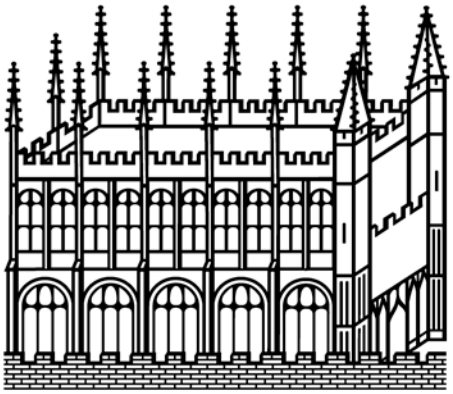

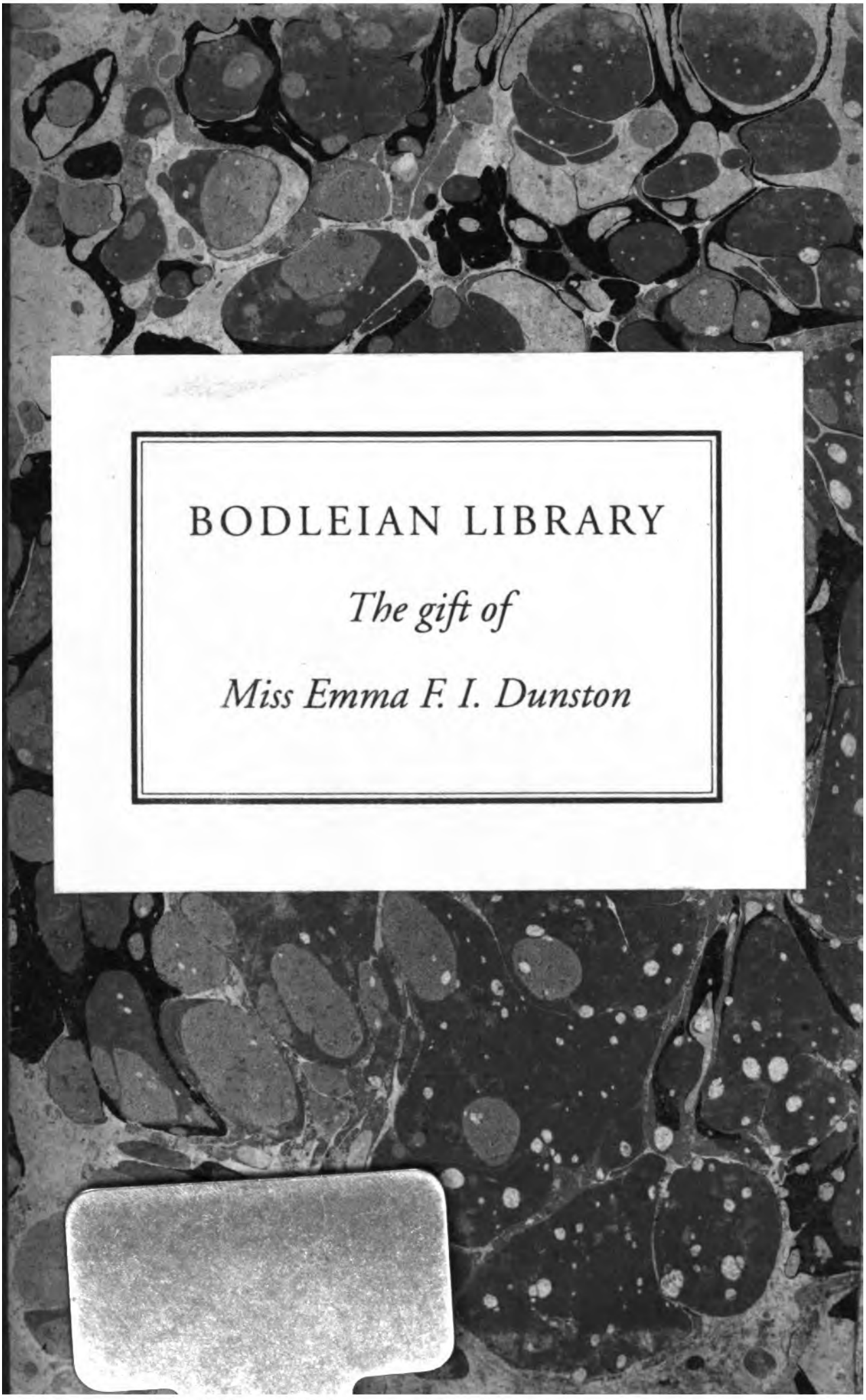

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TRISTRAM SHANDY,

Vol. I. forming Volume X. of

Cooke's Edition of Select Novels,

or Novelists Pocket Library,

being a Complete Collection of

Universally Approved

Histories, Adventures, Anecdotes, &c.

by the most

Esteemed Authors

Printed for C. COOKE, Paternoster Row. 1793.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Ταράσσει τες Ἀνθρώπες ὲ τὰ Πράγματα,
Αλλα τὰ ωερὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δύγματα.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR C. COOKE, No. 17,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MR. STERNE.

LAURENCE Sterne was the ſon of an Iriſh officer, and born in the barracks of Dublin: but, though nurtured among ſoldiers, he was a ſon of the church; and, if we may take the opinion of a biſhop on his ſermons, not unworthy the title. His great grandfather was an archbiſhop, and his uncle a prebendary of one of our cathedrals.

From ſchool he went to the univerſity, where he ſpent the uſual number of years; read a great deal, laughed more, and ſometimes took the diverſion of puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of an odd man, who had no harm in him, and who had parts, if he would uſe them.

On leaving the univerſity, he ſeated himſelf quietly in the lap of the church, at Sutton on the Foreſt of Galtrees, a ſmall vicarage in Yorkſhire. Here he waited patiently, till time and chance (which now guide where judgment once preſided) ſhould raiſe him to what they pleaſed: and here an occaſion offered, which made him firſt feel himſelf, and to which, perhaps, we owe the origin of Triſtram Shandy.

There happened a diſpute among ſome of the ſuperiors of his order, in which Mr. Sterne's friend, one of the beſt men in the world, was concerned. A perſon, who filled a lucrative

benefice, was not ſatisfied with enjoying it during his own life-time, but exerted all his intereſt to have it entailed upon his wife and ſon after his deceaſe. Mr. Sterne's friend, who expected the reverſion of this living, had not, however, ſufficient influence to prevent the ſucceſs of his adverſary. At this critical period Mr. Sterne attacked the monopolizer in joke, and wrote a pamphlet, intituled "The Hiſtory "of a good warm Watch-Coat, with which "the preſent Poſſeſſor is not content to cover "his own Shoulders, unleſs he can alſo cut out "of it a Petticoat for his Wife, and a Pair of "Breeches for his Son."

What all the ſerious arguments in the world could not have affected, Sterne's ſatirical pen brought about. The intended monopolizer ſent him word, that if he would ſuppreſs the publication of this ſarcaſm, he would reſign his pretenſions to the next candidate. The pamphlet was ſuppreſſed, the reverſion took place, and Mr. Sterne was requited, by the intereſt of his patron, with being appointed one of the prebendaries of York.

Soon after this an incident occurred, which contributed exceedingly to eſtabliſh the reputation of Mr. Sterne's wit. It was this: He was ſitting in the coffee-houſe at York, when a ſtranger came in, who gave much offence to the company, conſiſting chiefly of gentlemen of the gown, by deſcanting too freely upon religion, and the hypocriſy of the clergy. The young fellow at length addreſſed himſelf to Mr. Sterne, aſking him, what were his ſentiments upon the ſubject; when, inſtead of anſwering him directly, he told the witling, That "his dog was

"reckoned

" reckoned one of the moſt beautiful pointers " in the whole county, and was very good-na- " tured, but that he had an infernal trick, " which deſtroyed all his good qualities. He " never ſees a clergyman," continued Mr. Sterne, " but he immediately flies at him."— " How long, Sir," replied the witling, " may he " have had that trick?"—" Ever ſince he was " a puppy." The young man felt the keenneſs of the ſatire, turned upon his heel, and left Sterne to triumph.

At this time Mr. Sterne was poſſeſſed of ſome good livings, having enjoyed, ſo early as the year 1745, the vicarage of Sutton on the Foreſt of Galtrees, where he uſually performed divine ſervice on Sunday mornings, and in the afternoon he preached at the rectory of Stillington, which he held as one of the prebends of York, in which capacity he alſo aſſiſted regularly, in his turn, at the cathedral. Thus he decently lived a becoming ornament of the church, till his Rabelaiſian ſpirit, which iſſued from the preſs, immerſed him in the gaieties and frivolities of the world.

His wit and humour were already greatly admired within the circle of his acquaintance; but his genius had never yet reached the capital, when his two firſt volumes of Triſtram Shandy made their appearance. They were printed at York, and propoſed to the bookſellers there at a very moderate price: theſe gentlemen, however, were ſuch judges of their value, that they ſcarce offered the price of paper and print; and the work made its way into the world without any of the artifices which are often practiſed to put off an edition. A large

impreſſion being ſold in a very ſhort time, the bookſellers were rouzed from their lethargy, and every one was eager to purchaſe the ſecond edition of the copy. Mr. Sterne ſold it for ſix hundred pounds, after being refuſed fifty pounds for the firſt impreſſion and proprietorſhip.

The two firſt volumes of Triſtram Shandy were now in the poſſeſſion of moſt people. All read, the generality approved, but ſome few did not underſtand them. Thoſe, indeed, who had not entered into the ludicrous manner of Rabelais, or the poignant ſatire of Swift, did not comprehend them; but they joined with the multitude, and pronounced Triſtram Shandy very clever. Even the reviewers recommended Mr. Shandy as a writer infinitely more ingenious and entertaining than any other of the then race of noveliſts; adding, his characters were ſtriking and ſingular, his obſervations ſhrewd and pertinent, and, making a few exceptions, that his humour was eaſy and genuine.

The publication of theſe two volumes brought Mr. Sterne into great repute. He was conſidered as the genius of the age: his company was equally courted by the great, the literati, the witty, and the gay; and it was conſidered as a kind of honour to have paſſed an evening with the author of Triſtram Shandy. Though ſome of the over-rigid clergy condemned this ſingular performance, and judged it incompatible with that purity and morality which ſhould ever accompany the writings of the gentlemen of the gown; theſe cenſures were far from being univerſal, even among the clergy; and the acquaintance he made by this publication were, in many reſpects, advantageous to him. Among others,

others, the earl of Faulconberg ſo particularly patronized the author of this work, that, to teſtify his approbation, he preſented Mr. Sterne with the rectory of Cawood, which was an agreeable and convenient addition to his other livings, being all in the neighbourhood of York.

His next publication conſiſted of two volumes of ſermons, which the ſevereſt critics could not help applauding, for the purity and elegance of their ſtyle, and the excellence of their moral. The manner in which they were uſhered to public notice was, by ſome, ſeverely condemned; whilſt others lamented that ſuch excellent diſcourſes ſhould ſtand in need of ſuch an introduction; and many were of opinion, that he had wrote Triſtram Shandy purely to introduce them; as, in his preface to the ſermons, he acquaints the reader, that, "the ſermon which "gave riſe to the publication of theſe, having "been offered to the public as a ſermon of "Yorick's, he hoped the moſt ſerious reader "would find nothing to offend him, in his con-"tinuing thoſe two volumes under the ſame "title. Leſt it ſhould be otherwiſe, I have ad-"ded a ſecond title page, with the real name of "the author:——The firſt will ſerve the book-"ſellers' purpoſe, as Yorick's name is poſſibly "of the two the more known;——and the ſe-"cond will eaſe the minds of thoſe who ſee a "a jeſt, and the danger which lurks under it, "where no jeſt was meant."

When the third and fourth volumes of Triſtram Shandy made their appearance, the public was not quite ſo eager in purchaſing and applauding them, as they had been with reſpect to the two firſt volumes. The novelty of the

ſtyle and manner no longer remained; his digreſſions were by many conſidered as tedious, and his aſterics too obſcure: nay, ſome invidious critics, who pretended to be able to point them out, inſinuated, that they were too indelicate for the eye of chaſtity.*

He had, nevertheleſs, a great number of admirers; and he was encouraged to publiſh a fifth and ſixth volume. Their ſatire was ſtill poignant, ſpirited, and, in general, extremely juſt. The characters, though ſomewhat overcharged, were lively, and in nature. He conſtantly caught the *ridiculous* wherever he found it; and never failed to preſent it to his readers in the moſt agreeable point of light. Of his ſkill in delineating and ſupporting his characters, thoſe of the father of his hero, of his uncle Toby, and of Corporal Trim (out of numberleſs others) afford ample proof. To his power in the pathetic, whoever reads the ſtories of Le Fevre, Maria, the Monk, and the Dead Aſs, muſt, if

* It muſt be here obſerved, that ſuch critics only prove, by their remarks, the deficiency of their own underſtanding, and a want of proper diſcernment to enter into the true meaning of the author. Mr. Sterne's mode of writing is ſo peculiarly ambiguous, that it requires more than general knowledge to diſcover its beauties. The ſentences are ſhort and broken, and, without a very attentive obſervance, may be conſtrued, by different readers, into different ſenſes from that meant by the author. Each will interpret them according to their own fancy; ſo that what ſome may conſider as expreſſions offenſive to a delicate ear, others may, with equal force of argument, point out as having the moſt pure tendency; ſo that if a wrong inference is drawn from them, it muſt ariſe from the vicious turn of mind of the reader, and not from any deſign in the writer.

he has feelings, bear ſufficient teſtimony; and his ſermons throughout (though ſometimes, perhaps, chargeable with a levity not entirely becoming the pulpit) breathe the kindeſt ſpirit of *philanthropy*, and *good will towards men*.

The ſeventh, eighth, and ninth volumes have not yet completed Triſtram Shandy; ſo that, what was ſaid upon the publication of his firſt volumes has been verified: "Mr. Shandy ſeems "ſo extremely fond of digreſſions, and of giv- "ing his hiſtorical readers the ſlip upon all oc- "caſions, that we are not a little apprehenſive "he may, ſome time or other, give them the "ſlip in good earneſt, and leave the work be- "fore the ſtory be finiſhed."

In the before-mentioned volumes Mr. Sterne carries his readers through France, and introduces ſome ſcenes and characters, which are afterwards taken up in the Sentimental Journey, particularly that of Maria; ſo that this may, in ſome meaſure, be conſidered as a Continuation of the Life and Opinions of Triſtram Shandy.

It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, of a book ſo univerſally read as Shandy, that the ſtory of the hero's life is the leaſt part of the author's concern. It is, in reality, nothing more than a vehicle for ſatire on a great variety of ſubjects. Moſt of theſe ſatyrical ſtrokes are introduced with little regard to any connection, either with the principal ſtory, or with each other. The author, having no determined end in view, runs from object to object, as they happen to ſtrike a very lively and very irregular imagination. In fact, the book is a perpetual ſeries of diſappointments; yet, with this, and other blemiſhes, the Life of Triſtram Shandy has uncommon

merit;

merit; and the freedom and ſincerity of its author, perhaps, cannot be equalled by any other writer beſide the incomparable Montaigne. The faults of an original work are always pardoned; and it is not ſurpriſing, that, at a time when a tame imitation makes almoſt the whole merit of ſo many books, ſo happy an attempt at novelty ſhould have been ſo well received. His laſt work (the Sentimental Journey) however, may be conſidered as his greateſt, ſince it contains a variety of agreeable pathetic deſcriptions, in an eaſy, ſimple ſtyle, cleared from much of the obſcurity and levity which appear in the former volumes.

As Mr. Sterne advanced in literary fame, he left his livings to the care of his curates; and though he acquired ſome thouſands by his productions, being a character very diſtant from an œconomiſt, his ſavings were no greater at the end of the year, than when he had no other ſupport than the ſingle vicarage of Sutton. Indeed, his travelling expences abroad, and the luxurious manner in which he lived with the gay and polite at home, greatly promoted the diſſipation of a very conſiderable ſum, which his writings had produced, and which might have been a future aſſiſtance to his family. This being the caſe, at his death his widow and daughter, an agreeable young lady about ſixteen, who had both reſided ſome years in a convent in France, having ſeparated from Mr. Sterne through ſome pique, which was differently accounted for by the parties, finding that their penſions muſt diſcontinue, returned to England, in order to publiſh his poſthumous works. Being at York during the races, ſome

humane

humane gentlemen, friends and admirers of the late prebend, took into conſideration their diſagreeable ſituation, and made them a preſent of a purſe containing a thouſand pounds. This unexpected and generous ſupply, added to a very extenſive ſubſcription of the nobility and gentry, to three additional volumes of ſermons, afforded a ſufficient proviſion to enable them to ſupport themſelves in their late recluſe manner of life, to which they had determined to return.

As Mr. Sterne had drawn his own character (under the name of Yorick) with great happineſs and ſkill, we ſhall take the liberty of introducing it here, the better to complete our account of the author and his works.

———" This is all that ever ſtaggered my " faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, " by what I can remember of him, and, by all " the accounts I could ever get of him, ſeemed " not to have had one ſingle drop of Daniſh " blood in his whole craſis; in nine hundred " years it might poſſibly have all run out.—I " will not philoſophiſe one moment with you " about it; for, happen how it would, the fact " was this:—That inſtead of that cold phlegm, " and exact regularity of ſenſe and humours, " you would have looked for in one ſo extracted; " ——he was, on the contrary, as mercurial " and ſublimated a compoſition,—as heteroclite " a creature in all his declenſions, with as much " life and whim, and gaite de cœur about him, " as the kindeſt climate could have engendered " and put together. With all this ſail, poor " Yorick carried not one ounce of ballaſt: he " was utterly unpractiſed in the world; and, at

" the

" the age of twenty-ſix, knew juſt about as well " how to ſteer his courſe in it, as a romping, " unſuſpicious girl of thirteen: ſo that, upon " his firſt ſetting out, the briſk gale of his ſpi- " rits, as you will imagine, ran him foul, ten " times in a day, of ſomebody's tackling; and " as the grave and more ſlow-paced were often- " eſt in his way,——you may likewiſe imagine, " 'twas with ſuch he generally had the ill luck to " get the moſt entangled. For aught I know, " there might be ſome mixture of unlucky wit " at the bottom of ſuch fracas——For, to ſpeak " the truth, Yorick had an invincible diſlike and " oppoſition in his nature to gravity:——not " to gravity as ſuch———for, where gravity " was wanted, he would be the moſt grave and " ſerious of mortal men for days and weeks " together;——but he was an enemy to the af- " fectation of it, and declared open war againſt " it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, " or for folly; and then, whenever it fell in his " way, however ſheltered and protected, he " ſeldom gave it much quarter.

" Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would ſay, that gravity was an arrant ſcoundrel: " and he would add—of the moſt dangerous " kind too,—becauſe a ſly one; and that he " verily believed, more honeſt, well-meaning " people were bubbled out of their goods and mo- " ney by it, in one twelvemonth, than by pick- " pocketing and ſhoplifting in ſeven. In the " naked temper which a merry heart diſcovered, " he would ſay, There was no danger—but to " itſelf;—whereas the very eſſence of gravity " was deſign, and conſequently deceit;—it was " a taught trick, to gain credit of the world

" for

" for more ſenſe and knowledge than a man was
" worth; and that, with all his pretenſions,—it
" was no better, but often worſe, than what a
" French wit had long ago defined it, viz.—A
" myſterious carriage of the body, to cover the
" defects of the mind:—which definition of gra-
" vity, Yorick, with great imprudence, would
" ſay, deſerved to be wrote in letters of gold.

" But, in plain truth, he was a man un-
" hackneyed and unpractiſed in the world,
" and was altogether as indiſcreet and fooliſh
" on every other ſubject of diſcourſe, where
" policy is wont to repreſs reſtraint. Yorick
" had no impreſſion but one, and that was what
" aroſe from the nature of the deed ſpoken of,
" which impreſſion he would uſually tranſlate
" into plain Engliſh, without any periphraſis,
" —and too oft without much diſtinction of
" either perſonage, time, or place;—ſo that when
" mention was made of a pitiful or an ungene-
" rous proceeding,—he never gave himſelf a mo-
" ment's time to reflect who was the hero of the
" piece—what is ſtation—or how far he had
" power to hurt him hereafter;—but, if it was
" a dirty action,—without more ado,—the man
" was a dirty fellow—and ſo on:—And as his
" comments had uſually the ill fate to be termi-
" nated in a bon mot, or to be enlivened through-
" out with ſome drollery or humour of expreſ-
" ſion, it gave wings to Yorick's indiſcretion.
" In a word, though he never ſought, yet, at
" the ſame time, as he ſeldom ſhunned occaſions
" of ſaying what came uppermoſt, and without
" much ceremony,—he had but too many temp-
" tations in life, of ſcattering his wit and his
" humour—his gibes and his jeſts about him.—

" They

"They were not loſt for want of gathering."

Mr. Sterne died as he lived, the ſame indifferent, careleſs creature; as, a day or two before his death, he ſeemed not in the leaſt affected with his approaching diſſolution. He was buried privately in a new burial-ground belonging to the pariſh of St. George, Hanover-ſquare, at twelve o'clock at noon, attended only by two gentlemen in a mourning coach, no bell tolling. His death was announced in the news-papers of March 22, 1768, by the following paragraph:

"Died at his lodgings in Bond-ſtreet, the "Rev. Mr. Sterne."

Alas! poor Yorick!——I knew him well; a fellow of infinite jeſt, moſt excellent fancy, &c.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

MR. PITT.

SIR,

NEVER poor Wight of a Dedicator had leſs Hopes from his Dedication than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye Corner of the Kingdom, and in a retired thatched Houſe, where I live in a conſtant endeavour to fence againſt the Infirmities of ill Health, and other Evils of Life, by Mirth; being firmly perſuaded, that every Time a Man ſmiles,—but much more ſo when he laughs,—it adds ſomething to this Fragment of Life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this Book, by taking it—(not under your Protection —it muſt protect itſelf—but)—into the Country with you; where, if I am ever told, it has made you ſmile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's Pain—I ſhall think myſelf as happy as a Miniſter of State;—perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

I am, great Sir,
(And what is more to your Honour)
I am, good Sir,
Your Well-wiſher, and
moſt humble Fellow-ſubject,
THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

CHAPTER I.

I WISH either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me. Had they duly conſidered how much depended upon what they were then doing,—that not only the production of a rational being was concerned in it, but that poſſibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very caſt of his mind,—and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole houſe might take their turn from the humours and diſpoſitions which were then uppermoſt,—had they duly weighed and conſidered all this, and proceeded accordingly,—I am verily perſuaded I ſhould have made a quite different figure in the world, from that in which the reader is likely to ſee me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not ſo inconſiderable a thing as many of you may think it:—you have all, I dare ſay, heard of the animal ſpirits, as how they are transfuſed from father to ſon, &c. &c.—and a great deal to that purpoſe:——well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's ſenſe or his nonſenſe, his ſucceſſes and miſcarriages, in this world, depend upon their motions and activity, and the different tracts and trains you put them into; ſo that when they are once ſet a-going, whether right or wrong, tis not a halfpenny matter,—away they go clutt'ring like hey-go mad; and by treading the ſame ſteps over and over again, they preſently make a road of it, as plain and as ſmooth as a garden walk, which, when they are once

uſed to, the devil himſelf ſometimes ſhall not be able to drive them off it.

"Pray, my dear," quoth my mother, "have you "not forgot to wind up the clock?"—"Good G—!" cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the ſame time,—"Did "ever woman, ſince the creation of the world, interrupt "a man with ſuch a ſilly queſtion?"—Pray, what was your father ſaying?——Nothing.

CHAP. II.

———Then, poſitively, there is nothing in the queſtion, that I can ſee, either good or bad.—Then, let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unſeaſonable queſtion at leaſt, becauſe it ſcattered and diſperſed the animal ſpirits, whoſe buſineſs it was to have eſcorted and gone hand in hand with the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted him ſafe to the place deſtined for his reception.

The Homunculus, Sir, in however low and ludicrous a light he may appear in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice:——to the eye of reaſon in ſcientific reſearch, he ſtands confeſs'd—a Being guarded and circumſcribed with rights.—The minuteſt philoſophers (who, by the bye, have the moſt enlarged underſtandings, their ſouls being inverſely as their enquiries) ſhew us inconteſtably, that the Homunculus is created by the ſame hand,—engendered in the ſame courſe of nature,——endowed with the ſame loco-motive powers and faculties with us:—That he conſiſts, as we do, of ſkin, hair, fleſh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations;—is a Being of as much activity,—and, in all ſenſes of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature as my Lord Chancellor of England.——He may be benefited,—he may be injured,—he may obtain redreſs,—in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which Tully, Puffendorff, or the beſt ethic writers allow to ariſe out of that ſtate and relation.

Now,

Now, dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone?—or that, through terror of it, natural to ſo young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey's end miſerably ſpent;——his muſcular ſtrength and virility worn down to a thread;—his own animal ſpirits ruffled beyond deſcription;—and that, in this ſad diſordered ſtate of nerves, he had lain down a prey to ſudden ſtarts, or a ſeries of melancholy dreams and fancies, for nine long, long months together?——I tremble to think what a foundation had been laid for a thouſand weakneſſes both of body and mind, which no ſkill of the phyſician or the philoſopher could ever afterwards have ſet thoroughly to rights.

CHAP. III.

TO my uncle, Mr. Toby Shandy, do I ſtand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philoſopher, and much given to cloſe reaſoning upon the ſmalleſt matters, had oft, and heavily complained of the injury; but once more particularly, as my uncle Toby well remembered, upon his obſerving a moſt unaccountable obliquity (as he called it) in my manner of ſetting up my top, and juſtifying the principles upon which I had done it.—The old gentleman ſhook his head, and, in a tone more expreſſive by half of ſorrow than reproach,—he ſaid, his heart all along foreboded, and he ſaw it verified in this, and from a thouſand other obſervations he had made upon me, that I ſhould neither think nor act like any other man's child:——"But alas!" continued he, ſhaking his head a ſecond time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, "My Triſtram's "misfortunes began nine months before ever he came "into the world."

——My mother, who was ſitting by, looked up—but ſhe knew no more than my backſide what my father meant;—but my uncle, Mr. Toby Shandy, who had been often informed of the affair,—underſtood him very well.

CHAP. IV.

I Know there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it, who are no readers at all,—who find themſelves ill at eaſe, unleſs they are let into the whole ſecret, from firſt to laſt, of every thing which concerns you.

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardneſs in my nature to diſappoint any one ſoul living, that I have been ſo very particular already. As my life and opinions are likely to make ſome noiſe in the world, and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, profeſſions, and denominations of men whatever,—be no leſs read than the Pilgrim's Progreſs itſelf—and, in the end, prove the very thing which Montaigne dreaded his eſſays ſhould turn out, that is, a book for a parlour window,—I find it neceſſary to conſult every one a little in his turn; and therefore muſt beg pardon for going on a little farther in the ſame way: for which cauſe, right glad I am, that I have begun the hiſtory of myſelf in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing every thing in it, as Horace ſays, *ab ovo*.

Horace, I know, does not recommend this faſhion altogether: but that gentleman is ſpeaking only of an epic poem or a tragedy;—(I forget which:)—beſides, if it was not ſo, I ſhould beg Mr. Horace's pardon;—for, in writing what I have ſet about, I ſhall confine myſelf neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.

To ſuch, however, as do not chuſe to go ſo far back into theſe things, I can give no better advice, than that they ſkip over the remaining part of this chapter; for I declare before-hand, tis wrote only for the curious and inquiſitive.

——Shut the door——I was begot in the night, betwixt the firſt Sunday and the firſt Monday in the month of March, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen. I am poſitive I was.——But how I came to be ſo very particular in my account of

a thing

a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another ſmall anecdote known only in our family, but now made public for the better clearing up this point.

My father, you muſt know, who was originally a Turkey merchant, but had left off buſineſs for ſome years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal eſtate in the county of ——, was, I believe, one of the moſt regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of buſineſs, or matter of amuſement, that ever lived. As a ſmall ſpecimen of this extreme exactneſs of his, to which he was in truth a ſlave,—he had made it a rule for many years of his life,—on the firſt Sunday night of every month throughout the whole year,—as certain as ever the Sunday night came,—to wind up a large houſe clock, which we had ſtanding on the back-ſtairs head, with his own hands;—and being ſomewhere between fity and ſixty years of age, at the time I have been ſpeaking of,—he had likewiſe gradually brought ſome other little family concernments to the ſame period, in order, as he would often ſay to my uncle Toby, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and peſtered with them the reſt of the month.

It was attended but with one misfortune, which in a great meaſure fell upon myſelf, and the effects of which I fear I ſhall carry with me to my grave; namely, that from an unhappy aſſociation of ideas which have no connection in nature, it ſo fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the ſaid clock wound up,—but the thoughts of ſome other things unavoidably popped into her head—*& vice verſa*:—— Which ſtrange combination of ideas, the ſagacious Locke, who certainly underſtood the nature of theſe things better than moſt men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other ſources of prejudice whatſoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears, by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies upon the table, "that

on

on Lady-day, which was on the 25th of the ſame month, in which I date my geniture,——my father ſet out upon his journey to London with my eldeſt brother Bobby, to fix him at Weſtminſter ſchool;" and, as it appears from the ſame authority, "That he did not get down to his wife and family till the ſecond week in May following,"—it brings the thing almoſt to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter puts it beyond all poſſibility of doubt.

—But, pray Sir, what was your father doing all December—January, and February?—Why, Madam, —he was all that time afflicted with a ſciatica.

CHAP. V.

ON the fifth day of November, 1718, which, to the æra fixed on, was as near nine kalendar months as any huſband could in reaſon have expected,——was I, Triſtram Shandy, gentleman, brought forth into this ſcurvy and diſaſtrous world of ours.—I wiſh I had been born in the moon, or in any of the planets, except Jupiter or Saturn, becauſe I never could bear cold weather, for it could not well have fared worſe with me in any of them (though I will not anſwer for Venus) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours,—which, o' my conſcience, with reverence be it ſpoken, I take to be made up of the ſhreds and clippings of the reſt—Not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or a great eſtate; or could any how contrive to be called up to public charges, and employments of dignity or power;——but that is not my caſe;——and therefore every man will ſpeak of the fair as his own market has gone in it;——for which cauſe, I affirm it over again, to be one of the vileſt worlds that ever was made;——for I can truly ſay, that from the firſt hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now ſcarce draw it at all, for an aſthma I got in ſkaiting againſt the wind in Flanders,—I have been the continual ſport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her by ſaying, ſhe has ever made me feel the weight of any great or ſignal evil;—yet, with all the

good

good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that in every ſtage of my life, and at every turn and corner where ſhe could get fairly at me, the ungracious ducheſs has pelted me with a ſet of as pitiful miſadventures and croſs accidents as ever ſmall hero ſuſtained.

CHAP. VI.

IN the beginning of the laſt chapter, I informed you exactly when I was born; but I did not inform you how. No, that particular was reſerved entirely for a chapter by itſelf:—beſides, Sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect ſtrangers to each other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumſtances relating to myſelf all at once.—You muſt have a little patience. I have undertaken, you ſee, to write not only my life, but my opinions alſo; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better reliſh for the other. As you proceed farther with me, the ſlight acquaintance, which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unleſs one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendſhip.——*O diem præclarum!*—then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in its nature, or tedious in its telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you ſhould think me ſomewhat ſparing of my narrative on my firſt ſetting out—bear with me,—and let me go on, and tell my ſtory my own way:—or, if I ſhould ſeem now and then to trifle upon the road,—or ſhould ſometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we paſs along,—don't fly off,—but rather courteouſly give me credit for a little more wiſdom than appears upon my outſide;——and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me; or, in ſhort, do any thing——only keep your temper.

CHAP. VII.

IN the ſame village where my father and mother dwelt, dwelt alſo a thin, upright motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who, with the help of a little plain good ſenſe, and ſome years full employment in her

buſineſs,

buſineſs, in which ſhe had all along truſted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to thoſe of dame Nature,—had acquired, in her way, no ſmall degree of reputation in the world;—by which word *world*, need I in this place inform your worſhip, that I would be underſtood to mean no more of it, than a ſmall circle deſcribed upon the circle of the great world, of four Engliſh miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived, is ſuppoſed to be the centre?—She had been left, it ſeems, a widow in great diſtreſs, with three or four ſmall children, in her forty-ſeventh year; and as ſhe was at that time a perſon of decent carriage,—grave deportment,—a woman moreover of few words, and withal an object of compaſſion, whoſe diſtreſs, and ſilence under it, called out the louder for a friendly lift; the wife of the parſon of the pariſh was touched with pity: and having often lamented an inconvenience, to which her huſband's flock had for many years been expoſed, inaſmuch, as there was no ſuch thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree, to be got at, let the caſe have been never ſo urgent, within leſs than ſix or ſeven long miles riding; which ſaid ſeven long miles in dark nights and diſmal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but deep clay, was almoſt equal to fourteen; and that in effect was ſometimes next to having no midwife at all; it came into her head, that it would be doing as ſeaſonable a kindneſs to the whole pariſh, as to the poor creature herſelf, to get her a little inſtructed in ſome of the plain principles of the buſineſs, in order to ſet her up in it. As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan ſhe had formed than herſelf, the gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the pariſh, ſhe found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmoſt of her wiſhes. In truth, the parſon joined his intereſt with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they ſhould be, and give the poor ſoul as good a title by law to practiſe, as his wife had given by inſtitution,——he cheerfully paid the fees for the ordinary's licence himſelf, amounting in the whole, to the ſum of eighteen

ſhillings

ſhillings and four-pence; ſo that betwixt them both, the good woman was fully inveſted in the real and corporal poſſeſſion of her office, together with all its rights, members, and appurtenances whatſoever.

