſomething very poſitive in the command, without any reaſon being aſſigned, I was apprehenſive that ſome of my little gallantries, which, you know, are inevitable at Paris, had reached his ears; and therefore prepared myſelf for the journey with a contrite heart, and a penitential aſpect. I had indeed the more reaſon for this gloomineſs, as my laſt remittance, which was to have ſerved me three months, was exhauſted at the end of the firſt, and there was no poſſibility of travelling without money. But my generous friend anticipated even a hint upon the occaſion; and, preſenting me with a ſmall box, which he begged I would keep for his ſake, I found in it a draught upon a banker for a larger ſum than I required to perform the journey.

"As he never omitted any opportunity of writing to his dear Angelica, he begged I would deliver a letter to her, as ſhe reſided in my father's neighbourhood, and alſo his picture, which had been executed by one of the moſt celebrated artiſts in Paris, and was richly ſet with brilliants for a bracelet.

THE

THE PRODIGAL's RETURN.

"IT was with the greateſt reluctance I left Paris, and its various amuſements; but they did not affect me nearly ſo much as the loſs of my friend's company, as we had lived together upon the footing of brothers, and were by ſome called Pylades and Oreſtes. On my way, every ſtage brought me nearer, I thought, to parental reproach for my follies and extravagance, and I prepared myſelf to receive the ſevereſt caſtigation with the humility and reſpect due from a ſon (a prodigal ſon) to his father.

"But, what was my ſurpriſe, when, running to meet me at the gate, with joy depicted in his countenance, he exclaimed, "My ſon, this mark "of your ready obedience endears you ſtill more "to me, and renders you worthy the good fortune "that awaits you." I thanked him for the kindneſs he expreſſed for me, but teſtified my ſurpriſe at this good fortune he talked of. "Walk in, "ſaid he, and that myſtery will be revealed." Saying this, he introduced me to an elderly gentleman, and a young lady; adding, "Sir, this is "to be your wife."

"There was an honeſt ſincerity and friendly bluntneſs in my father, very different from the fawning of court ſycophants, a ſpecies of beings he had ever been eſtranged from.

"The young lady bluſhed, whilſt I ſtood motionleſs; my tongue was deprived of the powers of utterance, my hands forgot ther office, and my legs tottered under me. Surpriſed at the ſight of ſo much beauty and innocence, I had not time to

reflect, but found a thouſand Cupids at once ſeize upon my heart, and force it into inevitable captivity.

" As ſoon as I recovered myſelf from the conſternation this unexpected event had thrown me into, I paid my reſpects to the company in the beſt manner I was able, and was wiſhed joy upon my happy alliance, as if the nuptials had really taken place. It is true, it was impoſſible to view ſo divine an object without being enamoured; or not to have judged my lot completely happy, when my father's approbation had forerun my own.

THE INTERVIEW.

" DINNER was ſerved, when mirth and feſtivity reigned in every countenance, except that of my intended bride: this I aſcribed to her modeſty and baſhfulneſs at my ſudden arrival, and abrupt introduction. I took the earlieſt opportunity of being alone with her, to unfold my ſentiments, and acquaint her with the deep impreſſion ſhe had made upon my heart.

" Soon after dinner this opportunity occurred. Walking in the garden, we found ourſelves ſequeſtered from the reſt of the company, in a little grove, which Nature, in her kindeſt hours, ſeemed to have deſtined for the retreat of lovers: " Ma-
" dam, ſaid I, after the declaration which has
" been made, and our happy introduction, with
" the conſent of both our fathers, I flatter myſelf
" I ſhall not offend you, when I tell you, that
" there is nothing wanting to complete my feli-
" city, and make me the happieſt of beings, but
" your telling me that the alliance which is going

" to

" to take place, is as agreeable to you as it ſeems
" to every one elſe. Oh! tell me, my angel,
" that I am not forced upon you :——ſay, at leaſt,
" I may hope to enjoy ſome ſmall ſhare in your
" affections;———for the moſt earneſt aſſiduity,
" and the moſt conſtant deſire of pleaſing you,
" ſhall be the taſk of my whole life."

" Sir, replied ſhe, there is a noble candour in
" your countenance, which muſt abhor decep-
" tion. Were I to tell you I could ever love you,
" I ſhould be guilty of the greateſt deception. It
" is impoſſible."

" Heaven! what do I hear?——Impoſſible to
" love me!——Am I then of ſo hideous, ſo mon-
" ſtrous a form?——Hath Nature caſt me in ſo
" barbarous a mould, that I am repugnant to the
" ſight, and deteſtable to the faireſt and moſt
" amiable of the creation?——If ſo"——

" No, Sir, you wrong Nature, and injure
" yourſelf——your mien is graceful, your per-
" ſon elegant, your countenance pleaſing, and
" every embelliſhment of art ſeems exhauſted
" upon you;——but it is my cruel lot"———
Here a ſtream of tears ſtopt her farther utte-
rance.——

" Oh! Madam, ſaid I, kneeling, I beſeech you
" to hear the prayer of the moſt earneſt of your
" ſuppliants.—It is not becauſe the mandates of a
" parent may ſeem to intitle me to your hand;—
" I ſcorn to force it, or have it without your
" heart:—but I beſeech you to endeavour to let
" me merit you, and convince you of the reality
" of my paſſion, which is ardent as it is inſur-
" mountable."——

" Heaven! what was my ſurpriſe, when, uttering theſe laſt words, I perceived my friend, my honoured friend, ruſhing from behind the thicket, and drawing his ſword,

——" Villain, exclaimed he, thou ſhalt pay " for thy treachery."

" The lady fainting, he ſheathed his ſword, to aſſiſt her. When ſhe was carried into the houſe, he bid me follow him. Unknowing how I had offended, or by what magic he could be at my father's houſe, when I thought him in Paris, I accompanied him. As we walked on toward the foreſt, he thus explained himſelf:

" Sir, your treachery to me I was acquainted " with a few hours after your departure from Pa- " ris; and though you thought proper to conceal " the ſubject of your journey from me, the whole " city echoed with your nuptials before night. I " accordingly ſet out poſt directly, and, as you " find, have come in time to prevent your union " with Angelica."

" Angelica! ſaid I——Heaven knows how un- " juſtly you accuſe me:—I was ignorant that this " was Angelica."

" Childiſh evaſion! ſaid he; this may impoſe " on fools and drivellers,—but I muſt have other " ſatisfaction.—Have you delivered my letter and " picture?"

" No;——it was impoſſible."—

" Villain, villain!——No,——you thought it " more prudent to recommend your own ſuit—I " heard every word that paſſed, and therefore it " is needleſs to add to your guilt, by the violation " of truth."

" In

"In vain did I expoſtulate with him to prove my innocence;—in vain did I promiſe to give up all my pretenſions to Angelica, and travel to the moſt diſtant parts of the world to forget her;—he was inexorable.—It was impoſſible for me to convince him that I had not deceived him at Paris, or that I had not known it was Angelica to whom I propoſed paying my addreſſes. In a word, we reached the ſpot where you found us, when, with the greateſt reluctance, I drew to defend myſelf, after being branded with the repeated epithets of *daſtardly coward*, and *infamous poltroon*.——You know the reſt."

Here a flood of tears concluded my fellow-traveller's narration, and ſeemed a very pertinent epilogue.

THE INN.

THIS affecting ſtory had preyed ſo much upon my ſpirits, and I had entered ſo deep into the circumſtances, that I was very glad to ſee a little inn on the ſide of the road, as I ſtood in great need of ſome refreſhment.

The hoſteſs, who welcomed us ſoon after we entered, was a comely well-looking woman, *embonpoint*, neither old nor young; or, as the French expreſs it, *d'un certain age*;—which, by the way, is a very uncertain method of determining it: I ſhall therefore claſs her about thirty-eight. A Cordelier was taking his leave of her, and there was reaſon to judge, from the ſanctity with which ſhe eyed him, ſhe had been at confeſſion. Her handkerchief was ſomewhat rumpled, and deficient in a few pins; the center of her cap was alſo

not directly upon the center of her head; but this may be attributed to the fervour of her devotion, and the hurry in which ſhe was called to ſalute her new gueſts.

We called for a bottle of champaign, when ſhe told me, "She had ſome of the beſt in all France: "That ſhe perceived I was an Engliſhman; and "though the two nations were at war, ſhe would "always do juſtice to individuals, and muſt own, "that *My Lords Anglois* were the moſt generous "*Seigneurs* in Europe; that ſhe ſhould therefore "think herſelf guilty of much injuſtice, if ſhe "were to offer an Engliſhman a glaſs of wine "which was not fit for the *Grand Monarque.*"

There was no diſputing with a female upon ſo delicate a ſubject; and therefore, though my companion, with myſelf, judged it the worſt bottle of champaign we had ever taſted, I highly applauded it, as highly paid for it, and as highly complimented my landlady for her *politeſſe.*

On our arrival at Paris, I ſet down my fellow-traveller at his old lodgings in *La Rue Guenigaud*, where he propoſed diſguiſing himſelf in the habit of an Abbé, a character the leaſt taken notice of in that city, except they are profeſſed wits, or determined critics. He promiſed to meet me at the *Caffé Anglois*, over againſt the *Pont Neuf*, at nine, that we might ſup together, and deliberate on the ſteps neceſſary to be taken for his ſecurity. It was now five, ſo that I had four hours of lounging and lodging-hunting;—how then could I better employ my time, than in a ſhort (perhaps a long) conference with the agreeable *Marchande de Gands?*

In

In the firſt place, no woman in the whole city was better informed where lodgings were to be let; her ſhop was a kind of *bureau d'addreſſe* for empty hotels. This, indeed, I did not know, when I entered her ſhop:——but why ſhould the circumſtance be leſs in my favour, becauſe I was not pre-acquainted with it? In the ſecond place, no female had more early intelligence with reſpect to the news of the day, and it was neceſſary I ſhould know if my friend's affair had yet reached the capital: but this I was to learn with caution and addreſs; it was therefore neceſſary we ſhould retire into the back-ſhop.

THE TILT OF ARMS.

PARIS AND LONDON.

PARIS—thy emblem is a ſhip;——yet thy Seine is not navigable.—Take London's croſs —(you may drop the bloody dagger in the ſtreights of Dover and Calais, to cleanſe its ſanguinary blade) and with it emblazon *Nôtre Dame;* whilſt thy ſhip ſails with the tide up the Thames, and caſts anchor in the port of commerce.

In which of the nine hundred ſtreets—I mean lanes——of this capital of the world——(for who can diſpute a Pariſian's word, who never has excurſed beyond the gates?)—I ſay, in which ſhall I take up my lodging?—But ſoftly:——There lives my beautiful *Marchande de Gands.*———— Thoſe ſilken eye-laſhes! there ſhe is at the door ——the nets of love fabled by poets are ſurely realized by them.——" *Madame, la fortune m'a* " *jetté encore une fois dans vôtre quartier ſans y* " *penſer.*—

" *penſer.*——*Comment ſe porte, Madame?*"——
" *A merveille, Monſieur;*———*charmée de vous*
" *voir.*"

What urbanity in a ſtranger!—what a polite language!—and how happily expreſſed by a glover's wife!

THE BACK SHOP.

WE had not made this retreat many minutes, before my beautiful *Marchande* had run over all the news of the day. I was preſently informed of every freſh connection between the opera-dancers, *les filles d'honneur, et les filles de joye, avec My Lords Anglois, les Barons Allemands, et les Marquis Italiens.* The rapidity with which ſhe diſpatched theſe connections, could be compared to nothing but the torrent of the Rhone, or the fall of Niagara. I had ſucked in more ſcandal in the ſpace of ten minutes, than would have furniſhed a modern Atalantis writer with memoirs for a couple of volumes. " But, ſaid ſhe, *à pro-*
" *pos:*——have you ſeen any of our new manu-
" facture of gloves?"———What are they?" I aſked—Upon which ſhe took down a band-box, and produced a very curious collection. " Theſe,
" ſaid ſhe, are *les gands d'amour:* they were in-
" vented *par Mr. le Duc de* ——. The cauſe was
" ſingular, and worth mentioning. *Madame La*
" *Ducheſſe* had for her ciciſbeo a Scotch officer,
" who had ſome eruptions of a particular kind.
" —You know, Sir, that that nation has a diſor-
" der peculiar to themſelves, as well as we;——
" all countries have their misfortunes. Ma-
" dame's *valet de chambre* told his maſter in
" confidence, that he was afraid *Mr. le Capitaine*

" had

" had communicated ſomething to her ladyſhip " that he did not dare mention.—*Qui eſt ce que* " *c'eſt?* What is it, ſaid the duke.——*Ce n'eſt* " *pas la gale?* It is not the itch? The valet " ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and the ducheſs en- " tered. *La politeſſe* would not allow the duke to " proceed upon an eclairciſſement with his lady; " he therefore ſet about divining a means to avoid " the infection. He had heard of an Engliſh co- " lonel who had hit upon a lucky expedient, in a " caſe not unſimilar; but his name, which the " manufacture bore, was ſo barbarous, that it " could never be pronounced with decency; he " therefore called his device *les gands d'amour*, " and now they are in great eſteem throughout " Paris. But I ſhould have informed you the " ducheſs was never inoculated, and that ſhe " died of the ſmall-pox a few months after. Her " phyſicians, it is ſaid, miſtook her diſorder; and " having never been in your country, and forgot " that *la gale*, or any other diſorder, whether cu- " taneous or not, might be tranſplanted hither, " I hope," continued ſhe, caſting a moſt amorous leer through thoſe beautiful eye-laſhes, which penetrated farther than I thought it poſſible for a ſingle look to perforate, " that you'll be a cuſto- " mer!——you'll certainly wear them when they " are ſo univerſally the faſhion."

Saying this, ſhe produced ſome of various ſizes and patterns; but I objected to moſt of them, as being too large for my hand. At length ſhe produced a pair which I thought were near the mark: " I'll try them on, Sir;—but your hand muſt be " very ſmall to fit theſe." " It is rather warm " now, Madame; ſo that I believe you may try " a ſize larger." She placed herſelf on my ſide,

and

and with both her hands had almoſt effected the deſign, when her huſband paſſed through the parlour;—who nodding his head as he paſſed, ſaid, "*Faites—faites—ne bougez pas.*"

THE EFFECT.

I Know not how to account for it; but I always found ſomething of a tremor come over me, when I was detected by a lady's huſband in private converſation with her, though in the moſt innocent attitude.——That ours was the moſt innocent in the world at this time, cannot poſſibly be controverted:——beſides, it was a matter of buſineſs. Who could blame a female vender of gloves for trying them on in the back-ſhop?

But, be this as it may, the unexpected arrival of the *bon homme* had almoſt rendered the gloves uſeleſs.—My hand ſhook ſo (by what kind of ſympathy I know not) that it was unable to do its office:—it ſlipt through the glove, and fell from the fair one's hand. "*Mon dieu!* ſaid ſhe; *qui* "*eſt ce que vous avez?*" To which I replied with much propriety,——"*Ma foi, Madame, je n'ai* "*rien.*" "You are ill, Sir——take a drop of "*liqueur;*" which ſhe immediately produced from an adjoining cloſet. The cordial was of ſome efficacy; but not ſufficient to remove the perturbation of my ſpirits, occaſioned ſolely by the entrance of the huſband: ſo that I had not reſolution ſufficient to undergo a ſecond trial of the gloves from her fair hand; but I deſired her to put up a couple of pair of the ſmaller ſize. She aſked me what colour.——I replied, black.—— "*Comment*, ſaid ſhe, *avec des rubans noir, ſans être* "*en deuil.*" But I cleared up this, by telling her,

a clergyman,

a clergyman, though not in mourning, could not in decency wear any gloves (even *gands d'amour*) of a gay colour.