Theſe laſt words, you muſt know, were not according to the old form in which ſuch licences, faculties, and powers uſually ran, which in like caſes had heretofore been granted to the ſiſterhood,—but it was according to a neat *Formula* of *Didius* his own deviſing, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces, and new framing over again, all kinds of inſtruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coaxed many of the old licenſed matrons in the neighbourhood to open their faculties afreſh, in order to have this whimwham of his inſerted.

I own I never could envy Didius in theſe kinds of fancies of his——But every man to his own taſte.—Did not Kunaſtrokius, that great man, at his leiſure hours, take the greateſt delight imaginable in combing of aſſes tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wiſeſt of men in all ages, not excepting Solomon himſelf,—have they not had their Hobby Horſes—their running horſes, their coins, and their cockle-ſhells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallats,—their maggots, and their butterflies?——and ſo long as a man rides his Hobby Horſe peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him,—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

CHAP. VIII.

—*De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*;—that is, there is no diſputing againſt Hobby-Horſes: and for my part, I ſeldom do: nor could I with any ſort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fiddler and painter, according as the fly ſtings.—Be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myſelf, upon

which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it,) I frequently ride out and take the air; though—ſometimes, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I take ſomewhat longer journies than what a wiſe man would think altogether right.—But the truth is,—I am not a wiſe man;—and beſides am a mortal of ſo little conſequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do; ſo I ſeldom fret or fume at all about it: nor does it much diſturb my reſt, when I ſee ſuch great lords and tall perſonages as hereafter follow;—ſuch, for inſtance, as my lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q and ſo on, all of a row, mounted upon their ſeveral horſes;—ſome with large ſtirrups, getting on in a more grave and ſober pace;—others, on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips acroſs their mouths, ſcouring and ſcampering it away like ſo many little party-coloured devils aſtride a mortgage,—and as if ſome of them were reſolved to break their necks.——So much the better, ſay I to myſelf; for in caſe the worſt ſhould happen, the world will make a ſhift to do excellently well without them; and for the reſt,——why——God ſpeed them,——e'en let them ride on without oppoſition from me; for were their lordſhips unhorſed this very night, 'tis ten to one but that many of them would be worſe mounted by one half before to-morrow-morning.

Not one of theſe inſtances therefore can be ſaid to break in upon my reſt.—But there is an inſtance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I ſee one born for great actions, and, what is ſtill more for his honour, whoſe nature ever inclines him to good ones; when I behold ſuch a one, my lord, like yourſelf, whoſe principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reaſon, a corrupt world cannot ſpare one moment; when I ſee ſuch a one, my lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has preſcribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wiſhes,—then, my lord, I ceaſe to be a philoſopher, and for the tranſport of an honeſt impatience, I wiſh the Hobby-Horſe, with all his fraternity, at the devil.

" My Lord,

I MAINTAIN this to be a dedication, notwithſtanding its ſingularity in the three great eſſentials of matter, form, and place: I beg, therefore, you will accept it as ſuch, and that you will permit me to lay it, with the moſt reſpectful humility, at your lordſhip's feet,—when you are upon them—which you can be when you pleaſe; and that is, my lord, whenever there is occaſion for it; and, I will add, to the beſt purpoſes too. I have the honour to be,

My lord,
Your lordſhip's moſt obedient,
and moſt devoted,
and moſt humble ſervant,
TRISTRAM SHANDY."

CHAP. IX.

I SOLEMNLY declare to all mankind, that the above dedication was made for no one prince prelate, pope, or potentate,—duke, marquis, earl, viſcount, or baron, of this, or any other realm in Chriſtendom;—nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one perſon or perſonage, great or ſmall; but is honeſtly a true virgin dedication untried on, upon any ſoul living.

I labour this point ſo particularly, merely to remove any offence or objection which might ariſe againſt it from the manner in which I propoſe to make the moſt of it;—which is the putting it up fairly to public ſale; which I now do.

—Every author has a way of his own in bringing his points to bear—for my own part, as I hate chaffering and higgling for a few guineas in a dark entry—I reſolved within myſelf, from the very beginning, to deal ſquarely and openly with your great folks in this affair, and try whether I ſhould not come off the better by it.

If, therefore, there is any one duke, marquis, earl, viſcount, or baron, in theſe his majeſty's dominions, who ſtands in need of a tight genteel dedication, and whom

the above will ſuit, (for, by the bye, unleſs it ſuits in ſome degree, I will not part with it,)—it is much at his ſervice for fifty guineas;——which I am poſitive is twenty guineas leſs than it ought to be afforded for by any man of genius.

My lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a groſs piece of daubing, as ſome dedications are. The deſign, your lordſhip ſees, is good, the colouring ſtranſparent,—the drawing not amiſs—or, to ſpeak more like a man of ſcience, and meaſure my piece in the painter's ſcale, divided into 20——I believe, my lord, the outlines will turn out as 12,—the compoſition as 9,—the colouring as 6,—the expreſſion 13 and a half—and the deſign,—if I may be allowed, my lord, to underſtand my own deſign, and ſuppoſing abſolute perfection in deſigning, to be as 20,—I think it cannot well fall ſhort of 19. Beſides all this,—there is keeping in it, and the dark ſtrokes in the hobby-horſe, (which is a ſecondary figure, and a kind of back-ground to the whole,) give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully;—and beſides, there is an air of originality in the *tout enſemble*.

Be pleaſed, my good lord, to order the ſum to be paid into the hands of Mr. Dodſley, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care ſhall be taken that this chapter ſhall be expunged, and your lordſhip's titles, diſtinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter: all which, from the words, *De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*, and whatever elſe in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, ſhall ſtand dedicated to your lordſhip.—The reſt I dedicate to the MOON, who, by the bye, of all the patrons or matrons I can think of, has moſt power to ſet my book a-going, and make the world run mad after it.

Bright Goddeſs,

If thou art not too buſy with Candid and Miſs Cunegund's affairs,——take Triſtram Shandy's under thy protection alſo.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

WHATEVER degree of ſmall merit, the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might juſtly claim, or in whom that claim truly reſted,—at firſt ſight ſeems not very material to this hiſtory: certain however it was, that the gentlewoman, the parſon's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: and yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking, but that the parſon himſelf, though he had not the good fortune to hit upon the deſign firſt,—yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to ſome ſhare of it,—if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

The world at that time was pleaſed to determine the matter otherwiſe.

Lay down the book, and I will allow you half a day to give a probable gueſs at the grounds of this procedure.

Be it known, then, that, for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had ſo circumſtantial an account,—the parſon we have to do with had made himſelf a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed againſt himſelf, his ſtation, and his office;—and that was in never appearing better, or otherwiſe mounted, than upon a lean, ſorry, jackaſs of a horſe, value about one pound fifteen ſhillings; who, to ſhorten all deſcription of him, was full brother to Roſinante, as far as ſimilitude congenial could make him; for he anſwered his deſcription to a hair-breadth in every thing,——except that I do not remember 'tis any where ſaid, that Roſinante was broken-winded; and that, moreover Roſinante, as is the happineſs of moſt Spaniſh horſes, fat or lean,—was undoubtedly a horſe at all points.

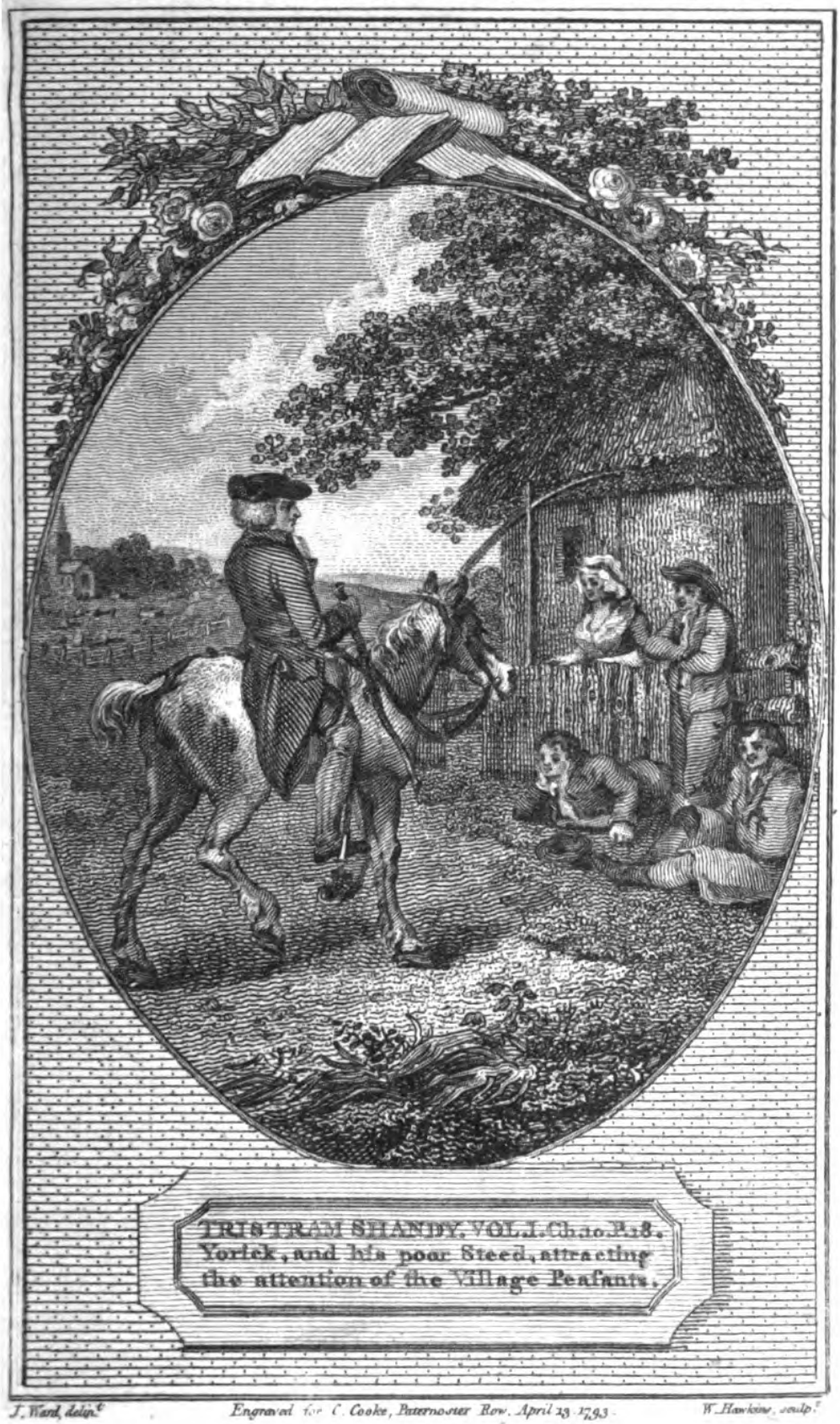
I know very well that the hero's horſe was a horſe of chaſte deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion: but it is as certain at the ſame time, that Roſinante's continency (as may be demonſtra-

ted from the adventure of the Yangueſian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cauſe whatſoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood.—And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chaſtity in the world, in behalf of which you could not ſay more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpoſe is to do exact juſtice to every creature brought upon the ſtage of this dramatic work,—I could not ſtifle this diſtinction in favour of Don Quixote's horſe: in all other points, the parſon's horſe, I ſay, was juſt ſuch another,—for his was as lean, and as lank, and as ſorry a jade, as Humility herſelf could have beſtrided.

In the eſtimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parſon's power to have helped the figure of this horſe of his,—for he was maſter of a very handſome demi-peak'd ſaddle, quilted on the ſeat with green pluſh, garniſhed with a double row of ſilver-headed ſtuds, and a double pair of ſhining braſs ſtirrups, with a houſing altogether ſuitable, of grey ſuperfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, ſilk fringe, *poudre d'or*,—all which he had purchaſed in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand emboſſed bridle, ornamented at all points as it ſhould be.—But not caring to banter his beaſt, he had hung all theſe up behind his ſtudy door,—and in lieu of them had ſeriouſly befitted him with juſt ſuch a bridle and ſuch a ſaddle, as the figure and value of ſuch a ſteed might well and truly deſerve.

In the ſeveral ſallies about this pariſh, and in the neighbouring viſits to the gentry who lived around him,—you will eaſily comprehend, that the parſon, ſo appointed, would both hear and ſee enough to keep his philoſophy from ruſting. To ſpeak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young.—Labour ſtood ſtill as he paſſed—the bucket hung ſuſpended in the middle of the well,—the ſpinning-wheel forgot its round,—even chuck-farthing and ſhuffle-cap themſelves ſtood gaping till he had got out of ſight; and, as his movement was not of the quickeſt,



TRISTRAM SHANDY, VOL.I. Ch.10. P.18.
Yorick, and his poor Steed, attracting
the attention of the Village Peasants.

J. Ward, delin.ᵗ Engraved for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, April 23 1793. W. Hawkins, sculp.ᵗ

quickeſt, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his obſervations,—to hear the groans of the ſerious,—and the laughter of the light-hearted,—all which he bore with excellent tranquillity. His character was, he loved a jeſt in his heart—and as he ſaw himſelf in the true point of ridicule, he would ſay, he could not be angry with others for ſeeing him in a light, in which he ſo ſtrongly ſaw himſelf: ſo that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the leſs ſcruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour, inſtead of giving the true cauſe,—he choſe rather to join in the laugh againſt himſelf; and as he never carried one ſingle ounce of fleſh upon his own bones, being altogether as ſpare a figure as his beaſt,—he would ſometimes inſiſt upon it, that the horſe was as good as the rider deſerved;—that they were, centaur-like—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his ſpirits were above the temptation of falſe wit,—he would ſay, he found himſelf going off faſt in a conſumption, and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the ſight of a fat horſe without a dejection of heart, and a ſenſible alteration in his pulſe; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himſelf in countenance, but in ſpirits.

At different times he would give fifty humorous and appoſite reaſons for riding a meek-ſpirited jade of a broken-winded horſe, preferably to one of mettle;—for on ſuch a one he could ſit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi et fuga ſæculi*, as with the advantage of a death's-head before him;—that, in all other exercitations, he could ſpend his time, as he rode ſlowly along,—to as much account as in his ſtudy;—that he could draw up an argument in his ſermon—or a hole in his breeches, as ſteadily on the one as in the other;—that briſk trotting and ſlow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements.——But that upon his ſteed—he could unite and reconcile every thing,—he could compoſe his ſermon—he could compoſe his cough,—and in caſe nature gave a

call

call that way, he could likewiſe compoſe himſelf to ſleep. In ſhort, the parſon, upon ſuch encounters, would aſſign any cauſe, but the true cauſe,—and he with-held the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, becauſe he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the ſtory was as follows: in the firſt years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the ſuperb ſaddle and bridle were purchaſed by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or, call it what you will,—to run into the oppoſite extreme.—In the language of the county where he dwelt, he was ſaid to have loved a good horſe, and generally had one of the beſt in the whole pariſh ſtanding in his ſtable always ready for ſaddling; and as the neareſt midwife, as I told you, did not live nearer to the village than ſeven miles, and in a vile country,—it ſo fell out, that the poor gentleman was ſcarce a whole week together without ſome piteous application for his beaſt; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every caſe was more preſſing and more diſtreſsful than the laſt,—as much as he loved his beaſt, he had never a heart to refuſe him; the upſhot of which was generally this, that his horſe was either clapp'd, or ſpavin'd, or greas'd;—or he was twitter-bond'd, or broken-winded, or ſomething, in ſhort, or other had befallen him, which would let him carry no fleſh; —ſo that he had every nine or ten months a bad horſe to get rid of,—and a good horſe to purchaſe in his ſtead.

What the loſs in ſuch a balance might amount to, *communibus annis*, I would leave to a ſpecial jury of ſufferers in the ſame traffic to determine;—but let it be what it would, the honeſt gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it neceſſary to take the thing under conſideration; and upon weighing the whole, and ſumming it up in his mind, he found it not only diſproportioned to his other expences, but withal ſo heavy an article in itſelf, as to diſable him from any other act of generoſity in his pariſh: beſides this, he conſidered, that with half the ſum thus galloped away,

he

he could do ten times as much good;—and what ſtill weighed more with him than all other conſiderations put together, was this, that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the leaſt wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his pariſh; reſerving nothing for the impotent,—nothing for the aged,—nothing for the many comfortleſs ſcenes he was hourly called forth to viſit, where poverty and ſickneſs, and affliction dwelt together.

For theſe reaſons he reſolved to diſcontinue the expence; and there appeared but two poſſible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;—and theſe were, either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his ſteed upon any application whatever,—or elſe be content to ride the laſt poor devil, ſuch as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he had dreaded his own conſtancy in the firſt—he very cheerfully betook himſelf to the ſecond; and though he could very well have explained it, as I ſaid, to his honour,—yet, for that very reaſon, he had a ſpirit above it; chooſing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a ſtory, which might ſeem a panegyric upon himſelf.

I have the higheſt idea of the ſpiritual and refined ſentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this ſingle ſtroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honeſt refinements of the peerleſs knight of La Mancha, whom, by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone farther to have paid a viſit to, than the greateſt hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my ſtory: the thing I had in view was to ſhew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair—For you muſt know, that ſo long as this explanation would have done the parſon credit,—the devil a ſoul could find it out.—I ſuppoſe his enemies would not, and that, his friends could not——But no

ſooner

ſooner did he beſtir himſelf in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to ſet her up,—but the whole ſecret came out; every horſe he had loſt, and two horſes more than ever he had loſt, with all the circumſtances of their deſtruction, were known and diſtinctly remembered.—The ſtory ran like wild-fire. —"The parſon had a returning fit of pride which had "juſt ſeized him; and he was going to be well mount-"ed once again in his life; and if it was ſo, 'twas plain "as the ſun at noon-day, he would pocket the expence "of the licence, ten times told, the very firſt year:— "So that every body was left to judge what were his "views in this act of charity."

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life,—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it,—was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his reſt, when he ſhould have been found aſleep.

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely eaſy upon that ſcore,—it being juſt ſo long ſince he left his pariſh,—and the whole world at the ſame time behind him,—and ſtands accountable to a judge of whom he will have no cauſe to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of ſome men: order them as they will, they paſs through a certain medium, which ſo twiſts and refracts them from their true directions——that with all the titles to praiſe which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheleſs forced to live and die without it.

Of the truth of which this gentleman was a painful example.——But to know by what means this came to paſs, and to make that knowledge of uſe to you, I inſiſt upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain ſuch a ſketch of his life and converſation, as will carry its moral along with it. When this is done, if nothing ſtops us in our way, we will go with the midwife.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

YORICK was the parſon's name, and, what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a moſt ancient account of the family, wrote upon ſtrong vellum, and now in perfect preſervation,) it had been exactly ſo ſpelt for near,——I was within an ace of ſaying nine hundred years:——but I would not ſhake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indiſputable in itſelf;—and therefore I ſhall content myſelf with only ſaying—It had been exactly ſo ſpelt, without the leaſt variation or tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to ſay of one half of the beſt ſurnames in the kingdom; which, in a courſe of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.——Has this been owing to the pride or to the ſhame of the reſpective proprietors?—In honeſt truth, I think, ſometimes to the one, and ſometimes to the other, juſt as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day ſo blend and confound us altogether, that no one ſhall be able to ſtand up and ſwear, "That his "own great-grandfather was the man who did either "this or that."

This evil had been ſufficiently fenced againſt by the prudent care of the Yorick's family, and their religious preſervation of theſe records I quote, which do further inform us, that the family was originally of Daniſh extraction, and had been tranſplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendillus, king of Denmark, in whoſe court, it ſeems, an anceſtor of this Mr. Yorick's, and from whom he was lineally deſcended, held a conſiderable poſt to the day of his death. Of what nature this conſiderable poſt was, this record ſaith not;—it only adds, that, for near two centuries, it had been totally aboliſhed as altogether unneceſſary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Chriſtian world.

It has often come into my head, that this poſt could be no other than that of the king's chief jeſter;

jeſter;—and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakeſpear, many of whoſe plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts,——was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo Grammaticus's Daniſh hiſtory, to know the certainty of this;—but if you have leiſure, and can eaſily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourſelf.

I had juſt time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldeſt ſon, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through moſt parts of Europe, and of which original journey performed by us two, a moſt delectable narrative will be given in the progreſs of this work;—I had juſt time, I ſay, and that was all, to prove the truth of an obſervation made by a long ſojourner in that country;—namely, "that nature was "neither very laviſh, nor was ſhe very ſtingy, in her "gifts of genius and capacity to its inhabitants;—"but, like a diſcreet parent, was moderately kind to "them all; obſerving ſuch an equal tenor in the diſtri-"bution of her favours, as to bring them, in thoſe "points, pretty near to a level with each other; ſo that "you will meet with few inſtances in that kingdom of "refined parts; but a great deal of good plain houſe-"hold underſtanding amongſt all ranks of people, of "which every body has a ſhare;" which is, I think, very right.

With us, you ſee, the caſe is quite different:—we are all ups and downs in this matter;——you are a great genius;—or 'tis fifty to one, Sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead:—not that there is a total want of intermediate ſteps,—no,—we are not ſo irregular as that comes to;—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree in this unſettled iſland, where Nature, in her gifts and diſpoſitions of this kind, is moſt whimſical and capricious; Fortune herſelf not being more ſo in the bequeſt of her goods and chattels than ſhe.

This is all that ever ſtaggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, ſeemed not to have had one ſingle drop of Daniſh blood in his whole craſis; in nine hundred years, it might poſſibly have all run out:——I will not philoſophize one moment with you about it; for, happen how it would, the fact was this:—that inſtead of that cold phlegm, and exact regularity of ſenſe and humours, you would have looked for, in one ſo extracted;—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and ſublimated a compoſition,—as heteroclite a creature in all his declenſions;—with as much life and whim, and *gaité de cœur* about him, as the kindlieſt climate could have engendered and put together. With all this ſail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballaſt: he was utterly unpractiſed in the world; and at the age of twenty-ſix, knew juſt about as well how to ſteer his courſe in it, as a romping, unſuſpicious girl of thirteen: ſo that upon his firſt ſetting out, the briſk gale of his ſpirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of ſomebody's tackling? and as the grave and more ſlow-paced were oftenеſt in his way,—you may likewiſe imagine, 'twas with ſuch he had generally the ill-luck to get the moſt entangled. For aught I know there might be ſome mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of ſuch fracas:—For, to ſpeak truth, Yorick had an invincible diſlike and oppoſition in his nature to gravity:—not to gravity as ſuch;——for where gravity was wanted, he would be the moſt grave or ſerious of mortal men for days and weeks together; but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war againſt it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly: and then, whenever it fell into his way, however ſheltered and protected, he ſeldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would ſay, that gravity was an arrant ſcoundrel, and he would add,—of the moſt dangerous kind too,—becauſe a ſly one; and that, he verily believed more honeſt, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and

money by it in one twelve-month, than by pocket-picking and ſhop-lifting in ſeven. In the naked temper which a merry heart diſcovered, he would ſay, there was no danger,—but to itſelf;——whereas the very eſſence of gravity was deſign, and conſequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more ſenſe and knowledge than man was worth; and that, with all its pretenſions,—it was no better, but often worſe, than what a French wit had long ago defined it,—viz. A myſterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind;—which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence would ſay, deſerved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractiſed in the world, and was altogether as indiſcreet and fooliſh on every other ſubject of diſcourſe where policy is wont to impreſs reſtraint. Yorick had no impreſſion but one, and that was what aroſe from the nature of the deed ſpoken of; which impreſſion he would uſually tranſlate into plain Engliſh without any periphraſis,—and too oft without much diſtinction of either perſonage, time, or place;—ſo that when mention was made of a pitiful or ungenerous proceeding,—he never gave himſelf a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece,—what his ſtation,—or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;—but if it was a dirty action,—without more ado,—the man was a dirty fellow,—and ſo on.—And as his comments had uſually the ill fate to be terminated either in a bon-mot, or to be enlivened throughout with ſome drollery or humour of expreſſion, it gave wings to Yorick's indiſcretion. In a word, though he never ſought, yet at the ſame time, as he ſeldom ſhunned, occaſions of ſaying what came uppermoſt, and without much ceremony,—he had but too many temptations in life, of ſcattering his wit and his humour,—his gibes and his jeſts about him.—They were not loſt for want of gathering.

What were the conſequences, and what was Yorick's cataſtrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

THE Mortgager and Mortgagée differ the one from the other, not more in length of purſe, than the Jeſter and Jeſtée do, in that of memory. But in this the compariſon between them runs, as the ſcholiaſts call it, upon all-four; which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than ſome of Homer's can pretend to;—— namely, that the one raiſes a ſum, and the other a laugh, at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Intereſt, however, ſtill runs on in both caſes;—the periodical or accidental payment of it juſt ſerving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in ſome evil hour,——pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the ſpot, together with full intereſt to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not ſay more to ſatisfy him, that my hero could not go on at this rate without ſome ſlight experience of theſe incidental mementos. To ſpeak the truth, he had wantonly involved himſelf in a multitude of ſmall book-debts of this ſtamp, which, notwithſtanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much diſregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy,—but, on the contrary, from an honeſty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be croſſed out in courſe.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of ſorrowful apprehenſion,——to the uttermoſt mite. To which Yorick, with his uſual careleſſneſs of heart, would as often anſwer with a pſhaw!—and if the ſubject was ſtarted in the fields,—with a hop, ſkip, and a jump at the end of it; but if cloſe pent up in the ſocial chimney corner, where the culprit was barricaded in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not ſo readily fly off in a tangent,—Eugenius would then go on

with his lecture upon diſcretion in words to this purpoſe, though ſomewhat better put together.

" Truſt me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleaſantry of thine will ſooner or later bring thee into ſcrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.—In theſe ſallies, too oft, I ſee, it happens, that a perſon laughed at, conſiders himſelf in the light of a perſon injured, with all the rights of ſuch a ſituation belonging to him; and when thou vieweſt him in that light too, and reckons up his friends, his family, his kindred, and allies,—and muſters up with them the many recruits which will liſt under him from a ſenſe of common danger;—'tis no extravagant arithmetic to ſay, that for every ten jokes,—thou haſt got an hundred enemies; and till thou haſt gone on, and raiſed a ſwarm of waſps about thine ears, and art half ſtung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is ſo.

" I cannot ſuſpect it in the man whom I eſteem, that there is the leaſt ſpur from ſpleen or malevolence of intent in the ſallies——I believe and know them to be truly honeſt and ſportive:—But conſider, my dear lad, that fools cannot diſtinguiſh this,—and that knaves will not; and thou knoweſt not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other,——whenever they aſſociate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in ſuch a manner againſt thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily ſick of it, and of thy life too.

" Revenge from ſome baneful corner ſhall level a tale of diſhonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct ſhall ſet right.—The fortunes of thy houſe ſhall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, ſhall bleed on every ſide of it,—thy faith queſtioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the laſt ſcene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and ſet on by Malice in the dark, ſhall ſtrike together at all thy infirmities and miſtakes:——The beſt of us, my dear lad, lie open there,——and truſt me,——truſt me, Yorick, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once reſolved

reſolved upon, that an innocent and an helpleſs creature ſhall be ſacrificed, 'tis an eaſy matter to pick up ſticks enough from any thicket where it has ſtrayed, to make a fire to offer it up with."

Yorick ſcarce ever heard this ſad vaticination of his deſtiny read over to him, but with a tear ſtealing from his eye, and a promiſſory look attending it, that he was reſolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more propriety.——But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the firſt prediction of it.—The whole plan of the attack, juſt as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with ſo little mercy on the ſide of the allies,——and ſo little ſuſpicion in Yorick, of what was carrying on againſt him,—that when he thought, good eaſy man! full ſurely preferment was o'ripening, they had ſmote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for ſome time; till overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war,—but more ſo by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the ſword, and though he kept up his ſpirits in appearance to the laſt, he died, nevertheleſs, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the ſame opinion, was as follows:

A few hours before Yorick breathed his laſt, Eugenius ſtept in with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewel of him: upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,——and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which, he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter,—he would thank him again and again—he told him he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever.——I hope not, anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke,—I hope not, Yorick,

ſaid he.——Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.——Come,—come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted;—let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis when thou moſt wants them:—who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head.——For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is ſtill enough left of thee to make a biſhop,—and that I may live to ſee it.—I beſeech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left-hand,—his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius,—I beſeech thee to take a view of my head.——I ſee nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius.—Then, alas! my friend, ſaid Yorick, let me tell you, that 'tis ſo bruiſed and miſ-ſhapened with the blows which ***** and *****, and ſome others have ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with Sancho Panca, that ſhould I recover, and "Mitres thereupon be ſuffered to "rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of "them would fit it."——Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantic tone;——and as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;——faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakeſpear ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he ſqueezed his hand,——and then walked ſoftly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,—he then cloſed them,——and never opened them more.

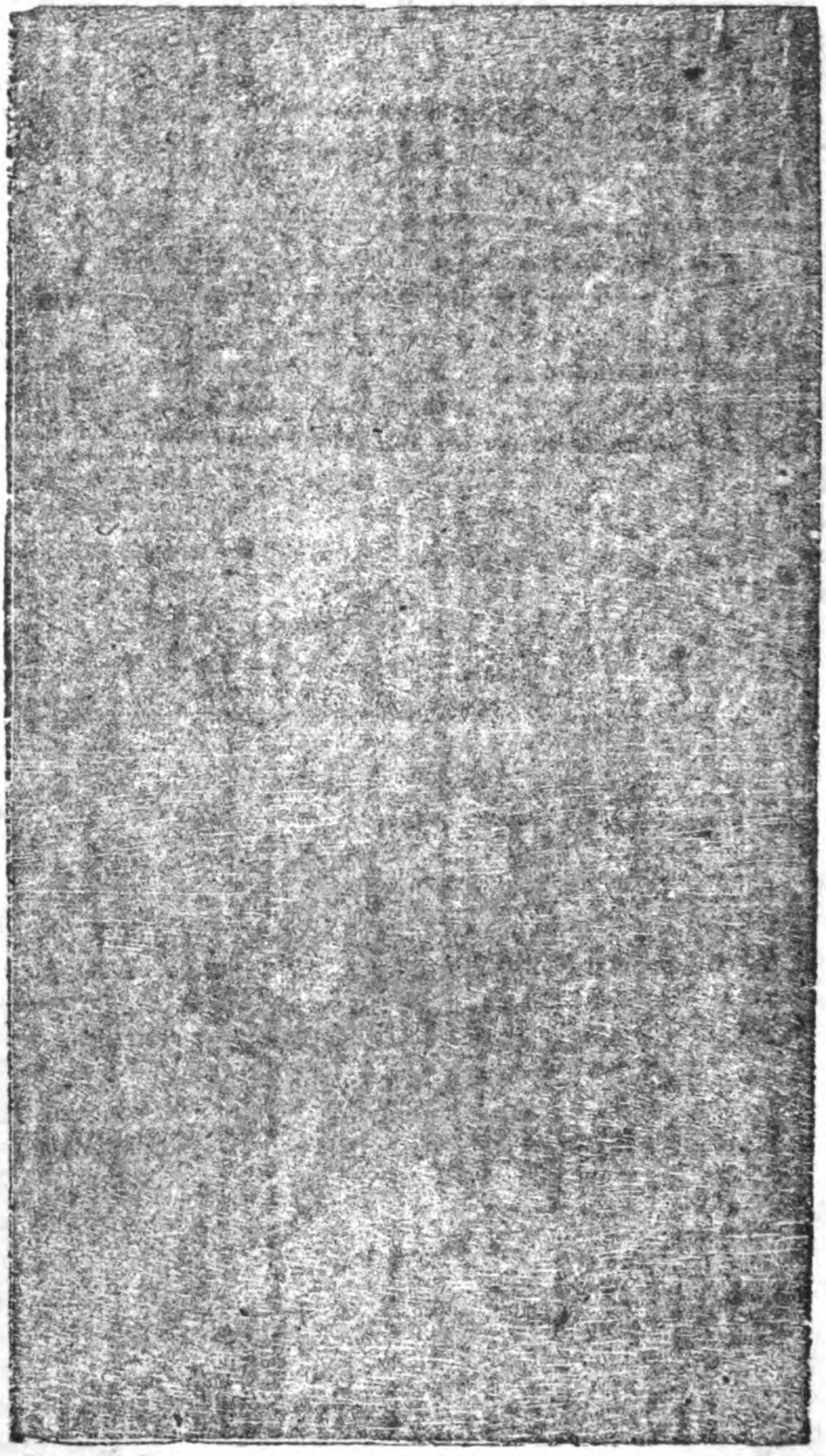
He

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, in the pariſh of ——, under a plain marble ſlab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe three words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph and elegy:

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him:—a footway croſſing the church-yard cloſe by the ſide of his grave,—not a paſſenger goes by without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it,—and ſighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor Yorick!



CHAP. XIII.

IT is ſo long ſince the reader of this rhapſodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it is high time to mention her again to him, merely to put him in mind that there is ſuch a body ſtill in the world, and whom, upon the beſt judgment I can form upon my own plan at preſent,—I am going to introduce to him for good and all: but as freſh matter may be ſtarted, and much unexpected buſineſs fall out betwixt the reader and myſelf, which may require immediate diſpatch,—'twas right to take care that the poor woman ſhould not be loſt in the mean time;—becauſe when ſhe is wanted, we can no way do without her.

I think I told you that this good woman was a perſon of no ſmall note and conſequence throughout our whole village and townſhip;—that her fame had ſpread itſelf to the very out-edge and circumference of that circle of importance, of which kind every ſoul living, whether he has a ſhirt to his back or no,—has one ſurrounding him;—which ſaid circle, by the way, whenever 'tis ſaid that ſuch a one is of great weight and importance in the world,—I deſire may be enlarged or contracted in your worſhip's fancy, in a compound ratio of the ſtation, profeſſion, knowledge, abilities, height and depth (meaſuring both ways) of the perſonage brought before you.

In the preſent caſe, if I remember, I fixed it at about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole pariſh, but extended itſelf to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the ſkirts of the next pariſh; which made a conſiderable thing of it. I muſt add, that ſhe was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grange-houſe, and ſome other odd houſes and farms within two or three miles, as I ſaid, from the ſmoke of her own chimney:—but I muſt here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explained in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and developements to this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume;—not

to

to ſwell the work,—I deteſt the thought of ſuch a thing,—but by way of commentary, ſcholium, illuſtration, and key to ſuch paſſages, incidents, or inuendos, as ſhall be thought to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my life and my opinions ſhall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the world;—which, betwixt you and me, and in ſpite of all the gentlemen-reviewers in Great Britain, and of all that their worſhips ſhall undertake to write or ſay to the contrary,—I am determined ſhall be the caſe.—I need not tell your worſhip, that all this is ſpoke in confidence.

CHAP. XIV.

UPON looking into my mother's marriage ſettlement, in order to ſatisfy myſelf and reader in a point neceſſary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any farther in this hiſtory;——I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half ſtraight forwards:——it might have taken me up a month;——which ſhews plainly, that when a man ſits down to write a hiſtory,——though it be but the hiſtory of Jack Hickathrift or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way,—or what a dance he may be led, by one excurſion or another, before all is over. Could a hiſtoriographer drive on his hiſtory, as a muleteer drives on his mule—ſtraight forward,—for inſtance, from Rome all the way to Loretto, without ever once turning his head aſide either to the right hand or to the left,—he might venture to foretel you to an hour when he ſhall get to his journey's end;—but the thing is, morally ſpeaking, impoſſible: for, if he is a man of the leaſt ſpirit, he will have fifty deviations from a ſtraight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and proſpects to himſelf perpetually ſoliciting his eye, which he can no more help ſtanding ſtill to look at than he can fly: he will moreover have various

Accounts to reconcile:
Anecdotes to pick up:
Inſcriptions to make out:
Stories to weave in:
Traditions to ſift:
Perſonages to call upon:
Panegyrics to paſte up at this door:
Paſquinades at that:——all which both the man and his mule are quite exempt from. To ſum up all, there are archives at every ſtage to be looked into, and rolls, records, documents, and endleſs genealogies, which juſtice ever and anon calls him back to ſtay the reading of:—in ſhort, there is no end of it;—for my own part, I declare I have been at it theſe ſix weeks, making all the ſpeed I poſſibly could,—and am not yet born:——I have juſt been able, and that's all, to tell you when it happened, but not how;—ſo that you ſee the thing is yet far from being accompliſhed.

Theſe unforeſeen ſtoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I firſt ſet out,—but which, I am convinced now, will rather increaſe than diminiſh as I advance,—have ſtruck out a hint which I am reſolved to follow;—and that is,—not to be in a hurry;—but to go on leiſurely, writing and publiſhing two volumes of my life every year;—which, if I am ſuffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookſeller, I ſhall continue to do as long as I live.

CHAP. XV.

THE article of my mother's marriage-ſettlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to ſearch for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him,—is ſo much more fully expreſſed in the deed itſelf, than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to take it out of the lawyer's hand;—It is as follows.

"AND THIS INDENTURE FURTHER WIT-
"NESSETH, That the ſaid Walter Shandy, merchant,
"in conſideration of the ſaid intended marriage to be
"had, and, by God's bleſſing, to be well and truly
ſolemnized

" ſolemnized and conſummated between the ſaid Walter
" Shandy and Elizabeth Mollineux aforeſaid, and divers
" other good and valuable cauſes and conſiderations him
" thereunto ſpecially moving,—doth grant, covenant,
" condeſcend, conſent, conclude, bargain, and fully
" agree to and with John Dixon and James Turner,
" Eſqrs. the above-named truſtees, &c. &c.——TO
" WIT,——That in caſe it ſhould hereafter ſo fall out,
" chance, happen, or otherwiſe come to paſs,——That
" the ſaid Walter Shandy, merchant, ſhall have left off
" buſineſs before the time or times that the ſaid Eliza-
" beth Mollineux ſhall, according to the courſe of nature,
" or otherwiſe, have left off bearing and bringing forth
" children;—and that, in conſequence of the ſaid Walter
" Shandy having ſo left off buſineſs, he ſhall in deſpight,
" and againſt the free will, conſent, and good liking of
" the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux,—make a departure
" from the city of London, in order to retire to, and
" dwell upon, his eſtate at Shandy Hall, in the county
" of————, or at any other country-ſeat, caſtle, hall,
" manſion-houſe, meſſuage or grange-houſe, now pur-
" chaſed, or hereafter to be purchaſed, or upon any
" part or parcel thereof;——that then, and as often as
" the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux ſhall happen to be en-
" ceint with child or children, ſeverally and lawfully
" begot, or to be begotten, upon the body of the ſaid
" Elizabeth Mollineux, during her ſaid coverture;—he
" the ſaid Walter Shandy ſhall, at his own proper coſt
" and charges, and out of his own proper monies, upon
" good and reaſonable notice, which is hereby agreed
" to be within ſix weeks of her the ſaid Elizabeth Mol-
" lineux's full reckoning, or time of ſuppoſing and
" computed delivery, pay, or cauſe to be paid, the ſum
" of one hundred and twenty pounds of good and lawful
" money, to John Dixon and James Turner, Eſqrs. or
" aſſigns,—upon TRUST and confidence, and for and
" unto the uſe and uſes, intent, end, and purpoſe fol-
" lowing:—THAT IS TO SAY,—That the ſaid ſum
" of one hundred and twenty pounds ſhall be paid into
" the hands of the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux, or to be
otherwiſe

" otherwiſe applied by them the ſaid truſtees, for the " well and truly hiring of one coach, with able and " ſufficient horſes, to carry and convey the body of the " ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux, and the child or children " which ſhe ſhall be then and there enceint and pregnant " with,—unto the city of London; and for the further " paying and defraying of all other incidental coſts, " charges, and expences whatſoever,—in and about, and " for, and relating to, her ſaid intended delivery and " lying-in, in the ſaid city or ſuburbs thereof. And " that the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux ſhall and may, from " time to time, and at all ſuch time and times as are " here covenanted and agreed upon,—peaceably and quiet- " ly hire the ſaid coach and horſes, and have free ingreſs, " egreſs, and regreſs throughout her journey, in and " from the ſaid coach, according to the tenor, true intent, " and meaning of theſe preſents, without any let, ſuit, " trouble, diſturbance, moleſtation, diſcharge, hinde- " rance, forfeiture, eviction, vexation, interruption, or " incumberance whatſoever.—And that it ſhall moreover " be lawful to and for the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux, " from time to time, and as oft or often as ſhe ſhall well " and truly be advanced in her ſaid pregnancy, to the " time heretofore ſtipulated and agreed upon,—to live " and reſide in ſuch place or places, and in ſuch family " or families, and with ſuch relations, friends, and other " perſons within the ſaid city of London, as ſhe at her " own will and pleaſure, notwithſtanding her preſent co- " verture, and as if ſhe was a *femme ſole*, and unmar- " ried,—ſhall think fit.—AND THIS INDENTURE " FURTHER WITNESSETH, That for the more " effectually carrying of the ſaid covenant into execu- " tion, the ſaid Walter Shandy, merchant, doth hereby " grant, bargain, ſell, releaſe, and confirm unto the ſaid " John Dixon and James Turner, Eſqrs. their heirs, " executors, and aſſigns, in their actual poſſeſſion now " being, by virtue of an indenture of bargain and ſale " for a year to them the ſaid John Dixon and James " Turner, Eſqrs. by him the ſaid Walter Shandy, mer- " chant, thereof made; which ſaid bargain and ſale for

" a year, bears date the day next before the date of theſe " preſents, and by force and virtue of the ſtatute for " transferring of uſes into poſſeſſion,——ALL that the " manor and lordſhip of Shandy, in the county of——, " with all the rights, members, and appurtenances there- " of; and all and every meſſuages, houſes, buildings, " barns, ſtables, orchards, gardens, backſides, tofts, " crofts, garths, cottages, lands, meadows, feedings, " paſtures, marſhes, commons, woods, underwoods, " drains, fiſheries, waters, and water-courſes;—together " with all rents, reverſions, ſervices, annuities, fee-farms, " knights fees, views of frank-pledge, eſcheats, reliefs, " mines, quarries, goods and chattels of felons and fugi- " tives, felons of themſelves, and put in exigent, deodands, " free warrens, and all other royalties and ſeignories, " rights and juriſdictions, privileges and hereditaments " whatſoever.—AND ALSO the advowſon, donation, " preſentation, and free diſpoſition of the rectory or par- " ſonage of Shandy aforeſaid, and all and every the tenths, " tythes, glebe-lands."—In three words,——" My " mother was to lay in (if ſhe choſe it) in London."

But in order to put a ſtop to the practice of any unfair play on the part of my mother, which a marriage-article of this nature too manifeſtly opened a door to, and which indeed had never been thought of at all, but for my uncle Toby Shandy;—a clauſe was added in ſecurity of my father, which was this:—" That in " caſe my mother hereafter ſhould, at any time, put my " father to the trouble and expence of a London jour- " ney, upon falſe cries and tokens;—that for every " ſuch inſtance, ſhe ſhould forfeit all the right and title " which the covenant gave her to the next turn;—but " to no more;—and ſo on, *toties quoties*, in as effectual " a manner, as if ſuch a covenant betwixt them had " not been made."—This, by the way, was no more than what was reaſonable;——and yet, as reaſonable as it was, I have ever thought it hard that the whole weight of the article ſhould have fallen entirely, as it did, upon myſelf.

But

But I was begot and born to misfortunes;—for my own poor mother, whether it was wind or water,—or a compound of both,—or neither;—or whether it was ſimply the mere ſwell of imagination and fancy in her;—or how far a ſtrong wiſh and deſire to have it ſo, might miſlead her judgment;—in ſhort, whether ſhe was deceived or deceiving in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, that in the latter end of September, 1717, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town much againſt the grain,—he peremptorily inſiſted upon the clauſe;—ſo that I was doom'd, by marriage articles, to have my noſe ſqueezed as flat to my face, as if the deſtinies had actually ſpun me without one.

How this event came about,—and what train of vexatious diſappointments, in one ſtage or other of my life, have purſued me from the mere loſs, or rather compreſſion, of this one ſingle member,—ſhall be laid before the reader all in due time.

CHAP. XVI.

MY father, as any body may naturally imagine, came down with my mother into the country, in but a pettiſh kind of humour. The firſt twenty or five-and-twenty miles, he did nothing in the world but fret and teaze himſelf, and indeed my mother too, about the curſed expence, which, he ſaid, might every ſhilling of it have been ſaved: then, what vexed him more than than every thing elſe, was the provoking time of the year, which, as I told you, was towards the end of September, when his wall-fruit, and green gages eſpecially, in which he was very curious, were juſt ready for pulling:—"Had he been whiſtled up to London, upon a Tom Fool's errand, in any other month of the whole year, he ſhould not have ſaid three words about it."

For the next two whole ſtages, no ſubject would go down, but the heavy blow he had ſuſtained from the loſs of a ſon, whom it ſeems he had fully reckoned upon in his mind, and regiſter'd down in his pocket-book, as a ſecond ſtaff for his old age, in caſe Bobby ſhould fail him. "The diſappointment of this (he ſaid) was

"ten times more to a wiſe man, than all the money "which the journey, &c. had coſt him put together— "Rot the hundred and twenty pounds,—he did not mind "it a ruſh."

From Stilton, all the way to Grantham, nothing in the whole affair provoked him ſo much, as the condolences of his friends, and the fooliſh figure they ſhould both make at church the firſt Sunday;—of which, in the ſatirical vehemence of his wit, now ſharpened a little by vexation, he would give ſo many humorous and provoking deſcriptions, and place his rib and ſelf in ſo many tormenting lights and attitudes in the face of the whole congregation, that my mother declared, theſe two ſtages were ſo truly tragi-comical, that ſhe did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From Grantham, till they had croſs'd the Trent, my father was out of all kind of patience at the vile trick and impoſition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair—"Certainly," he would ſay to himſelf over and over again, "the woman could not be "deceived herſelf;——if ſhe could,——what weakneſs!"——Tormenting word! which led his imagination a thorny dance, and, before all was over, play'd the duce and all with him; for ſure as ever the word *weakneſs* was uttered, and ſtruck full upon his brain;—ſo ſure it ſet him upon running diviſions upon how many kinds of weakneſſes there were; that there was ſuch a thing as weakneſs of the body,—as well as weakneſs of the mind;—and then he would do nothing but ſyllogize within himſelf for a ſtage or two together, how far the cauſe of theſe vexations might, or might not, have ariſen out of himſelf.

In ſhort, he had ſo many little ſubjects of diſquietude ſpringing out of this one affair, all fretting ſucceſſively in his mind as they roſe up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneaſy journey of it down.—In a word, as ſhe complained to my uncle Toby, he would have tired out the patience of any fleſh alive.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

THOUGH my father travelled homewards, as I told you, in none of the beſt of moods,—pſhawing and piſhing all the way down,——yet he had the complaiſance to keep the worſt part of the ſtory ſtill to himſelf;—which was the reſolution he had taken of doing himſelf the juſtice, which my uncle Toby's clauſe in the marriage-ſettlement empowered him; nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that ſhe had the leaſt intimation of his deſign;—when my father, happening, as you remember, to be a little chagrin'd and out of temper,—took occaſion as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come,—to let her know that ſhe muſt accommodate herſelf as well as ſhe could to the bargain made between them in their marriage-deeds; which was to lye-in of her next child in the country, to balance the laſt year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many virtues,—but he had a ſtrong ſpice of that in his temper, which might, or might not, add to the number—'Tis known by the name of perſeverance in a good cauſe,—and of obſtinacy in a bad one: of this my mother had ſo much knowledge, that ſhe knew 'twas to no purpoſe to make any remonſtrance,—ſo ſhe even reſolved to ſit down quietly, and make the moſt of it.

CHAP XVIII.

AS the point was that night agreed, or rather determined, that my mother ſhould lye-in of me in the country, ſhe took her meaſures accordingly; for which purpoſe, when ſhe was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, ſhe began to caſt her eyes upon the midwife, whom you have ſo often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr. Maningham was not to be had, ſhe had come to a final determination in her mind, notwithſtanding there was a ſcientific operator within ſo near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expreſsly wr. te a

five ſhilling book upon the ſubject of midwifery, in which he had expoſed, not only the blunders of the ſiſterhood itſelf, but had likewiſe ſuperadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the fœtus in croſs births, and ſome other caſes of danger, which belay us in getting into the world; notwithſtanding all this, my mother, I ſay, was abſolutely determined to truſt her life, and mine with it, into no ſoul's hand but this old woman's only.—Now this I like; when we cannot get at the very thing we wiſh,—never to take up with the next beſt in degree to it;—no; that's pitiful beyond deſcription:——it is no more than a week from this very day, in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world,—which is March 9, 1759,—that my dear, dear Jenny, obſerving I looked a little grave, as ſhe ſtood cheapening a ſilk of five-and-twenty ſhillings a yard,—told the mercer, ſhe was ſorry ſhe had given him ſo much trouble; and immediately went and bought herſelf a yard-wide ſtuff of ten- ence a yard.—'Tis the duplication of one and the ſame greatneſs of ſoul; only what leſſened the honour of it ſomewhat, in my mother's caſe, was, that ſhe could not heroine it into ſo violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her ſituation might have wiſhed, becauſe the old midwife had really ſome little claim to be depended upon,——as much, at leaſt, as ſucceſs could give her; having, in the courſe of her practice of near twenty years in the pariſh, brought every mother's ſon of them into the world without any one ſlip or accident which could fairly be laid to her account.

Theſe facts, though they had their weight, yet did not altogether ſatisfy ſome few ſcruples and uneaſineſſes which hung upon my father's ſpirits in relation to his choice.—To ſay nothing of the natural workings of humanity and juſtice—or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave as little to hazard as poſſible in a caſe of this kind;—he felt himſelf concerned in a particular manner, that all ſhould go right in the preſent caſe;——from the accumulated ſorrow he lay open to, ſhould any evil betide his wife and

child

child in lying-in at Shandy Hall.——He knew the world judged by events, and would add to his afflictions in ſuch a misfortune, by loading him with the whole blame of it.——"Alas o'day;—had Mrs. Shandy, poor "gentlewoman! had but her wiſh in going up to town "juſt to lye-in and come down again;—which, they "ſay, ſhe begged and prayed for upon her bare knees,— "and which, in my opinion, conſidering the fortune "which Mr. Shandy got with her,—was no ſuch mighty "matter to have complied with, the lady and her babe "might both of them have been alive at this hour."

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanſwerable; and yet, it was not merely to ſhelter himſelf,—nor was it altogether for the care of his offspring and wife that he ſeemed ſo extremely anxious about this point;—my father had extenſive views of things,—and ſtood, moreover, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the public good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uſes an ill-fated inſtance might be put to.

He was very ſenſible that all political writers upon the ſubject had unanimouſly agreed and lamented, from the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign down to his own time, that the current of men and money towards the metropolis, upon one frivolous errand or another,—ſet in ſo ſtrong,—as to become dangerous to our civil rights;—though, by the bye—a *current* was not the image he took moſt delight in,—a *diſtemper* was here his favourite metaphor, and he would run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was identically the ſame in the body national as in the body natural, where the blood and ſpirits were driven up into the head faſter than they could find their ways down;—a ſtoppage of circulation muſt enſue, which was death in both caſes.

There was little danger, he would ſay, of loſing our liberties by French politics or French invaſions;—nor was he ſo much in pain of a conſumption from the maſs of corrupted matter and ulcerated humours in our conſtitution, which he hoped was not ſo bad as it was imagined;—but he verily feared, that in ſome violent puſh, we ſhould go off, all at once, in a ſtate-apoplexy;—and

then

then he would ſay, " The Lord have mercy upon us " all."

My father was never able to give the hiſtory of this diſtemper,—without the remedy along with it.

" Was I an abſolute prince," he would ſay, pulling up his breeches with both his hands as he roſe from his arm chair, " I would appoint able judges, at every avenue of my metropolis, who ſhould take cognizance of " every fool's buſineſs who came there ;——and if, upon " a fair and candid hearing, it appeared not of weight " ſufficient to leave his own home, and come bag and " baggage, with his wife and children, farmers' ſons, " &c. &c. at his back-ſide, they ſhould be all ſent back, " from conſtable to conſtable, like vagrants, as they " were, to the place of their legal ſettlements. By this " means I ſhall take care, that my metropolis tottered not " through its own weight ;—that the head be no longer " too big for the body ;—that the extremes, now waſted " and pinned in, be reſtored to their due ſhare of nouriſh- " ment, and regain, with it, their natural ſtrength and " beauty :——I would effectually provide, that the " meadows and corn-fields of my dominions ſhall " laugh and ſing ;——that good chear and hoſpitality " flouriſh once more,—and that ſuch weight and influ- " ence be put thereby into the hands of the ſquirality of " my kingdom, as ſhould counterpoiſe what I perceive " my nobility are now taking from them.

" Why are there ſo few palaces and gentlemans' " ſeats," he would aſk, with ſome emotion, as he walked acroſs the room, " throughout ſo many delicious " provinces in France? whence is it that the few remain- " ing *Chateaus* amongſt them are ſo diſmantled,—ſo un- " furniſhed, and in ſo ruinous and deſolate a condition ? " ——Becauſe, Sir, (he would ſay) in that kingdom no " man has any country intereſt to ſupport ;—the little " intereſt of any kind, which any man has any where in " it, is concentrated in the court, and the looks of the " grand monarch ; by the ſun-ſhine of whoſe counte- " nance, or the clouds which paſs acroſs it, every " Frenchman lives or dies."

Another

Another political reaſon which prompted my father ſo ſtrongly to guard againſt the leaſt evil accident in my mother's lying-in in the country,—was, that any ſuch inſtance would infallibly throw a balance of power, too great already, into the weaker veſſels of the gentry, in his own, or higher ſtations;——which, with the many other uſurped rights which that part of the conſtitution was hourly eſtabliſhing,—would, in the end, prove fatal to the monarchial ſyſtem of domeſtic government eſtabliſhed in the firſt creation of things by God.

In this point he was entirely of Sir Robert Filmer's opinion, that the plans and inſtitutions of the greateſt monarchies in the eaſtern part of the world, were originally all ſtolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this houſhold and paternal power;——which, for a century, he ſaid, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mixed government; the form of which, however deſirable in great combinations of the ſpecies,—was very troubleſome in ſmall ones,—and ſeldom produced any thing, that he ſaw, but ſorrow and confuſion.

For all theſe reaſons, private and public, put together —my father was for having the man-midwife by all means,—my mother by no means. My father begged and entreated, ſhe would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and ſuffer him to chooſe for her; —my mother, on the contrary, inſiſted upon her privilege in this matter, to chooſe for herſelf,—and have no mortal's help but the old woman's.—What could my father do? He was almoſt at his wit's end;—talked it over with her in all moods;—placed his arguments in all lights:—argued the matter with her like a Chriſtian, —like a heathen,—like a huſband,—like a father,—like a patriot,—like a man:—My mother anſwered every thing only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her: ——for as ſhe could not aſſume and fight it out behind ſuch a variety of characters,—'twas no fair match— 'twas ſeven to one.—What could my mother do?—— She had the advantage (otherwiſe ſhe had been certainly overpowered) of a ſmall reinforcement of chagrin perſonal

at

at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to diſpute the affair with ſo equal an advantage,—that both ſides ſung *Te Deum*. In a word, my mother was to have the old woman,—and the operator was to have licenſe to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my uncle Toby Shandy in the back parlour,—for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I muſt beg leave, before I finiſh this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breaſt of my fair reader;—and it is this,—Not to take it abſolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have dropt in it,—"That "I am a married man."——I own the tender appellation of my dear, dear Jenny,—with ſome other ſtrokes of conjugal knowledge, interſperſed here and there, might, naturally enough, have miſled the moſt candid judge in the world into ſuch a determination againſt me.—All I plead for, in this caſe, madam, is ſtrict juſtice, and that you do ſo much of it to me, as well as to yourſelf,——as not to prejudge, or receive ſuch an impreſſion of me, till you have better evidence than, I am poſitive, at preſent, can be produced againſt me.—Not that I can be ſo vain or unreaſonable, madam, as to deſire you ſhould therefore think, that my dear, dear Jenny, is my kept miſtreſs;—no, that would be flattering my character in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, perhaps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is the utter impoſſibility for ſome volumes, that you, or the moſt penetrating ſpirit upon earth, ſhould know how this matter really ſtands.—It is not impoſſible, but that my dear, dear Jenny! tender as the appellation is, may be my child.——Conſider,—I was born in the year eighteen.—Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the ſuppoſition, that my dear Jenny may be my friend.——Friend!—My friend.—Surely, madam, a friendſhip between the two ſexes may ſubſiſt, and be ſupported without—Fy! Mr. Shandy:—Without any thing, madam, but that tender and delicious ſentiment, which ever mixes in friendſhip, where there is a difference of ſex. Let me intreat you to ſtudy the pureſt and ſentimental parts of the beſt French romances;—it

will

will really, madam, aſtoniſh you to ſee with what a variety of chaſte expreſſions this delicious ſentiment, which I have the honour to ſpeak of, is dreſſed out.

CHAP. XIX.

I WOULD ſooner undertake to explain the hardeſt problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good ſenſe,—knowing, as the reader muſt have obſerved him, and curious too, in philoſophy,—wiſe alſo in political reaſoning,—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant,—could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, ſo out of the common track,—that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the leaſt of a choleric temper, will immediately throw the book by; if mercurial, he will laugh moſt heartily at it;—and if he is of a grave and ſaturnine caſt, he will, at firſt ſight, abſolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant; and that was in reſpect of the choice and impoſition of Chriſtian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended than what ſuperficial minds were capable of conceiving.

His opinion, in this matter, was, that there was a ſtrange kind of magic bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irreſiſtibly impreſſed upon our characters and conduct.

The hero of Cervantes argued not the point with more ſerioufneſs,—nor had he more faith,—or more to ſay on the powers of necromancy in diſhonouring his deeds, or on Dulcinea's name, in ſhedding luſtre upon them, than my father had on thoſe of Triſmegiſtus or Archimedes, on the one hand—or of Nyky and Simpkin on the other. How many Cæſars and Pompeys, he would ſay, by mere inſpiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? And how many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and ſpirits been totally depreſſed and Nicodemus'd into nothing?

I ſee plainly, Sir, by your looks (or as the caſe happened) my father would ſay,—that you do not heartily

ſubſcribe

ſubſcribe to this opinion of mine,—which, to thoſe, he would add, who have not carefully ſifted it to the bottom,—I own has an air more of fancy than of ſolid reaſoning in it;—and yet, my dear Sir, if I may preſume to know your character, I am morally aſſured, I ſhould hazard little in ſtating a caſe to you, not as a party in the diſpute,—but as a judge, and truſting my appeal upon it to your own good ſenſe and candid diſquiſition in this matter:—you are a perſon free from as many narrow prejudices of education as moſt men;—and, if I may preſume to penetrate farther into you, of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely becauſe it wants friends. Your ſon—your dear ſon—from whoſe ſweet and open temper you have ſo much to expect—Your Billy, Sir!—would you for the world, have called him Judas?—Would you, my dear Sir, he would ſay, laying his hand upon his breaſt with the genteeleſt addreſs,—and in that ſoft and irreſiſtible *piano* of voice, which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* abſolutely requires,—Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a godfather had propoſed the name of your child, had offered you his purſe along with it, would you have conſented to ſuch a deſecration of him?—O my God! he would ſay, looking up, if I know your temper right, Sir, you are incapable of it;—you would have trampled upon the offer; you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatneſs of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money which you ſhew me in the whole tranſaction, is really noble;—and what renders it more ſo, is the principle of it:—the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypotheſis, namely, that was your ſon called Judas, the ſordid and treacherous idea, ſo inſeparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his ſhadow, and, in the end, made a miſer and a raſcal of him, in ſpite, Sir, of your example.

I never knew a man able to anſwer this argument.—But, indeed, to ſpeak of my father as he was,—he was

certainly irreſiſtible, both in his orations and diſputations;—he was born an orator;—Θεοδίδακτος. Perſuaſion hung upon his lips; and the elements of Logic and Rhetoric were ſo blended up in him,—and, withal, he had ſo ſhrewd a gueſs at the weakneſſes and paſſions of his reſpondent,—that Nature might have ſtood up and ſaid,—"This man is eloquent."—In ſhort, whether he was on the weak or the ſtrong ſide of the queſtion, 'twas hazardous in either caſe to attack him.—And yet, 'twas ſtrange, he had never read Cicero, nor Quintilian de Oratore, nor Iſocrates, nor Ariſtotle, nor Longinus, amongſt the ancients;—nor Voſſius, nor Skioppius, nor Ramus, nor Farnaby amongſt the moderns;—and what is more aſtoniſhing, he had never in his whole life the leaſt light or ſpark of ſubtilty ſtruck into his mind, by one ſingle lecture upon Crackenthrop or Burgerſdicius, or any Dutch logician or commentator;—he knew not ſo much as in what the difference of an argument *ad ignorantiam* and an argument *ad hominem* conſiſted; ſo that I well remember, when he went up along with me to enter my name at Jeſus College in **** ;—it was a matter of juſt wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned ſociety,—that a man who knew not ſo much as the names of his tools, ſhould be able to work after that faſhion with them

To work with them in the beſt manner he could, was what my father was, however, perpetually forced upon;—for he had a thouſand little ſceptical notions of the comic kind to defend—moſt of which notions, I verily believe, at firſt entered upon the footing of mere whims, and of a *vive la bagatelle*; and as ſuch he would make merry with them for half an hour or ſo, and having ſharpened his wit upon them, diſmiſs them till another day.

I mention this, not only as matter of hypotheſis or conjecture upon the progreſs and eſtabliſhment of my father's many odd opinions,—but as a warning to the learned reader againſt the indiſcreet reception of ſuch gueſts, who, after a free and undiſturbed entrance, for ſome years, into their brains,—at length claim a kind of

ſettlement there,—working ſometimes like yeaſt;—but more generally after the manner of the gentle paſſion, beginning in jeſt, but ending in downright earneſt.

Whether this was the caſe of the ſingularity of my father's notions—or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit;—or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be abſolutely right;—the reader, as he comes at them, ſhall decide. All that I maintain here, is, that in this one, of the influence of Chriſtian names, however it gained footing, he was ſerious; he was all uniformity:—he was ſyſtematical, and, like all ſyſtematic reaſoners, he would move both heaven and earth, and twiſt and torture every thing in nature, to ſupport his hypotheſis. In a word, I repeat it over again;—he was ſerious!—and, in conſequence of it, he would loſe all kind of patience whenever he ſaw people, eſpecially of condition, who ſhould have known better,—as careleſs and as indifferent about the name they impoſed upon their child,—or more ſo, than in the choice of Ponto or Cupid for their puppy-dog.

This, he would ſay, looked ill;—and had, moreover, this particular aggravation in it, viz. that when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciouſly given, 'twas not like the caſe of a man's character, which, when wrong'd, might hereafter be cleared;—and, poſſibly, ſome time or other, if not in the man's life, at leaſt after his death,—be, ſomehow or other, ſet to rights with the world; but the injury of this, he would ſay, could never be undone;—nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it:—he knew as well as you, that the legiſlature aſſumed a power over ſurnames;—but for very ſtrong reaſons, which he could give, it had never yet adventured, he would ſay, to go a ſtep farther.

It was obſervable, that though my father, in conſequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the ſtrongeſt likings and diſlikings towards certain names;—that there were ſtill numbers of names which hung ſo equally in the balance before him, that they were abſolutely indifferent to him. Jack, Dick, and Tom were of this claſs: theſe my father called neutral names!—

affirming

affirming of them, without a ſatire, that there had been as many knaves and fools, at leaſt, as wiſe and good men, ſince the world began, who had indifferently borne them;—ſo that, like equal forces acting againſt each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually deſtroyed each other's effects; for which reaſon, he would often declare, he would not give a cherry-ſtone to chooſe amongſt them. Bob, which was my brother's name, was another of theſe neutral kinds of Chriſtian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happened to be at Epſom when it was given him,—he would oft-times thank heaven it was no worſe. *Andrew* was ſomething like a negative quantity in Algebra with him; 'twas worſe, he ſaid, than nothing—*William* ſtood pretty high:—*Numps* again was low with him:—and *Nick*, he ſaid, was the DEVIL.

But, of all the names in the univerſe, he had the moſt unconquerable averſion for *Triſtram*;—he had the loweſt and moſt contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world;—thinking it could poſſibly produce nothing in *rerum naturâ*, but what was extremely mean and pitiful: ſo that in the midſt of a diſpute on the ſubject—in which, by the bye, he was frequently involved,—he would ſometimes break off in a ſudden and ſpirited EPIPHONEMA, or rather EROTESIS, raiſed a third, and ſometimes a full fifth, above the key of the diſcourſe,—and demand it categorically of his antagoniſt, Whether he would take upon him to ſay, he had ever remembered,—whether he had ever read,—or even whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called *Triſtram*, performing any thing great or worth recollecting?—No,—he would ſay,—*Triſtram*—The thing is impoſſible.

What could be wanting in my father but to have wrote a book to publiſh this notion of his to the world? Little boots it to the ſubtle ſpeculatiſt to ſtand ſingle in his opinions,—unleſs he gives them proper vent:—it was the identical thing which my father did:—for in the year ſixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an expreſs DISSERTATION ſimply upon the word *Triſtram*,—ſhewing the world,

with great candour and modeſty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When this ſtory is compared with the title-page,—will not the gentle reader pity my father from his ſoul,—to ſee an orderly and well-diſpoſed gentleman, who, though ſingular,—yet inoffenſive in his notions,——ſo played upon in them by croſs purpoſes;——to look down upon the ſtage, and ſee him baffled and overthrown in all his little ſyſtems and wiſhes; to behold a train of events perpetually falling out againſt him, and in ſo critical and cruel a way, as if they had propoſedly been planned and pointed againſt him, merely to inſult his ſpeculations?——In a word, to behold ſuch a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times a day ſuffering ſorrow; ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers, TRISTRAM!——Melancholy diſſyllable of ſound! which, to his ears, was uniſon to *Nincompoop*, and every name vituperative under heaven.—By his aſhes! I ſwear it,—if ever malignant ſpirit took pleaſure, or buſied itſelf by traverſing the purpoſes of mortal man,—it muſt have been here;—and if it was not neceſſary I ſhould be born before I was chriſtened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

CHAP. XX.