The ſubject of my firſt entrance into this lady's ſhop, may be thought to have evaporated in the trying on the gloves, and the fright from the hoſt.—But the truth is, I had taken my meaſures in the fore-ſhop before our retreat. I mean, I had ſecured a lodging; and as to the intelligence concerning my unfortunate fellow-traveller, it did not come within the compaſs of her knowledge. This much I thought due to myſelf, and to my new acquaintance.

SLANDER.

I DOUBT not, from the good-nature and candour of my former critics, that the laſt chapter will be ſubpœna'd againſt me, in the monthly Trials of Authors *without jury*; and that I ſhall be pronounced by that Bench of Judges, ſuch as they are, guilty of high-treaſon againſt the kingdom of decency, for penning the ſame, though there is not therein a daſh, ſtar, or aſteriſk, which in my work, have conſtantly alarmed their virtue. But as I ſhall be among my Peers, I enter the following proteſt:

"I DO not agree to the ſaid reſolution, be-
" cauſe I am thoroughly convinced they do not
" underſtand the ſaid chapter; and becauſe, with-
" out they enter into a complete explanation
" thereof, I muſt be of opinion, that it is above
" their comprehenſion.

" YORICK."

THE

THE OPERA GIRL.

IT hath ever been a rule with me, to think the pleaſures of this world of no benefit, unleſs enjoyed. I had two pair of *gands d'amour* in my pocket ſcarcely tried on——I went to the opera, finding, my dear Eugenius, that you were not arrived, and ſaw Mademoiſelle *De La Cour* dance *à merveille.*—I beheld the fineſt limbs from the parterre that could poſſibly have been chiſſeled by a Protogenes or Praxiteles. I converſed with the Abbé De M—— upon the ſubject.——He ſaid he would introduce me to her. I waited upon her to her coach, and had the honour of handing her into it. She gave my hand ſuch a ſqueeze, upon being informed that I was an Engliſhman, that I felt an emotion immediately at my heart communicated from the extremity of my fingers, which may be better imagined than deſcribed.

She gave us an elegant *petit ſouper*, and the Abbé haſtily retired after drinking a ſingle glaſs. The converſation had already taken a turn towards the tender paſſion; I was expatiating upon ſentimental felicity, and ſetting forth all the blandiſhments of Platonic love, when ſhe burſt into a loud laugh —ſaying, ſhe frankly owned ſhe was not a profeſſed diſciple to my ſyſtem, and thought it would go down much better with a ſprinkling of the practical.

At any other time I ſhould have been diſguſted with the groſſneſs of the thought in a female; but at preſent I was diſpoſed for a frolic, and gave her a bumper to *Vive la bagatelle.* I ſhewed her my new purchaſe, and aſked her whether I ſhould be

in

in the faſhion. She ſaid they were of a ſcanty pattern, though *à la grec;* but recommended me for the future always to have my gloves *à la mouſquetaire.*

Juſt as we had come to a final reſolution upon this intereſting ſubject, Sir Thomas G—— was announced. The ſervant attempted to open the door; but finding it made ſome reſiſtance, as it was by accident bolted on the inſide, his confuſion was greater than ours.—He imagining the knight at his heels, did not dare turn to inform him of the impediment, but whiſpered through the key-hole, *Madame,* " *le chevalier s'y trouve :*" the *gands d'amour,* however, were come into play, and ſhe was pulling one on *plus badinant* than even the *Marchande* herſelf. It was when ſhe had brought herſelf to approve of the fitting——that this fatal whiſper once more diſconcerted the trial of the duke's noble invention, " *Cachez* " *vous ſous le lit,*" ſaid Mademoiſelle La Cour.

Was ever eccleſiaſtic in ſuch a piteous predicament! Sir Thomas G——— would have been very glad to have ſeen Yorick in any other ſituation; but Mademoiſelle La Cour had perſuaded him ſhe never had any male viſitors except himſelf; and to prove he believed her, he flung a hundred louis d'ors into her lap every Sunday morning.

My mortification would not have been ſo very great, if an early retreat into the bed-chamber had not rendered my ſituation almoſt intolerable. My rival triumphed over me without knowing it, and I was compelled to perform the character of Mercury, under all theſe diſadvantages, in ſpite of my teeth.

THE RETREAT.

IT was finely ſaid of the duke of Marlborough, that the only part of generalſhip he was unacquainted with, was retreating. Love has often been compared to war, and with much propriety. When I thought to have carried La Cour by a *coup de main*, armed with *les gands d'amour*, the commander in chief made a ſally, and compelled me to a moſt diſgraceful capitulation. "How "diſſimilar to the conduct of the duke of Marl-"borough! ſaid I——Can this ever be told in "my Sentimental Journey?—But I've not aban-"doned the place."—Juſt as I had made theſe reflections, La Cour put her hand down to the ſide of the bed, and I had an opportunity of kiſſing it without being perceived.

Sir Thomas having, as he thought, ſecured the garriſon, retired from his poſt.——To quit the metaphor,——I had an opportunity of making a decent retreat, without danger, about four in the morning.

NOTHING.

"*ABOUT four in the morning!* ſays the ill-na-"tured reader.—What then were you doing "till that hour—with an opera-dancer, a *fille de* "*joye?*" To which I anſwer literally, *Nothing*. "No!—Mr. Yorick, this impoſition is too groſs "to paſs upon us even from the pulpit. What did "you do with the *gands d'amour*—invented to a-"void infection? Did not Mademoiſelle La Cour "reſume her application to try them on, and

"make

" make them ſit cloſe?——If ſo, what was the " event?—Once more I reply—*Nothing*.

How hard it is, my dear Eugenius, to be preſſed to divulge an imaginary truth, or rather a falſity? If I were to be interrogated theſe ten years —I could add nothing to the reply—but *nothing! nothing!—nothing!*

" Poor Mademoiſelle La Cour! ſays the ſati- " riſt;——you had reaſon then to wiſh Monſieur " Yorick had been *retrouſſé à mouſquetaire*." But, Mr. Critic, this is *nothing*, *nothing* at all to the purpoſe.——" No more is this chapter," ſays the *Snarler*.

Why then, here is an end of it.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

TURNING the corner of the *Rue La Harpe*, upon my retreat from Madame La Cour, the morning beginning to dawn, I heard a voice from a *fiacre*, crying *hiſt*, *hiſt*, *hiſt*. This to a theatric performer, or a dramatic writer, would, perhaps, have been a very grating ſound; indeed, were he inclined to ſuperſtition, he might have conſidered it as a foreboder of future d——na——n; but as I never exhibited upon the ſtage, or ever wrote a comedy, tragedy, or farce, the ſounds were not ſo very diſſonant to my ears as they otherwiſe might have been.

Turning about, I perceived my temporary Abbé popping his head out of the *fiacre* window, and beckoning to me. " Heaven! ſaid I, what can this " mean!—He is taken up by the *Marechauſſé*, or " the *Chaſſeurs*, and is conducting to the *Chatelet* " or *Bicêtre*."—Not ſo: his honeſt landlord ha-

ving given him intelligence that theſe gentry were in ſearch of him, and adviſed him to make a retreat, early in the morning, to avoid the conſequences, he was ſetting out for Flanders, to get beyond the juriſdiction of their power.

I was both happy and miſerable on the occaſion.—I was wretched, to think this unfortunate young man was thus haraſſed, for an event which he would have uſed his utmoſt endeavours to have prevented:——but I was alſo pleaſed to think he would, in ſome hours, be beyond the frontiers of France, and out of the reach of her miſcalled juſtice.

In taking my leave of him, after a very tender ſcene, I could not help hinting to him, that ſo precipitate a departure, and ſo long a journey, might exhauſt his finances ſooner than he expected; and that as money was the ſinew of every thing which was vigorous, if he would borrow my purſe, I would call upon him, in my return to England, and, if convenient to him, then accept of a reimburſement.

Had I gone through Flanders, the cupidity of a recovery of the kind would the leaſt have engaged my attention.

He replied, he had a ſufficient ſum to carry him to Nieuport, and from thence he would write to his friends.

Oh! Eugenius, thou knoweſt my feelings upon this occaſion. I did not dare preſs him, for fear of offending a delicacy I myſelf was too ſuſceptible of.——I retired with a flood of tears, as involuntary as they were ſincere.

THE

THE CONSUMMATION.

MY ideas were too ſcattered and eccentric to be compoſed in ſleep—I took a *fiacre*, and drove all round Paris. It is ſtrange that paſſions, which are the gales of life, and under a certain ſubordination, the only incentives to action, ſhould at the ſame time create all our miſery, all our misfortunes. I could not refrain repeating with Pope,

Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,
And call their woes the crimes of Providence?
Blind, who themſelves their miſeries create,
And periſh by their folly, not their fate.

Juſt as I had uttered theſe lines, (which by the by would have been more ſonorous, and of courſe more affecting, in their original Greek, and in the words of my old friend Homer) I perceived an inſcription over a door, which a good deal puzzled me.

L'ON FAIT NÔCES ICI.

Whilſt I was gazing at this uncommon information, my ears were regaled with ſome very pleaſing muſic, which was playing to a ſet of convivial friends at a dance. I ordered the *fiacre* to ſtop, and inquired whether I might not *faire nôces ici.*

I cannot help remarking in this place, that a *coachman* and his *coach* are looked upon in Paris to be ſo equally inanimate, that it is the ſame expence to draw upon and run through the one, as the other: and alſo, that the performance of the *nuptial rites*, though much boaſted of by every married and unmarried man in Paris, prevails more upon the outſide of the walls, than withinſide of the houſes.

L'ON FAIT NÔCES ICI.

" *J'en ſuis bien aiſe*, ſaid I; it ſuits the gloomy " habit of my ſoul, and love alone can remove " it."

When the *Cocher* had brought the maſter of the houſe to the door, and informed him that an Engliſh gentleman propoſed to *faire nôces*,—the queſtion he put was, how many *ſoupes*, how many *tourtes*, how many *fricaſſées*, and how much *muſic?*

To which I replied, None.

Monſieur l'Hôte ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and ſaid, " *Pauvre monſieur Anglois il eſt gris.*"

THE TRAITEUR.

ALTHOUGH the price of running through a *cocher* or a *fiacre* (either animate or inanimate) is ſtipulated to a *liard*, the putting to death a *traiteur* is a very ſerious affair, and might be attended with very ſerious conſequences. The *etiquette* and *punctilio* of killing a man in France, form a ſcience of themſelves, and are as uſeful a kind of knowledge as quadrille or piquet. Having made ſome ſhort ſtudy of theſe matters, I judged it prudent

dent only to *diable*, *peſte*, and *f—e* a little, and bid the coachman drive home to my lodgings.

LA FILLE DE JOYE.

SCARCE had I entered into *La Rue St. Jaques*, before I perceived a party of the *Guêt* hurrying a young woman into a coach, whilſt ſhe was weeping with great bitterneſs, and imploring their mercy.—Mercy! thou divine attribute, eſtranged from the brutal breaſts of ſuch violators of humanity!

As my coach paſſed, ſhe gave a look towards me, that pierced me to the heart.—I ordered my coachman to turn and follow the vehicle in which was the fair priſoner.

It being now near ſeven in the morning, they conducted her directly to the *Commiſſaire*. When they ſtopt, my heart panted with ſecret joy, on finding the houſe belonged to Monſieur de L—, my intimate acquaintance. On alighting, and giving in my name, I was told he was not yet up. The young woman was conducted into a kind of office, whilſt I was uſhered into the cloſet of the *Commiſſaire*, which commanded a view of the office.

After an uncommon flood of tears, ſhe wiped her face with her handkerchief; when I preſently diſcovered the features (though much blotted with crying) of my pretty little *fille de chambre* whom I firſt met with her *égaremens de cœur*. "Heavens! "ſaid I, is this poſſible! Do not my eyes deceive "me? No—it is ſhe—My ſympathetic heart in- "voluntarily led me to her aſſiſtance, and if Mr. "De L—— hath the leaſt ſuſceptibility of ſenti-

"ment

" ment in his, this unfortunate young woman " ſhall not fall a ſacrifice to—"

Juſt as I had come to this reſolution, the *Commiſſaire* entered; and after many compliments and ſome profeſſions of friendſhip, I ſeized upon the opportunity of telling him, he had it now in his power to convince me of the ſincerity of his aſſertions. He required an explanation, and I gave him one.

To this, he replied, " It would be impoſſible " to afford the young woman any relief till he had " heard the allegations againſt her; but that if " there was a poſſibility of mitigating her puniſh- " ment, without loſing ſight of juſtice, he would " certainly do it to oblige me."

She was examined; and though I could perceive ſhe gathered ſome confidence from my preſence, there was ſo much innocence and unaffected ſimplicity in her countenance, that methought the *Commiſſaire* ſeemed ſomewhat prepoſſeſſed in her favour.

The *Guêt* alledged againſt her, that there had been a riot at her lodgings, and that the neighbourhood had been diſturbed. She acknowledged there had been ſome diſturbance, but ſaid it was owing to her not admitting ſome troubleſome viſitors, who had come to pay their compliments to a lady, who had before her thoſe lodgings. The air of truth with which ſhe delivered this, made the *Commiſſaire* immediately commence her advocate, and he told the leader of the *Guêt*, " he " was liable to be puniſhed, for forcing the lady " out of her apartments upon ſuch a pretence; " that the moſt virtuous women in Paris were lia- " ble to the ſame inconvenience from troubleſome " viſitors; and that if they could not prove her

" to

" to be a woman of diſorderly conduct in any " other reſpect, they might think the lady very " merciful if ſhe forgave them, upon their aſking " her pardon." This they readily conſented to, and they retired, leaving the *Commiſſaire*, their late priſoner, and myſelf.

When they were gone, the *Commiſſaire* told me that, " notwithſtanding the ſtep he had taken in " her favour, he was very ſenſible ſhe was a *fille* " *de joye*, her name being down upon his liſt; but " that, as ſhe was a young practitioner, and the " *Guêt* were as yet ignorant of her profeſſion, at " the entreaty of Mr. Yorick, he had releaſed " her; but ſtrongly recommended her to avoid " coming before him, upon that or any other oc- " caſion."

I was greatly ſurpriſed to find ſhe was actually upon the *Commiſſaire*'s liſt, and my curioſity was much excited to know her ſtory. We retired after paying Mr. De I——— all the compliments to which he was ſo juſtly intitled for his polite behaviour, and I accompanied her back to her lodgings.

THE STORY.

AFTER ſhe had returned me repeated thanks for my kind interceſſion, I entreated her to inform me by what accident ſhe had come into that ſituation of life, in which, according to the *Commiſſaire*, ſhe now unfortunately acted. A flood of tears prevented her immediate reply; but when ſhe had recovered herſelf, ſhe gave me the following account.

" The day after the viſit I paid you at your Hotel, I was ſent by Madame R——, my miſ-

treſs,

treſs, to preſent her compliments to you, and deſire to know when you propoſed waiting on her with the letter you were entruſted with for her from Amiens, being ſurpriſed you had not yet tranſmitted it to her; when I was informed you had ſet out for the South of France, and it was uncertain when you would return. Having carried back this information to my miſtreſs, ſhe flew into a violent paſſion for having omitted bringing it with me the day before, when I was purpoſely ſent for it, but then, by ſome unaccountable accident, we both forgot it. She hinted that ſhe imagined ſomething had paſſed between us of a very ſingular nature; and went ſo far as to ſay, it was no wonder we had thought of her or the letter, when we were ſo differently engaged. Such an accuſation, *innocent as I was*, greatly nettled me; and I believe I made her ſome anſwer, which ſo much diſguſted her as to order me immediately to quit her ſervice. This ſudden diſcharge greatly confuſed me; and as I had no relations in Paris, I applied to a millener who uſed to ſerve Madame R——, to recommend me to a lodging till I could get a place. She perceived my anxiety, and told me to make myſelf quite eaſy, as ſhe at that time wanted a workwoman, and we ſhould not diſagree about terms. Accordingly I carried my clothes to her houſe, and from this inſtant was conſidered as one of the family.