——How could you, madam, be ſo inattentive in reading the laſt chapter? I told you in it, *That my mother was not a papiſt.*——Papiſt! You told me no ſuch thing, Sir.—I beg leave to repeat it over again, That I told you as plain, at leaſt, as words, by direct inference, could tell you ſuch a thing.—Then, Sir, I muſt have miſs'd a page.—No, madam,—you have not miſs'd a word.—Then I was aſleep, Sir.—My pride, madam, cannot allow you that refuge.—Then, I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter.—That, madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and as a puniſhment for it, I do inſiſt upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is, as ſoon as you get to the next full ſtop, and read the whole chapter over again. I have impoſed this penance upon the lady, neither out of wantonneſs or cruelty; but from the beſt of motives; and therefore

ſhall

ſhall make her no apology for it when ſhe returns back: ——'tis to rebuke a vicious taſte which has crept into thouſands beſides herſelf,—of reading ſtraight forwards, more in queſt of the adventures, than of the deep erudition and knowledge which a book of this caſt, if read over as it ſhould be, would infallibly impart with them. —The mind ſhould be accuſtomed to make wiſe reflections, and draw curious concluſions as it goes along; the habitude of which made Pliny the younger affirm, "that he never read a book ſo bad, but he drew ſome "profit from it." The ſtories of Greece and Rome, run over without this turn and application,—do leſs ſervice, I affirm it, than the hiſtory of Pariſmus and Pariſmenus, or of the Seven Champions of England, read with it.

——But here comes my fair lady.—Have you read over again the chapter, madam, as I deſired you?—You have: and did you not obſerve the paſſage, upon the ſecond reading, which admits the inference?—Not a word like it!—Then, madam, be pleaſed to ponder well the laſt line but one of the chapter, where I take upon me to ſay, "It was neceſſary I ſhould be born before I was "chriſten'd." Had my mother, madam, been a papiſt, that conſequence did not follow*. It

* The Romiſh Rituals direct the baptizing of the child, in caſes of danger, *before* it was born:—but upon this proviſo, that ſome part or other of the child's body be ſeen by the baptizer:—But the doctors of the Sorbonne, by a deliberation held amongſt them, April 10, 1733,——have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determining, that though no part of the child's body ſhould appear,——that baptiſm ſhall nevertheleſs be adminiſtered to it by injection, *par le moyen d'une petite canulle.*——Anglice *a ſquirt.*—'Tis very ſtrange that St. Thomas Aquinas, who had ſo good a mechanical head, both for tying and untying the knots of ſchool divinity,——ſhould, after ſo much pains beſtowed upon this, —give up the point at laſt as a ſecond *la choſe impoſſible.*— "Infantes in maternis uteris exiſtentes (quoth St. Thomas!) baptizari poſſunt *nullo modo.*"—O Thomas! Thomas!

If the reader has the curioſity to ſee the queſtion upon baptiſm, *by injection*, as preſented to the doctors of the Sorbonne, with their conſultation thereupon, it is as follows:

It is a terrible misfortune for this ſame book of mine, but more ſo to the republic of letters;—ſo that my own is quite ſwallowed up in the conſideration of it,—that this ſelf-ſame vile pruriency for freſh adventures in all things, has got ſo ſtrongly into our habit and humour, —and ſo wholly intent are we upon ſatisfying the impatience of our concupiſcence that way,—that nothing but the groſs and more carnal parts of a compoſition will down:—the ſubtle hints and ſly communications of ſcience fly off, like ſpirits, upwards;—the heavy moral eſcapes downwards—and both the one and the other are as much loſt to the world, as if they were ſtill left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wiſh the male-reader has not paſſed by many a one, as quaint and curious as this one, in which the female-reader has been detected. I wiſh it may have its effects; —and that all good people, both male and female, from her example, may be taught to think as well as read.

MEMOIRE preſenté á Meſſieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne*.

" UN chirurgien accoucheur, repreſente à meſſieurs les " docteurs de Sorbonne, qu'ily a des cas, quoique très, " rares, où une mere ne ſcauroit accoucher, & même où " l'enfant eſt tellemens renfermé dans le ſein de ſa mere, " qu'il ne fait pariotre aucune partie de ſon corps, ce " qui feroit un cas, ſuivant les rituels, de lui conférer, " dumoins ſons condition, le baptême. Le chirurgien, " qui conſulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une *petite canulle*, " de pouvoir baptiſer immediatement l'enfant, ſans faire " aucun tort à la mere.—Il demand ſi ce moyen, qu'i " vient de propoſer, eſt permis & légitime, & s'il peut " s'en ſervir dans le cas qu'il vient d'expoſer."

REPONSE.

" LE conſeil eſtime, que le queſtion propoſée ſouffre " de grandes difficultés. Les theologiens poſent d'un coté " pour principe, que la baptême qui eſt une naiſſance " ſpirituelle, ſuppoſe une premiere naiſſance; il faut être " né

* Vide Deventer. Paris edit. 4to, 1734, p. 366.

" né dans le monde, pour renaître en Jeſus Chriſt, comme " ils l'enſeignent. S. Thomas, 3 part. quæſt. 88. artic, " 11. ſuit cette doctrine comme une verité conſtante ; l' " on ne puet, dit ce S. docteur, baptiſer les enfans qui " ſont renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, & S. Tho- " mas eſt fondé ſur ce, que les enfans ne ſont point nés, " & ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres hommes ; " d' ou il conclud, qu'ils né peuvent être l' objet d' " une action exterieure, pour recevoir par leur miniſtére " les ſacremens néceſſaries au ſalut : *pueri in maternis* " *uteris exiſtentes nondum prodierunt in lucem ut cum* " *aliis hominibus vitam ducant ; unde non poſſunt ſubjici* " *actioni humanæ, ut per corum miniſterium ſacramenta* " *recipiant ad ſalutem.* Les rituels ordonnent dans la " pratique ce que les théologiens ont établi ſur les " mêmes matiéres, & ils deffendent tous d'une maniere " uniforme, de baptiſer les enfans qui ſont renfermés " dans le ſein de leurs meres, s'ils ne font paroître quelque " partie de leurs corps. Le concours des theologiens, & " des rituels, qui ſont les régles des diocéſes, paroit for- " mer une autorité qui termine la queſtion preſente ; " cependant le conſeil de conſcience conſiderant d'un côté, " que le raiſonnement des théologiens eſt uniquement " fondé ſur une raiſon de convenance, & que la deffenſe " des rituels ſuppoſe que l' on ne peut baptiſer immedi- " atement les enfans ainſi renfermés dans le ſein de leurs " meres, ce qui eſt contre la ſuppoſition preſente ; & d'un " autre côté, conſiderant que les mêmes theologiens en- " ſeignent que l'on puet riſquer les ſacremens que Jeſus " Chriſt à établis comme des moyens faciles, mais néceſ- " saries pour ſanctifier les hommes ; & d' ailleurs eſtimant, " que les enfans renfermés dans de ſein de leurs meres, " pourroient être capables de ſalut parcequ'ils ſont capa- " bles de damnation ;—pour ces conſiderations, & en " êgard à l' expoſé, ſuivant lequel on aſſure avoir trouvé " un moyen certain de baptiſer ces enfans ainſin renfermés " faire aucun tort à la mere, le conſeil eſtime que l' on " pourroit ſe ſerver du moyen propoſé, dans la confiance " qu' il à, que dieu n'a point laiſſé ces ſortes d' enfans " ſans aucuns ſecours, & ſuppoſant, comme il eſt expoſé

" que

" que le moyen dont il s'agit eſt propre à leur procurer " le baptême; cependant comme il s' agiroit, eu auto- " riſant la pratique propoſée, de changer une regle uni- " verſellement établie, le conceil croit que celui qui " conſulte doit s' addreſſer à ſon evéque, & à qui il ap- " partient de juger de l' utilité, & da danger du moyen " propoſé, & comme, ſous le bon plaiſir de l' evéque, le " conſeil eſtime qu' il faudroit recourir au pape, que à " le droit d' expliquer les régles de l' egliſe, & d'y dero- " ger dans lecas, on laloi ne ſcauroit obliger, quelque " ſage & quelque utile que paroiſſe la maniére de bap- " tiſer dont il s' agit, le conceil ne pourrute l' approuver " ſans le concours de ces deux autorités. On conceile " au moins à celui qui conſulte, de s' addreſſer à ſon " evêque, & de lui faire part de la preſente décíſion, afin " que, ſi le prelat entre dans les raiſons ſur leſquelles les " docteurs ſouſſignés s' appuyent, il puiſſe être auteriſé " dans le cas dé néceſſité, ou il riſqueroit trop d' attendre " que la permiſſion fût demandée & accordée d' employer " le moyen qu'il propoſe ſi avantageux au ſalut de l' en- " fant. Au reſte, le conceil, en eſtimant, que l' on " pourroit s' en ſervir, croit cependant, que ſi les enfans " dont il s' agit, venoient au monde, contre l' eſperance " de ceux qui ſeroient ſervis du même moyen, il ſeroit " néceſſaire de les baptiſer *ſous condition*; en cela le con- " ſeil ſe conforme à tous les rituels, qui en autoriſant le " baptême d' un enfant qui faint paroître quelque partie " de ſon corps, enjointnent néantmoins, & ordonnent de " le baptiſer *ſous condition*, s' il vient heureuſement au " monde."

Déliberé en Sorbonne, le 10 Avril, 1733.

A. LE MOYNE.
L. DE ROMIGNY.
DE MARCILLY.

Mr. Triſtram Shandy's compliments to Meſſrs. Le Moyne, de Romigny, and de Marcilly; hopes they all reſted well the night after ſo tireſome a conſultation.—He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of conſummation, the baptizing all

all the HOMUNCULI at once, ſlapdaſh, by *injection*, would not be a ſhorter and ſafer cut ſtill; on condition, as above, that if the HOMUNCULI do well, and come ſafe into the world after this, that each and every of them ſhall be baptized again (*ſous conaition.*)—And provided, in the ſecond place, That the thing can be done, which Mr. Shandy apprehends it may, *par le moyen d'une* petite canulle, *ſans faire aucun tort a le mere.*

CHAP. XXI.

——I wonder what's all that noiſe, and running backwards and forwards for, above ſtairs, quoth my father, addreſſing himſelf, after an hour and a half's ſilence, to my uncle Toby,—who, you muſt know, was ſitting on the oppoſite ſide of the fire, ſmoaking his ſocial pipe all the time, in mute contemplation of a new pair of black plush breeches which he had got on:—What can they be doing, brother?—quoth my father—we can ſcarce hear ourſelves talk.

I think, replied my uncle Toby, taking his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of the left thumb,—as he began his ſentence,—I think, ſays he:—But to enter rightly into my uncle Toby's ſentiments upon this matter, you muſt be made to enter firſt a little into his character, the outlines of which I ſhall juſt give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

——Pray what was that man's name,—for I write in ſuch a hurry, I have no time to recollect or look for it,—who made the firſt obſervation, "That there was great inconſtancy in our air and climate?" Whoever he was, 'twas a juſt and good obſervation in him.—But the corollary drawn from it, namely, "That it is this which has furniſhed us with ſuch a variety of odd and whimſical characters;" that was not his;—it was found out by another man, at leaſt a century and a half after him:—Then again,—that this copious ſtore-houſe of original materials, is the true and natural cauſe that our comedies are ſo much better than thoſe of France, or any others that either have, or can be wrote upon the continent;—

nent ;—that diſcovery was not fully made till about the middle of King William's reign, when the great Dryden, in writing one of his long prefaces, (if I miſtake not) moſt fortunately hit upon it.—Indeed, toward the latter end of Queen Anne, the great Addiſon began to patronize the notion, and more fully explained it to the world in one or two of his Spectators ;—but the diſcovery was not his.—Then, fourthly and laſtly, that this ſtrange irregularity in our climate, producing ſo ſtrange irregularity in our characters—doth thereby, in ſome ſort, make us amends, by giving us ſomewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not ſuffer us to go out of doors,—that obſervation is my own; and was ſtruck out by me this very rainy day, March 26, 1759, and betwixt the hour of nine and ten in the morning.

Thus—thus, my fellow-labourers and aſſociates in this great harveſt of our learning, now ripening before our eyes; thus it is, by ſlow ſteps of caſual increaſe, that our knowledge phyſical, metaphyſical, phyſiological, polemical, nautical, mathematical, ænigmatical, technical, biographical, romantical, chemical, and obſtetrical, with fifty other branches of it, (moſt of them ending, as theſe do, in *ical*,) have, for theſe two laſt centuries and more, gradually been creeping upwards towards that Ἀκμή of their perfections, from which, if we may form a conjecture from the advantages of theſe laſt ſeven years, we cannot poſſibly be far off.

When that happens, it is to be hoped, it will put an end to all kind of writings whatſoever ;—the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading; and that in time,—as war begets poverty, poverty peace, —muſt, in courſe, put an end to all kind of knowledge, —and then—we ſhall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we ſtarted.

—Happy! thrice happy times! I only wiſh that the æra of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little altered,—or that it could have been put off, with any convenience to my father and mother, for ſome twenty or five-and-twenty years longer, when a man in the literary world might have ſtood ſome chance.—

But

But I forget my uncle Toby, whom all this while we have left knocking the aſhes out of his tobacco-pipe.

His humour was of that particular ſpecies, which does honour to our atmoſphere; and I ſhould have made no ſcruple of ranking him amongſt one of the firſt-rate productions of it, had there not appeared too many ſtrong lines in it of a family likeneſs, which ſhewed that he derived the ſingularity of his temper more from blood than either wind or water, or any modifications or combinations of them whatever: and I have, therefore, oft-times wondered, that my father, though I believe he had his reaſons for it, upon his obſerving ſome tokens of excentricity, in my courſe when I was a boy,—ſhould never once endeavour to account for them in this way: for all the Shandy family were original characters throughout:—I mean the males;—the females had no character at all;—except, indeed, my great aunt Dinah, who, about ſixty years ago, was married and got with child by the coachman, for which my father, according to his hypotheſis of Chriſtian names, would often ſay, She might thank her godfathers and god-mothers.

It will ſeem very ſtrange,—and I would as ſoon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my intereſt to do, as ſet him upon gueſſing how it could come to paſs, that an event of this kind, ſo many years after it had happened, ſhould be reſerved for the interruption of the peace and unity, which otherwiſe ſo cordially ſubſiſted, between my father and my uncle Toby. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune ſhould have ſpent and waſted itſelf in the family at firſt,—as is generally the caſe.—But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Poſſibly at the very time this happened, it might have ſomething elſe to afflict it; and as afflictions are ſent down for our good, and that as this had never done the Shandy family any good at all, it might lay waiting till apt times and circumſtances ſhould give it an opportunity to diſcharge its office.—Obſerve, I determine nothing upon this.—My way is ever to point out to the curious, different tracts of inveſtigation, to come at

the

the firſt ſprings of the events I tell;—not with a pedantic Feſcue, or in the deciſive manner of Tacitus, who outwits himſelf and his reader;—but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the aſſiſtance merely of the inquiſitive:—to them I write,—and by them I ſhall be read,—if any ſuch reading as this could be ſuppoſed to hold out ſo long,—to the very end of the world.

Why this cauſe of ſorrow, therefore, was thus reſerved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itſelf ſo as to become the cauſe of diſſatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactneſs, and is as follows:

My uncle Toby Shandy, madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which uſually conſtitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude,—poſſeſſed one in a very eminent degree, which is ſeldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was a moſt extreme and unparalleled modeſty of nature;—though I correct the word nature, for this reaſon, that I may not prejudge a point which muſt ſhortly come to a hearing, and that is, Whether this modeſty of his was natural or acquired.—Which ever way my uncle Toby came by it, 'twas nevertheleſs modeſty in the trueſt ſenſe of it; and that is, madam, not in regard to words, for he was ſo unhappy as to have very little choice in them,—but to things;—and this kind of modeſty ſo poſſeſſed him, and it aroſe to ſuch a height in him, as almoſt to equal, if ſuch a thing could be, even the modeſty of a woman: that female nicety, madam, and inward cleanlineſs of mind and fancy, in your ſex, which makes you ſo much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, madam, that my uncle Toby had contracted all this from this very ſource;—that he had ſpent a great part of his time in converſe with your ſex; and that, from a thorough knowledge of you, and the force of imitation which ſuch fair examples render irreſiſtible,—he had acquired this amiable turn of mind.

I wiſh I could ſay ſo—for unleſs it was with his ſiſter-in-law, my father's wife and my mother—my uncle Toby

Toby ſcarce exchanged three words with the ſex in as many years;—no, he got it, madam, by a blow.—A blow!—Yes, madam, it was owing to a blow from a ſtone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the ſiege of Namur, which ſtruck full upon my uncle Toby's groin.—Which way could that effect it? The ſtory of that, madam, is long and intereſting;—but it would be running my hiſtory all upon heaps to give it you here.—'Tis for an epiſode hereafter; and every circumſtance relating to it, in its proper place, ſhall be faithfully laid before you:—'Till then, it is not in my power to give farther light into this matter, or ſay more than what I have ſaid already,—That my uncle Toby was a gentleman of unparalleled modeſty, which happening to be ſomewhat ſubtilized and rarified by the conſtant heat of a little family pride,—they both ſo wrought together within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my aunt Dinah touched upon, but with the greateſt emotion.—The leaſt hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face; but when my father enlarged upon the ſtory in mixed companies, which the illuſtration of his hypotheſis frequently obliged him to do,—the unfortunate blight of one of the faireſt branches of the family, would ſet my uncle Toby's honour and modeſty o'bleeding; and he would often take my father aſide, in the greateſt concern imaginable, to expoſtulate and tell him, he would give him any thing in the world, only to let the ſtory reſt.

My father, I believe, had the trueſt love and tenderneſs for my uncle Toby, that ever one brother bore towards another, and would have done any thing in nature, which one brother in reaſon could have deſired another, to have made my uncle Toby's heart eaſy in this, or any other point. But this lay out of his power.

—My father, as I told you, was a philoſopher in grain,—ſpeculative,—ſyſtematical;—and my aunt Dinah's affair was a matter of as much conſequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to Copernicus:—the backſlidings of Venus in her orbit fortified the Copernican ſyſtem, called ſo after his name; and the back-

ſlidings of my aunt Dinah in her orbit did the ſame ſervice in eſtabliſhing my father's ſyſtem, which, I truſt, will for ever hereafter be called the Shandean ſyſtem, after his.

In any other family diſhonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a ſenſe of ſhame as any man whatever;—and neither he, nor, I dare ſay, Copernicus, would have divulged the affair in either caſe, or have taken the leaſt notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they owed, as they thought, to truth.—Amicus Plato, my father would ſay, conſtruing the words to my uncle Toby, as he went along, *Amicus Plato*; that is, Dinah was my aunt;—*ſed magis amica veritas*—but Truth is my ſiſter.

This contrariety of humours betwixt my father and my uncle, was the ſource of many a fraternal ſquabble. The one cou d not bear to hear the tale of family diſgrace recorded,—and the other would ſcarce ever let a day paſs to an end without ſome hint at it.

For God's ſake, my uncle Toby would cry,—and for my ſake,—and for all our ſakes, my dear brother Shandy,—do let this ſtory of our aunt's and her aſhes ſleep in peace;—how can you have ſo little feeling and compaſſion for the character of our family?—What is the character of a family to an hypotheſis? my father would reply.—Nay, if you come to that—what is the life of a family?—The life of a family! my uncle Toby would ſay, throwing himſelf back in his arm chair, and lifting up his hands, his eyes, and one leg.—Yes, the life,—my father would ſay, maintaining his point. How many thouſands of 'em are there every year that come caſt away (in all civilized countries at leaſt)—and conſidered as nothing but common air, in competition to an hypotheſis. In my plain ſenſe of things, my uncle Toby would anſwer,—every ſuch inſtance is downright Murder, let who will commit it.——There lies your miſtake, my father would reply;—for in *foro ſcientiæ* there is no ſuch thing as Murder,—'tis only Death, brother.

My uncle Toby would never offer to anſwer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whiſtling

half a dozen bars of Lillebullero.—You muſt know it was the uſual channel thro' which his paſſions got vent, when any thing ſhocked or ſurprized him;—but eſpecially when any thing, which he deemed very abſurd, was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the commentators upon them, that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular ſpecies of argument,—I here take the liberty to do it myſelf, for two reaſons. Firſt, that, in order to prevent all confuſion in diſputes, it may ſtand as much diſtinguiſhed for ever, from every other ſpecies of argument——as the *argumentum ad verecundiam*, *ex abſurdo*, *ex fortiori*, or any other argument whatſoever:—And ſecondly, that it may be ſaid by my childrens children, when my head is laid to reſt,——that their learned grandfather's head had been buſied to as much purpoſe once, as other people's; that he had invented a name,—and generouſly thrown it into the Treaſury of the *Ars Logica*, for one of the moſt unanſwerable arguments in the whole ſcience. And if the end of diſputation is more to ſilence than convince,—they may add, if they pleaſe, to one of the beſt arguments too.

I do therefore, by theſe preſents, ſtrictly order and command, that it be known and diſtinguiſhed by the name and title of the *Argumentum Fiſtulatorium*, and no other:—and that it rank hereafter with the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and the *Argumentum ad Crumenam*, and for ever hereafter be treated of in the ſame chapter.

As for the *Argumentum Tripodium*, which is never uſed but by the woman againſt the man; and the *Argumentum ad rem*, which, contrarywiſe, is made uſe of by the man only againſt the woman;—as theſe two are enough in conſcience for one lecture,—and, moreover, as the one is the beſt anſwer to the other,——let them likewiſe be kept apart, and be treated of in a place by themſelves.

CHAP. XXII.

THE learned Biſhop Hall (I mean the famours Dr. Joſeph Hall, who was biſhop of Exeter, in king James the Firſt's reign) tells us in one of his Decads,

at the end of his Divine Art of Meditation, imprinted at London, in the year 1610, by John Beal, dwelling in Alderſgate-ſtreet, "That it is an abominable thing for "a man to commend himſelf;"——and I really think it is ſo.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a maſterly kind of a faſhion, which thing is not likely to be found out,—I think it is full as abominable, that a man ſhould loſe the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of its rotting in his head.

This is preciſely my ſituation.

For in this long digreſſion, which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digreſſions, (one only excepted) there is a maſter-ſtroke of digreſſive ſkill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader;—not for want of penetration in him,—but becauſe 'tis an excellence ſeldom looked for,—or expected indeed, in a digreſſion;—and it is this: that though my digreſſions are all fair, as you obſerve,—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often too, as any writer in Great-Britain, yet I conſtantly take care to order affairs ſo, that my main buſineſs does not ſtand ſtill in my abſence.

I was juſt going, for example, to have given you the great outlines of my uncle Toby's moſt whimſical character,——when my aunt Dinah and the coachman came acroſs us, and led us a vagary ſome millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary ſyſtem: notwithſtanding all this, you perceive that the drawing of my uncle Toby's character went on gently all the time;—not the great contours of it,—that was impoſſible,—but ſome familiar ſtrokes and faint deſignations of it, were here and there touched on, as we went along, ſo that you are much better acquainted with my uncle Toby now than you was before.

By this contrivance the machinery of my work is of a ſpecies by it elf; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which are thought to be at variance

riance with each other. In a word, my work is digreſſive, and it is progreſſive too,—and at the ſame time.

This, Sir, is a very different ſtory from that of the earth's moving round her axis, in her diurnal rotation, with her progreſs in her elliptick orbit, which brings about the year, and conſtitutes that variety and viciſſitude of ſeaſons we enjoy;—though I own it ſuggeſted the thought,—as I believe the greateſt of our boaſted improvements and diſcoveries have come from ſome ſuch trifling hints.

Digreſſions, inconteſtably are the ſunſhine;——they are the life, the ſoul of reading;—take them out of this book, for inſtance,—you might as well take the book along with them;—one cold eternal winter would reign in every part of it; reſtore them to the writer,—he ſteps forth like a bridegroom,—bids all-hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, ſo as not to be only for the advantage of the reader, but alſo of the author, whoſe diſtreſs, in this matter, is truly pitiable: for, if he begins a digreſſion,—from that moment, I obſerve, his whole work ſtands ſtock ſtill;—and if he goes on with his main work—then there is an end of his digreſſion.

——This is vile work.—For which reaſon, from the beginning of this, you ſee, I have conſtructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with ſuch interſections, and have ſo complicated and involved the digreſſive and progreſſive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going;—and, what's more, it ſhall be kept a-going theſe forty years, if it pleaſes the fountain of health to bleſs me ſo long with life and good ſpirits.

CHAP. XXIII.

I HAVE a ſtrong propenſity in me to begin this chapter very nonſenſically, and I will not baulk my fancy.—Accordingly I ſet off thus:

If the fixture of Momus's glaſs in the human breaſt, according to the propoſed emendation of that arch-critic had taken place,—firſt, this fooliſh conſequence would certainly have followed,——that the very wiſeſt and the very graveſt of us all, in one coin or other, muſt have paid window-money every day of our lives.

And, ſecondly, That had the ſaid glaſs been there ſet up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair, and gone ſoftly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and looked in,—viewed the ſoul ſtark naked,—obſerved all her motions,—her machinations;—traced all her maggots from their firſt engendering to their crawling forth;—watched her looſe in her friſks, her gambols, her capricies; and after ſome notice of her more ſolemn deportment, conſequent upon ſuch friſks, &c.——then taking your pen and ink, and ſet down nothing but what you had ſeen, and could have ſworn to;—but this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet; in the planet Mercury (be like) it may be ſo, if not, better ſtill for him;—for there the intenſe heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from its vicinity to the ſun, to be more than equal to that of red hot iron—muſt, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants, (as the efficient cauſe) to ſuit them for the climate (which is the final cauſe;) ſo that betwixt them both, all the tenements of their ſouls, from top to bottom, may be nothing elſe, for aught the ſoundeſt philoſophy can ſhew to the contrary, but one fine tranſparent body of clear glaſs (bating the umbilical knot;)—ſo, that till the inhabitants grow old and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in paſſing through them, become ſo monſtrouſly refracted,—or return reflected from their ſurfaces in ſuch tranſverſe lines to the eye, that a man cannot be ſeen through;—his ſoul might as well,

well, unleſs for mere ceremony,—or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her,—might, upon all other accounts, I ſay, as well play the fool out o'doors as in her own houſe.

But this, as I ſaid above, is not the caſe of the inhabitants of this earth;——our minds ſhine not through the body, but are wrapt up here in a dark covering of uncryſtalized fleſh and blood; ſo that, if we would come to the ſpecific characters of them, we muſt go ſome other way to work.

Many, in good truth, are the ways, which human wit has been forced to take to do this thing with exactneſs.

Some, for inſtance, draw all their characters with wind inſtruments,—Virgil takes notice of that way in the affair of Dido and Æneas;—but it is fallacious as the breath of fame;—and, moreover, beſpeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the Italians pretend to a mathematical exactneſs in their deſignations of one particular ſort of character among them, from the *forte* or *piano* of a certain wind inſtrument they uſe,—which they ſay is infallible.—I dare not mention the name of the inſtrument in this place;—'tis ſufficient we have it amongſt us,—but never think of making a drawing by it:—this is ænigmatical, and intended to be ſo, at leaſt, *ad populum*:—and therefore I beg, Madam, when you come here, that you read on as faſt as you can, and never ſtop to make any enquiry about it.

There are others again, who will draw a man's character from no other helps in the world, but merely from his evacuations;—but this often gives a very incorrect outline,—unleſs, indeed, you take a ſketch of his repletions too; and by correcting one drawing from the other, compound one good figure out of them both.

I ſhould have no objection to this method, but that I think it muſt ſmell too ſtrong of the lamp, and be rendered ſtill more operoſe, by forcing you to have an eye to the reſt of his *non-naturals*.—Why the moſt natural actions of a man's life ſhould be called non-naturals,—is another queſtion.

There are others, fourthly, who diſdain every one of theſe

theſe expedients;—not from any fertility of his own, but from the various ways of doing it, which they have borrowed from the honourable devices which the Pentagraphic Brethren* of the bruſh have ſhewn in taking copies. Theſe, you muſt know, are the great hiſtorians.

One of theſe you will ſee drawing a full length character *againſt the light*;——that's illiberal,—diſhoneſt,—and hard upon the character of a man who ſits.

Others, to mend the matter, will make a drawing of you in the Camera;—that is moſt unfair of all;—becauſe, *there* you are ſure to be repreſented in ſome of your moſt ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of theſe errors, in giving you my uncle Toby's character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever;—nor ſhall my pencil be guided by any one wind-inſtrument which ever was blown upon, either on this or on the other ſide of the Alps:——nor will I conſider either his repletions or his diſcharges—or touch upon his non-naturals;—but, in a word, I will draw my uncle Toby's character from his Hobby-horſe.

CHAP. XXIV.

IF I was not morally ſure that the reader muſt be out of all patience for my uncle Toby's character,—I would here previouſly have convinced him that there is no inſtrument ſo fit to draw ſuch a thing with, as that which I have pitched upon.

A man and his Hobby-horſe, though I cannot ſay that they act and re-act exactly after the ſame manner in which the ſoul and body do upon each other, yet doubtleſs there is a communication between them of ſome kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is ſomething in it more of the manner of electrified bodies—and that by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the Hobby-horſe.—By long journies, and much friction, it ſo happens, that the body of the rider is at length filled as

* Pentagraph, an inſtrument to copy prints and pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

full

full of Hobby-horſical matter as it can hold;—ſo that if you are able to give but a clear deſcription of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the Hobby-horſe which my uncle Toby always rode upon was, in my opinion, an Hobby-horſe well worth giving a deſcription of, if it was only upon the ſcore of his great ſingularity; for you might have travelled from York to Dover, from Dover to Penzance, in Cornwall, and from Penzance to York back again, and not have ſeen ſuch another upon the road; or if you had ſeen ſuch a one, whatever haſte you had been in, you muſt infalliably have ſtopped to have taken a view of him. Indeed, the gait and figure of him was ſo ſtrange, and ſo utterly unlike was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole ſpecies, that it was now and then made a matter of diſpute,——whether he was really a Hobby-horſe or no: but, as the philoſopher would uſe no other argument to the ſceptic, who diſputed with him againſt the reality of motion, ſave that of riſing upon his legs, and walking a-croſs the room; ſo would my uncle Toby uſe no other argument to prove his Hobby-horſe was a Hobby-horſe indeed, but by getting upon his back, and riding him about;——leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my uncle Toby mounted him with ſo much pleaſure, and he carried my uncle Toby ſo well,—that he troubled his head very little with what the world either ſaid or thought about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a deſcription of him:—but to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to acquaint you firſt, how my uncle Toby came by him.

CHAP. XXV.

THE wounds in my uncle Toby's groin, which he received at the ſiege of Namur, rendering him unfit for the ſervice, it was thought expedient he ſhould return to England, in order, if poſſible, to be ſet to rights. He was four years totally confined,—part of it to his bed,

bed, and all of it to his room; and in the courſe of his cure, which was all that time in hand, ſuffered unſpeakable miſeries,—owing to a ſucceſſion of exfoliation from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix* called the *os illium*,——both which bones were diſmally cruſhed, as much by the irregularity of the ſtone, which I told you was broke off the parapet,—as by its ſize,—(though it was pretty large) which inclined the ſurgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my uncle Toby's groin, was more owing to the gravity of the ſtone itſelf, than to the projectile force of it,—which, he would often tell him, was a great happineſs.

My father at that time was juſt beginning buſineſs in London, and had taken a houſe;——and as the trueſt friendſhip and cordiality ſubſiſted between the two brothers,—and that my father thought my uncle Toby could no where be ſo well nurſed and taken care of as in his own houſe,—he aſſigned him the very beſt apartment in it. And what was a much more ſincere mark of his affections ſtill, he would never ſuffer a friend or an acquaintance to ſtep into the houſe on any occaſion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up ſtairs to ſee his brother Toby, and chat an hour by his bed-ſide.

The hiſtory of a ſoldier's wound beguiles the pain of it;—my uncle's viſitors at leaſt thought ſo, and in their daily calls upon him, from the courteſy ariſing out of that belief, they would frequently turn the diſcourſe to that ſubject,—and from that ſubject the diſcourſe would generally roll on to the ſiege itſelf.

Theſe converſations were infinitely kind; and my uncle Toby received great relief from them, and would have received much more, but that they brought him into ſome unforeſeen perplexities, which for three months together retarded his cure greatly; and if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himſelf out of them, I verily believe they would have laid him in his grave.