" My province was, in the forenoon to carry home the goods. As ſhe worked chiefly for gentlemen, and particularly foreigners, ſhe always cautioned me to dreſs myſelf to the beſt advantage upon theſe occaſions, as ſhe ſaid the men always paid the moſt generouſly, when they met with a *tidy* millener. She alſo recommended me to be very

very complaiſant, and never to contradict them; "And, continued ſhe, I do not know a more "comely *fille* in all the *Rue St. Honoré*, or any "that is more likely to make her fortune, if ſhe "minds her hits. For, added ſhe, there are but "three female profeſſions in Paris, which promiſe "promotion: Theſe are, opera-dancers, pretty "bar-keepers *aux caffés*, and milleners; but we "have the advantage, being conſidered as the "moſt modeſt, and the leaſt expoſed in public.

"Though I was not poſſeſſed of any great portion of vanity, I could not help being pleaſed to find my miſtreſs thought I had ſome claim to make my fortune; and as I had been a *fille de chambre* near four years without one tolerable offer being made me, except it was from a *maitre perruquier*, in *Rue Guenigaud*, I began to think, that the loſs of Madame R—'s place might turn out a benefit to me."

I could not help interrupting her in this place, to inquire whether the *maitre perruquier* had propoſed honourable terms; and if ſo, whether it was pride, or perſonal diſtaſte to him, which had made her refuſe his offer.

To this ſhe very ingenuouſly replied, "That "the terms he offered were nothing leſs than "marriage; that he was conſidered as a man of "opulence, and ſhe thought him a very good "match; that as to perſon, he was remarkably "handſome, having been *valet de chambre* to *La* "*Ducheſſe de L*—, and obliged to quit that "lady's ſervice, on account of a diſcovery made "by *Monſieur le Duc*, who had been for ſome "time before jealous of him; but that, upon his "diſmiſſion, his good lady, as an acknowledg-

"ment

" ment of paſt ſervices, had given him a ſum of " money to ſet him up as a maſter *perruquier*."

When ſhe had got thus far in her narration, ſhe was interrupted by an accident, equally awful, alarming, and tremendous.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

OF all the temporary misfortunes, calamities and accidents of civil life, the greateſt is that of ſudden fire.—Its effects are ſo rapid and aſtoniſhing, that they not only frequently deprive an alarmed neighbourhood of all their property, and reduce them to a ſtate of beggary, but often diſpoſſeſs them of their reaſon, at leaſt for the time, and render them incapable of affording themſelves that aſſiſtance which they might otherwiſe have obtained.

At this inſtant all theſe horrors preſented themſelves to our view:—the whole range of houſes oppoſite to us ſeemed entirely ſurrounded by flames. Outcries, ſhrieks, confuſion and tumult at once aſſailed our ears.

Oh! Eugenius, what would have been the emotions of your ſympathetic heart upon this occaſion?—Might I judge by thoſe of mine, they would have been too pungent for reaſon and philoſophy to temper with prudence. I ruſhed into the midſt of the populace, and was giving all the aſſiſtance that my feeble frame could permit—exerted far beyond its natural ſtrength—when perceiving at a two-pair-of-ſtairs a female almoſt naked, juſt riſen from bed, rending her hair, tearing her beautiful treſſes, and imploring the clemency

mency of heaven,—I flew to her aſſiſtance, and, though the floor on which ſhe lodged had already taken fire, brought her off without hurt. I conveyed her to the apartment from whence I iſſued, and there procured not only warm wine, and other reſtoratives, but alſo clothes to cover her; for at the time I conducted her thither, ſhe had no other apparel than her ſhift. Her diſtreſſes had, however, made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on her, that ſhame, which at another time, under ſuch circumſtances, would have overwhelmed her with bluſhes, crimſoned not her cheek, but left the lily to prevail with the utmoſt force of its pallid hue:——Alas! too powerfully;——nature ſunk beneath the oppreſſion of calamity.—I ran for ſome drops, and, by a ſpeedy application, reſtored her to life, and to herſelf.

"Where am I?——Surely in another world. "——All things round me are ſtrange.——Are "you inhabitants of the earth——or ſpirits of "departed ſouls?——or has it all been a dream, "and am I ſtill in a *reverie?*———No——this "ſurely is a room——that is a bed——this is a "chair—and that a table: theſe too are clothes, "——very different from any I ever wore. All "around ſeem in equal conſternation.——Tell "me, I beſeech you, Sir, as you appear in a human form, who are you, what are you, and "where am I?"

Having ſaid this, ſhe fell again into a ſwoon; and this relapſe ſeemed more dangerous than her firſt attack. I could have gazed for ever upon her angelic countenance, which indeed reſembled the picture of a heavenly reſident, and ſeemed then with a moſt benignant ſmile to be taking a flight to the manſions of her celeſtial abode. But

this was no time for ſuch divine meditations; her earthly part ſtill required our aſſiſtance.

After having again ſomewhat recovered her, I thought it adviſable to have her put to bed, and recommended to my female friend to take the greateſt care of her. This ſhe promiſed, and I found afterwards, moſt religiouſly fulfilled; having taken my leave for the preſent to endeavour at giving ſome farther aſſiſtance to the unhappy ſufferers in the conflagration.

THE CASQUET.

FROM an upper window I was called to, and deſired to hold my hat, in which I preſently found a ſmall caſquet; when I retired, in order to return it to the proprietor after the confuſion occaſioned by the preſent calamity was over. I carefully conveyed it to my apartment; and on opening it, found it to contain ſome very valuable jewels, with a picture that made a deep impreſſion on my heart.—It was the miniature of that divine creature whom I had met with at Calais, and whom I had propoſed meeting at Bruſſels.——— "Heavens! ſaid I, by what accident came this "picture here?—Surely that charming woman is "not now periſhing in the flames! Forbid it, "Juſtice! Forbid it, Love!"

I had reſolved upon retiring to reſt after ſo many fatigues:——and had already thrown off my coat, and put on my night-cap, before I had made this diſcovery: but I inſtantly quitted my apartment to fly to the ſpot were I had received the caſquet, in order to obtain ſome intelligence of the proprietor, and, if poſſible, by what uncommon

common chance the portrait of this lady was in it.

The fire was by this time completely extinguiſhed; but the agitations of my mind were ſtill as great as ever.——If the original hath periſhed ——Periſh that thought!——Diſtraction! Oh! Eugenius, I flew, I ran, I knew not whither.

RUE TIREBOUDIN.

MISTAKING my way, in my great confuſion, inſtead of finding myſelf in the *Rue St. Jaques*, I found myſelf in the *Rue Tireboudin*.—— "What a name!" ſaid I.——"It had a much "worſe, Sir, ſaid my informer, before a great la- "dy, riding through in her coach, and aſking the "name of it, was told; which ſo ſhocked her de- "licacy, that from that period it has bore this "comparatively decent one."——"*Draw your* "*pudding*, might, in England, ſavour of a pro- "per attention to baking and a Sunday's deſert.— "Oh the roaſt beef of Old England!—but in a "country where no puddings are either made, "baked, or eaten, it ſeems abſurd."——Yes, "Sir, but *Tire V***t* was a great deal more "ſhocking; and that was its primitive name."

The UNSUCCESSFUL INQUIRY.

AT length I reached the ſpot where the calamity had happened. Amidſt the general confuſion that ſtill prevailed, I inquired if any lodger had loſt a caſquet of jewels;——adding, that upon giving a proper deſcription of them, they ſhould be reſtored. But no perſon would claim them. I then inquired if a lady reſembling

the picture I had in my hand, was any where to be found; but this reſearch was as ineffectual as the former. No ſuch lady was known in the neighbourhood. I could not point out the houſe from the window of which they were thrown, for the walls were all levelled, and it was impoſſible to diſcriminate one houſe from another.

In this perplexity I went to my acquaintance Mademoiſelle Laborde (for that was the name of my female acquaintance whom I have hither diſtinguiſhed only by being a *fille de chambre* to Madame R——.) I acquainted her with the accident, and my diſtreſs at not being able to diſcover the proprietor of the caſquet, and the ſituation of the dear original of the miniature.

But how great was my aſtoniſhment, on being informed, that the lady whom I had conveyed to Mademoiſelle Laborde's lodging, had, as ſoon as ſhe recovered from her terror and aſtoniſhment, expreſſed the greateſt concern at the loſs of a ſimilar caſquet.

THE DEFINITION.

I WAS ruminating upon the abſurdity of the name of that ſtreet which formerly bore a ſtill more abſurd appellation, whilſt I unfolded half a dozen pair of ſilk ſtockings, which I had juſt purchaſed, and which were wrapt up in an old manuſcript that ſeemed of very ancient date. It was written in old French, and upon a piece of paper that required ſome reparations to make it legible. I had at firſt conceived the thought of tranſcribing it; but recollecting it would coſt me little more trouble to tranſlate it, I ſet about it, and produced the following Engliſh tranſlation.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION of a FRAGMENT.

" JEAN François de Vancourt of Franche
" Comtè, by his marriage-articles with Marie
" Louiſe Anne de Rochecoton of Champagne,
" doth agree, that conſidering the diſparity of
" their years, he being now in his eighty-third,
" and ſhe in her ſixteenth, and alſo the warmth
" of her conſtitution, and the amorouſneſs of her
" complexion, to allow unto the Vicar of the ſaid
" pariſh all the rights of *cuiſage* and *jambage*, in
" their full extent, agreeable to the juſt claims of
" the holy church; and moreover, doth permit
" him to continue the ſame, in his abſence, du-
" ring the natural life of him the ſaid Jean Fran-
" çois de Vancourt. Provided, nevertheleſs, that
" the ſaid Vicar, upon the return of the ſaid
" Jean François, ſhould, after the ſaid Jean Fran-
" çois had pronounced in an audible voice at the
" door of the bedchamber, *Tire V——t*, three
" times, withdraw himſelf therefrom, and leave
" the ſaid Jean François in the full poſſeſſion of
" Marie Louiſe Anne, his ſaid wife, any thing
" notwithſtanding to the contrary that may here-
" in be contained.

" —Provided always, on the *part* of the ſaid
" Marie Louiſe Anne, that ſhe hath a negative
" voice in favour of the Curate, when the ſaid
" Vicar ſhall be above the age of thirty-five, or
" otherwiſe in her opinion diſqualified for the
" rites of *cuiſage* and *jambage*, in their full extent;
" he the ſaid Curate, in caſe of ſuch election on
" her part, ſubmitting to the ſame proviſo, in
" favour of the ſaid Jean François, upon his pro-

" nouncing in an audible voice, at the ſaid cham-
" ber-door, *Tire V—t* three times."

Having tranſlated thus much of this Fragment, I ſhall leave the reader to make his own ſentimental reflections, after obſerving, that the good queen who ordered the name to be changed, ſeemed to diſplay more knowledge than delicacy:—but it muſt be obſerved in her favour, that according to the Salique law, a queen of France never wields the ſceptre in her widowhood, and is therefore glad of every opportunity of diſplaying her authority during the life of her huſband.

If this be not a ſufficient apology for a queen, let any lady of any quality or faſhion, from a ducheſs down to a milk-maid, take both names (without the *Tire*) and make the moſt of them.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Mr. G—— made his firſt trip to Paris, he had not ſtudied ſo much of the rudiments of the French language, as always to be critically grammatical in his genders: he would confound them together, and blend the maſculine and the feminine in the moſt heterogeneous manner.

He was recounting to a lady at Verſailles, remarkable for the ſmartneſs of her repartee even at the expence of decency, the impoſitions he had met with upon the road from Calais, on account of his being an Engliſhman, and not ſpeaking the language with the ſtricteſt propriety: and he particularized having paid a poſtillion twice, who aſked him even a third time for the money. " *Eſt-il* " *poſſible?*" ſaid ſhe. " *Oui, Madame, j'avois* " *déchargé deux fois, ſur mon vie.*"——" *Beau-*

" *coup*

"*coup mieux*, replied ſhe, *que ſur mon Con—te.*" The diviſion of the laſt word had the deſired effect, and raiſed ſuch a laugh in the gallery, that the king could not refrain aſking what they tittered at, as he paſſed along.

THE DENOUEMENT.

THE reader, I believe, was not appriſed, that Madamoiſelle Laborde informed me, the lady whom I had ſaved from periſhing, and had conducted to the apartments of Mademoiſelle, was withdrawn from thence, and conveyed by her friends to another lodging, which had been provided for her; whereby I was fruſtrated in my hopes of obtaining an eclairciſſement from that quarter, concerning the picture and the jewels.

Having diſcovered the lodging to which the frighted lady was carried, I was now flattered with the pleaſing intelligence concerning the fair original.

The reader may perhaps fancy that he has anticipated the unravelling of this ſtory, by pronouncing the lady, whom I was inſtrumental in aſſiſting, the identical original herſelf. But to prevent any ſuch erroneous concluſions, I ſhall here inform him, that any ſuch anticipation is a groundleſs miſtake. Though there was a general reſemblance in their features, their height and ſhape were very different.

I waited upon her with the caſket, at the ſight of which ſhe expreſſed great ſatisfaction; and after having more gratefully than politely thanked me for the care I had taken of her, by which I had probably prevented her periſhing in the flames, ſhe informed me, that the picture was her ſiſter's, whoſe

whoſe huſband was expected at Paris in a few days; and that he had ſent his clothes, with theſe jewels, and a great quantity of plate, conſigned to her care, until his arrival; but that unfortunately they muſt all be loſt, except the jewels I had preſerved, as ſhe had not yet received any tidings of them, nor of her own clothes and furniture.

I condoled with her upon the occaſion, whilſt I expreſſed my ſatisfaction at having been inſtrumental in ſaving two ſuch valuable objects—herſelf, and the portrait of her amiable ſiſter.

I then told her, I believed I had had the honour of ſeeing her ſiſter at Calais, and that from the converſation which paſſed between us, I had reaſon to believe, ſhe was not then in the married ſtate. To which the lady replied, "That ſhe had not been married above ſix weeks, and that her huſband was coming to Paris, to compromiſe a ſuit which had been ſubſiſting between his relations, and his preſent wife's; this marriage having brought about a general reconciliation of the parties."

This information, I acknowledge, greatly mortified me, and I could almoſt have wiſhed that the litigation had ſtill ſubſiſted between the parties, and ſhe had ſtill been ſingle.—But a moment's reflection told me, the wiſh was uncharitable, unworthy a ſentimental breaſt.—Far diſtant then be it from my heart, to deſire the continuation of another's misfortunes, even for my own ſatisfaction! Oh! the Remiſe-door!—Heigh-ho!—I could not baniſh the thought; and finding a gloomineſs ſeize on the converſation, I retired ſomewhat precipitately.

THE

THE SEQUEL.

WHERE can a diſturbed boſom find repoſe, when agitated by the tender paſſion? A forſaken ſwain hath but one ſolace,——another nymph more kind. My footſteps ſeemed by inſtinct to carry me to Mademoiſelle Laborde's. I found her alone, and in tears. "Alas! ſaid I, "why ſhould Nature, in her fickle moods, thus "make the very centre of gaiety and paſtime the "ſcene of miſery!——How contradictory——how "paradoxical!—But why impute it to Nature? "ſhe cannot err."

"Mademoiſelle, (ſaid I, after this reverie,) it "were perhaps an unwelcome office, to requeſt "the favour of the continuation of your ſtory, "which was ſo unexpectedly interrupted by the "melancholy accident during my late viſit."

"Indeed, ſaid ſhe, Sir, it will indulge my me-"lancholy, which alone I could not ſufficiently "gratify, with the ſtrongeſt retroſpect of my paſt "misfortunes; but now I am happy in having "this opportunity of giving vent to my afflic-"tion.