What theſe perplexities of my uncle Toby were,—'tis impoſſible for you to gueſs; if you could——I ſhould bluſh; not as a relation,—not as a man,—nor even as a woman,

woman,—but I ſhould bluſh as an author; inaſmuch as I ſet no ſmall ſtore by myſelf upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to gueſs at any thing. And in this, Sir, I am of ſo nice and ſingular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the leaſt judgment or probable conjecture to yourſelf, of what was to come in the next page,—I would tear it out of my book.

CHAP. XXVI.

I HAVE begun a new book, on purpoſe that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle Toby was involved, from the many diſcourſes and interrogations about the ſiege of Namur, where he received his wound.

I muſt remind the reader, in caſe he has read the hiſtory of King William's wars,—but if he has not,—I then inform him that one of the moſt memorable attacks in that ſiege, was that which was made by the Engliſh and Dutch upon the point of the advanced counterſcarp, between the gate of St. Nicolas, which incloſed the great ſluice or water-ſtop, where the Engliſh were terribly expoſed to the ſhot of the counter-guard and demi-baſtion of St. Roch: the iſſue of which hot diſpute, in three words, was this; that the Dutch lodged themſelves upon the counter-guard, and that the Engliſh made themſelves maſters of the covered-way before St. Nicolas's gate, notwithſtanding the gallantry of the French officers, who expoſed themſelves upon the glacis ſword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my uncle Toby was an eye-witneſs at Namur,—the army of the beſiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the *Maes* and *Sambre*, from ſeeing much of each other's operations,—my uncle Toby was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, aroſe out of the almoſt inſurmountable difficulties he found in telling his ſtory intelligibly, and giving ſuch clear ideas of the differences and diſtinctions between ſcarp and counter-ſcarp,—the glacis and covered-way,—the half-moon and ravelin,—as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers

Writers themſelves are too apt to confound theſe terms; ſo that you will the leſs wonder, if: in his endeavours to explain them, and in oppoſition to many miſconceptions, my uncle Toby did oft-times puzzle his viſitors, and ſometimes himſelf too.

To ſpeak the truth, unleſs the company my father led up ſtairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my uncle Toby was in one of his explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the diſcourſe free from obſcurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle Toby, was this,—that in the attack of the counterſcarp, before the gate of St. Nicholas, extending itſelf from the bank of the Maes, quite up to the great water-ſtop,—the ground was cut and croſs cut with ſuch a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and ſluices, on all ſides,—and he would get ſo ſadly bewildered, and ſet faſt amongſt them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to ſave his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

Theſe perplexing rebuffs gave my uncle Toby Shandy more perturbations than you would imagine; and as my father's kindneſs to him was continually dragging up freſh friends and freſh enquirers,——he had but a very uneaſy taſk of it.

No doubt my uncle Toby had great command of himſelf,—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as moſt men; yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half moon, or getting out of the covered way without falling down the counter-ſcarp, nor croſs the dyke without danger of ſlipping into the ditch, but that he muſt have fretted and fumed inwardly:—he did ſo;—and the little and hourly vexations, which may ſeem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates, yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr. James Mackenzie, and has conſidered well the effects which the paſſions and affections of the mind have upon the digeſtion,—(why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)

a dinner?)—may eaſily conceive what ſharp paroxiſms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle Toby muſt have undergone upon that ſcore only.

—My uncle Toby could not philoſophize upon it;—'twas enough he felt it was ſo,—and having ſuſtained the pain and ſorrows of it for three months together, he was reſolved ſome way or other to extricate himſelf.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguiſh and nature of the wound upon his groin ſuffering him to lie in no other poſition, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchaſe ſuch a thing, and have it paſted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortification of the town and citadel of Namur, with its environs, it might be a means of giving him eaſe.—I take notice of his deſire to have the environs along with the town and citadel, for this reaſon,—becauſe my uncle Toby's wound was got in one of the traverſes, about thirty toiſes from the returning angle of the trench oppoſite to the ſaliant angle of the demi-baſtion of St. Roch:—ſo that he was pretty confident he could ſtick a pin upon the identical ſpot of ground where he was ſtanding on when the ſtone ſtruck him.

All this ſucceeded to his wiſhes; and not only freed him from a world of ſad explanation, but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle Toby his Hobby-Horſe.

CHAP. XXVII.

THERE is nothing ſo fooliſh, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things ſo badly, as to let your critics and gentry of refined taſte run it down: nor is there any thing ſo likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party, or, what is full as offenſive, of beſtowing your attention upon the reſt of your gueſts in ſo particular a way, as if there was no ſuch thing as a critic (by occupation) at table.

—I guard againſt both; for, in the firſt place, I have left half a dozen places purpoſely open for them;—and in the next place, I pay them all court.—Gen-

tlemen, I kiſs your hands—I proteſt no company could give me half the pleaſure—By my ſoul I am glad to ſee you—I beg only you will make no ſtrangers of yourſelves, but ſit down without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I ſaid I had left ſix places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaiſance ſo far, as to have left a ſeventh open for them,—and in this very ſpot I ſtand on; but being told by a critic, (though not by occupation,—but by nature,) that I had acquitted myſelf well enough, I ſhall fill it up directly, hoping, in the mean time, that I ſhall be able to make a great deal of more room next year.

——How, in the name of wonder! could your uncle Toby, who, it ſeems, was a military man, whom you have repreſented as no fool,—be at the ſame time ſuch a confuſed, pudding-headed, muddle-headed, fellow, as —Go look.

So, Sir Critic, I could have replied; but I ſcorn it.——'Tis language unurbane,—and only befitting the man who cannot give clear and ſatisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the firſt cauſes of human ignorance and confuſion. It is moreover the reply valiant——and therefore I reject it; for though it might have ſuited my uncle Toby's character as a ſoldier excellently well,—and had he not accuſtomed himſelf, in ſuch attacks, to whiſtle the Lillabullero, as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very anſwer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You ſee as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition; —that even my ſimilies, and my alluſions, and my illuſtrations, and my metaphors, are erudite,—and that I muſt ſuſtain my character properly, and contraſt it properly too,—elſe what would become of me? Why, Sir, I ſhould be undone:—at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place againſt a critic,—— I ſhould have made an opening for a couple.——

——Therefore I anſwer thus:

Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read ſuch a book as Locke's Eſſay upon

upon the Human Underſtanding?——Don't anſwer me raſhly;—becauſe many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it—and many have read it who underſtand it not:—If either of theſe is your caſe, as I write to inſtruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is.—It is a hiſtory.—A hiſtory! of who? what? where? when?—Don't hurry yourſelf—It is a hiſtory-book, Sir, (which may poſſibly recommend it to the world) of what paſſes in a man's own mind; and if you will ſay ſo much of the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphyſic circle.

But this by the way.

Now if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found that the cauſe of obſcurity and confuſion in the mind of a man is threefold.

Dull organs, dear Sir, in the firſt place. Secondly, ſlight and tranſient impreſſions made by the objects when the ſaid organs are not dull. And thirdly, a memory like unto a ſieve, not able to retain what it has received.—Call down Dolly your chamber-maid, and I will give you my cap and bell along with it, if I make not this matter ſo plain that Dolly herſelf ſhould underſtand it as well as Malbranch.—When Dolly has indited her epiſtle to Robin, and has thruſt her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right ſide;—take that opportunity to recollect that the organs and faculties of perception can by nothing in this world be ſo aptly typified and explained as by that one thing which Dolly's hand is in ſearch of—Your organs are not ſo dull that I ſhould inform you—'tis an inch, Sir, of red ſealwax.

When this is melted and dropped upon the letter, if Dolly fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over-hardened, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the uſual impulſe which was wont to imprint it. Very well. If Dolly's wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too ſoft—though it may receive—it will not hold the impreſſion, how hard ſoever Dolly thruſts againſt it; and laſt of all, ſuppoſing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in care-

leſs haſte, as her miſtreſs rings the bell;—in any one of theſe three caſes the print, left by the thimble, will be as unlike the prototype as a braſs-jack.

Now you muſt underſtand that not one of theſe was the true cauſe of the confuſion in my uncle Toby's diſcourſe; and it is for that very reaſon I enlarge upon them ſo long, after the manner of great phyſiologiſts,—to ſhew the world, what it did *not* ariſe from.

What it did ariſe from, I have hinted above, and a fertile ſource of obſcurity it is,—and ever will be,—and that is the unſteady uſes of words, which have perplexed the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings.

It is ten to one (at Arthur's) whether you have ever read the literary hiſtories of paſt ages;—if you have,—what terrible battles, 'yclept logomachíes, have they occaſioned and perpetuated, with ſo much gall and inkſhed,—that a good natured man cannot read the accounts of them without tears in his eyes.

Gentle critic! when thou haſt weighed all this, and conſidered within thyſelf how much of thy own knowledge, diſcourſe, and converſation has been peſtered and diſordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only:—What a pudder and racket in COUNCILS about οὐσία and ὑπόστασις; and in the SCHOOLS of the learned about power and about ſpirit;—about eſſences, and about quinteſſences;—about ſubſtances, and about ſpace.—What confuſion in greater THEATRES from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a ſenſe! when thou conſidereſt this, thou wilt not wonder at my uncle Toby's perplexities;——thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his ſcarp and his counter-ſcarp;——his glacis and his covered-way;—his ravelin and his half-moon: 'Twas not by ideas,—by heaven; his life was put in jeopardy by words.

CHAP. XXVIII.

WHEN my uncle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind, he began immediately to apply himſelf, with the utmoſt diligence, to the ſtudy of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery

very, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the paſſion and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the niceſt care to make himſelf ſo far maſter of his ſubject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's cloſe and painful application,—which, by the bye, did my uncle Toby's wound, upon his groin, no good,—he was enabled, by the help of ſome marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with Gobeſius's military architecture and pyroballogy, tranſlated from the Flemiſh, to form his diſcourſe with paſſable perſpicuity; and before he was two full months gone,—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counter-ſcarp with great order,—but having, by that time, gone much deeper into the art than what his firſt motive made neceſſary, my uncle Toby was able to croſs the Maes and Sambre; and make diverſions as far as Vauban's line, the abbey of Salſines, &c. and give his viſitors as diſtinct a hiſtory of each of their attacks, as of that of the gate of St. Nicolas, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But deſire of knowledge, like the thirſt of riches, increaſes ever with the acquiſition of it. The more my uncle Toby pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it!—by the ſame proceſs and electrical aſſimilation, as I told you, through which I ween the ſouls of connoiſſeurs themſelves, by long friction and incumbition, have the happineſs, at length, to get all be-virtued,—be-pictured,—be-butterflied, and be-fiddled.

The more my uncle Toby drank of this ſweet fountain of ſcience, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirſt; ſo that before the firſt year of his confinement had well gone round, there was ſcarce a fortified town in Italy or Flanders, of which, by one means or other, he had not procured a plan; reading over as he got them, and carefully collating therewith the hiſtories of their ſieges, their demolitions, their improvements, and new works, all which he would read with that in-

tenſe application and delight, that he would forget himſelf, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

In the ſecond year my uncle Toby purchaſed Rameili and Cataneo, tranſlated from the Italian;——likewiſe Stevinus, Moralis, the Chevalier de Ville, Lorini, Cochorn, Sheeter, the Count de Pagan, the Marſhal Vauban, Mons. Blondel, with almoſt as many more books of military architecture, as Don Quixote was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in Auguſt ninety-nine, my uncle Toby found it neceſſary to underſtand a little of projectiles:—and having judged it beſt to draw his knowledge from the fountain head, he began with N. Tartaglia, who it ſeems was the firſt man that detected the impoſition of a cannon-ball's doing all that miſchief under the notion of a right line.—This Tartaglia proved to my uncle Toby to be an impoſſible thing.

————Endleſs is the Search of Truth.

No ſooner was my uncle Toby ſatisfied which road the cannon-ball did not go, but he was inſenſibly led on, and reſolved in his mind to enquire and find out which road the ball did go: for which purpoſe he was obliged to ſet off afreſh with old Maltus, and ſtudied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to Gallileo and Torricellius, wherein, by certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the preciſe path to be a PARABOLA —or elſe an HYPERBOLA—and that the parameter, or latus rectum, of the conic ſection of the ſaid path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct ratio, as the whole line to the ſine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breech upon an horizontal plane;—and that the ſemi-parameter;—Stop! my dear uncle Toby—ſtop!—go not one foot farther into this thorny and bewildered track—intricate are the ſteps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the purſuit of this bewitching phantom KNOWLEDGE will bring upon thee.—O my uncle! fly—fly, fly from it as from a ſerpant.—Is it fit—good-natured man! thou

ſhould'ſt

ſhould'ſt ſit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights baking thy blood with hectic watchings!—Alas! 'twill exaſperate thy ſymptoms—check thy perſpirations—evaporate thy ſpirits—waſte thy animal ſtrength—dry up thy radical moiſture—bring thee into a coſtive habit of body—impair thy health—and haſten all the infirmities of thy old age.—O my uncle! my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXIX.

I WOULD not give a groat for that man's knowledge in pen-craft, who does not underſtand this,——That the beſt plain narrative in the world, tacked very cloſe to the laſt ſpirited apoſtrophe of my uncle Toby—would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader's palate;—therefore, I forthwith put an end to the chapter, though I was in the middle of my ſtory.

———Writers of my ſtamp have one principle in common with painters. Where an exact copying makes our pictures leſs ſtriking, we chuſe the leſs evil; deeming it more pardonable to treſpaſs againſt truth than beauty. This is to be underſtood *cum grano ſalis*; but be it as it will,——as the parallel is made more for the ſake of letting the apoſtrophe cool, than any thing elſe,—'tis not very material whether upon any other ſcore the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year, my uncle Toby perceiving that the parameter and ſemi-parameter of the conic ſection angered his wound, he left off the ſtudy of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himſelf to the practical part of fortification only; the pleaſure of which, like a ſpring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean ſhirt,—to diſmiſs his barber unſhaven,—and to allow his ſurgeon ſcarce time ſufficient to dreſs his wound, concerning himſelf ſo little about it, as not to aſk him once in ſeven times dreſſing, how it went on; when, lo!—all of a ſudden (for the change was as quick as lightning) he began to ſigh

heavily

heavily for his recovery,—complained to my father, grew impatient with the ſurgeon;—and one morning, as he heard his foot coming up ſtairs, he ſhut up his books, and thruſt aſide his inſtruments, in order to expoſtulate with him upon the protraction of the cure, which, he told him, might ſurely have been accompliſhed at leaſt by that time.—He dwelt long upon the miſeries he had undergone, and the ſorrows of his four years melancholy impriſonment; adding, that had it not been for the kind looks and fraternal chearings of the beſt of brothers,—he had long ſince ſunk under his misfortunes.—My father was by: my uncle Toby's eloquence brought tears into his eyes;—'twas unexpected:—my uncle Toby, by nature, was not eloquent;——it had the greater effect:—the ſurgeon was confounded; not that there wanted grounds for ſuch, or greater marks of impatience,—but 'twas unexpected too; in the four years he had attended him, he had never ſeen any thing like it in my uncle Toby's carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or diſcontented word; he had been all patience,—all ſubmiſſion.

—We loſe the right of complaining ſometimes by forbearing it;—but we often treble the force:—The ſurgeon was aſtoniſhed; but much more ſo, when he heard my uncle Toby go on, and peremptorily inſiſt upon his healing up the wound directly,—or ſending for Monſieur Ronjat, the king's ſerjeant-ſurgeon, to do it for him.

The deſire of life and health is implanted in man's nature;—the love of liberty and enlargement is a ſiſter paſſion to it: theſe my uncle Toby had in common with his ſpecies; and either of them had been ſufficient to account for his earneſt deſire to get well and out of doors;—but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way;—and from the time and manner in which this eager deſire ſhewed itſelf in the preſent caſe, the penetrating reader will ſuſpect there was ſome other cauſe or crotchet for it in my uncle Toby's head:—There was ſo, and 'tis the ſubject of the next chapter to ſet forth what that cauſe and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back

to

to the parlour fire-ſide, where we left my uncle Toby in the middle of his ſentence.

CHAP. XXX.

WHEN a man gives himſelf up to the government of of a ruling paſſion,—or, in other words, when his Hobby-horſe grows head-ſtrong,—farewell cool reaſon and fair diſcretion!

My uncle Toby's wound was near well; and as ſoon as the ſurgeon recovered his ſurprize, and could get leave to ſay as much—he told him, 'twas juſt beginning to incarnate; and that if no freſh exfoliation happened, which there was no ſign of,—it would be dried up in five or ſix weeks. The ſound of as many olympiads twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of a ſhorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind.—The ſucceſſion of his ideas was now rapid,—he broiled with impatience to put his deſign in execution;—and ſo, without conſulting farther with any ſoul living,—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are pre-determined to take no one ſoul's advice,——he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dreſſings, and hire a chariot and four to be at the door exactly at twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change.—So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the ſurgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's——he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his inſtruments, &c. and by the help of a crutch on one ſide, and Trim on the other,—my uncle Toby embarked for Shandy-Hall.

The reaſon, or rather the riſe, of this ſudden demigration, was as follows:

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was ſitting with his maps, &c. about him—being ſomewhat of the ſmalleſt, for that infinity of great and ſmall inſtruments of knowledge which uſually lay crouded upon it—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco box, to throw down his compaſſes; and in ſtooping to take his compaſſes up, with his ſleeve he threw down his caſe of

inſtruments

inſtruments and ſnuffers;—and, as the dice took a run againſt him, in his endeavouring to catch the ſnuffers in falling,—he thruſt Monſieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpoſe for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redreſſing all theſe evils by himſelf;—he rung his bell for his man Trim:——Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, prithee ſee what confuſion I have here been making—I muſt have ſome better contrivance, Trim.—Canſt thou not take my rule, and meaſure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and beſpeak me one as big again?——Yes, and pleaſe your honour, replied Trim, making a low bow; but I hope your honour will be ſoon well enough to get down to your country-ſeat, where,—as your honour takes ſo much pleaſure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

I muſt here inform you, that this ſervant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company:—his real name was James Butler;—but having got the nick-name of Trim in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unleſs when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been diſabled for the ſervice, by a wound on his left knee by a muſket bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of Namur;——and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his ſervant; and of an excellent uſe was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp, and in his quarters, as a valet, groom, barber, cook, ſempſter, and nurſe; and indeed, from firſt to laſt, waited upon him and ſerved him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return; and what attached him more to him ſtill, was the ſimilitude of their knowledge.—For Corporal Trim (for ſo, for the future, I ſhall call him) by four years occaſional attention to his maſter's diſcourſe upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his

maſter's

maſter's plans, &c. excluſive and beſides what he gained Hobby-horſically, as a body-ſervant, *Non Hobby-horſically per ſe*, had become no mean proficient in the ſcience; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of ſtrong-holds as my uncle Toby himſelf.

I have but one more ſtroke to give to finiſh Corporal Trim's character,——and it is the only dark line in it. —The fellow loved to adviſe,—or rather to hear himſelf talk: his carriage, however, was ſo perfectly reſpectful, 'twas eaſy to keep him ſilent when you had him ſo; but ſet his tongue a-going—you had no hold of him—he was voluble;—the eternal interlardings of your honour, with the reſpectfulneſs of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding ſo ſtrong in behalf of his elocution,—that though you might have been incommoded,—you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was ſeldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at leaſt, this fault, in Trim, broke no ſquares with them. My uncle Toby, as I ſaid, loved the man; and beſides, as he ever looked upon a faithful ſervant,—but as an humble friend, he could not bear to ſtop his mouth.—Such was Corporal Trim.

If I durſt preſume, continued Trim, to give your honour my advice, and ſpeak my opinion in this matter —Thou art welcome, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby—ſpeak,—ſpeak what thou thinkeſt upon the ſubject, man, without fear. Why, then, replied Trim, (not hanging his ears, and ſcratching his head, like a country lout, but) ſtroking his hair back from his forehead, and ſtanding erect as before his diviſion,—I think, quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned againſt the hangings,—I think, quoth Corporal Trim, with humble ſubmiſſion to your honour's better judgment,—that theſe ravelins, baſtions, curtins, and horn-works, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your honour and I could make of it were we in the country by ourſelves,

and

and had but a rood or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleaſed with: as ſummer is coming on, continued Trim, your honour might ſit out of doors, and give me the nography—(call it itchnography, quoth my uncle)—of the town or citadel, your honour was pleaſed to ſit down before,—and I will be ſhot by your honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your honour's mind—I dare ſay thou would'ſt Trim, quoth my uncle.—For if your honour, continued the corporal, could but mark the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—That I could do very well, quoth my uncle—I would begin with the foſſé, and if your honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—I can to a hair's breadth, Trim, replied my uncle——I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the ſcarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counter-ſcarp.—Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.—And when I had ſloped them to your mind,—an' pleaſe your honour, I would face the glacis, as the fineſt fortifications are done in Flanders, with ſods,—and as your honour knows they ſhould be,—and I would make the walls and parapets with ſods too.—The beſt engineers call them gazons, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.—Whether they are gazons or ſods, is not much matter, replied Trim; your honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or ſtone.——I know they are, Trim, in ſome reſpects,—quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head;—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbiſh down with it, which might fill the foſſé, (as was the caſe at St. Nicolas's Gate,) and facilitate the paſſage over it.

Your honour underſtands theſe matters, replied Corporal Trim, better than any officer in his majeſty's ſervice;—but would your honour pleaſe to let the beſpeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your honour's directions like a horſe, and make fortifications for you ſomething like a tanſy, with all their batteries, ſaps, ditches, and palliſadoes, that it ſhould be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and ſee it.

My uncle Toby bluſhed as red as ſcarlet, as Trim went on;—but it was not a bluſh of guilt,—of modeſty, or of anger;—it was a bluſh of joy;—he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and deſcription.———Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, thou haſt ſaid enough.—We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his majeſty and the allies take the field, and demoliſh them town by town as faſt as—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, ſay no more. Your honour, continued Trim, might ſit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would—Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby—Beſides, your honour would get not only pleaſure and good paſtime,—but good air, and good exerciſe, and good health, and your honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou haſt ſaid enough, Trim,—quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches pocket)—I like thy project mightily.—And if your honour pleaſes, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's ſpade to take down with us, and I'll beſpeak a ſhovel and a pick-axe, and a couple of—Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture,—and thruſting a guinea into Trim's hand.—Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſay no more;—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my ſupper this inſtant.

Trim ran down and brought up his maſter's ſupper,—to no purpoſe:——Trim's plan of operation ran ſo in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taſte it.—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed.—'Twas all one.—Corporal Trim's deſcription had fired his imagination,—my uncle Toby could not ſhut his eyes.—The more he conſidered it, the more bewitching the ſcene appeared to him;—ſo that, two full hours before day-light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-houſe of his own, in the village where my father's eſtate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a ſmall eſtate of about one hundred pounds a year. Behind this houſe, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-

garden of about half an acre; and at the botrom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing juſt about as much ground as Corporal Trim wiſhed for;——ſo that as Trim uttered the words, "A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with,"——this identical bowling-green inſtantly preſented itſelf, and became curiouſly painted all at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy;——which was the phyſical cauſe of making him change colour, or at leaſt of heightening his bluſh, to that immoderate degree I ſpoke of.

Never did lover poſt down to a beloved miſtreſs with more heat and expectation, than my uncle Toby did, to enjoy this ſelf-ſame thing in private:—I ſay in private;—for it was ſheltered from the houſe, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three ſides, from mortal ſight, by rough holly and thickſet-flowering ſhrubs;—ſo that the idea of not being ſeen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleaſure preconceived in my uncle Toby's mind.—Vain thought! however thick it was planted about,—or private ſoever it might ſeem,—to think, dear uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground—and not have it known!

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter,—with the hiſtory of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events,—may make no unintereſting under-plot in the epitaſis and working up of this drama.——At preſent the ſcene muſt drop,—and change for the parlour fire-ſide.

CHAP. XXXI.

——What can they be doing, brother? ſaid my father.—I think, replied my uncle Toby,—taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the aſhes out of it as he began his ſentence;—I think, replied he—it would not be amiſs, brother, if we rung the bell.

Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, Obadiah?—quoth my father;—my brother and I can ſcarce hear ourſelves ſpeak.

Sir,

Sir, anſwered Obadiah, making a bow towards his left ſhoulder,—my miſtreſs is taken very badly.—And where's Suſannah running down the garden there, as if they were going to raviſh her?—Sir, ſhe is running the ſhorteſt cut into the town, replied Obadiah, to fetch the old midwife.—Then ſaddle a horſe, quoth my father, and do you go directly for Dr. Slop, the man-midwife, with all our ſervices,—and let him know your miſtreſs is fallen into labour,—and that I deſire he will return with you with all ſpeed.

It is very ſtrange, ſays my father, addreſſing himſelf to my uncle Toby, as Obadiah ſhut the door,—as there is ſo expert an operater as Dr. Slop ſo near,—that my wife ſhould perſiſt to the very laſt in this obſtinate humour of hers, in truſting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman;—and not only the life of my child, brother,—but her own life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

Mayhap, brother, replied my uncle Toby, my ſiſter does it to ſave the expence:—A pudding's end,—replied my father;—the doctor muſt be paid the ſame for inaction as action,—if not better,—to keep him in temper.

——Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world, quoth my uncle Toby, in the ſimplicity of his heart,—but Modeſty.——My ſiſter, I dare ſay, added he, does not care to let a man come ſo near her****. I will not ſay whether my uncle Toby had completed the ſentence or not:—'tis for his advantage to ſuppoſe he had,—as, I think, he could have added no *one word* which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my uncle Toby had not fully arrived at the period's end,—then the world ſtands indebted to the ſudden ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, for one of the neateſt examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which Rhetoricians ſtile the Apoſiopeſis.—Juſt heaven! how does the Poco piu, and the Poco meno of the Italian artiſts;——the inſenſible *more* or *leſs*, determine the preciſe line of beauty in the ſentence as well as in the ſtatue! How do the ſlight touches of the chiſel,

the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-ſtick, *et cætera*,—give the true ſwell, which gives the true pleaſure!—O my countrymen;—be nice;—be cautious of your language;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten, upon what ſmall particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

——"My ſiſter, mayhap," quoth my uncle Toby, "does not chooſe to let a man come ſo near her****." Make this daſh,—'tis an Apoſiopeſis.—Take the daſh away, and write Backſide,———'tis Bawdy.—Scratch Backſide out, and put *covered way* in,—'tis a metaphor;——and, I dare ſay, as fortification ran ſo much in my uncle Toby's head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the ſentence,——that word was it.

But whether that was the caſe or not the caſe,—or whether the ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe ſo critically, happened through accident or anger, will be ſeen in due time.

CHAP. XXXII.

THOUGH my father was a good natural philoſopher,—yet he was ſomething of a moral philoſopher too; for which reaſon, when his tobacco-pipe ſnapped ſhort in the middle,—he had nothing to do, as ſuch, but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.—He did no ſuch thing;—he threw them with all the violence in the world;—and, to give the action ſtill more emphaſis,——he ſtarted up on both his legs to do it.

This looked ſomething like heat;—and the manner of his reply to what my uncle Toby was ſaying, proved it was ſo.

—"Not chooſe," quoth my father, (repeating my uncle Toby's words) "to let a man come ſo near her!"——By heaven, brother Toby! you would try the patience of Job;—and I think I have the plagues of one already without it.—Why?—Where?—Wherein?—Wherefore?——Upon what account? replied my uncle Toby, in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment.——To think, ſaid my father, of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing ſo little about women!—I know nothing at all about

about them,—replied my uncle Toby; and I think, continued he, that the ſhock I received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in my affair with Widow Wadman,—which ſhock, you know, I ſhould not have received, but from my total ignorance of the ſex,—has given me juſt cauſe to ſay, that I neither know, nor do pretend to know, any thing about 'em or their concerns either.——Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at leaſt, know ſo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

It is ſaid in Ariſtotle's Maſter-piece, "That when a "man doth think of any thing which is paſt,—he looketh "down upon the ground;—but that when he thinketh "of ſomething that is to come, he looketh up towards "the heavens."

My uncle Toby, I ſuppoſe, thought of neither, for he looked horizontally.—Right end, quoth my uncle Toby, muttering the two words low to himſelf, and fixing his two eyes inſenſibly, as he muttered them, upon a ſmall crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney-piece——Right end of a woman!—I declare, quoth my uncle, I know no more which it is than the man in the moon;—and if I was to think, continued my uncle Toby, (keeping his eye ſtill fixed upon the bad joint,) this month together, I am ſure I ſhould not be able to find it out.

Then, brother Toby, replied my father, I will tell you.

Every thing in this world, continued my father (filling a freſh pipe)—every thing in this world, my dear brother Toby, has two handles.—Not always, quoth my uncle Toby.——At leaſt, replied my father, every one has two hands,—which comes to the ſame thing.——Now, if a man was to ſit down cooly, and conſider with himſelf the make, the ſhape, the conſtruction, come-at-ability, and convenience of all the parts which conſtitute the whole of that animal called woman, and compare them analogically.——I never underſtood rightly the meaning of that word, quoth my uncle Toby.

ANALOGY, replied my father, is the certain relation and agreement, which different——Here a devil of a rap at the door ſnapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two,—and, at the ſame time, cruſhed the head of as notable and curious a diſſertation as ever was engendered in the womb of ſpeculation;—it was ſome months before my father could get an opportunity to be ſafely delivered of it:——And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the ſubject of the diſſertation itſelf——(conſidering the confuſion and diſtreſſes of our domeſtic miſadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another)—whether I ſhall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

CHAP. XXXIII.

IT is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading ſince my uncle Toby rung the bell, when Obadiah was ordered to ſaddle a horſe, and go for Dr. Slop, the man-midwife;——ſo that no one can ſay, with reaſon, that I have not allowed Obadiah time enough, poetically ſpeaking, and conſidering the emergency too, both to go and come;—though, morally and truly ſpeaking, the man perhaps has ſcarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hyper-critic will go upon this; and is reſolved after all to take a pendulum, and meaſure the true diſtance betwixt the ringing of the bell and the rap at the door;—and, after finding it to be no more than two minutes, thirteen ſeconds, and three fifths,—ſhould take upon him to inſult over me for ſuch a breach in the unity, or rather probability, of time;—I would remind him, that the idea of duration, and of its ſimple modes, is got merely from the train and ſucceſſion of our ideas,—and is the true ſcholaſtic pendulum,—and by which, as a ſcholar, I will be tried in this matter,——abjuring and deteſting the juriſdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would therefore deſire him to conſider, that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy-Hall to Dr. Slop, the man-

man-midwife's houſe;—and that whilſt Obadiah has been going thoſe ſaid miles and back, I have brought my uncle Toby from Namur, quite acroſs all Flanders, into England:——That I have had him ill upon my hands near four years;—and have ſince travelled him and Corporal Trim, in a chariot-and-four, a journey of near two hundred miles down into Yorkſhire——all which put together, muſt have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Dr. Slop upon the ſtage, ——as much at leaſt (I hope) as a dance, a ſong, or a concerto between the acts.

If my hyper-critic is intractable, alledging, that two minutes and thirteen ſeconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen ſeconds——when I have ſaid all I can about them; and that this plea, though it might ſave me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book, from this very moment, a profeſſed ROMANCE, which, before, was a book apocryphal; ——If I am thus preſſed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controverſy about it all at once,——by acquainting him, that Obadiah had not got above threeſcore yards from the ſtable-yard, before he met with Dr. Slop;—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him, and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourſelf;—but this had better begin a new chapter.

CHAP. XXXIV.

IMAGINE to yourſelf, a little ſquat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor Slop, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a ſuſquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a ſerjeant in the horſe-guards.

Such were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure, which ——if you have read Hogarth's analyſis of beauty,—and if you have not, I wiſh you would;—you muſt know, may as certainly be caricatured, and conveyed to the mind by three ſtrokes, as three hundred.

Imagine ſuch a one,——for ſuch, I ſay, were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure,—coming ſlowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt, upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour,——but of ſtrength,——alack!——ſcarce able to have made an amble of it, under ſuch a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.—They were not.——Imagine to yourſelf, Obadiah, mounted upon a ſtrong monſter of a coach-horſe, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable ſpeed the adverſe way.

Pray, Sir, let me intereſt you a moment in this deſcription.

Had Dr. Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off, poſting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monſtrous rate,——ſplaſhing and plunging like a devil through thick and thin, as he approached, would not ſuch a phænomenon, with ſuch a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis,—have been a ſubject of juſter apprehenſion to Dr. Slop in his ſituation, than the *worſt* of Whiſton's comets?—To ſay nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horſe.——In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at leaſt the doctor's pony, quite away with it. What then do you think muſt the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. Slop have been, when you read, (which you are juſt going to do) that he was advancing thus warily towards Shandy-Hall, and had approached to within ſixty yards of it, and within five yards of a ſudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden-wall,—and in the dirtieſt part of a dirty lane,—when Obadiah and his coach-horſe turned the corner, rapid, furious,——pop,—full upon him!——Nothing, I think, in nature, can be ſuppoſed more terrible than ſuch a rencounter;—ſo impromptu! ſo ill prepared to ſtand the ſhock of it as Dr. Slop was.

What could Dr. Slop do?———He croſſed himſelf ✠——Pugh!—but the doctor, Sir, was a papiſt.——No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pummel.——He had ſo;——nay, as it happened, he had better

better have done nothing at all; for in croſſing himſelf he let go his whip,—and in attempting to ſave his whip betwixt his knee and his ſaddle's ſkirt, as it ſlipped, he loſt his ſtirrup,—in loſing which he loſt his ſeat;—and in the multitude of all theſe loſſes (which, by the bye, ſhews what little advantage there is in croſſing) the unfortunate doctor loſt his preſence of mind. So that, without waiting for Obadiah's onſet, he left his pony to its deſtiny, tumbling off it diagonally, ſomething in the ſtile and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other conſequence from the fall, ſave that of being left (as it would have been) with the broadeſt part of him ſunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pulled off his cap twice to Dr. Slop;—once as he was falling,—and then again when he ſaw him ſeated.——Ill-timed complaiſance;—had not the fellow better have ſtopped his horſe, and got off and help'd him?——Sir, he did all that his ſituation would allow;—but the momentum of the coach-horſe was ſo great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once.—He rode in a circle three times round Dr. Slop, before he could fully accompliſh it any how;—and at laſt, when he did ſtop his beaſt, 'twas done with ſuch an exploſion of mud, that Obadiah had better have been a league off. In ſhort, never was a Dr. Slop ſo beluted, and ſo tranſubſtantiated, ſince that affair came into faſhion.

CHAP. XXXV.

WHEN Dr. Slop entered the back-parlour, where my father and my uncle Toby were diſcourſing upon the nature of women,——it was hard to determine whether Dr. Slop's figure, or Dr. Slop's preſence, occaſioned more ſurprize to them? for as the accident happened ſo near the houſe, as not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him——Obadiah had led him in as he was, unwiped, unappointed, unanealed, with all his ſtains and blotches on him.——He ſtood like Hamlet's ghoſt, motionleſs and ſpeechleſs, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour-door (Obadiah ſtill holding his hand) with all the majeſty of mud. His

hinder

hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally beſmeared,———and in every other part of him, blotched over in ſuch a manner with Obadiah's exploſion, that you would have ſworn (without mental reſervation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle to have triumphed over my father in his turn;——for no mortal, who had beheld Dr. Slop in that pickle, could have diſſented from ſo much, at leaſt, of my uncle Toby's opinion, "That mayhap his ſiſter might not care to let "ſuch a Dr. Slop come ſo near her ****."——But it was the Argumentum ad hominem; and if my uncle Toby was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to uſe it.——No; the reaſon was,—'twas not his nature to inſult.

Dr. Slop's preſence at that time, was no leſs problematical than the mode of it; though it is certain, one moment's reflection in my father might have ſolved it; for he had apprized Dr. Slop but the week before, that my mother was at her full reckoning; and as the doctor had heard nothing ſince, 'twas natural, and very political too in him, to have taken a ride to Shandy-Hall, as he did, merely to ſee how matters went on.

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the inveſtigation; running, like hyper-critic's, altogether upon the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door,—meaſuring their diſtance, and keeping his mind ſo intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing elſe—common-place infirmity of the greateſt mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonſtration, and ſo waſting all their ſtrength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary to do good with.

The ringing of the bell, and the rap upon the door, ſtruck likewiſe ſtrong upon the ſenſorium of my uncle Toby, but it excited a very different train of thoughts;—the two irreconcileable pulſations inſtantly brought Stevinus, the great engineer, along with them, into my uncle Toby's mind. What buſineſs Stevinus had in this affair,—is the greateſt problem of all:—it ſhall be ſolved,—but not in the next chapter. CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

WRITING, when properly managed, (as you may be ſure I think mine is,) is but a different name for converſation. As no one, who knows what he is about, in good company, would venture to talk all;—ſo no author, who underſtands the juſt boundaries of decorum and good breeding, would preſume to think all: the trueſt reſpect which you can pay to the reader's underſtanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him ſomething to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourſelf.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as buſy as my own.

'Tis his turn now.——I have given an ample deſcription of Dr. Slop's ſad overthrow, and of his ſad appearance in the back-parlour:——his imagination muſt now go on with it for a while.

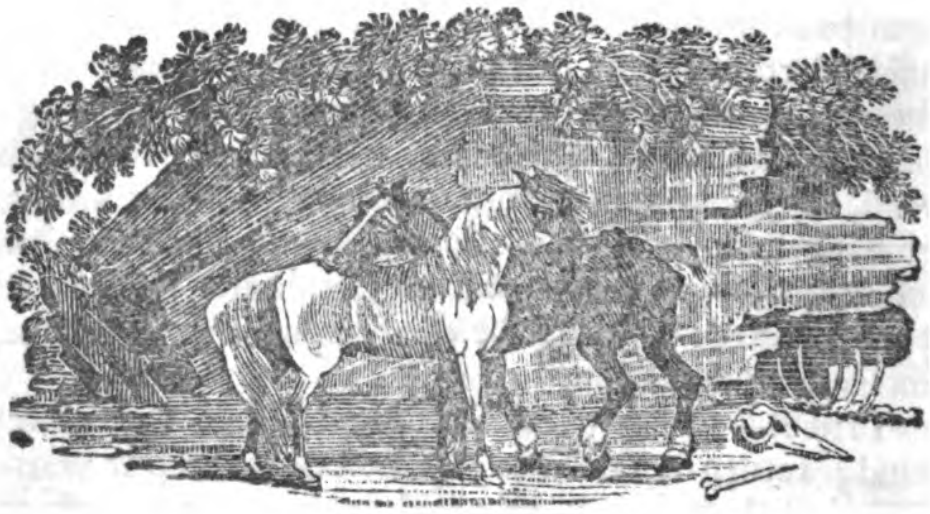
Let the reader imagine, then, that Dr. Slop has told his tale;—and in what words, and with what aggravations, his fancy chooſes:——let him ſuppoſe, that Obadiah has told his tale alſo, and with ſuch rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks will beſt contraſt the two figures, as they ſtand by each other.—Let him imagine, that my father has ſtepped up ſtairs to ſee my mother. And, to conclude this work of imagination, let him imagine the doctor waſhed,—rubbed down,—and condoled,—felicitated,—got into a pair of Obadiah's pumps, ſtepping forwards towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce!—truce, good Dr. Slop!—ſtay thy obſtetric hand; return it ſafe into thy boſom to keep it warm—little doſt thou know what obſtacles,—little doſt thou think what hidden cauſes retard its operation!——Haſt thou, Dr. Slop,—haſt thou been enſtruſted with the ſecret articles of this ſolemn treaty which has brought thee into this place?——Art thou aware, that at this inſtant, a daughter of Lucina is put obſtetrically over thy head? Alas!—'tis too true.——Beſides, great ſon of Pilumnus!

what

what canſt thou do?——Thou haſt come forth unarmed;—thou haſt left thy *tire tete*,——thy new invented forceps—thy crotchet, thy ſquirt, and all thy inſtruments of ſalavation and deliverance, behind thee.——By heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green bays bag, betwixt thy two piſtols, at the bed's head!——Ring;—call;—ſend Obadiah back upon the coach-horſe to bring them with all ſpeed.—Make great haſte, Obadiah, quoth my father, and I'll give the a crown;——and, quoth my uncle Toby, I'll give him another.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Ταράσσει τὸς Ἀνθρώπες ὲ τὰ Πράγμαΐα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ ωερὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δόματα.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR C. COOKE, No. 17,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.


BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE LIFE
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY.

CHAPTER I.

YOUR ſudden and unexpected arrival, quoth my uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. Slop, (all three of them ſitting down to the fire together, as my uncle Toby began to ſpeak)—inſtantly brought the great Stevinus into my head, who, you muſt know, is a favourite author with me.——Then, added my father, making uſe of the argument *ad crumenam*,——I will lay twenty guineas to a ſingle crown-piece (which will ſerve to give away to Obadiah when he gets back) that this ſame Stevinus was ſome engineer or other, or has wrote ſomething or other, either directly or indirectly, upon the ſcience of fortification.

He has ſo,—replied my uncle Toby.—I knew it, ſaid my father;—though, for the ſoul of me, I cannot ſee what kind of connection there can be betwixt Dr. Slop's ſudden coming, and a diſcourſe upon fortification;—yet I feared it.—Talk of what we will, brother,—or let the occaſion be never ſo foreign or unfit for the ſubject,—you are ſure to bring it in. I would not, brother Toby, continued my father,—I declare I would not have my head ſo full of curtins and horn-works——That I dare ſay you would not, quoth Dr. Slop, interrupting him, and laughing moſt immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critic could not deteſt and abhor a pun, or the inſinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father;—he would grow teſty upon it at any time;—but to be broke in upon by one in a ſerious diſcourſe, was

as bad, he would ſay, as a fillip upon the noſe;—he ſaw no difference.

Sir, quoth my uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. Slop,—the curtins my brother Shandy mentions here, have nothing to do with bedſteads—though, I know Du Cange ſays, "That bed-curtains, in all probability, "have taken their name from them;"——nor have the horn-works, he ſpeaks of, any thing in the world to do with the horn-works of cuckoldom:——but the *curtin*, Sir, is the word we uſe, in fortification, for that part of the wall, or rampart, which lies between the two baſtions, and joins them.——Beſiegers ſeldom offer to carry on their attacks directly againſt the curtin, for this reaſon, becauſe they are ſo well flanked.—('Tis the caſe of other curtins, quoth Dr. Slop, laughing.)—However, continued my uncle Toby, to make them ſure, we generally chooſe to place ravelins before them, taking care only to extend them beyond the foſſé or ditch.—The common men, who know very little of fortification, confound the ravelin and the half-moon together,——though they are very different things;——not in their figure or conſtruction, for we make them exactly alike in all points;—for they always conſiſt of two faces, making a ſalient angle, with the gorges, not ſtraight, but in form of a creſcent.——Where then lies the difference? (quoth my father, a little teſtily.)—In their ſituations, anſwered my uncle Toby: for when a ravelin, brother, ſtands before the curtin, it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin ſtands before a baſtion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin;—it is a half-moon:—a half-moon likewiſe is a half-moon, and no more, ſo long as it ſtands before its baſtion;——but was it to change place, and get before the curtin,—'twould be no longer a half-moon; a half-moon, in that caſe, is not a half-moon;—'tis no more than a ravelin.—I think, quoth my father, that the noble ſcience of defence has its weak ſides—as well as others.

——As for the horn-works (heigh! ho! ſighed my father) which, continued my uncle Toby, my brother was ſpeaking of, they are a very conſiderable part of an outwork;

outwork;—they are called by the French engineers, *Ouvrage à corne*, and we generally make them to cover ſuch places as we ſuſpect to be weaker than the reſt: 'tis formed by two epaulments or demi-baſtions——they are very pretty, and if you will take a walk, I'll engage to ſhew you one well worth your trouble.——I own, continued my uncle Toby, when we crown them,——they are much ſtronger, but then they are very expenſive, and take up a great deal of ground, ſo that, in my opinion, they are moſt of uſe to cover or defend the head of a camp; otherwiſe the double tenaille——By the mother who bore us!—brother Toby, quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer,—you would provoke a ſaint:——Here have you got us, I know not how, not only ſouſe into the middle of the old ſubject again;——but ſo full is your head of theſe confounded works, that though my wife is this moment in the pains of labour, and you hear her cry out, yet nothing will ſerve you but to carry off the man-midwife.—*Accoucheur*—if you pleaſe, quoth Dr. Slop.——With all my heart, replied my father, I don't care what they call you,—but I wiſh the whole ſcience of fortification, with all its inventors, at the devil;—it has been the death of thouſands,—and it will be mine in the end.——I would not, I would not, brother Toby, have my brains ſo full of ſaps, mines, blinds, gabions, paliſadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and ſuch trumpery, to be proprietor of Namur, and of all the towns in Flanders with it.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—I have told you in the fifth chapter of this ſecond book, "that he was a man of courage;"——and will add here, that where juſt occaſions preſented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whoſe arm I would have ſooner taken ſhelter;——nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts;——for he felt this inſult of my father's as feelingly as a man could do; but he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it——

all was mixed up ſo kindly within him; my uncle Toby had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—Go—ſays he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle Toby, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—go, ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke to let it eſcape;——go, poor devil, get thee gone; why ſhould I hurt thee?—This world ſurely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened; but whether it was, that the action itſelf was more in uniſon to my nerves at that age of pity, which inſtantly ſet my whole frame into one vibration of moſt pleaſurable ſenſation;—or how far the manner and expreſſion of it might go towards it;——or in what degree, or by what ſecret magic,——a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a paſſage to my heart, I know not;——this I know, that the leſſon of univerſal good-will, then taught and imprinted by my uncle Toby, has never ſince been worn out of my mind: and though I would not depreciate what the ſtudy of the *Literæ humaniores*, at the univerſity, have done for me in that reſpect, or diſcredit the other helps of an expenſive education beſtowed upon me, both at home and abroad ſince;—yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impreſſion.

This is to ſerve for parents and governors, inſtead of a whole volume upon the ſubject.

I could not give the reader this ſtroke in my uncle Toby's picture, by the inſtrument with which I drew the other parts of it,——that taking in no more than the mere Hobby-Horſical likeneſs:——this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader muſt long ago have noted; he had a much more acute and quick ſenſibility of nature, attended with

with a little ſoreneſs of temper; though this never tranſported him to any thing which looked like malignancy:—yet, in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to ſhew itſelf in a drolliſh and witty kind of peeviſhneſs:—he was, however, frank and generous in his nature;—at all times open to conviction; and in the little ebullitions of this ſubacid humour towards others, but particularly towards my uncle Toby, whom he truly loved—he would feel more pain ten-times told (except in the affair of my aunt Dinah, or where an hypotheſis was concerned) than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appeared with great advantage in this affair about Stevinus.

I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a Hobby-Horſe,—that a man's Hobby-Horſe is as tender a part as he has about him; and that theſe unprovoked ſtrokes at my uncle Toby's could not be unfelt by him.——No;——as I ſaid above, my uncle Toby did feel them, and very ſenſibly too.

Pray, Sir, what ſaid he?—How did he behave?—O, Sir!—it was great: for as ſoon as my father had done inſulting his Hobby-Horſe,——he turned his head, without the leaſt emotion, from Dr. Slop, to whom he was addreſſing his diſcourſe, and looking up into my father's face, with a countenance ſpread over with ſo much good-nature;—ſo placid;—ſo fraternal;—ſo inexpreſſibly tender towards him;—it penetrated my father to his heart: he roſe up haſtily from his chair, and ſeizing hold of both my uncle Toby's hands as he ſpoke,——Brother Toby, ſaid he,—I beg thy pardon:——forgive, I pray thee, this raſh humour which my mother gave me.——My dear, dear brother, anſwered my uncle Toby, riſing up by my father's help, ſay no more about it;—you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much, brother. But 'tis ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man;—a brother worſe;—but to hurt a brother of ſuch gentle manners,—ſo unprovoking,—and ſo unreſenting;——'tis baſe:——by heaven, 'tis cowardly.——You are heartily welcome, brother, quoth my uncle

uncle Toby,—had it been fifty times as much.——Beſides, what have I to do, my dear Toby, cried my father, either with your amuſements or your pleaſures, unleſs it was in my power (which it is not) to increaſe their meaſure?

——Brother Shandy, anſwered my uncle Toby, looking wiſtfully in his face,—you are much miſtaken in this point—for you do increaſe my pleaſure very much, in begetting children for the Shandy family at your time of life——But, by that, Sir, quoth Dr. Slop, Mr. Shandy increaſes his own.——Not a jot, quoth my father.

CHAP. II.

MY brother does it, quoth my uncle Toby, out of *principle*.—In a family way, I ſuppoſe, quoth Dr. Slop.——Pſhaw!—ſaid my father,——'tis not worth talking of.

CHAP. III.

AT the end of the laſt chapter, my father and my uncle Toby were left both ſtanding, like Brutus and Caſſius at the cloſe of the ſcene, making up their accounts.

As my father ſpoke the three laſt words,—he ſat down;—my uncle Toby exactly followed his example, only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal Trim, who was in waiting, to ſtep home for Stevinus:—my uncle Toby's houſe being no farther off than the oppoſite ſide of the way.

Some men would have dropped the ſubject of Stevinus;——but my uncle Toby had no reſentment in his heart, and he went on with the ſubject, to ſhew my father that he had none.

Your ſudden appearance, Dr. Slop, quoth my uncle, reſuming the diſcourſe, inſtantly brought Stevinus into my head.—(My father, you may be ſure, did not offer to lay any more wages upon Stevinus's head.)——Becauſe, continued my uncle Toby, the celebrated ſailing chariot, which belonged to Prince Maurice, and was of

ſuch

ſuch wonderful contrivance and velocity, as to carry half a dozen people thirty German miles, in I don't know how few minutes,——was invented by Stevinus, that great mathematician and engineer.

You might have ſpared your ſervant the trouble, quoth Dr. Slop, (as the fellow is lame,) of going for Stevinus's account of it, becauſe, in my return from Leyden through the Hague, I walked as far as Schevling, which is two long miles, on purpoſe to take a view of it.

——That's nothing, replied my uncle Toby, to what the learned Peireſkius did, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Schevling, and from Schevling to Paris back again, in order to ſee it,—and nothing elſe.

Some men cannot bear to be out-gone.

The more fool Peireſkius, replied Dr. Slop. But mark, 'twas out of no contempt of Peireſkius at all; but that Peireſkius's indefatigable labour in trudging ſo far on foot, out of love for the ſciences, reduced the exploit of Dr. Slop, in that affair, to nothing;—the more fool Peireſkius, ſaid he again.—Why ſo?—replied my father, taking his brother's part, not only to make reparation as faſt as he could for the inſult he had given him, which ſat ſtill on my father's mind;—but partly, that my father began really to intereſt himſelf in the diſcourſe.—Why ſo?—ſaid he. Why is Peireſkius, or any man elſe, to be abuſed for an appetite for that, or any other morſel of ſound knowledge? For, notwithſtanding I know nothing of the chariot in queſtion, continued he, the inventor of it muſt have had a very mechanical head; and though I cannot gueſs upon what principles of philoſophy he has atchieved it;——yet certainly his machine has been conſtructed upon ſolid ones, be they what they will, or it could not have anſwered at the rate my brother mentions.

It anſwered, replied my uncle Toby, as well, if not better; for, as Peireſkius elegantly expreſſes it, ſpeaking of the velocity of its motion, *Tam citus erat, quàm*

erat

erat ventus; which, unleſs I have forgot my Latin, is, *that it was as ſwift as the wind itſelf.*

But pray, Dr. Slop, quoth my father, interrupting my uncle, (though not without begging pardon for it at the ſame time,) upon what principles was this ſelf-ſame chariot ſet a-going?——Upon very pretty principles to be ſure, replied Dr. Slop;—and I have often wondered, continued he, evading the queſtion, why none of our gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours,—(eſpecially they whoſe wives are not paſt child-bearing,) attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon ſudden calls, to which the ſex is ſubject,—if the wind only ſerved,—but would be excellent good huſbandry to make uſe of the winds, which coſt nothing, and which eat nothing, rather than horſes, which (the devil take 'em) both coſt and eat a great deal.

For that very reaſon, replied my father, "becauſe "they coſt nothing, and becauſe they eat nothing," the ſcheme is bad:—It is the conſumption of our products, as well as the manufactures of them, which gives bread to the hungry, circulates trade,—brings in money, and ſupports the value of our lands:—and though, I own, if I was a prince, I would generouſly recompence the ſcientific head which brought forth ſuch contrivances;—yet I would as peremptorily ſuppreſs the uſe of them.

My father here had got into his element,—and was going on as proſperouſly with his diſſertation upon trade, as my uncle Toby had before, upon his of fortification;—but, to the loſs of much ſound knowledge, the deſtinies, in the morning, had decreed that no diſſertation of any kind ſhould be ſpun by my father that day,—for, as he opened his mouth to begin the next ſentence,

CHAP. IV.

IN popped Corporal Trim with Stevinus:—but 'twas too late,—all the diſcourſe had been exhauſted without him, and was running into a new channel.

—You may take the book home again, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, nodding to him.

But

But prithee, corporal, quoth my father, drolling,—look firſt into it, and ſee if thou can'ſt ſpy aught of a ſailing chariot in it.

Corporal Trim, by being in the ſervice, had learned to obey,—and not to remonſtrate; ſo taking the book to a ſide-table, and running over the leaves; An' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid Trim, I can ſee no ſuch thing:—— However, continued the corporal, drolling a little in his turn, I'll make ſure work of it, an' pleaſe your honour;—ſo taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves fall down, as he bent the covers back, he gave the book a good ſound ſhake.

There is ſomething falling out, however, ſaid Trim, an' pleaſe your honour; but it is not a chariot, nor any thing like one.—Prithee, corporal, ſaid my father, ſmiling; what is it then?—I think, anſwered Trim, ſtooping to take it up,—'tis more like a ſermon,—for it begins with a text of ſcripture, and the chapter and verſe;—and then goes on, not as a chariot, but like a ſermon directly.

The company ſmiled.

I cannot conceive how it is poſſible, quoth my uncle Toby, for ſuch a thing as a ſermon to have got into my Stevinus.

I think 'tis a ſermon, replied Trim;—but if it pleaſe your honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page; for Trim, you muſt know, loved to hear himſelf read almoſt as well as talk.

I have ever a ſtrong propenſity, ſaid my father, to look into things which croſs my way by ſuch ſtrange fatalities as theſe; and as we have nothing better to do, at leaſt till Obadiah gets back, I ſhall be obliged to you, brother, if Dr. Slop has no objection to it, to order the corporal to give us a page or two of it,—if he is as able to do it, as he ſeems willing. An' pleaſe your honour, quoth Trim, I officiated two whole campaigns, in Flanders, as clerk to the chaplain of the regiment.—He can read it, quoth my uncle Toby, as well as I can. Trim, I aſſure you, was the beſt ſcholar in my company,

and

and ſhould have had the next halberd, but for the poor fellow's misfortune. Corporal Trim laid his hand upon his heart, and made an humble bow to his maſter;—then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the ſermon in his left hand, in order to have his right at liberty,—he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could beſt ſee, and be beſt ſeen by his audience.

CHAP. V.

————If you have any objection, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. Slop. Not in the leaſt, replied Dr. Slop;—for it does not appear on which ſide of the queſtion it is wrote;——it may be a compoſition of a divine of our church, as well as yours;—ſo that we run equal riſques.——'Tis wrote upon neither ſide, quoth Trim, for 'tis only upon *conſcience*, an' pleaſe your honours.

Trim's reaſon put his audience into good humour,—all but Dr. Slop, who turning his head about towards Trim, looked a little angry.

Begin Trim, and read diſtinctly, quoth my father.——I will, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal, making a bow, and beſpeaking attention with a ſlight movement of his right hand.

CHAP. VI.

——But before the corporal begins, I muſt firſt give you a deſcription of his attitude;—otherwiſe he will naturally ſtand repreſented by your imagination, in an uneaſy poſture,—ſtiff,—perpendicular,——dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs;—his eye fixed, as if on duty;—his look determined;—clinching the ſermon in his left hand, like his firelock.—In a word, you would be apt to paint Trim, as if he was ſtanding in his platoon ready for action.——His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He ſtood before them with his body ſwayed, and bent forwards juſt ſo far, as to make an angle of 85 degrees and a half upon the plane of the horizon;—which ſound orators, to whom I addreſs this, know very well, to be

TRISTRAM SHANDY, VOL. II. Ch. 6. P. 12.
Corporal Trim, reading the Sermon to Shandy's Father, Dr. Slop and Uncle Toby.

W. Hogarth, delin.t Engraved for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, May 25th 1783. C. Grignion, sculpt.


BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

be the true perſuaſive angle of incidence:—in any other angle you may talk and preach;—'tis certain;—and it is done every day;—but with what effect,—I leave the world to judge!

The neceſſity of this preciſe angle of 85 degrees and a half to a mathematical exactneſs—does it not ſhew us, by the way, how the arts and ſciences mutually befriend each other?

How the duce Corporal Trim, who knew not ſo much as an acute angle from an obtuſe one, came to hit it ſo exactly;——or whether it was chance or nature, or good ſenſe or imitation, &c. ſhall be commented upon in that part of the cyclopædia of arts and ſciences, where the inſtrumental parts of the eloquence of the ſenate, the pulpit, and the bar, the coffee-houſe, the bed-chamber, and fire-ſide, fall under conſideration.

He ſtood,——for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view, with his body ſwayed, and ſomewhat bent forwards,—his right-leg from under him, ſuſtaining ſeven eighths of his whole weight,—the foot of his left-leg, the defect of which was no diſadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little,—not laterally nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them; his knee bent, but that not violently,—but ſo as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty;—and I add, of the line of ſcience too;—for conſider, it had one eighth part of his body to bear up;—ſo that in this caſe the poſition of the leg is determined,——becauſe the foot could be no farther advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him, mechanically, to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.

*** This I recommend to painters;—need I add,—to orators!—I think not; for unleſs they practiſe it,—they muſt fall upon their noſes.

So much for Corporal Trim's body and legs.——He held the ſermon looſely, not careleſsly, in his left-hand, raiſed ſomething above his ſtomach, and detached a little from his breaſt:—his right-arm falling negligently by his ſide, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it,——but with the palm of it open and turned toward

his audience, ready to aid the ſentiment in caſe it ſtood in need.

Corporal Trim's eyes and the muſcles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him:—he looked frank,—unconſtrained,—ſomething aſſured,—but not bordering upon aſſurance.

Let not the critic aſk how Corporal Trim could come by all this.——I've told him it ſhould be explained;—but ſo he ſtood before my father, my uncle Toby, and Dr. Slop,——ſo ſwayed his body, ſo contraſted his limbs, and with ſuch an oratorical ſweep throughout the whole figure,—a ſtatuary might have modelled from it;—nay, I doubt whether the oldeſt fellow of a college,—or the Hebrew profeſſor himſelf could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows:

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS XXII, 8.

——*For we* truſt *we have a good Conſcience.*

'TRUST!——Truſt we have a good conſcience!'

[Certainly, Trim, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that ſentence a very improper accent; for you curl up your noſe, man, and read it with ſuch a ſneering tone, as if the parſon was going to abuſe the apoſtle.

He is, an' pleaſe your honour, replied Trim. Pugh! ſaid my father, ſmiling.

Sir, quoth Dr. Slop, Trim is certainly in the right; for the writer (who I perceive is a Proteſtant) by the ſnappiſh manner in which he takes up the apoſtle, is certainly going to abuſe him;——if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded ſo ſoon, Dr. Slop, that the writer is of our church?—for aught I can ſee yet,—he may be of any church.—Becauſe, anſwered Dr. Slop, if he was of ours,—he durſt no more take ſuch a licence,——than a bear by his beard:—if, in our communion, Sir, a man was to inſult an apoſtle,—a ſaint,—or even the

the paring of a ſaint's nail,—he would have his eyes ſcratched out.——What, by the ſaint? quoth my uncle Toby. No, replied Dr. Slop, he would have an old houſe over his head. Pray is the inquiſition an ancient building, anſwered my uncle Toby, or is it a modern one?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Dr. Slop.———An' pleaſe your honours, quoth Trim, the inquiſition is the vileſt——Prithee ſpare thy deſcription, Trim; I hate the very name of it, ſaid my father.———No matter for that, anſwered Dr. Slop,———it has its uſes; for though I'm no great advocate for it, yet, in ſuch a caſe as this, he would ſoon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the inquiſition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle Toby. Amen, added Trim; for heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.———I never heard one word of it before, ſaid my uncle Toby, haſtily:———how came he there, Trim?———O, Sir, the ſtory will make your heart bleed,—as it has made mine a thouſand times;———but it is too long to be told now;———your honour ſhall hear it from firſt to laſt ſome day when I am working beſide you in our fortifications:—but the ſhort of the ſtory is this;——that my brother Tom went over a ſervant to Liſbon——and then married a Jew's widow, who kept a ſmall ſhop, and ſold ſauſages, which ſomehow or other, was the cauſe of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two ſmall children, and carried directly to the inquiſition, where, God help him, continued Trim, fetching a ſigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honeſt lad lies confined at this hour: he was as honeſt a ſoul, added Trim, (pulling out his handkerchief) as ever blood warmed.———

———The tears trickled down Trim's cheeks faſter than he could well wipe them away.——A dead ſilence in the room enſued for ſome minutes——Certain proof of pity!

Come, Trim, quoth my father, after he ſaw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,—read on,—and put this melancholy ſtory out of thy head:—I grieve that I interrupted thee; but prithee begin the ſermon again;—for if the firſt ſentence in it is matter of abuſe, as thou ſayeſt, I have a great deſire to know what kind of provocation the apoſtle has given.

Corporal Trim wiped his face, and returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and, making a bow as he did it,—he began again.]

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS XIII. 18.

———*For we* truſt *we have a good Conſcience.*

'TRUST! truſt we have a good conſcience! Surely if 'there is any thing in this life which a man may 'depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is ca-'pable of arriving upon the moſt indiſputable evidence, 'it muſt be this very thing———whether he has a good 'conſcience or no.'

[I am poſitive I am right, quoth Dr. Slop.]

'If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a ſtranger 'to the true ſtate of this account;—he muſt be privy to 'his own thoughts and deſires;——he muſt remember 'his paſt purſuits, and know certainly the true ſprings 'and motives, which, in general, have governed the 'actions of his life.'

[I defy him, without an aſſiſtant, quoth Dr. Slop.]

'In other matters we may be deceived by falſe ap-'pearances; and, as the wiſe man complains, *hardly do 'we gueſs aright at the things that are upon the earth, 'and with labour do we find the things that are before us.* 'But here the mind has all the evidence and facts within 'herſelf;—is conſcious of the web ſhe has wove;—knows 'its texture and fineneſs, and the exact ſhare which every 'paſſion has had in working upon the ſeveral deſigns 'which virtue or vice has planned before her.'

[The language is good, and I declare Trim reads very well, quoth my father.]

'Now,

'Now,———as conſcience is nothing elſe but the 'knowledge which the mind has within herſelf of this; 'and the judgment, either of approbation or cenſure, 'which it unavoidably makes upon the ſucceſſive actions 'of our lives; 'tis plain you will ſay, from the very 'terms of the propoſition,———whenever this inward 'teſtimony goes againſt a man, and he ſtands ſelf-accu-'ſed,—that he muſt neceſſarily be a guilty man.—— 'And, on the contrary, when the report is favourable 'on his ſide, and his heart condemns him not,——that 'it is not a matter of Truſt, as the apoſtle intimates, 'but a matter of certainty and fact, that the conſcience 'is good, and that the man muſt be good alſo.'

[Then the apoſtle is altogether in the wrong, I ſuppoſe, quoth Dr. Slop, and the Proteſtant divine is in the right. Sir, have patience, replied my father, for I think it will preſently appear that St. Paul and the Proteſtant divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly ſo, quoth Dr. Slop, as eaſt is to weſt;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the preſs.

It is no more, at the worſt, replied my uncle Toby, than the liberty of the pulpit; for it does not appear that the ſermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on, Trim, quoth my father.]

'At firſt ſight this may ſeem to be a true ſtate of the 'caſe; and I make no doubt but the knowledge of 'right and wrong is ſo truly impreſſed upon the mind 'of man,—that did no ſuch thing ever happen, as that 'the conſcience of a man, by long habits of ſin, might '(as the ſcripture aſſures it may) inſenſibly become 'hard;—and like ſome tender parts of his body, by 'much ſtreſs and continual hard uſage, loſe by degrees, 'that nice ſenſe and perception with which God and na-'ture endowed it:—Did this never happen;—or was it 'certain that ſelf-love could never hang the leaſt bias 'upon the judgment;—or that the little intereſts below 'could riſe up and perplex the faculties of our upper 'regions, and encompaſs them about with clouds and 'thick darkneſs:—Could no ſuch thing as favour and

'affection enter this ſacred court:—Did wit diſdain to 'take a bribe in it; or was aſhamed to ſhew its face as 'an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoyment: or, laſtly, 'were we aſſured that intereſt ſtood always unconcerned 'whilſt the cauſe was hearing,—and that paſſion never 'got into the judgment-ſeat, and pronounced ſentence 'in the ſtead of reaſon, which is ſuppoſed always to pre-'ſide and determine upon the caſe: Was this truly ſo, 'as the objection muſt ſuppoſe; no doubt then the religi-'ous and moral ſtate of a man would be exactly what he 'himſelf eſteemed it;—and the guilt or innocence of 'every man's life could be known in general, by no bet-'ter meaſure, than the degrees of his own approbation 'and cenſure.

'I own, in one caſe, whenever a man's conſcience 'does accuſe him (as it ſeldom errs on that ſide) that 'he is guilty; and unleſs in melancholy and hypocon-'driac caſes, we may ſafely pronounce upon it, that 'there is always ſufficient grounds for the accuſation.

'But the converſe of the propoſition will not hold 'true;—namely, that whenever there is guilt, the con-'ſcience muſt accuſe; and if it does not, that a man is 'therefore innocent.——This is not fact————So that 'the common conſolation which ſome good Chriſtian 'or other is hourly adminiſtering to himſelf, that he 'thanks God his mind does not miſgive him, and that 'conſequently, he has a good conſcience, becauſe he 'hath a quiet one,—is fallacious;—and as current as the 'inference is, and as infallible as the rule appears at firſt 'ſight, yet when you look nearer to it, and try the truth 'of this rule upon plain facts,——you ſee it liable to ſo 'much error from a falſe application;——the principle 'upon which it goes ſo often perverted;—the whole 'force of it loſt, and ſometimes ſo vilely caſt away, that 'it is painful to produce the common examples from hu-'man life, which confirm the account.