"My firſt excurſion from the ſhop was to wait "upon an Italian count, ſuppoſed to be as gene-"rous as he was magnificent. His *valet de cham-"bre* was rubbing his eyes between eleven and "twelve, after waiting for his maſter's return to "bed, not having been home all night. The "count came to the door, whilſt I was confer-"ring with his man, who informing him I had "brought him ſome ruffles, I was deſired to walk "up ſtairs. Innocent then of the deſign of ſuch a

"cuſtomer,

" cuſtomer, I readily conſented. The count juſt " glanced his eye upon the ruffles, when chuck- " ing me under the chin with one hand, he thruſt " his other into my boſom: this behaviour I " thought ſo great an inſult, that in my paſſion " I gave him a ſlap on the face."—Oh Miſs, ſaid " he, if you give yourſelf airs, I ſhall teach you " better manners."——" He rang the bell, and " his *valet de chambre* appeared."——Now Miſs, " added he, take your choice——fair means or " foul."—" I fell upon my knees, and implored " mercy;—but he was inexorable to all my en- " treaties. The ruffian *valet* held me, whilſt he " —Oh ſpare me the bluſh of recollection!"—

" That I will, my little unfortunate! What " a villain!—To perpetrate a deed by violence, " which perhaps by ſolicitation he might have ob- " tained with your conſent!"

" Oh no, Sir, ſaid ſhe, weeping——I never " would have conſented—"

" That indeed alters the caſe.——But then his " generoſity——what recompence did he make " you?"—

" Why, I was juſt going to mention.—From " the character my miſtreſs had given him, I " imagined he could not poſſibly have preſented " me with leſs than a hundred louis d'ors, con- " ſidering the difficulty he had, and the oppoſi- " tion I made.—I dare ſay an Engliſh nobleman " would have thought it very trifling."—

" Very trifling, I can aſſure you; I have " known an Engliſh nobleman pay fifty times the " ſum for ſuch an affair, without having com- " mitted half ſo good a rape as was committed " upon you."

" Why,

" Why, look ye there, ſo I thought;——and
" conſidering what was paſt could not be recall-
" ed, I thought I might as well accept the wages
" of——"

" Of iniquity.——"

" Yes, iniquity, I think you call it, as go with-
" out them."

" Every whit—quite orthodox reaſoning."

" So I waited, and ſobbed——and cried, and
" waited—expecting every moment a handſome
" recompence for ſuch an inſult—when at length
" he aſked me, if I was a maid."—

" What an inſult after ſuch an attack!—But
" what did you reply?"

" I told him I might have had ſome little *égare-*
" *mens du cœur;* but that I never had been guilty
" of ſuch a crime before."

" The guilt lay on his ſide, according to the
" opinion of all the caſuiſts in the world."

" There was much to be ſaid on both ſides,
" but this I kept to myſelf."

" But the recompence?"

" He ordered me to call to-morrow, when he
" ſhould pay me for what ruffles he had occaſion
" for—and would make me a preſent."

" Did you call?"

" Yes, punctually."

" Was you not afraid?"—

" No—I thought he could not uſe me worſe
" than he had done:—but in this I was miſtaken:
" —for he had decamped the night before, with
" his *valet de chambre*, and in the hurry had for-
" got to pay his lodging."

" Amazing!"

" Not

" Not at all:—he was a gameſter; and the " morning I ſaw him, he had loſt his laſt louis " d'or at the Academy."

THE ACADEMY.

" THE Academy! What, in the name of " wonder, aſtoniſhment, and learning, do " they allow in the ſeminaries of ſcience, in ſuch " a poliſhed nation, and ſuch a well regulated " metropolis as Paris, where ſcarce an obvious " vice goes unpuniſhed; I ſay, do they allow of " gaming to a degree that can ruin a man?"

" *Je ne vous entends pas!*

" I do not underſtand you," ſaid Miſs Laborde.

" *Ni moi non plus, ce que vous voulez dire.*"

" Nor I what you mean."

" Did you not ſay, the Count had loſt his mo- " ney at the Academy?"

" Well, and what aſtoniſhment can ariſe from " that? Are not immenſe ſums loſt there every " night?"

" And are the Police acquainted with it?"

" It is under their immediate protection."

" Impoſſible!"

" Nothing more certain."

" And what ſay the profeſſors?"

" The profeſſed gameſters are very well plea- " ſed with it;—ſometimes a run of ill-luck may " break them, when they meet with one as know- " ing as themſelves; but this is ſuch a phœno- " menon, that the Count's precipitate departure " aſtoniſhed all Paris."

" Pray

" Pray explain to me the nature of this Aca-
" demy; for I believe, after all, we are in a ſtate
" of ſome miſunderſtanding concerning it.—By
" an Academy, I ſhould comprehend the ſeat of
" the muſes, the garden of ſcience, and the vine-
" yard of learning."

" No, it is neither a ſeat, a garden, nor a vine-
" yard, but a gaming-houſe licenſed by the magi-
" ſtrates, where gamblers may cheat with impu-
" nity, if they can do it with dexterity, and
" where the credulous and unwary may be ruin-
" ed, without remedy or relief."

" What a proſtitution of names!"

" Not at all: *C'eſt l'Academie des Grecs.*—It is
" the Academy of Sharpers."

" If cheating be a privileged ſcience, I acknow-
" ledge the title very proper:—but as it is one of
" the occult ſciences which I ſhall never ſtudy, I
" beg we may leave this ſeminary, that you may
" purſue your narration."

END OF VOLUME III.

YORICK's

Sentimental JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

BY

EUGENIUS.

VOL. IV.

YORICK's

Sentimental JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

THE NARRATION.

"WHEN my miſtreſs found the Count had defrauded her of the ruffles, ſhe flew into a violent paſſion, upon all exotic noblemen, except the Engliſh, whom ſhe allowed to be generous, honeſt, and juſt. "Well, ſaid ſhe, you "ſhall to-morrow morning wait upon Lord Spin-"dle; he pays like a prince." A flood of tears prevented my anſwer for the preſent; but when I recovered myſelf, I told her I ſaw my doom; that I had already been raviſhed.

"*J'en ſuis ravie*," ſaid ſhe.

"But for nothing," ſaid I.

"*C'eſt dommage.*"

"And perhaps I ſhall never recover my cha-"racter again, as long as I live."

At this ſhe fell into a violent laugh, and told me, a woman's character was always well eſtabliſhed, in proportion to the number of conqueſts ſhe had made, and the number of gallants ſhe had duped; that for her part, ſhe had conſidered the whole male-ſex as her prey, and their fortunes as her property; and that if ſome of them had ſlipt through her hands, ſhe had made ſufficient amends to herſelf by thoſe who had fallen into her power; that in theſe matters we were to take the good with the bad, as in all affairs of commerce: and though the Count had broke in my debt, ſhe did not doubt but Lord Spindle would make me ample amends for my loſs, as the circumſtance of the Rape was quite in my favour.

" *Eſt-il poſſible qu'on puiſſe être ravie ſi avanta-*
" *geuſement?*"

" *Oui, ſans doute, il y a des coups à faire dans*
" *toutes occaſions.*"

CANTHARIDES.

" THIS was a doctrine I could not comprehend. It was a new-fangled logic, that ſeemed repugnant to common ſenſe."

" I ſee, continued ſhe, you do not underſtand
" me; but if you will ſtep into my dreſſing-room
" while I put on a little *rouge*, I will explain the
" myſtery.

" You muſt know," ſaid ſhe, as we were going up ſtairs, " that Lord Spindle has for ſome
" time taken Cantharides; and that they have
" now loſt all their effect. Now, ſaid ſhe, if you

" had

" had not been previouſly raviſhed"——opening the door of

THE DRESSING-ROOM;

" I SAY, if this rape had not taken place, " what would have been the conſequence? " ——Probably you would ſtill have been in a " veſtal ſtate.——I only ſay *probably*, becauſe I " would not deſire to pry into any young wo- " man's ſecrets; and then, conſidering that Lord " Spindle is entirely emaciated, he could not " poſſibly have taken ſo much pains as a virgin's " coyneſs would have required; no, nor——" [here ſhe was interrupted by the entrance of the maid, to whom this part of her dreſs was an impenetrable ſecret]——" but as it has ſo luckily " happened, your fortune will in all likelihood be " made, if he does not die before he has——" [another interruption] " made you a handſome " ſettlement."

" An *intail*, ſaid I, you certainly meant."

" Doubtleſs."

" *Voilà des coups certainement.*"

" *Oui*, ſaid ſhe, *certainement.*"

DOWN AGAIN.

THESE ſecrets being thus communicated in private, and the *rouge*, with a little *blanc* (but that is a greater ſecret than all the reſt, which I ſhould not have divulged), duly adminiſtered, we returned into the parlour.

The ups and downs of life, ſhe told me, as we deſcended, were ſo numerous in our profeſſion, that a woman of ſenſe ſhould always pay the greateſt

greateſt attention to them; but that ſhe was in hopes, if I ſucceeded with Lord Spindle, my fortune would be made with very few of them.

THE BON MOT.

A Frenchwoman, let her be of what rank ſhe may, never omits any opportunity of ſaying a *double entendre;* and as the occaſion was ſo very favourable, it was not in the leaſt ſurpriſing, that this lady ſhould thus diſplay her genius.

A *Bon Mot* is literally a *good word;* with us it is a *good thing;* and, to ſay the truth, a good word and a good thing, often, with the French ladies, concenter in the ſame point. This is no quaint conceit——I have known a *Figurante*, at the *Opera Comique*, make four conqueſts with only *mon****——Here ſhe loſt a ſtar, it is true, by the language; but four ſtars were the object, as they were every one chevaliers of the Holy Ghoſt.

I could expatiate a whole volume away on the ſhame attending knights of ſuch an order being the knights-errant of a figure-dancer, as arrant a ***** as ever wore petticoat.

But I ſcorn to be invidious againſt Knights—even of the Poſt—or the Ladies, let their profeſſion be what it will.

"The ladies are greatly obliged to you, Mr. "Yorick; but what have you done with Lord "Spindle?"——

"Oh! here he comes *in propriâ perſonâ.*"

LORD

LORD SPINDLE.

WHO knew not Lord Spindle? But if the reader ſhould be ſo ignorant, I will give a ſhort, very ſhort hiſtory of him.

His Lordſhip was deſcended from an ancient family in the North of England, who poſſeſſed a very ample fortune. His uncle dying without heirs whilſt he was a minor, he ſucceeded to the title and eſtate, upon attaining the age of twenty-one. He had been previouſly his own maſter three years, having no one to control him but a Tutor, who accompanied him in his travels in the tour of Europe; but who, inſtead of curbing any vicious or irregular inclinations in his pupil, conſtantly promoted them, as he had thereby an opportunity of indulging his own natural turn for debauchery; and moreover, found his account in the encouragement of theſe irregularities, not only by ſharing the profits of all the extravagant charges of the tradeſpeople he employed, but by actually dividing the ſpoils with his Lordſhip's miſtreſſes.

Such a culture could not fail of producing all the fruits of licentiouſneſs and debauchery. When his Lordſhip came of age, he found he had already run upwards of an hundred thouſand pounds in debt; and the firſt ſtep he was obliged to take, was to mortgage his eſtate for the like ſum.

His Tutor, who by this time was transformed into his bottle-companion, and nominal as well as real pander, adviſed him to marry, and thereby repair the injury he had done to his fortune. An opportunity ſoon offered: A city-heireſs was

to

to be diſpoſed of, and bartered for a title and a noble connection. A dryſalter's daughter, with two hundred thouſand pounds, had charms ſufficient for Lord Spindle. The treaty was made, the match ſettled, and the conſummation took place in leſs than three months.

His Lordſhip had, ſoon after, reaſon to find, that all the injury he had done by his debaucheries, was not confined to his fortune, but that his conſtitution had more than proportionably been impaired. In a word, his phyſicians adviſed him to take a journey to Montpellier, as the only means left of recovery.

Dare we pretend to inquire how it fared with Lady Spindle? She returned home to her father two hundred thouſand pounds worſe in pocket, and almoſt as many millions in conſtitution. A divorce ſoon after took place,——and his Lordſhip recovered;——but not without ſome inciſions and amputations, which made him all his life curſe Italian concubines.

His *honeſt* tutor ſtill attended him, and conſoled him with all the rhetoric he was maſter of. He had adopted the ſyſtem of predeſtination, though he had never taught it before, finding it the beſt ſuited to his preſent doctrine. He told his Lordſhip, that every man was born to have a certain number of p——s, as every woman was to have a certain number of children; and that therefore, the ſooner they got them over, the better.

Lord Spindle could not be accuſed of any great depth of underſtanding, or any great ſhrewdneſs in diſcovering the wrong or the right ſide of an argument.——A little ſophiſtry paſſed upon him for profound Logic; and when he heard it dogmatically pronounced from his tutor, he could not

pretend

pretend to diſpute the juſtneſs of the premiſes; ſo that the following ſyllogiſm made his Lordſhip reſume all his debaucheries, as far as he was able, their greateſt latitude.

Major. Every man is born to catch a certain number of p——s:

Minor. Your Lordſhip has had more than any man of your years:

Ergo. You have the fewer to come in.

When a man ſins with reaſon on his ſide, how ſweet are the peccadilloes! His Lordſhip hardly wanted ſo much ſophiſtry to urge him to the charge; but he ſtood in need of many provocatives to enable him to be as wicked as he deſired.

Pedagogus (for ſo I ſhall call this pander tutor) had ſkimmed the ſurface of moſt ſciences; and having in his youth been almoſt as abandoned as his late pupil and preſent maſter, had dipped into phyſic, at leaſt that part of it which may be called *Venereal.* He had learned how to promote as well as cure all the diſeaſes which attend the votaries of the Cyprian goddeſs:——he had formerly, and perhaps did ſtill adminiſter the firſt to himſelf;——he now at leaſt adminiſtered them to his Lordſhip.

THE COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN AND THE TURTLE.

THE Senſualiſt does not often conſider how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health; and an alderman who ſwallows three pounds of callipaſh and callipee, ſeldom attends to the fatal effects of ſix ounces of Cayenne pepper,

pepper, which are adminiſtered in the doſe. The noſtrum, it is true, once ſaved a common-council-man from being a cuckold, and therefore is not without its virtues.

Mr. Skate had been married ten years;——he was a man of the world——underſtood commerce ——and upon 'Change was by every one ſtyled a *good man*. Mrs. Skate here differed in opinion. She had brought him five thouſand pounds (which indeed he had improved to thirty thouſand), and ſhe judged herſelf intitled to ſome attention. Mr. Skate, being a money-getting man, frequently attended clubs, went to bed late, and roſe early. —"Leſs money, and more love," was her conſtant expreſſion. "Stay, my dear, till I make it "a *plum*; then I will retire, and ſhall have no-"thing to do but love you."——"Ay but, ſhe "would ſay, then you will be too old; and what "ſignify riches, or any thing elſe, if one can't "enjoy it?" This was good logic, almoſt as good as Pedagogus's, for a common-council-man's wife.

Things were going on at this rate, and every vocation and avocation conſtantly attended to, and punctually fulfilled by Mr. Skate——except one——when Mrs. Skate, after conſulting the doctor reſpecting ſome doubts concerning adultery, had made an appointment with him for the next morning at ten, whilſt Mr. Skate was at the cuſtom-houſe, to convince the doctor that he had convinced her. But luckily for Mr. Skate's honour, and more luckily for Mrs. Skate's virtue, he aſſiſted that day at a turtle-feaſt at the King's Arms.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

I HAVE ſet apart a chapter for this very great conſequence, as it is of the utmoſt importance to the common-councilmen of every ward within the walls, not forgetting Portſoken and Candlewick, who has a wife troubled with ſcruples of conſcience, without being a Methodiſt. In that caſe, they are ſo ſpeedily removed, there is not the leaſt danger.

" *Mr. Skate aſſiſted at a turtle-feaſt at the* " *King's-Arms.*"

That is my text, and I doubt not but the diſcourſe will prove equally moral and practicable.

" It is well known, my worthy brethren, that turtle is very ſalacious food, and when heightened, improved, or ſtrengthened, which you pleaſe, by Cayenne pepper and ſtrong ſauces, may warm and invigorate the coldeſt conſtitution. When it is alſo conſidered, gentlemen of the common-council, how few of you are enemies to a glaſs (or two or three) of generous wine, and how much food of ſuch a heating nature promotes the circulation of the bottle, it is not at all aſtoniſhing that every convivial aſſiſtant ſhould go home cherry-merry, after having been a gueſt at ſuch a repaſt.

" This was preciſely the caſe with Mr. Skate: ——he had forgot that Bank ſtock had roſe one-eighth that day, and he had ſold out a thouſand the day before; he had forgot the private intelligence he had received from the waiter at Lloyd's, of which he was to make his advantage before it had got into the papers: he had even forgot the report of a ſhip being loſt—upon which he had un-

derwrote fifteen hundred. The turtle, the Cayenne pepper, and the generous wine, operated ſo ſtrongly, that his heart was dilated, his ſpirits were exhilerated, and he thought of nothing but Mrs. Skate.

" Mrs. Skate, by two in the morning, began to repent of having made an appointment with the doctor.——" Would Mr. Skate had realized this " *plum*, and I ſhould conſider adultery in as hei- " nous a light as ever!"

" Ten o'clock came, and ſo did the doctor.— " Lord, my dear, you'll overſleep yourſelf:—— " do you know what's o'clock?——'tis ten, I " vow!"

" With theſe ſentiments ſhe fell aſleep—yet ſhe dreamed of the doctor;—ſhe could think of nothing but his white hand—how ſoft!—and the neatneſs of his ſhirt-plaiting."

" What care I?—Fill about, Mr. Allſpice, this " is excellent wine."

" Good heaven!—he is dreaming; he will cer- " tainly forget himſelf."

" What did you wake me for?——I dreamed " I was worth a plum, and was as happy as a " prince."

" Mr. Skate got up, but did not dreſs;——he " turned again upon his ſide, and lay till noon."

" The doctor was affronted at the impoſition he thought was put upon him, and Mrs Skate always entreats Mr. Skate not to miſs a turtle feaſt."

THE

THE TUTOR.

HAVING diſpatched the common-councilman, it is time I ſhould attend to Pedagogus, or elſe, conſidering the diſpoſitions and purſuits of him and my Lord, they may chance to ſlip through our fingers to the Elyſian ſhades, before we have quite done with them.

I think we left him adminiſtering provocatives to his lordſhip, and from thence I derived the concluſion, That the ſenſualiſt ſeldom conſiders how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health.

It might be conjectured, that, conſidering the eaſy luxurious life Pedagogus led, as the bottle-companion of Lord Spindle, and as he was his ſole dependence; which might, indeed, have been mentioned before; it was ſomewhat aſtoniſhing he ſhould broach ſyſtems, eſpouſe doctrines, and adminiſter remedies, ſo very pernicious to his lordſhip's tender fabric: To which I anſwer in *eleven* words,

"His lordſhip had bequeathed him three thou-
"ſand pounds in his will."

I am the more particular in ſpecifying the number of words contained in this bequeſt, as the greateſt critics are very apt to overlook theſe niceties; and I have known even a Reviewer conclude, "*In a word,*" and add *a ſcore.* Every part of criticiſm is worthy of the Scholiaſt's attention.

MISS LABORDE's STORY CONCLUDED.

" THE very ſame Lord Spindle, I can aſſure " you." " I thought I was right in my " man;—pray proceed."

" I was introduced to his lordſhip by Mr. Pedagogus, who took me by the hand, and looking languiſhing at me, gave it a gentle ſqueeze, ſaying, " I do not know whether his lordſhip will " be able to ſee you to-day.—If he does not want " any of your merchandiſe, I will purchaſe any " thing you have got."

" I ſaid, I was ſorry to hear his lordſhip was ill, and if I could not ſee him, I would call another time."

" No, my dear, ſaid he, you may ſee him— " all that's left of him;—but as to any thing elſe, " I think it would be as cruel as interring a fine " blooming girl like yourſelf with an Egyptian " mummy, that had been dead half a dozen cen- " turies, reſtored to view by the reſurrection of " antiquarians."

" His lordſhip now rang for chocolate, which he drank in bed; and being informed that I was come to wait upon him, he ordered me in.—— Pulling back the curtain, I ſaw a moſt ghaſtly figure, which ſeemed a better qualified lover for Queen Dido, than a Pariſian millener. He, nevertheleſs, ſaid ſome civil things to me,—bought my whole band-box,—and ſaid he would purchaſe myſelf, if he were capable. Whereupon he took his purſe out of his breeches-pocket, preſented me with it, and then ——————————————————————I ſhall only add, I was

as

as well qualified to keep in the veſtal fire after leaving his Lordſhip, as I was upon entering his apartment.

" He deſired me to call three days after—when he was dead. Pedagogus now made love in form, took this apartment for me, and gave me a decent allowance, till within theſe ten days, when he was taken up on ſuſpicion of poiſoning Lord Spindle, and is now in the *Bicêtre*.

" After his proviſion ceaſed, I was obliged to have recourſe to other means, which I need not explain, and which have intitled me to a place upon the Commiſſary's liſt."

A REFLECTION.

THE reader, I doubt not, expected a very dull trite ſtory, from the moment he heard of Miſs Laborde's whimpering.—I hope he has been greatly diſappointed; if not, he may take up the Pilgrim's Progreſs, or any pathetic novel that has been publiſhed within theſe ten years, and make himſelf ample amends for the time he has loſt in the peruſal of theſe pages.

N. N. If he be a Tutor, I preſcribe him an ounce of cantharides.

VENDREDI SAINT, or GOOD-FRIDAY.

THOUGH no man holds the ceremonies of religion in higher veneration than myſelf, and though I would not for a *mitre* ridicule the myſteries, even of Popery, in a Romiſh country; ſtill there are ſome things ſo obviouſly ridiculous in its pageantry and exerciſe, that one muſt be

almoſt a ſtone, not to raiſe a riſible muſcle at many of their officials. I have no objection to bowing or kneeling whilſt the wafer paſſes in ſolemn proceſſion, and have myſelf ſoiled a pair of new breeches ſooner than *(faire ſcandale)* give ſcandal. I have no objection to the tinkling of the little bell, or their beating their breaſts at the elevation of the hoſt; and permit the inhabitants of Paris to pay *un petit écu* each, to kneel and kiſs a wooden croſs *le Vendredi Saint;* but I will not allow a profeſſed *fille de joye* to conſider it as inevitable damnation, beyond the power of all the orders of all the prieſts, the conclave of cardinals, and even the pope himſelf, to abſolve her for eating the wing of a chicken on that day, and yet not refuſe to exerciſe all the functions of her profeſſion for ſix livres.

I paid Mademoiſelle Laborde a viſit on Good-Friday; and being ſomewhat fatigued upon returning from Verſailles, I deſired her to ſend to the *Traiteur*'s for a pullet and ſallad, as I could not reach my own apartments without ſome refreſhment.

FROGS NEWLY CLASSED.

" *COMMENT, Monſieur, mangez vous la vi-*
" *ande le Vendredi Saint?*"

" What, Sir, do you eat meat on Good-Fri-
" day?"

" I ſhould have no objection to fiſh, for that
" matter, if there were any good; carp and tench
" I have been already ſurfeited with this Lent;
" and as to your *morue*, it can be equalled by no-
" thing but the black broth of the ancients."

" *Mais il y a d'autres eſpeces de poiſſon; que pen-*
" *ſez vous des anguilles et des grenouilles?*"

" But

" But there are other kinds of fiſh; what think " you of eels and frogs?"

" Frogs! ha! ha! ha! Excuſe me for laughing. " ——This is the firſt time I ever heard them " claſſed under the head of fiſh."

" *Comment! la grenouille c'eſt bien du poiſſon, et* " *elle eſt permiſe.*

" How!—Surely frogs are very good fiſh, and " they are allowed."

" They may be allowed; but, in this caſe, I " ſhould think the penance very rigid, if I were " compelled to eat them, though you were to call " them wild-fowl.—A frog-feaſt, to an Engliſh- " man, is a very ſevere faſt."

The CASE *of* RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

THE *Traiteur* was ſent for; but he informed me, he could not poſſibly ſerve the table with fleſh to-day, unleſs I had a certificate under a phyſician's hand that I was ill.

" Look in my face!—Is not my countenance " a ſufficient certificate?—Beſides, here is a " recipe I had yeſterday from a doctor of the " Sorbonne."

The *Traiteur* did not underſtand Latin, but was convinced it was right, by being ſo very unintelligible.

The dinner was ſerved; Mademoiſelle, however, would not touch a bit. She expected a viſit from her Confeſſor that afternoon, to prepare her for her Eaſter; and he would certainly deny her abſolution, in caſe ſhe ſhould break her Lent upon ſo important a day.

" Pray, Miſs, do you reveal every thing to " your confeſſor?"

" Every

" Every thing, Sir."

" And what would he ſay, if a good cuſtomer " were to drop in?——You would not refuſe " him?"

" *Non certainement;—c'eſt une autre affaire.*"

" No, certainly;—that's another caſe."

Burgundy exhilarates the ſpirits, after a hearty meal ſucceeding exerciſe. Theſe cauſes united, produced a very natural effect;—and as the point in caſe was *une autre affaire*—wherefore ſhould I have more religious ſcruples than Mademoiſelle?

The caſe then ſtood thus:

	Deg.		Deg.
Religion	6	The Fleſh	7
Reaſon	$4\frac{1}{2}$	Appetite	16
Danger	3	Powers	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Conſcience	$\frac{1}{8}$	Object	53
Character	14	Opportunity	99
	$27\frac{5}{8}$		$177\frac{3}{4}$

$177\frac{3}{4}$
$27\frac{5}{8}$

Alas! alas! $150\frac{1}{8}$ What a balance!

How light are religion, reaſon, danger, conſcience, and even character, when oppoſed to the fleſh, appetite, powers, object, and opportunity!—

Pray, Miſs Laborde, draw the curtain; for I am quite aſhamed of the concluſion.

Gentle readers, male or female, or both united, how do your pulſes beat? Quick, quick, quick—for G—d's ſake, draw the curtain too!

THE

THE BLUSH.

PRAY, courteous reader, did not you perceive me bluſh in the laſt chapter?—I reddened all over.—I queſtion whether the *Traiteur* would have taken my word, or even the Latin certificate, for my illneſs, under ſuch a ruddy complexion; and in this caſe all the cauſe would have been prevented: for had not the fowl contained the beſt of juices, and promoted the drinking of a bottle of excellent Burgundy,—neither *morue* nor *frogs*, tho' excellent fiſh, would have produced the dangerous effect.—Oh! how I ſtill bluſh at the repetition! my very paper is as red as ſcarlet, and I can write no more upon the ſubject.

The RECOVERY of COMPLEXION.

HAVING taken a turn round the room, and perceived my native pallid hue return, I took my hat, and then my leave, as the critical minute of confeſſion approached; and Miſs Laborde had in my opinion an additional peccadillo to diſburden her conſcience from, though her abſtinence was unimpeachable.

THE CONFESSION.

CURIOSITY, what wilt thou not perform? My deſign was to have retired directly home, and dreſs;—but meeting with a luſty Friar upon the ſtairs, a thought occurred to me—"Surely this man muſt be framed of different fleſh

"and

" and blood than other mortals, if when Ma-
" demoiſelle reveals all her ſecrets to him, he can
" have the reſolution to withſtand ſuch an attack
" upon the ſenſes."

I returned, and finding a very convenient aperture in the door, planted myſelf to obſerve the fervor of the penitent's devotion.

How many Ave Maria's!—how many prayers! how many ejaculations!

Oh! that I had been a friar, a luſty friar! What felicity within the pale of that holy church!

Heaven! What an accident!

I had always an averſion to wooden beds, from their cracking:—they have often diſturbed me from the ſoft ſlumbers of ſweet repoſe upon the road, where, in ſpite of the virtue preached on Sunday—But ſuch an accident ſurely never before happened!—No carpenters will work on *Good Friday* in Paris,—and the *gros Financier* was to be with Mademoiſelle at nine, an hour after confeſſion.

But it is time for me to retire, and leave her to her fate.—Notwithſtanding the accident—would I had been a friar, a luſty friar!

THE GUINGUETTE.

I Will frankly acknowledge, that though I never coveted or envied any man his profeſſions or enjoyments, either corporal or mental, before, I could not get the *luſty friar* out of my head; and had not a friend called upon me to ſee the humours of the *Guinguette* on Eaſter-Sunday, I verily believe that I might have been mad enough to

to have changed my religion to have embraced that order.

Guinguettes are places about the environs of Paris, not unſimilar to White-conduit-houſe, Bagnigge-wells, and the like, in the purlieus of London; with this difference, that inſtead of tea, *petits ſoupers* are given, and a bottle of wine is drank till they are ready. The principal amuſement conſiſts of dancing. As theſe places are chiefly frequented by the *Bourgeoiſe* of Paris, they are reſorted to by the greateſt number on Sundays, as public dancing as well as plays and operas are allowed on that day. This being Eaſter-Sunday, they were not only very crowded, but much more brilliant than uſual, on account of the variety of new clothes conſtantly exhibited on this day.

LES TAPAGEURS.

THESE are ſpecies of animals, who, from a principle of falſe honour, and ſtill more ridiculous vanity, fancy they are authorized to diſturb the repoſe and merriment of the citizens of Paris. They generally conſiſt of Muſquetaires and Pages. Being trained from their infancy to the ſword, by the time they attain manhood, they are generally proficients in fencing; and upon this ſuperiority in arms, they built their title to inſolence and impertinence.

A *Guinguette*, eſpecially on Sunday, is the certain mart of their abilities: here they diſplay their falſe wit and falſe courage, and frequently paſs them off for genuine: however, the counterfeits are ſometimes detected, and ſeverely puniſhed.

Having,

Having, with my friend, taken a ſeat in the moſt retired corner of the room, that we might be unobſerved ſpectators of what paſſed, a couple of *Tapageurs* preſently entered; and having taken a view of the company, they fixed upon a young Jeweller, who was with his *Sweetheart*, for the object of their preſent ridicule.

The young fellow was dreſſed very genteelly, with a ſword, and carried no marks of plebeianiſm about him. But they knew he was a mechanic; and it is a rule with the *Tapageurs*, to chaſtiſe all ſuch, as they call them, when they find them either in dreſs or company out of their ſphere. The young woman was very handſome, and by the modeſty which was depicted in her countenance, was intitled to reſpect even from the moſt abandoned. But the *Tapageurs* conſider decency and decorum as vices which a Page or Mouſquetaire ſhould never be guilty of, and therefore carefully avoid committing them.

One of theſe heroes went up to the table where the Jeweller and his miſtreſs were ſitting, drinking a glaſs of wine; and aſking him if his wine was good, without invitation helped himſelf to a glaſs: he then pronounced it excellent; and thus continued to ſerve firſt his companion; and afterwards himſelf, till the bottle was emptied.

The young Jeweller bore all theſe inſults with great good temper; and calling for another bottle, told them he was very proud of the honour of their company; and that if they could not afford to pay, they were even very welcome to another, or two, at his expence.

" *Comment, Monſieur le Jouaillier, comptez-vous* " *que vous n'êtes pas connû—Allez balayer vôtre* " *boutique, & laiſſez vôtre epée chez vous.*"

" What

"What, Mr. Jeweller, do you think you are "not known?——Go and ſweep your ſhop, and "leave your ſword at home."