'A man ſhall be vicious and utterly debauched in his 'principles;—exceptionable in his conduct to the world; 'ſhall live ſhameleſs, in the open commiſſion of a ſin 'which no reaſon or pretence can juſtify; a ſin by which,

'contrary

'contrary to all the workings of humanity, he ſhall 'ruin for ever the deluded partner of his guilt;—rob 'her of her beſt dowry; and not only cover her own 'head with diſhonour,——but involve a whole vir-'tuous family in ſhame and ſorrow for her ſake.—'Surely, you will think conſcience muſt lead ſuch a 'man a troubleſome life;—he can have no reſt night or 'day from its reproaches.

'Alas! conſcience had ſomething elſe to do, all this 'time, than break in upon him; as *Elijah* reproached 'the god *Baal*——this domeſtic god *was either talking, 'or purſuing, or was in a journey, or peradventure he 'ſlept, and could not be awoke.*

'Perhaps he was gone out in company with *Honour* 'to fight a duel; to pay off ſome debt at play; or 'dirty annuity, the bargain of his luſt: perhaps *Con-'ſcience* all this time was engaged at home, talking 'aloud againſt petty-larceny, and executing vengeance 'upon ſome ſuch puny crimes as his fortune and rank of 'life ſecured him againſt all temptation of committing; 'ſo that he lives as merrily'—[If he was of our church, tho', quoth Dr. Slop, he could not]—'ſleeps as ſoundly 'in his bed;—and at laſt meets death as unconcernedly; 'perhaps much more ſo, than a much better man.'

[All this is impoſſible with us, quoth Dr. Slop, turning to my father,—the caſe could not happen in our church.—It happens in ours, however, replied my father, but too often. I own, quoth Dr. Slop, (ſtruck a little with my father's frank acknowledgment,) that a man in the Romiſh church may live as badly;—but then he cannot eaſily die ſo.—'Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indifference,—how a raſcal dies.—I mean, anſwered Dr. Slop, he would be denied the benefits of the laſt ſacraments.—Pray how many have you in all, ſaid my uncle Toby,——for I always forget?—Seven, anſwered Dr. Slop.——Humph!—ſaid my uncle Toby; tho' not accented as a note of acquieſcence,—but as an interjection of that particular ſpecies of ſurprize, when a man, in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected.——Humph! replied my

uncle

uncle Toby. Dr. Slop, who had an ear, underſtood my uncle Toby as well as if he had wrote a whole volume againſt the ſeven ſacraments.—Humph! replied Dr. Slop, (ſtating my uncle Toby's argument over again to him) —Why, Sir, are there not ſeven cardinal virtues?—Seven mortal ſins?—Seven golden candleſticks?—Seven heavens?—'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle Toby.——Are there not ſeven wonders of the world?—Seven days of the creation?—Seven planets?—Seven plagues?—That there are, quoth my father, with a moſt affected gravity. But prithee, continued he, go on with the reſt of thy characters, Trim.]

'Another is ſordid, unmerciful,' (here Trim waved his right-hand,) 'a ſtraight-hearted, ſelfiſh wretch, incapable either of private friendſhip, or public ſpirit. 'Take notice how he paſſes by the widow and orphan 'in their diſtreſs, and ſees all the miſeries incident to human life without a ſigh or a prayer.' [An' pleaſe your honours, cried Trim, I think this a viler man than the other.]

'Shall not conſcience riſe up and ſting him on ſuch occaſions?—No; thank God there is no occaſion; *I pay 'every man his own; I have no fornication to anſwer 'to my conſcience;—no faithleſs vows or promiſes to 'make up;—I have debauched no man's wife or child; 'thank God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjuſt, 'or even as this libertine, who ſtands before me.*

'A third is crafty and deſigning in his nature. View 'his whole life;—'tis nothing but a cunning contexture 'of dark arts and unequitable ſubterfuges, baſely to 'defeat the true intent of all laws,—plain dealing, and 'the ſafe enjoyment of our ſeveral properties.—You 'will ſee ſuch a one working out a frame of little de'ſigns upon the ignorance and perplexities of the poor 'and needy man;—ſhall raiſe a fortune upon the inex'perience of a youth, or the unſuſpecting temper of his 'friend, who would have truſted him with his life.

'When old age comes on, and repentance calls him 'to look back upon this black account, and ſtate it over 'again with his conſcience—*Conſcience* looks into the

'*Statutes*

'*Statutes at Large*;—finds no expreſs law broken by 'what he has done;—perceives no penalty or forfeiture 'of goods and chattles incurred;—ſees no ſcourge wav-'ing over his head, or priſon opening its gates upon 'him:—What is there to affright his conſcience?—'Conſcience has got ſafely entrenched behind the let-'ter of the law; ſits there invulnerable, fortified with 'CASES and REPORTS ſo ſtrongly on all ſides, that 'it is not preaching can diſpoſſeſs it of its hold.'

[Here Corporal Trim and my uncle Toby exchanged looks with each other.—Aye, aye, Trim! quoth my uncle Toby, ſhaking his head,——theſe are but ſorry fortifications, Trim.——O! very poor work, anſwered Trim, to what your honour and I make of it.——The character of this laſt man, ſaid Dr. Slop, interrupting Trim, is more deteſtable than all the reſt;—and ſeems to have been taken from ſome pettifogging lawyer amongſt you:—Amongſt us, a man's conſcience could not poſſibly continue ſo long blinded——three times in a year, at leaſt, he muſt go to confeſſion. Will that reſtore it to ſight, quoth my uncle Toby?——Go on, Trim, quoth my father, or Obadiah will have got back before thou haſt got to the end of thy ſermon.—'Tis a very ſhort one, replied Trim.—I wiſh it was longer, quoth my uncle Toby, for I like it hugely.—Trim went on.]

'A fourth man ſhall want even this refuge;——ſhall 'break through all their ceremony of ſlow chicane;—— 'ſcorns the doubtful workings of ſecret plots and cau-'tious trains to bring about his purpoſe:——ſee the 'bare-faced villain, how he cheats, lies, perjures, robs, 'murders;—Horrid!——But indeed much better was 'not to be expected in the preſent caſe—the poor man 'was in the dark!———his prieſt had got the keeping 'of his conſcience;———and all he would let him 'know of it, was, That he muſt believe in the Pope; '——go to maſs;——croſs himſelf;——tell his beads; '——be a good Catholic, and that this, in all con-'ſcience, was enough to carry him to heaven. What; '—if he perjures!—Why;—he had a mental reſerva-

tion

'tion in it.——But if he is ſo wicked and abandoned 'a wretch as you repreſent him;—if he robs, if he 'ſtabs, will not conſcience on every ſuch act receive 'a wound itſelf?——Aye, but the man has carried it to 'confeſſion;—the wound digeſts there, and will do well 'enough, and in a ſhort time be quite healed up by ab-'ſolution. O Popery! what haſt thou to anſwer for?—'when not content with the too many natural and fatal 'ways, through which the heart of man is every day 'thus treacherous to itſelf above all things;—thou haſt 'wilfully ſet open the wide gate of deceit before the face 'of this unwary traveller, too apt, God knows, to go 'aſtray of himſelf; and confidently ſpeak peace to him-'ſelf, when there is no peace.

'Of this the common inſtances which I have drawn 'out of life, are too notorious to require much evidence. 'If any man doubts the reality of them, or thinks it 'impoſſible for a man to be ſuch a bubble to himſelf,—I 'muſt refer him a moment to his own reflections, and 'will then venture to truſt my appeal with his own 'heart.

'Let him conſider in how different a degree of deteſ-'tation, numbers of wicked actions ſtand *there*, though 'equally bad and vicious in their own natures;—he will 'ſoon find, that ſuch of them as ſtrong inclination and 'cuſtom have prompted him to commit, are generally 'dreſſed out and painted with all the falſe beauties which 'a ſoft and flattering hand can give them;—and that the 'others, to which he feels no propenſity, appear, at 'once, naked and deformed, ſurrounded with all the 'true circumſtances of folly and diſhonour.

'When David ſurprized Saul ſleeping in the cave, 'and cut off the ſkirt of his robe—we read his heart 'ſmote him for what he had done:——But in the mat-'ter of Uriah, where a faithful and gallant ſervant, 'whom he ought to have loved and honoured, fell to 'make way for his luſt,——where conſcience had ſo 'much greater reaſon to take the alarm, his heart ſmote 'him not. A whole year had almoſt paſſed from the 'firſt commiſſion of that crime, to the time Nathan

'was

'was ſent to reprove him; and we read not once of the 'leaſt ſorrow or compunction of heart which he teſtified, 'during all that time, for what he had done.

'Thus conſcience, this once able monitor, placed on 'high as a judge within us, and intended by our Maker 'as a juſt and equitable one too,—by an unhappy train 'of cauſes and impediments, takes often ſuch imper-'fect cognizance of what paſſes,—does its office ſo neg-'ligently,—ſometimes ſo corruptly,—that it is not to 'be truſted alone; and therefore we find there is an 'abſolute neceſſity of joining another principle with it, 'to aid, if not govern, its determinations.

'So that if you would form a judgment of what is of 'infinite importance to you not to be miſled in,—namely, 'in what degree of real merit you ſtand either as an ho-'neſt man, and uſeful citizen, a faithful ſubject to your 'king, or a good ſervant to your God,—call in religion 'and morality.—Look, What is written in the law of 'God?—How readeſt thou?—Conſult calm reaſon and 'the unchangeable obligations of juſtice and truth;— 'what ſay they?

'Let conſcience determine the matter upon theſe 'reports;—and then if thy heart condemns thee not, 'which is the caſe the apoſtle ſuppoſes,————the rule 'will be infallible;'—[Here Dr. Slop fell aſleep]— 'thou wilt have confidence towards God;—that is, have 'juſt grounds to believe the judgment thou haſt paſt 'upon thyſelf, is the judgment of God; and nothing 'elſe but an anticipation of that righteous ſentence which 'will be pronounced upon thee hereafter by that Being, 'to whom thou art finally to give an account of thy 'actions.'

"Bleſſed is the man." Indeed, then, as the author 'of the book of Eccleſiaſticus expreſſes it, who is not 'pricked with the multitude of his ſins; Bleſſed is the 'man whoſe heart hath not condemned him; whether he be 'rich, or whether he be poor, if he have a good heart (a 'heart thus guided and informed) he ſhall at all times re-'joice in a chearful countenance; his mind ſhall tell him 'more than ſeven watchmen that ſit above upon a tower

on

on high.'—[A tower has no ſtrength, quoth my uncle Toby, unleſs 'tis flanked.]—'In the darkeſt doubts it ſhall 'conduct him ſafer than a thouſand caſuiſts, and give the 'ſtate he lives in a better ſecurity for his behaviour than 'all the cauſes and reſtrictions put together, which law-'makers are forced to multiply:——Forced, as I ſay, as 'things ſtand; human laws not being a matter of ori-'ginal choice, but of pure neceſſity, brought into fence 'againſt the miſchievous effects of thoſe conſciences which 'are no law unto themſelves; well intending, by the 'many proviſions made, that in all ſuch corrupt and miſ-'guided caſes, where principles and the checks of con-'ſcience will not make us upright,——to ſupply their 'force, and, by the terrors of gaols and halters, oblige 'us to it.'

[I ſee plainly, ſaid my father, that this ſermon has been compoſed to be preached at the Temple,—or at ſome Aſſize.—I like the reaſoning,—and am ſorry that Dr. Slop has fallen aſleep before the time of his conviction;—for it is now clear, that the parſon, as I thought at firſt, never inſulted St. Paul in the leaſt;—nor has there been, brother, the leaſt difference between them.—A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle Toby;—the beſt friends in the world may differ ſometimes.———True,—brother Toby, quoth my father, ſhaking hands with him.——We'll fill our pipes, brother, and then Trim ſhall go on.

Well,—what doſt thou think of it? ſaid my father, ſpeaking to Corporal Trim, as he reached his tobacco-box.

I think, anſwered the corporal, that the ſeven watchmen upon the tower, who, I ſuppoſe, are all centinels there, are more, an' pleaſe your honour, than were neceſſary;—and, to go on at that rate, would harraſs a a regiment all to pieces, which a commanding officer, who loves his men, will never do, if he can help it, becauſe two centinels, added the corporal, are as good as twenty.—I have been a commanding officer myſelf in the Corps de Garde a hundred times, continued Trim, riſing an inch higher in his figure, as he ſpoke,——and

all the time I had the honour to ſerve his Majeſty King William, in relieving the moſt conſiderable poſts, I never left more than two in my life.——Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby;—but you do not conſider, Trim, that the towers, in Solomon's days, were not ſuch things as our baſtions, flanked and defended by other works;—this, Trim, was an invention ſince Solomon's death: nor had they horn-works, or ravelins before the curtin in his time;—or ſuch a foſſé as we make with a cuvette in the middle of it, and with covered ways and counterſcarps paliſadoed along it, to guard a Coup de main:—So that the ſeven men upon the tower were a party, I dare ſay, from the Corps de Garde, ſet there, not only to look out, but to defend it.—They could be no more, an' pleaſe your honour, than a Corporal's Guard.—My father ſmiled inwardly,—but not outwardly;——the ſubject being rather too ſerious, conſidering what had happened, to make a jeſt of.——So putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had juſt lighted, he contented himſelf with ordering Trim to read on. He read on as follows:

'To have the fear of God before our eyes, and in our mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions by the eternal meaſures of right and wrong;—The firſt of theſe will comprehend the duties of religion; the ſecond, thoſe of morality, which are ſo inſeparably connected together, that you cannot divide theſe two tables, even in imagination, (though the attempt is often made in practice,) without breaking and mutually deſtroying them both.

'I ſaid the attempt is often made; and ſo it is;——there being nothing more common than to ſee a man who has no ſenſe at all of religion, and indeed has ſo much honeſty as to pretend to none, who would take it as the bittereſt affront, ſhould you but hint at a ſuſpicion of his moral character,—or imagine he was not conſcientiouſly juſt and ſcrupulous to the uttermoſt mite.

'When there is ſome appearance that it is ſo,——though one is unwilling even to ſuſpect the appearance of ſo amiable a virtue as moral honeſty, yet were we to

look into the grounds of it, in the preſent caſe, I am perſuaded we ſhould find little reaſon to envy ſuch a one the honour of his motive.

'Let him declaim as pompouſly as he chuſes upon the ſubject, it will be found to reſt upon no better foundation than either his intereſt, his pride, his eaſe, or ſome ſuch little and changeable paſſion, as will give us but ſmall dependance upon his actions in matters of great diſtreſs.

'I will illuſtrate this by an example.

'I know the banker I deal with, or the phyſician I uſually call in,'—[there is no need, cried Dr. Slop, (waking) to call in any phyſician in this caſe]—'to be neither of them men of much religion: I hear them make a jeſt of it every day, and treat all its ſanctions with ſo much ſcorn, as to put the matter paſt doubt. Well;—notwithſtanding this, I put my fortune into the hands of the one;—and what is dearer ſtill to me, I truſt my life to the honeſt ſkill of the other.

'Now let me examine what is my reaſon for this great confidence.—Why, in the firſt place, I believe there is no probability that either of them will employ the power I put into their hands to my diſadvantage:—I conſider that honeſty ſerves the purpoſes of this life:—I know their ſucceſs in the world depends upon the fairneſs of their characters.—In a word, I am perſuaded that they cannot hurt me without hurting themſelves more.

'But put it otherwiſe, namely, that intereſt lay, for once, on the other ſide; that a caſe ſhould happen, wherein the one, without ſtain to his reputation, could ſecrete my fortune, and leave me naked in the world;—or that the other could ſend me out of it, and enjoy an eſtate by my death, without diſhonour to himſelf or his art:—in this caſe what hold have I of either of them?—Religion, the ſtrongeſt of all motives, is out of the queſtion;—intereſt, the next moſt powerful motive in the world, is ſtrongly againſt me:——What have I left to caſt into the oppoſite ſcale to balance this temptation? Alas! I have nothing,—nothing but what is lighter

than

than a bubble——I muſt lie at the mercy of *honour*, or ſome ſuch capricious principle——Strait ſecurity for two of the moſt valuable bleſſings!—my property and myſelf.

'As, therefore, we can have no dependence upon morality without religion;——ſo, on the other hand, there is nothing better to be expected from religion without morality:——nevertheleſs, 'tis no prodigy to ſee a man whoſe real moral character ſtands very low, who yet entertains the higheſt notion of himſelf, in the light of a religious man.

'He ſhall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable,—but even wanting in points of common honeſty; yet inaſmuch as he talks aloud againſt the infidelity of the age,——is zealous for ſome points of religion,——goes twice a-day to church,—attends the ſacraments, and amuſes himſelf with a few inſtrumental parts of religion,—ſhall cheat his conſcience into a judgment, that, for this, he is a religious man, and has diſcharged truly his duty to God: and you will find that ſuch a man, through force of this deluſion, generally looks down with ſpiritual pride upon every other man who has leſs affectation of piety,—though, perhaps, ten times more real honeſty than himſelf.

'*This likewiſe is a ſore evil under the ſun*; and I be-
'lieve, there is no one miſtaken principle, which, for
'its time, has wrought more ſerious miſchiefs.—For
'a general proof of this,—examine the hiſtory of the
'Romiſh church;'—[Well, what can you make of that? cried Dr. Slop]——'ſee what ſcenes of cruelty, mur-
'der, rapine, blood-ſhed,'——[They may thank their own obſtinacy, cried Dr. Slop]—'have all been ſancti-
'fied by a religion not ſtrictly governed by morality.

'In how many kingdoms of the world'———[Here Trim kept waving his right-hand from the ſermon to the extent of his arm, returning it backwards and forwards to the concluſion of the paragraph.]

'In how many kingdoms of the world has the cru-
'ſading ſword of this miſguided ſaint-errant ſpared
'neither age or merit, or ſex, or condition?—and, as

'he fought under the banners of a religion which ſet 'him looſe from juſtice and humanity, he ſhewed none; 'mercileſsly trampled upon both,—heard neither the 'cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied their diſtreſſes.'

[I have been in many a battle, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth Trim, ſighing, but never in ſo melancholy a one as this.—I would not have drawn a trigger in it againſt theſe poor ſouls,—to have been made a general officer.—Why? what do you underſtand of the affair? ſaid Dr. Slop, looking towards Trim, with ſomething more of contempt than the corporal's honeſt heart deſerved.—What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?—I know, replied Trim, that I never refuſed quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it;—but to a woman or child, continued Trim, before I would level my muſket at them, I would loſe my life a thouſand times.——Here's a crown for thee, Trim, to drink with Obadiah to-night, quoth my uncle Toby, and I'll give Obadiah another too.—God bleſs your honour, replied Trim;—I had rather theſe poor women and children had it.——Thou art an honeſt fellow, quoth my uncle Toby.—My father nodded his head,—as much as to ſay,—and ſo he is.———

But prithee, Trim, ſaid my father, make an end,——for I ſee thou haſt but a leaf or two left.

Corporal Trim read on.]

'If the teſtimony of paſt centuries in this matter is 'not ſufficient,—conſider at this inſtant, how the vota-'ries of that religion are every day thinking to do ſervice 'and honour to God, by actions which are a diſhonour 'and ſcandal to themſelves.

'To be convinced of this, go with me for a moment 'into the priſons of the inquiſition.'—[God help my poor brother Tom.]—Behold Religion, with Mercy 'and Juſtice chained down under her feet,—there ſitting 'ghaſtly upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks 'and inſtruments of torment. Hark!—hark! what a 'piteous groan!'—[Here Trim's face turned as pale as aſhes.]—'See the melancholy wretch who uttered it,'—[Here the tears began to trickle down]—'juſt brought

'forth

'forth to undergo the anguiſh of a mock trial, and en-
'dure the utmoſt pains that a ſtudied ſyſtem of cruelty
'has been able to invent.'——[D—m them all, quoth Trim, his colour returning into his face as red as blood.]
—'Behold this helpleſs victim delivered up to his tor-
'mentors,—his body ſo waſted with ſorrow and confine-
'ment.——[O! 'tis my brother, cried poor Trim in a moſt paſſionate exclamation, dropping the ſermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together—I fear 'tis poor Tom. My father's and my uncle Toby's heart yearned with ſympathy for the poor fellow's diſtreſs; even Slop himſelf acknowledged pity for him———— Why, Trim, ſaid my father, this is not a hiſtory———— 'tis a ſermon thou art reading; prithee begin the ſentence again.]————'Behold this helpleſs victim delivered
'up to his tormentors,——his body ſo waſted with ſor-
'row and confinement, you will ſee every nerve and
'muſcle as it ſuffers.

'Obſerve the laſt movement of that horrid engine!—[I would rather face a cannon, quoth Trim, ſtamping]
——'See what convulſions it has thrown him into!——
'Conſider the nature of the poſture in which he now
'lies ſtretched,——what exquiſite tortures he endures
'by it!'———[I hope 'tis not in Portugal.————]
''Tis all nature can bear! Good God! ſee how it keeps
'his weary ſoul hanging upon his trembling lips!' [I would not read another line of it, quoth Trim, for all this world!——I fear, an' pleaſe your honours, all this is in Portugal, where my poor brother Tom is. I tell thee, Trim, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an hiſtorical account,—'tis a deſcription.—'Tis only a deſcription, honeſt man, quoth Dr. Slop, there's not a word of truth in it.—That's another ſtory, replied my father.—However, as Trim reads it with ſo much concern,——'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.——Give me hold of the ſermon, Trim;—I'll finiſh it for thee, and thou mayeſt go. I muſt ſtay and hear it too, replied Trim, if your honour will allow me;————though I would not read it myſelf for a colonel's pay.—Poor Trim! quoth my uncle Toby. My father went on.]——

'Conſider the nature of the poſture in which he now 'lies ſtretched,——what exquiſite torture he endures by 'it!—'Tis all nature can bear! Good God! See how 'it keeps his weary ſoul hanging upon his trembling 'lips,—willing to take its leave,—but not ſuffered to 'depart!—Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his 'cell!'———[Then, thank God, however, quoth Trim, they have not killed him.]———'See him dragged out 'of it again to meet the flames, and the inſults in his 'laſt agonies, which this principle,——this principle, 'that there can be religion without mercy, has prepared 'for him.'——[Then, thank God,—he is dead, quoth Trim, he is out of his pain,—and they have done their worſt at him.——O Sirs!—Hold your peace, Trim, ſaid my father, going on with the ſermon, leſt Trim ſhould incenſe Dr. Slop,——we ſhall never have done at this rate.]

'The ſureſt way to try the merit of any diſputed 'notion is, to trace down the conſequences ſuch a notion 'has produced, and compare them with the ſpirit of 'Chriſtianity;———'tis the ſhort and deciſive rule 'which our Saviour hath left us, for theſe and ſuch-like 'caſes, and it is worth a thouſand arguments——— '*By their fruits ye ſhall know them.*

'I will add no farther to the length of this ſermon, 'than by two or three ſhort and independent rules dedu- 'cible from it.

'Firſt, Whenever a man talks loudly againſt religion, 'always ſuſpect that it is not his reaſon, but his paſ- 'ſions, which have got the better of his creed. A bad 'life and a good belief are diſagreeable and troubleſome 'neighbours, and where they ſeparate, depend upon it, 'tis for no other cauſe but quietneſs ſake.

'Secondly, when a man, thus repreſented, tells you 'in any particular inſtance,——that ſuch a thing goes 'againſt his conſcience,——always believe he means 'exactly the ſame thing, as when he tells you ſuch a 'thing goes againſt his ſtomach;—a preſent want of 'appetite being generally the true cauſe of both. In a

'word,

'word,—truſt that man in nothing, who has not a *con-*
'*ſcience* in every thing.

'And, in your own caſe, remember this plain diſ-
'tinction, a miſtake in which has ruined thouſands,——
'that your conſcience is not a law;——no, God and
'reaſon made the law, and have placed conſcience within
'you to determine;——not, like an Aſiatic Cadi, ac-
'cording to the ebbs and flows of his own paſſions,—
'but like a Britiſh judge in this land of liberty and
'good ſenſe, who makes no new law, but faithfully de-
'clares that law which he knows already written.'

FINIS.

Thou haſt read the ſermon extremely well, Trim, quoth my father.——————If he had ſpared his comments, replied Dr. Slop,——————he would have read it much better. I ſhould have read it ten times better, Sir, anſwered Trim, but that my heart was ſo full.—That was the very reaſon, Trim, replied my father, which has made thee read the ſermon as well as thou haſt done; and if the clergy of our church, continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. Slop, would take part in what they deliver as deeply as this poor fellow has done,—as their compoſitions are fine;—[I deny it, quoth Dr. Slop]—I maintain it,—that the eloquence of our pulpits, with ſuch ſubjects to inflame it, would be a model for the whole world:——But alas! continued my father, and I own it, Sir, with ſorrow, that, like French politicians in this reſpect, what they gain in the cabinet they loſe in the field.—'Twere a pity, quoth my uncle, that this ſhould be loſt.—I like the ſermon well, replied my father,——'tis dramatic,—and there is ſomething in that way of writing, when ſkilfully managed, which catches the attention.—We preach much in that way with us, ſaid Dr. Slop.—I know that very well, ſaid my father,—but in a tone and manner which diſguſted Dr. Slop full as much as his aſſent, ſimply, could have pleaſed him.———But in this, added

Dr.

Dr. Slop, a little piqued,—our ſermons have greatly the advantage, that we never introduce any character into them below a patriarch or a patriarch's wife, or a martyr or a ſaint.—There are ſome very bad characters in this, however, ſaid my father, and I do not think the ſermon a jot the worſe for 'em.—But pray, quoth my uncle Toby,—who's can this be?—How could it get into my Stevinus? A man muſt be as great a conjuror as Stevinus, ſaid my father, to reſolve the ſecond queſtion:—The firſt, I think, is not ſo difficult;—for, unleſs my judgment greatly deceives me,—I know the author, for 'tis wrote, certainly, by the parſon of the pariſh.

The ſimilitude of the ſtile and manner of it, with thoſe my father conſtantly had heard preached in his pariſh-church, was the ground of his conjecture,—proving it as ſtrongly, as an argument *à priori* could prove ſuch a thing to a philoſophic mind, that it was Yorick's, and no one's elſe:—It was proved to be ſo *à poſteriori* the day after, when Yorick ſent a ſervant to my uncle Toby's houſe to enquire after it.

It ſeems that Yorick, who was inquiſitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed Stevinus of my uncle Toby, and had careleſsly popped his ſermon, as ſoon as he had made it, into the middle of Stevinus; and by an act of forgetfulneſs, to which he was ever ſubject, he had ſent Stevinus home, and his ſermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated ſermon! Thou waſt loſt, after this recovery of thee—a ſecond time dropped through an unſuſpected fiſſure in thy maſter's pocket, down into a treacherous and a tattered lining,——trod deep into the dirt by the left hind-foot of his Roſinante inhumanly ſtepping upon thee as thou falled'ſt,——buried ten days in the mire, ——raiſed up out of it by a beggar,—ſold for a half-penny to a pariſh-clerk,—transferred to his parſon,—loſt for ever to thy own, the remainder of his days,—nor reſtored to his reſtleſs manes till this very moment, that I tell the world the ſtory.

Can the reader believe, that this ſermon of Yorick's was preached at an aſſize, in the cathedral of York, be-

fore

fore a thouſand witneſſes, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done,——and within ſo ſhort a ſpace as two years and three months after Yorick's death?—Yorick, indeed, was never better ſerved in his life;—but it was a little hard to mal-treat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it was in perfect charity with Yorick,—and, in conſcious juſtice, printed but a few copies to give away;—and, that I am told he could moreover have made as good a one himſelf, had he thought fit,—I declare I would not have publiſhed this anecdote to the world:————nor do I publiſh it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church;————I leave that to others;——but I find myſelf impelled by two reaſons, which I cannot withſtand.

The firſt is, that, in doing juſtice, I may give reſt to Yorick's ghoſt;——which,——as the country people, and ſome others, believe,—*ſtill walks.*

The ſecond reaſon is, that, by laying open this ſtory to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it—that in caſe the character of Parſon Yorick, and this ſample of his ſermons, is liked—there are now in the poſſeſſion of the Shandy family, as many as will make a handſome volume, at the world's ſervice,—and much good may they do it.

CHAP. VII.

OBADIAH gained the two crowns without diſpute; for he came in jingling with all the inſtruments in the green baize bag we ſpoke of, ſlung acroſs his body, juſt as Corporal Trim went out of the room.

It is now proper, I think, quoth Dr. Slop, (clearing up his looks,) as we are in a condition to be of ſome ſervice to Mrs. Shandy, to ſend up ſtairs to know how ſhe goes on.

I have ordered, anſwered my father, the old midwife to come down to us upon the leaſt difficulty;—for you muſt know, Dr. Slop, continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a ſmile upon his countenance, that by

expreſs treaty, ſolemnly ratified between me and my wife, you are no more than an auxiliary in this affair—and not ſo much as that—unleſs the lean old mother of a midwife above ſtairs cannot do without you.—Women have their particular fancies, and in points of this nature, continued my father, where they bear the whole burden, and ſuffer ſo much acute pain for the advantage of our families, and the good of the ſpecies—they claim a right of deciding, *en ſouveraines*, in whoſe hands, and in what faſhion, they chooſe to undergo it.

They are in the right of it, quoth my uncle Toby.—But, Sir, replied Dr. Slop, not taking notice of my uncle Toby's opinion, but turning to my father—they had better govern in other points;——and a father of a family, who wiſhes its perpetuity, in my opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up ſome other rights in lieu of it.—I know not, quoth my father, anſwering a little too teſtily, to be quite diſpaſſionate in what he ſaid——I know not, quoth he, what we have left to give up, in lieu of who ſhall bring our children into the world, unleſs that—of who ſhall beget them.—One would almoſt give up any thing, replied Dr. Slop.—I beg you pardon, anſwered my uncle Toby.—Sir, replied Dr. Slop, it would aſtoniſh you to know what improvements we have made of late years in all branches of obſtetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one ſingle point of the ſafe and expeditious extraction of the *fœtus*—which has received ſuch lights, that, for my part (holding up his hands) I declare I wonder how the world has—I wiſh, quoth my uncle Toby, you had ſeen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders.

CHAP. VIII.

I HAVE dropped the curtain over this ſcene for a minute—to remind you of one thing—and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you comes, I own, a little out of its due courſe;—for it ſhould have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foreſaw then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than

than elſewhere.—Writers had need look before them, to keep up the ſpirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When theſe two things are done—the curtain ſhall be drawn up again, and my uncle Toby, my father, and Dr. Slop, ſhall go on with their diſcourſe, without any more interruption.

Firſt, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this:—that from the ſpecimens of ſingularity in my father's notions in point of Chriſtian-names, and that other previous point thereto—you was led, I think, into an opinion (and I am ſure I ſaid as much) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimſical in fifty other opinions. In truth, there was not a ſtage in the life of man, from the very firſt act of his begetting—down to the lean and ſlippered pantaloon in his ſecond childiſhneſs, but he had ſome favourite notion to himſelf, ſpringing out of it, as ſceptical, and as far out of the highway of thinking, as theſe two which have been explained.

———Mr. Shandy, my father, Sir, would ſee nothing in the light in which others placed it;—he placed things in his own light;———he would weigh nothing in common ſcales;——no, he was too refined a reſearcher to lie open to ſo groſs an impoſition.——To come at the exact weight of things in the ſcientific ſteelyard, the fulcrum, he would ſay, ſhould be almoſt inviſible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets;——without this, the minutiæ of philoſophy, which would always turn the balance, will have no weight at all.—Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was diviſible *in infinitum*;——that the grains and ſcruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.——In a word, he would ſay, error was error—no matter where it fell—whether in a fraction—or a pound,——'twas alike fatal to truth, and ſhe was kept down at the bottom of her well, as inevitably by a miſtake in the duſt of a butterfly's wing—as in the diſk of the ſun, the moon, and all the ſtars of heaven put together.

He

He would often lament that it was for want of conſidering this properly, and of applying it ſkilfully to civil matters, as well as to ſpeculative truths, that ſo many things in this world were out of joint;——that the political arch was giving way;—and that the very foundations of our excellent conſtitution, in church and ſtate, were ſo ſapped as eſtimators had reported.

You cry out, he would ſay, we are a ruined, undone people. Why? he would aſk, making uſe of the ſorites or ſyllogiſm of Zeno and Chryſippus, without knowing it belonged to them.—Why? why are we a ruined people?—Becauſe we are corrupted!—Whence is it, dear Sir, that we are corrupted?—Becauſe we are needy;—our poverty, and not our wills, conſent.—And wherefore, he would add—are we needy?——From the neglect, he would anſwer, of our pence and our halfpence:—our Bank notes, Sir, our guineas——nay our ſhillings take care of themſelves.

'Tis the ſame, he would ſay, throughout the whole circle of ſciences;—the great, the eſtabliſhed points of them, are not to be broke in upon.—The laws of nature will defend themſelves:—but error—(he would add, looking earneſtly at my mother)——error, Sir, creeps in through the minute holes and ſmall crevices which human nature leaves unguarded.