"*Je le ferai bien*," replied the Jeweller, "*après que je vous ai corrigé pour vôtre inſolence.*"

"That I will readily do, after I have corrected "you for your inſolence."

They now retired, whilſt the Jeweller's miſtreſs fainted away; however, by the help of ſome hartſhorn and water, ſhe recovered herſelf, juſt as her lover returned victorious.

The Mouſquetaire, vain-glorioufly trifling with the Jeweller, whom he judged much inferior in ſkill, happening to ſtumble over a ſtone, was wounded through the body. A ſurgeon was immediately ſent for, who was very doubtful concerning the wound. He was, however, put to bed, and all poſſible care taken of him.

OF THE JUST DISTRIBUTION OF NATURE.

NATURE is ſo impartial in the diſtribution of her gifts to mankind, that ſhe neither overburdens ſome inviduals with her favours, nor overwhelms others with misfortunes; but by a judicious mixture of good and evil in every creature, none have too much reaſon to be elated, nor any to deſpair. For example; to Theſe ſhe gives great riches, with an unquiet mind; to Thoſe, a great ſhare of adverſity, with much inſenſibility. If the firſt with their wealth poſſeſſed the indifference of the needy, they would certainly be too happy; whilſt the latter, if they united mental

uneaſineſs with their ill fortune, would, doubtleſs, be highly deſerving of pity.

If, then, we weigh the wealth of the one with the indifference of the other——the uneaſineſs of the former with the misfortunes of the latter——we ſhall find the balance to be nearly equal. The poor man, inſenſible of the evils of life, deſpiſes the miſer, who, whilſt he amaſſes wealth, is miſerable at the apprehenſions of loſing it.

Nor is this obſervation confined ſolely to wealth and poverty. Beauty and deformity have each their conſolations. The handſome woman looks with contempt on the ill-ſhapen female, who, in turn, deſpiſes the beautiful ideot, formed only to be gazed upon. The ſwordſman conſiders courage and ſkill in arms as the greateſt accompliſhments of a gentleman, and fancies his rank intitles him to adulation from the merchant and mechanic; whilſt theſe, on the contrary, maintain induſtry and trade to be more important objects than the *etiquette* of courts, or the glory of a campaign. Thus in every ſtation of life there is a conſolation and ſolace to be found: and indeed no rank is contemptible in itſelf, whilſt the perſon who fills it, acts in character.

THE APPLICATION.

HAD the muſqueteer conſidered this with attention, he certainly might have ſaved a life which was thrown away for——*nothing!* A life, that might have been of ſervice to his country, an honour to his family, and a bleſſing to his friends; but which was now a diſgrace to all.

May

May this *Tapageur* be hung up *in terrorem*, as a *memento* of the folly and vanity of a ſpecies of beings, who, it is to be hoped, will ſoon be exterminated from the earth. Such is the earneſt prayer of Yorick!

THE OCCASION.

THE misfortunes which befel the unfortunate Mademoiſelle Laborde, from her omiſſion of having aſked me for the letter to her miſtreſs, ſtruck me ſo forcibly upon my return from the *Guinguette*, that I reſolved to wait upon that lady the next day with it, and endeavour, by what little eloquence I poſſeſſed, to induce her to take her *fille de chambre* once more under her protection.

Whilſt I was ruminating upon the moſt effectual plan of operations, I accidentally ſtrolled into the Tuilleries, and, being ſomewhat fatigued, ſeated myſelf next a lady, who proving very communicative, we preſently fell into general converſation, and from general deſcended to particular: ſo that without any kind of ſeeming impropriety, I aſked her if ſhe knew Madame Rambouillet.——

"Madame Rambouillet! (ſhe repeated) *C'eſt moi* "*même.*"

"Good Heaven, ſaid I, what an accident! You "are the very lady I propoſed waiting upon to-"morrow morning, with a letter I have been ſo "neglectful as to keep theſe two months in my "pocket."

"*Vous êtes Mr. Yorick, donc;——et comment* "*eſt-il arrivé que vous n'êtes pas venû me voir?*"

Saying this, ſhe roſe up, and ſeizing me by the arm, led me to her coach. I was now preparing

to take leave; but ſhe ſaid with a very imperative tone—"*Il faut ſouper avec moi.*"

THE TUILLERIES.

I Suſpected Madame Rambouillet's ſudden and abrupt departure from the Gardens was occaſioned by a ſpectacle, or rather a pair of ſpectacles, which, in a leſs poliſhed ſphere of action, would have been exploded, as erring againſt all the rules of decent optics.

On the left-hand walk from the Louvre is a range of ſhrubbery that runs parallel to the wall, at about ſix feet diſtance, and which in ſummer, when the leaves are fully expanded, forms a kind of retreat; behind which, obſcenities of any ſpecies may be committed, unobſerved by the company in the Gardens; but in winter and ſpring, every thing performed behind this ſhrubbery is as much expoſed as if done in any other part of the Tuilleries.

Having aſcertained the topography of this retreat, I ſhall now point out its uſes.

There are two Goddeſſes, whoſe numerous votaries conſider it as the higheſt inſult to theſe Divinities to expoſe the devotions they pay to them; the moſt recluſe retreats, therefore, are conſtantly choſen for theſe oblations. But, by a ſtrange effect of French vivacity, the Pariſians forget the ſeaſons of the year; and this being the end of March, there was not a ſingle leaf yet diſcloſed, to conceal the rites which two devotees of one Goddeſs were at this time performing.

THE

THE MISTAKE.

ALTHOUGH I had ſuppoſed this exhibition had ſhocked the delicacy of Madame Rambouillet ſo much as to render any longer ſtay in the Gardens impracticable, I was afterwards thoroughly convinced that French *politeſſe* does not extend to ſuch niceties. Her hurry was occaſioned by her impatience to aſk me a hundred queſtions, without giving me time to anſwer one, though fully ſatisfied with my replies. She accordingly took her leave of Madame de la Garde at the Great Gate, telling her ſhe ſhould drink chocolate with her to-morrow—and adding, " *J'ai quelques affaires avec ce Monſieur——Vous* " *m'excuſerez.*"

THE ATTEMPT.

WHEN I imagined Madame Rambouillet's curioſity had been pretty well gratified, I thought it was a favourable opportunity to plead for Mademoiſelle Laborde.

" Pray, Madam, had not you a chambermaid " whom you ſent to my apartments for the letter " which I have now delivered?—Does ſhe live " with you ſtill?"

" *Ah, la coquine! Elle a fait bien des faux pas:* " *non, Monſieur, elle eſt ſur le pavé même.*

" Oh, the huſſy! ſhe has made many ſlips; " and, Sir, ſhe even walks the ſtreets."

This does not look like a reconciliation; I muſt change my battery.

" Indeed, I am ſorry to hear it. I hope ſhe is " not irreclaimable—How came you to part with " her ?"

" *Je crains, Monſieur, que vous y aviez un peu* " *part.*

" I fear, Sir, you had ſome ſhare in it."

" Then, Madam, pray let me plead for her. " Reſtore her to your favour ; forget her paſt er- " rors ; and I will be bound for her future good " behaviour. I have heard her ſtory ; and ſhe is " to be pitied."

Finding I had made ſome impreſſion upon Madame Rambouillet in her favour, I told her ſtory to the beſt advantage. She was greatly ſurpriſed at the turpitude of her millener ; and in her paſſion, though a paragon of decency, could not refrain from uttering,

Ah, la villaine bou——greſſe !"

Now was my time : her paſſions were ſet on ſloat ; her pity began to move ; and, if her compaſſion were once under ſail, I hoped I ſhould quickly bring her to anchor in the harbour of Forgiveneſs. The port was in view, and a favourable gale ſprung up.

THE PENITENT.

IT is certainly true, there is more joy on earth, as well as in Heaven, at bringing back one ſtrayed ſheep, than keeping in order the reſt of the fold.

Madame Rambouillet agreed to reſtore Miſs Laborde to her favour, on condition ſhe would unfold all the miſdeeds of her millener, and depoſe them before a *Commiſſaire*, that ſhe might be dealt with according to law. This ſhe was eaſily prevailed

vailed upon to perform; and Madame la Roche's houſe was the next day beſet by the *Archers*.

THE BICETRE.

A Depoſition upon oath, of a woman's carrying on the profeſſion of a procureſs, is ſufficient to intitle her to a place in the *Bicêtre*. In conſequence, therefore, of Mademoiſelle Laborde's declaration, Madame La Roche, and three of her pupils, were conducted thither, where I ſhall leave them to their own reflections, and the *Police*.

CUL DE SAC DE L'ORATOIRE.

I Beg leave, in this place, to correct a miſtake which ſlipt into the firſt volume of my Sentimental Journey (page 71), as it relates to a matter of chronology and geography; in which a Traveller, and particularly a Sentimental one, ought to be very correct. The paſſage is this:

" Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquain-
" tance of about ſix weeks with her, had done me
" the honour to take me in her coach about two
" leagues out of town. Of all women, Madame
" de Rambouillet is the moſt correct; and I never
" wiſh to ſee one of more virtues and purity of
" heart. In our return back, Madame de Ram-
" bouillet deſired me to pull the cord: I aſked
" her if ſhe wanted any thing? *Rien que piſſer*,
" ſaid Madame de Rambouillet."

The fact is certain, and therefore remains in its full force; but the time when, and the place where, require ſome amendment.

It

It was only one week after I firſt met her in the Tuilleries; and the circumſtance happened in the *Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire.*

This will alſo rectify the anachroniſm of my firſt acquaintance with Madame de Rambouillet; which ſhould not have been placed till after my return from the South of France.

THE PET EN L'AIR.

THE *Pet en l'Air* is once more a faſhionable dreſs among the Engliſh Ladies, and therefore requires no definition: its etymology will be ſet forth in this chapter.

Madame Pompadour riding thro' *le Cul de Sac de l' Oratoire*, the firſt day ſhe wore this dreſs, (which was invented by her, and had not yet been chriſtened), in company with Mademoiſelle La Tour, one of her waiting-maids, or rather ſervile companions, by ſome accident gave vent to ſome confined air, according to Hudibras, the natural way. The ludicrouſneſs of the accident occaſioned her to burſt into a loud laugh, and exclaim, "That ſhall be the name of my new "dreſs;" and from that time a ſhort ſack and petticoat were called a *Pet en l' Air.*

A ſimilarity of circumſtances produces a ſimilarity of ſentiments. When Madame de Rambouillet alighted to *rien que piſſer*, ſhe was better than her word; and, upon reſuming her ſeat, with a laugh ſaid, "*C'eſt un pet pas en l'air, mais dans* "*le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire.*"

Such critical juſtneſs, in ſo light a conceit, muſt certainly ſet her judgment in the moſt favourable point of light; and tho' the thought might be originally Madame de Pompadour's, this lady's improvement

improvement upon it is at leaſt equal to the primitive ſentiment.

Three learned doctors of the Sorbonne, being informed of the event, pronounced this ſentence.

THE CONCATENATION.

I DARE ſay the reader was not a little diſappointed upon Mademoiſelle Laborde's reſuming her ſtory, to find that the concatenation was entirely deſtroyed, and that no mention was made of her lover the *Perruquier*, who had propoſed a connubial connection in the moſt honourable and ſerious way, and who was ſo well ſituated in buſineſs, and ſo agreeable a man, that he ſeemed every way qualified to render the marriage-ſtate completely happy.

To own the truth, I did perceive a kind of chaſm in this part of her Narration; but being unwilling to interrupt her, I let her proceed her own way.

" Pray, Mademoiſelle," ſaid I, as we were ſitting together at Madame Rambouillet's during her abſence, " *à propos*," (though by-the-by, it was no more *à propos* than any one thing the moſt foreign in the world, that might have been lugged in head and ſhoulders) " *à propos*, Miſs Laborde; " you never told me what became of your lover " the *Perruquier?*

" Good Heavens! no more I did: I quite " forgot him. I was ſo taken up with the Ita- " lian Marquis and Lord Spindle, he never once " entered my head.———Poor man! Heigh- " ho!"

" What

" What makes you ſigh, and call him *poor* " man? I thought he was in very good circum- " ſtances."

" Yes, his circumſtances were very well, for " the matter of that; but he was very imprudent. " He was twice cited to appear before the compa- " ny of Barber-Surgeons, and mulcted for not " being licenſed; and yet he was ſo indiſcreet " as ſet them at defiance, and the third time was " committed to priſon, where I believe he ſtill " remains."

" What, could not the ducheſs his patroneſs " relieve him?"

" She did not chuſe to appear in ſuch an affair " publickly.—Beſides, I believe by this time ſhe " had pretty well forgot him and his ſervices. " An Iriſh colonel had for ſome time ſupplied his " place ſo effectually, that there were ſome hopes " of an heir to that noble family, after her " Grace had been married eleven years without " iſſue."

" And ſo the poor fellow is to rot in jail, be- " cauſe the Iriſh colonel has ſo effectually ſerved " this noble family! Forbid it, Juſtice, Forbid it, " Mercy!"

THE INTERCESSION.

THE next morning, having intelligence of the place of confinement of Le Sieur Tournelle, I wrote to the maſter of the company of Barber-Surgeons, propoſing to pay all the expences attending his impriſonment, and to find ſureties for his never treſpaſſing again. In this letter I mentioned the Count de B—'s name, to whom I alſo communicated the affair; and received

received a very polite anſwer, in which I was informed, Tournelle's confinement was more owing to his obſtinacy, in not ſubmitting to the conceſſions preſcribed him, than to any incapacity of paying the fees, or taking up a licence.

I now waited upon Tournelle, whom I found in very good ſpirits, relying upon the ducheſs's protection, upon her return from the country, where he had been informed ſhe had reſided for ſome time paſt. I had ſome difficulty at firſt to convince him of his error in this reſpect: but when I mentioned to him the Iriſh colonel, who had been one of his cuſtomers, and the other circumſtances attending his connections with the ducheſs; and added, that, to my certain knowledge, ſhe had not been a night abſent from Paris theſe two months, he lowered his tone, and very ſubmiſſively entreated my interceſſion.

I then told him the terms upon which I would obtain his liberty, and reimburſe all the expences which this affair had occaſioned.

This was his marriage with Mademoiſelle Laborde. To this he readily conſented, ſaying, ſhe was the only woman he had ever really loved; and that I could not propoſe to him a more agreeable match; as he certainly ſhould have married her before this time, if he had not been prevented by his confinement.

DOUBTS.

CASUISTS and Theologians will, perhaps, oppoſe their doctrines to my conduct, and pronounce the part I took in Tournelle's behalf rather Jeſuitical.——I had my doubts,

Whether

Whether this man may not be happy united to a woman, who, though ſhe has been guilty of errors, is conſcious of them, and ſeems perfectly penitent?

Or,

Whether, by informing him of the real ſtate of her conduct, I may not make him miſerable, and prevent an union which might make them both contented?

All her public errors had been committed, whilſt he was eſtranged from the world: and ignorance in this reſpect, was to him virtue on her behalf;—but then the powers of malice—

On eagle's wings immortal ſcandals fly,
Whilſt virtuous actions are but born and die.

THE RESOLUTION.

I Acquainted Madame de Rambouillet with all the ſteps I had taken, and conſulted with her which was the moſt eligible way of proceeding. She ſaid ſhe would ſend for him to dreſs her; and whilſt ſhe was under the operation, ſhe would introduce a converſation, wherein a ſimilar character to Mademoiſelle Laborde's ſhould be preſented to his opinion; and, if he thought ſuch a woman a proper candidate for matrimony, no intelligence he might afterwards receive from the ſlanderous world could affect his peace.

THE OPERATION.