This turn of thinking in my father, is what I had to remind you of:—the point you are to be informed of, and which I have reſerved for this place, is as follows:

Amongſt the many and excellent reaſons with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Dr. Slop's aſſiſtance preferably to that of the old wowan—there was one of a very ſingular nature; which, when he had done arguing the matter with her as a Chriſtian, and came to argue it over again with her as a philoſopher, he had put his whole ſtrength to, depending indeed upon it as his ſheet-anchor.—It failed him; though from no defect in the argument itſelf; but that, do what he could, he was not able for his ſoul to make her comprehend the drift of it.—Curſed luck!—ſaid he to himſelf, one afternoon, as he walked out of the room, after he had been

ſtating

ſtating it for an hour and a half to her, to no manner of purpoſe;—curſed luck!—ſaid he, biting his lip as he ſhut the door—for a man to be maſter of one of the fineſt chains of reaſoning in nature—and have a wife at the ſame time with ſuch a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a ſingle inference within ſide of it, to ſave his ſoul from deſtruction.

This argument, though it was entirely loſt upon my mother—had more weight with him than all his other arguments joined together:—I will therefore endeavour to do it juſtice—and ſet it forth with all the perſpicuity I am maſter of.

My father ſet out upon the ſtrength of theſe two following axioms:

Firſt, That an ounce of a man's own wit was worth a ton of other people's; and,

Secondly, (which, by the bye, was the ground-work of the firſt axiom—though it comes laſt,) That every man's wit muſt come from every man's own ſoul—and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all ſouls were by nature equal—and that the great difference between the moſt acute and the moſt obtuſe underſtanding—— was from no original ſharpneſs or bluntneſs of one thinking ſubſtance above or below another—but aroſe merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the ſoul principally took up her reſidence—he had made it the ſubject of his enquiry to find out the identical place.

Now, from the beſt accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was ſatisfied it could not be where Des Cartes had fixed it, upon the top of the pineal gland of the brain; which, as he philoſophied, formed a cuſhion for her about the ſize of a marrow pea; tho', to ſpeak the truth, as ſo many nerves did terminate all in that one place—'twas no bad conjecture;—and my father had certainly fallen with that great philoſopher plumb into the centre of the miſtake, had it not been for my uncle Toby, who reſcued him out of it, by a ſtory he told him of a Walloon officer at the battle of Landen, who

had one part of his brain ſhot away by a muſket ball,—and another part of it taken out after by a French ſurgeon; and after all recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

If death, ſaid my father, reaſoning with himſelf, is nothing but the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body,—and if it is true that people can walk about and do their buſineſs without brains,—then certes the ſoul does not inhabit there. Q. E. D.

As for that certain, very thin, ſubtle and very fragrant juice which Coglioniſſimo Borri, the great Milaneze phyſician, affirms, in a letter to Bartholine, to have diſcovered in the cellulæ of the occipital parts of the cerebellum, and which he likewiſe affirms to be the principal ſeat of the reaſonable ſoul, (for, you muſt know, in theſe latter and more enlightened ages, there are two ſouls in every man living,—the one, according to the great Metheglingius, being called the *animus*, the other, the *anima*;)—as for the opinion, I ſay, of Borri,—my father could never ſubſcribe to it by any means; the very idea of ſo noble, ſo refined, ſo immaterial, and ſo exalted a being as the anima, or even the animus, taking up her reſidence, and ſitting dabbling, like a tad-pole, all day long, both ſummer and winter, in a puddle,—or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin ſoever, he would ſay, ſhocked his imagination; he would ſcarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What, therefore, ſeemed the leaſt liable to objections of any, was that the chief ſenſorium, or head-quarters of the ſoul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were iſſued,—was in or near the cerebellum;——or rather ſomewhere about the *medulla oblongata*, wherein it was generally agreed by Dutch anatomiſts, that all the minute nerves, from all the organs of the ſeven ſenſes, concentered, like ſtreets and winding alleys, into a ſquare.

So far there was nothing ſingular in my father's opinion,—he had the beſt of philoſophers, of all ages and climates, to go along with him.——But here he tooka road of his own, ſetting up another Shandean hypotheſis upon

upon theſe corner ſtones they had laid for him;—and which ſaid hypotheſis equally ſtood its ground; whether the ſubtilty and fineneſs of the ſoul depended upon the temperature and clearneſs of the ſaid liquor, or of the finer net-work and texture in the cerebellum itſelf; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that, next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehenſible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is uſually meant by the name of good natural parts, do conſiſt;—that, next to this and his Chriſtian name, which were the two original and moſt efficacious cauſes of all;—that the third cauſe, or rather what logicians call the *Cauſa ſine qua non*, and without which all that was done was of no manner of ſignificance,——was the preſervation of this delicate and fine ſpun web, from the havock which was generally made in it by the violent compreſſion and cruſh which the head was made to undergo, by the nonſenſical method of bringing us into the world by that foremoſt.

————This requires explanation.

My father, who dipped into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senoneſis de Partu difficili* *, publiſhed by Adrianus Smelvgot, had found out, that the lax and pliable ſtate of a child's head in parturition, the bones of the cranium having no ſutures at that time,

* The author is here twice miſtaken; for *Lithopædus* ſhould be wrote thus, *Lithopædii Senonenſis, Icon.* The ſecond miſtake is, that this Lithopædus is not an author, but a drawing of a petrified child. The account of this, publiſhed by Athoſius, 1580, may be ſeen at the end of Cordæus's Works in Spachius. Mr. Triſtram Shandy has been led into this error, either from ſeeing Lithopædus's name of late in a catalogue of learned writers in Dr. ———, or by miſtaking Lithopædus for Trinecavellius,—from the too great ſimilitude of their names.

was ſuch,—that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in ſtrong labour-pains, was equal, upon an average, to the weight of 470 pounds avoirdupois acting perpendicularly upon it;—it ſo happened, that in 49 inſtances out of 50, the ſaid head was compreſſed and moulded into the ſhape of an oblong conical piece of dough, ſuch as a paſtry-cook generally rolls up in order to make a pye of.—Good God! cried my father, what havock and deſtruction muſt this make in the infinitely fine and tender texture of the cerebellum!—Or if there is ſuch a juice as Borri pretends,——is it not enough to make the cleareſt liquid in the world both feculent and mothery?

But how great was his apprehenſion, when he farther underſtood, that this force acting upon the very vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itſelf or cerebrum,——but that it neceſſarily ſqueezed and propelled the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, which was the immediate ſeat of the underſtanding.—Angels and miniſters of grace defend us! cried my father,—can any ſoul withſtand this ſhock!—No wonder the intellectual web is ſo rent and tattered as we ſee it; and that ſo many of our beſt heads are no better than a puzzled ſkein of ſilk—all perplexity—all confuſion within ſide.

But when my father read on, and was let into the ſecret, that when a child was turned topſy-turvy, which was eaſy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet;—that, inſtead of the cerebrum being propelled towards the cerebellum, the cerebellum, on the contrary, was propelled ſimply towards the cerebrum, where it could do no manner of hurt:—By heavens! cried he, the world is in a conſpiracy to drive out what little wit God has given us,—and the profeſſors of the obſtetric art are liſted into the ſame conſpiracy.—What is it to me which end of my ſon comes foremoſt into the world, provided all goes right after, and his cerebellum eſcapes uncruſhed?

It is the nature of an hypotheſis, whence once a man has conceived it, that it aſſimilates every thing to itſelf, as proper nouriſhment; and, from the firſt moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the ſtronger by

every

every thing you ſee, hear, read, or underſtand. This is of great uſe.

When my father was gone with this about a month, there was ſcarce a phœnomenon of ſtupidity or of genius which he could not readily ſolve by it;—it accounted for the eldeſt ſon being the greateſt blockhead in the family.—Poor devil, he would ſay—he made way for the capacity of his younger brothers.—It unriddled the obſervations of drivellers and monſtrous heads,—ſhewing *à priori*, it could not be otherwiſe,—unleſs **** I don't know what. It wonderfully explained and accounted for the acumen of the Aſiatic genius, and that ſprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the looſe and common-place ſolution of a clearer ſky, and a more perpetual ſun-ſhine, &c.——which, for aught he knew, might as well rarify and dilute the faculties of the ſoul into nothing, by one extreme,—as they are condenſed in colder climates by the other;——but he traced the affair up to its ſpring-head;——ſhewed that, in warmer climates, nature had laid a lighter tax upon the faireſt part of the creation;—their pleaſures more;—the neceſſity of their pains leſs; inſomuch that the preſſure and reſiſtance upon the vertex was ſo ſlight, that the whole organization of the cerebellum was preſerved:—nay, he did not believe, in natural births, that ſo much as a ſingle thread of the network was broke or diſplaced,——ſo that the ſoul might juſt act as ſhe liked.

When my father had got ſo far,—what a blaze of light did the accounts of the Cæſarean ſection, and of the towering geniuſes who had come ſafe into the world by it, caſt upon this hypotheſis! Here you ſee, he would ſay, there was no injury done to the ſenſorium;—no preſſure of the head againſt the pelvis; no propulſion of the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, either by the *os pubis* on this ſide, or the *os coxygis* on that;—and pray, what were the happy conſequences? Why, ſir, your Julius Cæſar, who gave the operation a name;—and your Hermes Triſmegiſtus, who was born ſo before ever the operation had a name;—your Scipio Africanus;—your

Manlius Torquatus; our Edward the ſixth,—who, had he lived, would have done the ſame honour to the hypotheſis:—theſe, and many more who figured high in the annals of fame,—all came *ſide way*, ſir, into the world.

The inciſion of the abdomen and uterus ran for ſix weeks together in my father's head:—he had read, and was ſatisfied, that wounds in the epigaſtrium, and thoſe in the matrix, were not mortal;—ſo that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a paſſage to the child. He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother,—merely as a matter of fact; but ſeeing her turn as pale as aſhes at the very mention of it, as much as the operation flattered his hopes,—he thought it as well to ſay no more of it,—contenting himſelf with admiring,—what he thought was to no purpoſe to propoſe.

This was my father Mr. Shandy's hypotheſis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother Bobby did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we ſpoke of: for happening not only to be chriſtened, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at Epſom,—being moreover my mother's firſt child,——coming into the world with his head foremoſt——and turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful ſlow parts,—my father ſpelt all theſe together into his opinion;—and as he had failed at one end,—he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the ſiſterhood, who are not eaſily to be put out of their way,—and was therefore one of my father's great reaſons in favour of a man of ſcience, whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Dr. Slop was the fitteſt for my father's purpoſe;—for though this new invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained to be the ſafeſt inſtrument of deliverance, yet, it ſeems, he had ſcattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy;—though not with a view to the ſoul's good in extracting by the feet, as was my father's ſyſtem,—but for reaſons merely obſtetrical.

This

This accounts for the coalition betwixt my father and Dr. Slop, in the enſuing diſcourſe, which went a little hard againſt my uncle Toby.—In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common-ſenſe, could bear up againſt two ſuch allies in ſcience,—is hard to conceive.—You may conjecture upon it, if you pleaſe,—and whilſt your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and diſcover by what cauſes and effects in nature it could come to paſs, that my uncle Toby got his modeſty by the wound he received upon his groin.—You may raiſe a ſyſtem to account for the loſs of my noſe by marriage-articles;——and ſhew the world how it could happen, that I ſhould have the misfortune to be called Triſtram, in oppoſition to my father's hypotheſis, and the wiſh of the whole family, god-fathers and god-mothers not excepted.—Theſe, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to ſolve if you have time:—but I tell you beforehand, it will be in vain; for not the ſage Alquiſe, the magician in Don Belianis of Greece, nor the no leſs famous Urganda, the ſorcereſs his wife (were they alive,) could pretend to come within a league of the truth.

The reader will content to wait for a full explanation of theſe matters till the next year,—when a ſeries of things will be laid open which he little expects.

CHAP. IX.

——"I Wiſh, Dr. Slop," quoth my uncle Toby (repeating his wiſh for Dr. Slop a ſecond time, and with a degree of more zeal and earneſtneſs in his manner of wiſhing, than he had wiſhed at firſt*)—"I wiſh, Dr. "Slop," quoth my uncle Toby, "you had ſeen what "prodigious armies we had in Flanders."

My uncle Toby's wiſh did Dr. Slop a diſſervice which his heart never intended any man;—Sir, it confounded him—and thereby putting his ideas firſt into confuſion, and then to flight, he could not rally them again for the ſoul of him.

* Vide page 34.

In

In all diſputes,—male or female,—whether for honour, for profit, or for love,—it makes no difference in the caſe;—nothing is more dangerous, madam, than a wiſh coming ſideways in this unexpected manner upon a man: the ſafeſt way in general to take off the force of the wiſh, is for the party wiſh'd at, inſtantly to get upon his legs —and wiſh the wiſher ſomething in return, of pretty near the ſame value—ſo balancing the account upon the ſpot, you ſtand as you were—nay, ſometimes gain the advantage of the attack by it.

This will be fully illuſtrated to the world in my chapter of wiſhes.—

Dr. Slop did not underſtand the nature of this defence; ——he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire ſtop to the diſpute for four minutes and a half;—five had been fatal to it.—My father ſaw the danger—the diſpute was one of the moſt intereſting diſputes in the world, "Whether the child of his prayers and endeavours ſhould be born without a head or with one:—he waited to the laſt moment to allow Dr. Slop, in whoſe behalf the wiſh was made, his right of returning it; but perceiving, I ſay, that he was confounded, and continued looking with that perplexed vacuity of eye which puzzled ſouls generally ſtare with—firſt in my uncle Toby's face——then in his——then up——then down—then eaſt—eaſt and by eaſt, and ſo on,—coaſting it along by the plinth of the wainſcot till he had got to the oppoſite point of the compaſs,—and that he had actually begun to count the braſs nails upon the arm of his chair,—my father thought there was no time to be loſt with my uncle Toby, ſo took up the diſcourſe as follows.

CHAP. X.

"—WHAT prodigious armies you had in Flanders!"

Brother Toby, replied my father, taking his wig from off his head with his right hand, and with his left pulling out a ſtriped India handkerchief from his right coat pocket, in order to rub his head, as he argued the point with my uncle Toby.—

——Now

———Now in this I think my father was much to blame: and I will give you my reaſons for it.

Matters of no more ſeeming conſequence in themſelves than, "Whether my father ſhould have taken off his wig with his right hand or with his left," have divided the greateſt kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them to totter upon their heads. ——But need I tell you, ſir, that the circumſtances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world its ſize and ſhape!—and by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing to be, what it is—great—little—good—bad—indifferent or not indifferent, juſt as the caſe happens?

As my father's India handkerchief was in his right coat pocket, he ſhould by no means have ſuffered his right hand to have got engaged: on the contrary, inſtead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head, called out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done, but to have put his right hand into his right coat pocket, and taken it out;—which he might have done without any violence, or the leaſt ungraceful twiſt in any one tendon or muſcle of his whole body.

In this caſe (unleſs, indeed, my father had been reſolved to make a fool of himſelf by holding the wig ſtiff in his left hand—or by making ſome nonſenſical angle or other at his elbow joint, or arm-pit)—his whole attitude had been eaſy—natural—unforced: Reynolds himſelf, as great and gracefully as he paints, might have painted him as he ſat.

Now as my father managed this matter,——conſider what a devil of a figure my father made of himſelf.

In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, and in the beginning of the reign of King George the Firſt—"Coat-pockets were cut very low down in the ſkirt."—I need ſay no more—the father of miſchief, had he been hammering at it a month, could not have contrived a worſe faſhion for one in my father's ſituation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

IT was not an eaſy matter in any king's reign (unleſs you were as lean a ſubject as myſelf) to have forced your hand diagonally quite acroſs your whole body, ſo as to gain the bottom of your oppoſite coat pocket.—— In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen, when this happened, it was extremely difficult; ſo that when my uncle Toby diſcovered the tranſverſe zig-zaggery of my father's approaches towards it, it inſtantly brought into his mind thoſe he had done duty in before the gate of St. Nicholas;——the idea of which drew off his attention ſo entirely from the ſubject in debate, that he had got his right hand to the bell to ring up Trim to go and fetch his map of Namur, and his compaſſes and ſector along with it, to meaſure the returning angles of the traverſes of that attack—but particularly of that one, where he received his wound upon his groin.

My father knit his brows, and as he knit them, all the blood in his body ſeemed to ruſh up into his face—my uncle Toby diſmounted immediately.

———I did not apprehend your uncle Toby was o'horſeback.——

CHAP. XII.

A Man's body and his mind, with the utmoſt reverence to both I ſpeak it, are exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining;—rumple the one—you rumple the other. There is one certain exception however in this caſe, and that is, when you are ſo fortunate a fellow as to have had your jerkin made of gum-taffeta, and the body-lining to it of a ſarcenet or thin Perſian.

Zeno, Cleanthes, Diogenes Babylonius, Dionyſius, Heracletes, Antipater, Panætius, and Poſſidonius amongſt the Greeks;——Cato and Varro and Seneca amongſt the Romans;——Pantenus and Clemens Alexandrinus and Montaigne amongſt the Chriſtians; and a ſcore and a half of good, honeſt, unthinking Shandean people as ever lived, whoſe names I can't recollect,—all pretended that their jerkins were made after this faſhion,—you might have rumpled and crumpled, and doubled

and

and creaſed, and fretted and fridged the outſide of them all to pieces;—in ſhort, you might have played the very devil with them, and at the ſame time, not one of the inſides of them would have been one button the worſe for all you had done to them.

I believe in my conſcience that mine is made up ſomewhat after this ſort:——for never poor jerkin has been tickled off at ſuch a rate as it has been theſe laſt nine months together,—and yet I declare, the lining to it, —as far as I am a judge of the matter, is not a threepenny piece the worſe;—pell mell, helter ſkelter, ding dong, cut and thruſt, back ſtroke and fore ſtroke, ſide way and long way, have they been trimming it for me: —had there been the leaſt gumminеſs in my lining,—by heaven! it had all of it long ago been frayed and fretted to a thread.

——You Meſſrs. the Monthly Reviewers!—how could you cut and ſlaſh my jerkin as you did?—how did you know, but you would cut my lining too?

Heartily and from my ſoul, to the protection of that Being who will injure none of us, do I recommend you and your affairs,—ſo God bleſs you; only next month, if any of you ſhould gnaſh his teeth, and ſtorm and rage at me, as ſome of you did laſt MAY (in which I remember the weather was very hot)—don't be exaſperated, if I paſs it by again with good temper,—being determined as long as I live or write (which in my caſe means the ſame thing) never to give the honeſt gentleman a worſe word, or a worſe wiſh, than my uncle Toby gave the fly which buzzed about his noſe all dinner-time,——"Go, "go, poor devil (quoth he)—get thee gone,—why "ſhould I hurt thee? This world is ſurely wide enough "to hold both thee and me."

CHAP. XIII.

ANY man, madam, reaſoning upwards, and obſerving the prodigious ſuffuſion of blood in my father's countenance,—by means of which (as all the blood in his body ſeemed to ruſh into his face, as I told you) he muſt have rendened, pictorically and ſcientifically ſpeaking,

ſpeaking, ſix whole tints and a half, if not a full octave above his natural colour:—any man, madam, but my uncle Toby, who had obſerved this, together with the violent knitting of my father's brows, and the extravagant contortion of his body during the whole affair,—would have concluded my father in a rage; and taking that for granted,—had he been a lover of ſuch kind of concord as ariſes from two ſuch inſtruments being put in exact tune,—he would inſtantly have ſcrewed up his, to the ſame pitch;——and then the devil and all had broke looſe———the whole piece, madam, muſt have been played off like the ſixth of Aviſon Scarlatti—*con furia*,—like mad.—Grant me patience! What has con furia,—con ſtrepito—or any other hurly burly whatever to do with harmony?

Any man, I ſay, madam, but my uncle Toby, the benignity of whoſe heart interpreted every motion of the body in the kindeſt ſenſe the motion would admit of, would have concluded my father angry, and blamed him too. My uncle Toby blamed nothing but the taylor who cut the pocket-hole;—ſo ſitting ſtill till my father had got his handkerchief out of it, and looking all the time up in his face with inexpreſſible good will—my father at length went on as follows.

CHAP. XIV.

"——WHAT prodigious armies you had in Flanders!"

Brother Toby, quoth my father, I do believe thee to be as honeſt a man, and with as good and as upright a heart, as ever God created;—nor is it thy fault, if all the children which have been, may, can, ſhall, will, or ought to be begotten, come with their heads foremoſt into the world:——but believe me, dear Toby, the accidents which unavoidably way-lay them, not only in the article of our begetting 'em—though theſe, in my opinion, are well worth conſidering,—but the dangers and difficulties our children are beſet with, after they are got forth into the world, are enow,—little need is there to expoſe them to unneceſſary ones in their paſſage to it.

—Are

—Are theſe dangers, quoth my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon my father's knee, and looking up ſeriouſly in his face for an anſwer, are theſe dangers greater now o'days, brother, than in times paſt? Brother Toby, anſwered my father, if a child was but fairly begot, and born alive, and healthy, and the mother did well after it, our forefathers never looked farther.—My uncle Toby inſtantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, and raiſed his head till he could juſt ſee the cornice of the room, and then directing the buccinatory muſcles along his cheeks, and the orbicular muſcles around his lips to do their duty——he whiſtled Lillabullero.

CHAP. XV.

WHILST my uncle Toby was whiſtling Lillabullero to my father,—Dr. Slop was ſtamping, and curſing and daming at Obadiah at a moſt dreadful rate: —it would have done your heart good, and cured you, ſir, for ever of the vile ſin of ſwearing, to have heard him. I am determined therefore to relate the whole affair to you.

When Doctor Slop's maid delivered the green bays bag, with her maſter's inſtruments in it, to Obadiah, ſhe very ſenſibly exhorted him to put his head and one arm through the ſtrings, and ride with it ſlung acroſs his body: ſo undoing the bow-knot to lengthen the ſtrings for him, without any more ado, ſhe helped him on with it. However, as this, in ſome meaſure, unguarded the mouth of the bag, leſt any thing ſhould bolt out in galloping back at the ſpeed Obadiah threatened, they conſulted to take it off again: and in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had taken the two ſtrings and tied them cloſe (purſing up the mouth of the bag firſt) with half a dozen hard knots, each of which Obadiah, to make all ſafe, had twitched and drawn together with all the ſtrength of his body.

This anſwered all that Obadiah and the maid intended; but was no remedy againſt ſome evils which neither he or ſhe foreſaw. The inſtruments, it ſeems,

as tight as the bag was tied above, had ſo much room to play in it, towards the bottom (the ſhape of the bag being conical) that Obadiah could not make a trot of it, but with ſuch a terrible jingle, what with the tire tête, forceps, and ſquirt, as would have been enough, had Hymen been taking a jaunt that way, to have frightened him out of the country; but when Obadiah accelerated this motion, and from a plain trot aſſayed to prick his coach-horſe into a full gallop——by heaven! Sir, the jingle was incredible.

As Obadiah had a wife and three children——the turpitude of fornication, and the many other political ill conſequences of this jingling, never once entered his brain:—he had however his objection, which came home to himſelf, and weighed with him, as it has oft times done with the greateſt patriots——"The poor fellow, "Sir, was not able to hear himſelf whiſtle."

CHAP. XVI.

AS Obadiah loved wind-muſic preferably to all the inſtrument muſic he carried with him,—he very conſiderately ſet his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what means he ſhould put himſelf in a condition of enjoying it.

In all diſtreſſes (except muſical) where ſmall cords are wanted, nothing is ſo apt to enter a man's head as his hat-band:——the philoſophy of this is ſo near the ſurface——I ſcorn to enter into it.

As Obadiah's was a mixed caſe——mark, Sirs,—I ſay a mixed caſe; for it was obſtetrical,——ſcrip-tical, ſquirtical, papiſtical——and as far as the coach-horſe was concerned in it,——caball-iſtical—and only partly muſical;——Obadiah made no ſcruple of availing himſelf of the firſt expedient which offered; ſo taking hold of the bag and inſtruments, and griping them hard together with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other putting the end of the hat-band betwixt his teeth, and then ſlipping his hand down to the middle of it,———he tied and croſs-tied them all faſt together from one end to the other (as you would cord a trunk)

with

with ſuch a multiplicity of round-abouts and intricate croſs turns, with a hard knot at every interſection or point where the ſtrings met,——that Dr. Slop muſt have had three fifths of Job's patience at leaſt to have unlooſed them.———I think in my conſcience, that had Nature been in one of her nimble moods, and in humour for ſuch a conteſt——and ſhe and Dr. Slop both fairly ſtarted together——there is no man living who had ſeen the bag with all that Obadiah had done to it,——and known likewiſe the great ſpeed the goddeſs can make when ſhe thinks proper, who would have had the leaſt doubt remaining in his mind—which of the two would have carried off the prize. My mother, madam, had been delivered ſooner than the green bag infallibly——at leaſt by twenty knots.——Sport of ſmall accidents, Triſtram Shandy! that thou art, and ever will be! had that trial been for thee, and it was fifty to one but it had,——— thy affairs had not been ſo depreſſed——(at leaſt by the depreſſion of my noſe)—as they have been; nor had the fortunes of thy houſe, and the occaſions of making them, which have ſo often preſented themſelves in the courſe of thy life, to thee, been ſo often, ſo vexatiouſly, ſo tamely, ſo irrecoverably abandoned——as thou haſt been forced to leave them:——but 'tis over,—all but the account of 'em, which cannot be given to the curious till I am got out into the world.

CHAP. XVII.

GREAT wits jump: for the moment Dr. Slop caſt his eyes upon his bag (which he had not done till the diſpute with my uncle Toby about midwifery put him in mind of it)——the very ſame thought occurred. —'Tis God's mercy (quoth he to himſelf) that Mrs. Shandy has had ſo bad a time of it,———elſe ſhe might have been brought to bed ſeven times told, before one half of theſe knots could have got untied.———But here, you muſt diſtinguiſh—the thought floated only in Dr. Slop's mind, without ſail or ballaſt to it, as a ſimple propoſition; millions of which, as your worſhip knows, are every day ſwimming quietly in the middle

of the thin juice of a man's underſtanding, without being carried backwards or forwards, till ſome little guſt of paſſion or intereſt drive them to one ſide.

A ſudden trampling in the room above, near my mother's bed, did the propoſition the very ſervice I am ſpeaking of. By all that's unfortunate, quoth Dr. Slop, unleſs I make haſte, the thing will actually befal me as it is.

CHAP. XVIII.

IN the caſe of knots,—by which, in the firſt place, I would not be underſtood to mean ſlip-knots—becauſe in the courſe of my life and opinions——my opinions concerning them will come in more properly when I mention the cataſtrophe of my great uncle Mr. Hammond Shandy,——a little man,——but of high fancy:——he ruſhed into the duke of Monmouth's affair:——nor, ſecondly, in this place, do I mean that particular ſpecies of knots called bow-knots;——there is ſo little addreſs, or ſkill, or patience required in the unlooſing them, that they are below my giving any opinion at all about them.——But by the knots I am ſpeaking of, may it pleaſe your reverences to believe, that I mean good, honeſt, deviliſh tight, hard knots, made *bonâ fide*, as Obadiah made his;——in which there is no quibbling proviſion made by the duplication and return of the two ends of the ſtrings through the annulus or nooſe made by the ſecond implication of them—to get them ſlipped and undone by.——I hope you apprehend me.

In the caſe of theſe knots then, and of the ſeveral obſtructions, which, may it pleaſe your reverences, ſuch knots caſt in our way in getting through life—every haſty man can whip out his penknife and cut through them.——'Tis wrong. Believe me, Sir, the moſt virtuous way, and which, both reaſon and conſcience dictate—is to take our teeth or our fingers to them.—Dr. Slop had loſt his teeth——his favourite inſtrument, by extracting in a wrong direction, or, by ſome miſapplication of it, unfortunately ſlipping, he had formerly, in a hard labour, knock'd out three of the beſt of them with

with the handle of it:———he tried his fingers——alas! the nails of his fingers and thumbs were cut cloſe.——— The duce take it! I can make nothing of it either way, cried Dr. Slop.———The trampling over head near my mother's bed-ſide increaſed.———Pox take the fellow! I ſhall never get the knots untied as long as I live.—— My mother gave a groan.——Lend me your penknife ——I muſt e'en cut the knots at laſt———pugh!—— pſha!——Lord! I have cut my thumb quite acroſs to the very bone——curſe the fellow—if there was not another man-midwife within fifty miles—I am undone for this bout—I wiſh the ſcoundrel hang'd——I wiſh he was ſhot—I wiſh all the devils in hell had him for a blockhead!

My father had a great reſpect for Obadiah, and could not bear to hear him diſpoſed of in ſuch a manner—— he had moreover ſome little reſpect for himſelf, and could as ill bear with the indignity offered to himſelf in it.

Had Dr. Slop cut any part about him but his thumb ———my father had paſs'd it by—his prudence had triumphed: as it was, he was determined to have his revenge.

Small curſes, Dr. Slop, upon great occaſions, quoth my father (condoling with him firſt upon the accident) are but ſo much waſte of our ſtrength and ſoul's health to no manner of purpoſe.——I own it, replied Dr. Slop. —They are like ſparrow-ſhot, quoth my uncle Toby, (ſuſpending his whiſtling) fired againſt a baſtion.—They ſerve, continued my father, to ſtir the humours——but carry off none of their acrimony:———for my own part, I ſeldom ſwear or curſe at all———I hold it bad—— but if I fall into it by ſurprize, I generally retain ſo much preſence of mind (right, quoth my uncle Toby) as to make it anſwer my purpoſe———that is, I ſwear on till I find myſelf eaſy. A wiſe and a juſt man however would always endeavour to proportion the vent given to theſe humours, not only to the degree of them ſtirring within himſelf—but to the ſize and ill intent of the offence upon which they are to fall.——"Injuries "come only from the heart,"——quoth my uncle Toby.

For this reaſon, continued my father, with the moſt Cervantick gravity, I have the greateſt veneration in the world for that gentleman, who, in diſtruſt of his own diſcretion in this point, ſat down and compoſed (that is at his leiſure) fit forms of ſwearing ſuitable to all caſes, from the loweſt to the higheſt provocations which could poſſibly happen to him——which forms being well conſidered by him, and ſuch moreover as he could ſtand to, he kept them ever by him on the chimney-piece, within his reach, ready for uſe—I never apprehended, replied Dr. Slop, that ſuch a thing was ever thought of——much leſs executed. I beg your pardon, anſwered my father; I was reading, though not uſing, one of them to my brother Toby this morning, whilſt he poured out the tea—'tis here upon the ſhelf over my head:—If I remember right, 'tis too violent for a cut of the thumb. ——Not at all, quoth Dr. Slop—the devil take the fellow.—Then, anſwered my father, 'tis much at your ſervice, Dr. Slop—on condition you will read it aloud;—ſo riſing up, and reaching down a form of excommunication of the church of Rome, a copy of which my father (who was curious in his collections) had procured out of the ledger-book of the church of Rocheſter, writ by Ernulphus the biſhop—with a moſt affected ſerioufneſs of look and voice, which might have cajoled Ernulphus himſelf ——he put it into Dr. Slop's hands.——Dr. Slop wrapt his thumb up in the corner of his handkerchief, and with a wry face, though without any ſuſpicion, read aloud, as follows——my uncle Toby whiſtling Lillabullero as loud as he could all the time.

Textus de Eccleſiâ Roffenſi, per Ernulfum Epiſcopum.

CAP. XIX.

EXCOMMUNICATIO.

EX auctoritate Dei omnipotentis, Patris, et Filij, et Spiritus Sancti, et ſanctorum canonum, ſanctæque et entemeratæ Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ,———

——Atque omnium cœleſtium virtutum, angelorum, archangelorum, thronorum, dominationum, poteſtatum, cherubin ac ſeraphin, & ſanctorum patriarchum, prophetarum, & omnium apoſtolorum & avangeliſtarum, & ſanctorum innocentum, qui in conſpectu Agni ſoli digni inventi ſunt canticum cantare novum, et ſanctorum martyrum, et ſanctorum confeſſorum, et ſanctarum virginum,

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As the genuineneſs of the conſulation of the *Sorbonne* upon the queſtion of baptiſm was doubted by ſome, and denied by others———'twas thought proper to print the original of this excommunication; for the copy of which Mr. Shandy returns thanks to the chapter clerk of the dean and chapter of Rocheſter.

CHAP. XX.

'BY the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, and of the holy canons, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and patroneſs of our Saviour.'—I think there is no neceſſity, quoth Dr. Slop, dropping the paper down to his knee, and addreſſing himſelf to my father——as you have read it over, Sir, ſo lately, to read it aloud——and as Captain Shandy ſeems to have no inclination to hear it——I may as well read it to myſelf. That's contrary to treaty, replied my father:—beſides, there is ſomething ſo whimſical, eſpecially in the latter part of it, I ſhould grieve to loſe the pleaſure of a ſecond reading. Dr. Slop did not altogether like it——but my uncle Toby offering at that inſtant to give over whiſtling, and read it himſelf to them;——Dr. Slop thought he might as well read it under the cover of my uncle Toby's whiſtling——as ſuffer my uncle Toby to read alone;——ſo raiſing up the paper to his face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to hide his chagrin——he