HAir-dreſſing is now ſo prevalent all over Europe, and even America, (for many an *honeſt Perruquier* has made a voyage to that quarter of the globe,) that it does not ſeem in the leaſt ridiculous for a man, much leſs a lady, to ſit a couple of hours to have their heads tortured with hot irons. Chriſtian charity upon this occaſion dictates a prayer, in behalf of the inhabitants of the pole—for burning is a horrid death.

Two hours are nothing. I am abſolutely too modeſt. A French lady would be aſhamed to retire from her toilet in three. This ſurely then was a ſufficient period to diſcuſs the matters in point—Madame de Rambouillet's head, and Mademoiſelle Laborde's——character.

THE CONVERSATION.

Madame de Rambouillet.

IS it poſſible, then, you could admire a woman after ſhe had been guilty of a *faux pas* with another man?

Tournelle. That, Madam, would depend entirely on circumſtances.

Madame. What circumſtances are thoſe?

Tour. Firſt, Whether ſhe had given him the preference by choice; whether ſhe was compelled; or whether Neceſſity had driven her to the deed.

Madame. So then, in either of theſe caſes, you could forgive a woman whom you had once loved?

Tour. Provided her future conduct ſtrongly teſtified that her ſentiments were not contaminated; and that her paſt behaviour would ſerve her as a beacon, to avoid the ſhoals which ſo many females ſplit upon.

Madame. What, then, you could forgive her having had a variety of lovers, if you was ſatisfied that Neceſſity had compelled her, and that ſhe was perfectly reclaimed?

Tour. The number, Madam, I think of no conſequence in this caſe: the ſentiment and preſent diſpoſition are the chief objects.

Madame. And could you think of marrying a woman under ſuch circumſtances?

Tour. If I had ever loved her well enough to have wedded her, I ſuppoſe I ſhould be blind enough to her paſt failings; and, perhaps, vain enough to think that her future huſband might reform her into an excellent wife.

Madame. I approve of your good ſenſe; and, if half the Pariſian huſbands had reaſoned with as much juſtice towards their wives, I believe there would not be half the number of cuckolds or cuckold-makers.——Bleſs me! you have burnt off a curl, a capital curl! What muſt be done?

Tour. Que Diable! This comes of marriage, ——But I can ſoon rectify the deficiency of the *outſide* of a lady's head, be it ever ſo great.——— I will run immediately for my laſt new invented *tête;* which, I am ſure, Madame, you will approve of.

Madame. " *Ah! Monſieur Tournelle, il n'y a* " *pas moyen.*"

Tour. " *N'ayez pas peur—je retournerai dans* " *l'inſtant.*"

THE

THE MARRIAGE.

I Would not have the reader, let him be ever ſo ſuperſtitious, imagine that this accident was any way ominous: for I can aſſure him, that to this hour I do not know any one thing which hath occurred, that could in any reſpect be ſuppoſed portended by it. As to the marriage, it took place very ſhortly: I gave away Mademoiſelle Laborde, now Madame Tournelle: and there is not a better wife in all *Rue St. Honoré*, or even *Renommée*.

What can I ſay more?

She is pregnant. And, if I am at Paris at the time of the chriſtening, I am to ſtand godfather; if not, I ſhall be ſponſor by proxy.

N. B. Monſ. Tournelle ſtrenuouſly objected to the clerical claims of *cuiſage* and *jambage*.—But he did not reſide in *la Rue Tireboudin*.

MYSELF.

HAVING thus cleanly, honeſtly, morally, and *almoſt* virtuouſly, got Mademoiſelle Laborde off my hands, I have nobody now to mind but myſelf.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that I ſhould pay ſome attention to Madame de Rambouillet, the Count de B——, the Marchande de gands d'amour, the Marquis de B****, Monſieur P—, the Farmer-General, Madame de G——, Madame de V—, Monſieur D——, the Abbé M——, the Count de Faineant, and all the reſt of my Pariſian acquaintance. To this I ſay, *No*.

Myſelf—is what I have not for ſome months looked into—With this Being I muſt now converſe; leaving the frivolity of *petits-maitres* to be gratified with all their unſubſtantial enjoyments—their ideal pleaſures.

How ſtands the great account between me and reaſon? Some hath been paid, but much more ſtill is due.—A long, long reckoning.—Alas! when ſhall I ſtrike a balance?

Oh, my Eugenius! when we reflect upon the quick tranſition of Time, the ridiculous goals of ſo great a part of the courſe of life, its ſhort duration, the phantoms we purſue, the ſhadows that we graſp, I bluſh to take a view of myſelf, and would procraſtinate a ſcrutiny which harrows me at reflection.

VANITY, FOLLY,

How magnificent are your altars! How numerous your votaries! How great your ſacrifices!

THE VISIT.

WHEN I had got thus far in this moral ſelf-diſquiſition, I heard a carriage ſtop at the door, and looking from the window, perceived the Count de B— inquiring for Monſieur Yorick, or Monſieur Sterne. He ſaw me at the window, and inſtantly alighted.

He came up ſtairs, with much ſeeming ſatisfaction in his countenance upon finding me at home; he ſaid he had had ſome difficulty in diſcovering my place of abode; that nobody knew Monſieur Yorick; and that, had he not luckily met with the celebrated Mr. W—es upon the Pont Neuf, he

he ſhould never have thought of inquiring for Mr. Sterne; but that Mr. W—es explained to him the ænigma, and that he had ordered his bookſeller to bind him immediately, in elegant binding, the volumes of Triſtram Shandy, together with his Sermons.

Such a compliment naturally excited me to pay an oblique one to his philanthropy and great erudition, which, however, was ſoon melted down into politics. Mr. W——es, his partizans and opponents, furniſhed us with matter of converſation for near an hour; in which the Count diſplayed great judgment, and a very extenſive knowledge of the conſtitution, laws, and cuſtoms of England; and appeared perfectly well acquainted with all the celebrated political characters of the age.

" But, after all, ſaid the Count, this is not the " ſubject of my viſit. Monſieur De L—, with " the aſſiſtance of the Abbé T——, has made " very free with the Marquis de M——, in a " pamphlet handed about. Now, continued he, " I have written an anſwer to it, in which I have " the vanity to think I have fairly retorted the " argument, as well as the raillery upon him; and " I wanted to conſult with you upon a proper de- " vice by way of frontiſpiece.

" My conceit is an elephant learning to dance " upon the ſlack-rope, being taught by a mon- " key."

THE OBJECTION.

" MONSIEUR Le Comte, ſaid I, ſince you " do me the honour to conſult me upon " the occaſion, I hope you will not be offended " at my ſpeaking without reſerve."

" By no means," replied he.

" Why, Monſieur Le Comte, the thought is " good; but, *pardonnez moi*, it is not new."

" Not new!—Where is it to be met with?"

An ANECDOTE of the late DUCHESS of MARLBOROUGH.

" LORD Grimſton, when at ſchool, about " the age of thirteen, wrote a comedy, call- " ed *The Lawyer's Fortune*. This production " was ſo far from poſſeſſing any dramatic merit, " that it contained ſcarce any thing but palpable " inconſiſtencies; however, when the very juve- " nile years of the author are conſidered, and that " the publication of it was probably owing to the " partiality of parents in the gratification of a " childiſh vanity; and when it is alſo conſidered, " that at a mature time of life, the author him- " ſelf, upon a review of it, becoming ſenſible of " its imperfections, took every poſſible means to " call in the impreſſion, and, if poſſible, prevent ſo " indifferent a performance ſtanding forth in evi- " dence againſt even his childiſh talents; ſuch an " error ſeemed, to all impartial people, ſuffici- " ently apologized for: and indeed the ſeverer " critics are leſs to be blamed than a certain lady, " who called it forth from obſcurity. This was " the late Sarah Ducheſs of Marlborough, who, " in the courſe of an oppoſition which ſhe " thought proper to make to this gentleman, in " an election for members of parliament where " he ſtood a candidate, cauſed a large impreſſion " of this play to be printed at her own expence,

" and

" and to be diſtributed among the electors; with " a frontiſpiece, conveying a reflection on his " lordſhip's underſtanding. The device was *an* " *elephant dancing on a ſlack rope.* This gentle- " man, nevertheleſs, carried his election, in de- " ſpite of this attempt to make him ridiculous in " the eyes of his conſtituents."

THE MONKEY.

" *FORT bien, Monſieur, mais où eſt le ſinge?*

" Very well, Sir, but where is the monkey?"

" Oh! I give up the monkey, Monſieur le " Comte, though there was ſomething very like " one in the back ground.

CONVICTION.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to convince a Frenchman of a miſtake, eſpecially when his wit or judgment ſeems to be called in queſtion; ſo that though the Comte de B—was a very accompliſhed gentleman, ſtill he had ſo much of the Frenchman in him, that I ſaw him redden, as ſoon as I mentioned the old ducheſs's allegorical frontiſpiece; and I could find he would willingly have purchaſed all the diſperſed copies of the Lawyer's Fortune, at a higher price than Lord Grimſtone, to have ſecured to himſelf the merit of novelty.

POLITESSE.

HOWEVER, the Count preſerved every poſſible external mark of *politeſſe*; and ſeemed pleaſed with a hint I gave him to improve his plate: he inſiſted on my eating ſoup with him the very next day, but added,—" *Vous me ferrez* " *un plaiſir très ſingulier, de ne mentionner à per-* " *ſonne l'idée que vous m'avez donnée à l'egard de* " *cette planche.*"

" You will, ſaid he, confer a ſingular pleaſure " on me, if you mention to no one the hint you " gave me concerning this plate."

I promiſed him I would not.

For this reaſon I ſuppreſſed it here; though perhaps I might thereby lay claim to ſome Hogarthian merit—and it might have ſerved as a very proper frontiſpiece to theſe four volumes of Sentimental Travels.

But Yorick's word is no jeſt.

CURIOSITY.

CURIOSITY has been the ſource of human miſery. What a price did Eve pay for it? What a price is every day paid for it by the human race? It may be divided into two claſſes: The firſt is, the deſire of being acquainted with paſt times, by the means of hiſtory, of diſcovering the ſecrets of nature, fathoming the depths of ſcience, and ſuch like laudable purſuits. This claſs of curioſity cannot be too ſtrenuouſly and conſtantly preſerved and excited, as by an acquaintance with the paſt, we learn how to behave

upon

upon occaſions that offer; for, as Cicero ſays, "*Neſcire quod antequàm natus eſſes actum eſt, id "ſemper eſſe puerum.*"

The ſecond claſs of curioſity, is an inquiſitiveneſs after the buſineſs and purſuits of other people; and it is this kind of curioſity which muſt always be condemned.

The ancient inhabitants of Crete enacted laws, whereby they were forbidden, on pain of being publicly whipt, ever to inquire of a foreigner who he was, from whence he came, or what was his buſineſs; and thoſe who anſwered ſuch queſtions, were deprived of the uſe of fire and water. The reaſon they aſſigned for enacting this law, was, that men, by not interfering with the buſineſs of others, might the better attend to their own.

Good heaven! if ſuch a law were in force in Europe, and particularly in Paris, which is the center of curioſity, how much more would the curioſity of the Pariſians be excited by the diſplaying of thoſe charms, which, indeed, the ladies do not take much pains to hide, but which they would be greatly mortified to have thus publicly expoſed and caſtigated! Not that they would be deſtitute of male-companions in theſe perambulations; for I believe the *petits-maitres* in this city are the greateſt goſſips on earth.

Theſe curious impertinents ſeem to have no ideas of their own, or which they have borrowed from books; all their knowledge may be ſaid to conſiſt in their neighbours actions; and whilſt they repeat what they have learnt, by way of cenſure, forget the ridiculous and infamous character they then appear in.

Plutarch and Pliny have both written encomiums upon Marcus Pontius, a Roman, who never had

had the curioſity to inquire about what paſſed at Rome, nor in the houſes of his neareſt neighbours. But this is a ſingular example, which will never be imitated whilſt politics and news of every ſpecies ſeem to engroſs the ſole attention of mankind.

THE CRITICISM.

I AM aware that the Snarlers will immediately be let looſe upon me.—"So, Mr. Yorick, you "would ſuppreſs all curioſity, all thirſt of know-"ledge, except what may immediately come un-"der the head of ſcience.—Who the p–x then "would read your works?"

Anſwer—There would then be nothing elſe read, as they contain the eſſence of learning, the depth of ſcience, and the *ne plus ultra* of genius.

THE APPLICATION.

I SHALL now ſet forth my reaſons for having ſuch an objection to Pariſian curioſity in particular.

On the ſame floor with me dwelt a man, who had the appearance of an officer: he was at the gate when the Count de B—— inquired for me, by two different names. They were both foreign to his ear and his underſtanding, and this was ſufficient to excite his curioſity. He popped his head into every Coffee-houſe in Paris, to gain intelligence concerning me: what he there learned reſpecting me, he added to his former ænigmatical account, in order, as poiſons expel poiſons, to extract more venom out of my character.

In

In every Coffee-houſe in Paris is poſted a political Lyon, or court-ſpy, who reports every thing that falls within his obſervation, which he thinks will pleaſe the miniſtry, or lead to any diſcoveries. My name being thus handed about, there were no leſs than thirty-two different accounts concerning me, the next morning, upon the Duke de C——'s bureau, all concluding that I was a dangerous perſon.

I that day paid a viſit to the Count de B——, with whom I alſo dined. During my abſence, my lodgings were ſearched, all my papers ſeized, and a *lettre de cachet* was waiting for me at my return.

PROVIDENCE.

DARK and intricate are the ways of Providence!—Short-ſighted mortals, it were not fitting you ſhould pry into futurity; or could ye, the knowledge of events hereafter, ſo far from accelerating your happineſs, would but increaſe your miſery.

With what ſpirits did I dreſs, to wait upon the Count! With what an air of cheerfulneſs and ſatisfaction did I ſtep into the coach, and order the *Cocher* to drive to his Hotel! Little did I think, at that very moment the hand of the miniſter was ſubſcribing to my fate.

The Count de B—— met me with the greateſt politeneſs; and told me as a ſecret, that the Duke de C———l had highly applauded my conceit. "He is to dine here."——Scarce had he uttered theſe words, before the miniſter appeared. The Count introduced me to the Duke; but I perceived

ceived a reſerve and coyneſs in his addreſs, which I had never before obſerved in a Frenchman.

They retired for ſome time. The Count returned and aſked me ſeveral queſtions, which I anſwered with my uſual frankneſs. They were out of the common road; but I thought he was intitled to an explication.

In about a quarter of an hour the Duke returned with the Count; when there was a ſerenity and openneſs in the miniſter's countenance, to which it had been quite eſtranged before. The company increaſed, when the converſation was general, ſprightly, and agreeable.

MY RETURN.

NO ſooner had my coach ſtopt at the gate, than my hoſt came running out to tell me, if I was not inclined to ly in the *Baſtile*, to drive away as faſt as I could. Surpriſed at this intimation, I deſired him to get into the coach, and we drove round ſeveral ſtreets; when he informed me of all that had happened.

"Good G–d! is this poſſible!—when I din-
"ed this very day with the Duke de C——l, and
"have not left him half an hour!—Ah! the my-
"ſtery is explained:——it is certain that an ho-
"neſt man could not be guilty of ſuch diſſimula-
"tion;—and I will ly to-night in my old lodg-
"ings."

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu, ne retournez pas.*"

"What have I to fear? I truſt in the juſtneſs
"and the uprightneſs of my intentions."

Saying this, I returned to my hotel, where, when I had alighted, I found all my papers ſent back, with this ſhort note from the Count.

"*Vous*

" *Vous avez des ennemis ; mais n'ayez pas peur :*
" *—on voit que vous êtes un honnête homme.*"
" You have enemies; but be not afraid :—it
" is perceived that you are an honeſt man."

A FAREWELL TO PARIS.

HAD not this laſt proceeding given me much diſguſt to living under a government where neither a man's perſon or property are ſafe, let him be ever ſo innocent; and where, had it not been for a mere accident, I might have languiſhed out the remainder of my days in a loathſome dungeon; I ſay, Eugenius, had not this conſideration prevailed, the letter which I received from thee, wherein the cauſe of protracting your journey, your ſevere illneſs, was ſo ſtrongly depicted, would not have let me remain one day longer in the paradiſe of coquets, the elyſium of *petits-maitres*, and the centre of frivolity.

I packed up my little baggage, wrote a complimentary letter to the Count de B——, another to Madame de Rambouillet, and ſet out that very evening for Calais.

THE POST-CHAISE.

I HAD no ſooner got into my poſt-chaiſe, than I began to conſider the advantages of my preſent journey, the plan I had propoſed, and how far I had compaſſed it.

" They order this matter better in France."

This aſſertion produced my voyage.——I was piqued to have it doubted, whether I was authori-

ſed to make it, and was reſolved to be convinced by ocular demonſtration.

The reader's curioſity hath, I dare ſay, though an Engliſhman, been upon the tenterhooks of impatience, all this while, to know what this matter was, and whether it really was ordered better in France.

It is time he ſhould be ſatisfied.

The ſubject in debate was the inconvenience of drinking healths whilſt at meal, and toaſts afterwards: and I careleſly ſaid, upon what I thought good information, "They order this matter bet-"ter in France."

"HEALTHS ARE ABOLISHED, AND TOASTS "NEVER WERE ADOPTED."

So far I was right: ſo far I have compaſſed the deſign of my voyage.

But whether this was *tant mieux*, or *tant pis*, notwithſtanding my thorough knowledge at preſent in the preciſe meaning of theſe two expreſſions in the French dialect, I ſhall leave the reader to determine.

CHANTILLY.

BY the time I had run over theſe obſervations and reflections, we (that is the two horſes, firſt, the poſtillion and myſelf, for I had no other companions) had got to this delightful retreat of the Prince of Condé.

This *chateau* is conſidered by connoiſſeurs in architecture to be one of the moſt perfect ſtructures of the kind. The apartments are ſumptuous, and can be ſurpaſſed by nothing but the furniture. The gardens are finely laid out, and very happily diſpoſed. Upon the whole, this is one of the moſt

elegant

elegant and convenient ſpots in all France, as well from its vicinity to the capital, as from its being ſo agreeably interſected with water.

We did not change horſes here; but my curioſity, from the accounts I had heard of this ſeat, induced me to ſtop and take a ſurvey of it, a circumſtance I lamented having omitted in my way to Paris: and the gratification I received, amply repaid the ſmall expence it occaſioned me.

AMIENS.

NOTHING very material occurred to me till we arrived at this city; "nor did any "thing very important happen then," the reader will probably pronounce.

I arrived here about one o'clock, and finding a keen appetite ſtrongly prompt to inquire after dinner, I aſked my hoſt what he could ſpeedily provide me.

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*

"Every thing you pleaſe."

A very comprehenſive bill of fare.

"But what have you got in the houſe?"

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Have you any partridges?"

"*Non.*"

"Any woodcocks?"

"*Non.*"

"Any ducks?"

"*Non.*"

"Any pullets?"

"*Non, Monſieur, qui ſont propres à manger.*

"No, Sir, none that are fit for eating."

"Then you may as well not have them for a "man who is riding poſt."

" Any fiſh ?"

" *Point de tout aujourd'hui.*

" None to-day."

" What the p—x then does every thing conſiſt " of ?"

" *Des coutelets de mouton à la Maintenon.*

" Mutton-chops with Maintenon ſauce."

" In the name of Famine, let's have them, " good Mr. Boniface."

The conceit was loſt upon him, for two reaſons; firſt, he did not underſtand Engliſh; and, ſecondly, if he had, without knowing the character in the play, he never could have conceived that his meagre carcaſe could convey the leaſt idea of ſuch a name.

THE HUE AND CRY.

IT is a dangerous thing for a man, eſpecially an Engliſhman, to ſet his mind upon a good meal, when he travels in France. If he can put up with an omelette, ſoup-meagre, or a fricaſſee of frogs, which are in great plenty, he need entertain no apprehenſions of ſtarving: but if his ideas ſhould be engroſſed with a buttock or a ſirloin of beef, alas! alas! how great would be his diſappointment, from his firſt ſetting foot at Calais, till he was ready to reimbark at Marſeilles.

My diſappointment was ſtill greater; for though I had reduced all my pretenſions to eating to a couple of mutton-chops, after having my imagination raiſed to whatever I could think of, ſtill theſe very chops were not to be found. A ſcrap of mutton, of about two pounds, on which my landlord had built all his foundation for good eating, was vaniſhed.

" Que

" *Que diable, où eſt le mouton?*"
" What the d---l is become of the mutton?"
Et peſt f—tre—où eſt le mouton?"
[Untranſlateable.]

Every corner of the kitchen, every creek of the pantry was ſearched,—but no mutton was to be found.

THE DISCOVERY.

AT length, when I was upon the point of reſuming my chaiſe, and deferring the gratification of my appetite to the next poſt, *Monſieur l'Hôte* had found the houſe-dog in poſſeſſion of all our proviſions, in the duſt-hole: he had already gnawed one half; but as there remained a ſufficient quantity for my *coutelets de Maintenon*, I did not object to its being dreſſed, that the poor animal might eſcape the puniſhment with which he was ſo ſeverely threatened.

ABBEVILLE.

A HUNGRY traveller and a diſappointed ſtomach never think the horſes drive faſt enough. *Depechez, depechez.*

" *Oui Monſeigneur.*"—Cric—crac—crac.

The poſtillions in France ſeem to have the excluſive privilege of cracking of whips; which they perform ſo very expertly, that it ſupplies all the uſe of a horn, blown by our poſt-boys upon their arrival at a poſt-houſe.

Crac—crac—crac

And the horſes were ready—But halt! I've not dined.

Thank heaven for meeting with an excellent

duck, and a very good bottle of Burgundy! Now I can continue my journey as faſt as you will.

Suppoſe I were to take a nap?

"Depend upon it, Mr. Yorick, the witlings "will pronounce you have been napping ever "ſince you left Paris."

Why, then, it is but continuing, if they do not ſnarl too loud.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.

SURELY I have got into England without croſſing the ſea! How many of my countrymen! What charms can this place have ſo peculiarly ſuperior to all the other ſea-ports in France?

This queſtion I put to my hoſt, who was an Iriſhman—"Its vicinity to England."

Smugglers, bankrupts, and inſolvents!—The ſtreets ſwarm with them.

"Do they pay well!"

"At firſt."

"And can you afford to give them credit after-"wards?"

"No; but there are ſo many freſh recruits, "who are fleeced by their countrymen, as ſoon "as they come over, that we can venture to truſt "them in a dearth of bankruptcies."

Heavens! the needy preying upon the miſerable! Or more likely——

The delinquent and felonious traveller,
Sucking the laſt drops of vital blood,
From the unfortunate and innocent traveller.

Cloſe the ſcene—Humanity cannot ſuſtain it. The poſt-chaiſe this inſtant.

CALAIS.

CALAIS.

ONCE MORE.

WELL, Monſieur Deſſein, you ſold me a bargain;—but I forgive you.

"*En honneur, Monſieur, je refuſois deux louis* "*de plus, le même jour.*"

Modeſt! for an innkeeper.

"When does the packet ſail for England?"

"*Ce ſoir, Monſieur.*"

"Then take me a place, and let me have a "couple of bottles of your beſt Burgundy."

Adieu! oh France!——but, alas! alas! the remiſe calls freſh to mind every circumſtance that——

Heigh! ho!

I can't explain.

Love, Love, theſe are thy victories! theſe thy trophies!

THE SEA.

A DEAD, dead calm!

Mademoiſelle Latouche very ill——the ſea an excellent emetic.

"Pray, Mademoiſelle, do not ſtand upon cere-"mony."

"*Non, Monſieur, c'eſt ce que je ne fais jamais,* "*dans des cas pareils.*"

"So I perceive——but—but"——Well, I had a narrow eſcape. So I will pay her no more compliments till we get aſhore.

A freſh breeze brings us into harbour.

DOVER.

DOVER.

EVERY traveller who ever touched here, and afterwards thought proper to blot paper, has given ſuch deſcriptive ideas of this place, that I ſhall refer my readers to them and Shakeſpeare, for a poetical deſcription of it.

" Sir, you may go in a poſt-chaiſe with another " gentleman, as cheap as the ſtage."

This my landlord informed me at the King's Head.—" Why then I have no kind of objection."

CANTERBURY.

" SIR, a ſhilling a-mile, a very bad road—no- " body can afford to run a chaiſe for leſs; " and we get nothing by it then."

" Why this is a moſt arrant impoſition.—Mr. " What's-his-name has deceived me——and if " there be any redreſs in law, I'll have it."

" So will I," ſaid my fellow-traveller.——He was a lawyer.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

WE had not travelled far from this celebrated city, before we were attacked by a highwayman. My fellow-traveller was diſpoſed to contend with him; and though he trembled every joint, whilſt he uſhered his *imaginary* courage to his aid, he continued talking of the poltroonery of two travellers ſubmitting to a ſingle highwayman.

In anſwer to this, I told him the contents of my purſe were but very trifling; and that if I could reach London, it would accompliſh the full deſign

of

of my preſent finances; that I ſhould therefore take two guineas out of my purſe, not for the robber, but for myſelf. "A man, continued I, "who riſks his life, his future peace of mind, "and perhaps the exiſtence of a wife and family, "upon ſuch a buſineſs, though illegal, deſerves "at leaſt the compaſſion of thoſe who can ſpare "a trifle.

"*'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe.*"

"You ſurpriſe me, Sir, to plead ſo ſtrongly in "favour of a highwayman.—An Old Bailey Coun-"ſel would be aſhamed to go ſuch lengths——"

"Without a fee," I replied.

By this time the highwayman had made his demand in form; and fear, enforced by the ſight of a piſtol, operated what pity or compaſſion would never have effected:——he gave up with a tremulous hand a purſe which ſeemed to contain a conſiderable ſum, when Charity might have preſerved the far greater part, by a merciful and benevolent allowance.

"You are no Sentimental Traveller, Sir, I "ſee."

"No,—(in a faultering voice) I never was ſo "terrified in my life."

"More ſo, I imagine, than he who ventured "againſt ſo many chances, the Law, our Con-"tention, our Poverty——"

He ſighed.—

I pitied and deſpiſed him, and we converſed no more till we reached the metropolis.

LONDON.

OH! my dear Eugenius, I fly to your arms!—let me embrace the deareſt of friends!

How

How happy I am to find you recovered!—Fortune hath repaid me too abundantly!

MAN.

WHAT a ſtrange machine is man, framed with ſuch nice mechaniſm by Nature's hand, that every element impedes his perfect motion! Now the vibration of the heart is too much propelled by heat——now cold ſhivers every fibre. Where's the juſt medium? Tell me, philoſopher, and I will own thy knowledge.

My ſpirits fail—my head ſwims.

To reſt—to reſt.

I cannot ſleep—a book may perhaps amuſe. Can it divert at this ſad hour?

I will indulge my melancholy.

After having read Hervey's Meditations, I fell into a ſlumber, and by degrees a dream ſo ſtrongly operated, that I thought I was no longer in a ſtate of nature, but a kind of auditor to a dialogue that took place between my Soul and Body; which, as it made a very ſtrong impreſſion on me, I can repeat pretty correctly.

A VISION.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MY SOUL AND MY BODY.

BODY.

NO!—never—never—will I ſubmit to the caprices of thee, Soul! What, yield to thee that ſovereignty which I have preſerved over thee for ſuch a ſucceſſion of years! After thou haſt ſo implicitly obeyed my laws, ſhall I ſubmit to thine, which

which forbid me the uſe of all that gives me pleaſure, and compel me to embrace what I hold in the utmoſt abhorrence? This ſhall never be; thou ſhalt never have the ſatisfaction to find, that at the end of my career I adopt thy viſions for rules of conduct. How!—acknowledge, tamely acknowledge my ſlave to be my maſter, and yield to thy laws, who from thine infancy gaveſt up all pretenſions to the enforcing of them! Ungrateful wretch! after thou haſt partaken with me of the ſweeteſt pleaſures, thou wouldſt at preſent teſtify thy acknowledgment, by depriving me of the enjoyments of life, in order to relieve thee from thy panics and terrors. Is this the gratitude thou oweſt me, to undertake the deſtruction of that dwelling, in which thou haſt been lodged ſo many years, and to acquit thy rent with tears, ſighs, ſolitude, mortification, contempt, and, in a word, chaſtiſe me in every ſenſible part? No———I will oppoſe thee with all my ſtrength, and I will purſue, as uſual, the gratification of my ſenſes, in deſpite of thee and all thy miſanthropy. But—ah! my Soul appears—and I muſt liſten, even againſt my will.

S O U L.

Thou wretched maſs! bag of earth! paſture of worms! itinerant ſink! horrid carcaſe! the abode of ſerpents and the retreat of toads! dareſt thou to oppoſe the laws which I dictate to thee, for the ſhort time which we ſhall now remain together, after having, by a fatal complaiſance, allowed thee, for ſuch a length of time, all that thy infamous deſires could crave! Art thou moſt ungrateful, or moſt criminal? Thou now refuſeſt me a few tears, after having afforded thee, for ſuch a ſeries of years, innumerable delights. But, alas!

vain

vain and imaginary is all terreſtrial felicity! Canſt thou deny a few ſighs after ſo much joy; a uſeful ſolitude after ſuch a long and ſcandalous commerce with the world; ſome mortifications after myriads of ſuch vain delights; ſome little contempt after ſo much pride; in a word, a ſtate of repentance, ſo ſhort as will be our union, for ſo many years of idle or vicious gratification, and of which I muſt one day give an account to the Sovereign Judge?

Thou contemptible rebel! thou blind veſſel of clay and dirt! thou by thy diſobedience art as unworthy of my care, as I am of mercy, by my paſt inconſiderate partiality for thee. But mine eyes are now open: I perceive the abſolute power I ought to have had over thee, and I will now exerciſe it. Wherefore, no longer oppoſe my mandates; and henceforward expect nothing from me in this world but affliction. I command thee to ſubmit with patience, as thou canſt not from thy nature do it with pleaſure, to the keeneſt anguiſh of this life. By thy preſent tears, I will endeavour to purge away the foul ſtains of thy paſt actions—Thy preſent humility may obliterate the remembrance of thy former vanity.—Have not thy works tended to the corruption of the age? to the depravity of the morals of the riſing generation? —What recompence canſt thou offer?—Not thy religious diſcourſes: they are but a ſmall counterpoiſe, and read but by few.

A W A K E.

HERE a noiſe in the ſtreet awoke me, and I was glad to find this was only a viſion: it however operated ſo ſtrongly upon my mind, that,

added to my preſent weakneſs, I was ſcarce able to ſupport the remembrance of it.

I ſaw, but too clearly ſaw, the juſtneſs of the reaſoning of my Soul, even in ſleep. What a wretch am I!—How have I miſapplied thoſe talents that nature deſtined for ſuperior uſes!—Vile dauber of paper!

Oh my brain!—Eugenius! my brain!

The grim Tyrant now in earneſt ſeizes me ſo violently by the throat, that my friend Eugenius can ſcarce hear me cry acroſs the table!

THE CATASTROPHE.

HE's gone! for ever gone! *

Poor Yorick! he was a fellow of infinite jeſt! of moſt excellent fancy! Where be your gibes now?——Your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roar?—not one now—quite chop-fallen?

Alas! Alas! Alas! poor Yorick.

This, with the ſpontaneous flood of friendſhip, your Eugenius ſigns.

* *Mr. Sterne died in March* 1768, *ſoon after the publication of the two volumes of his Sentimental Journey.*

FINIS.


BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA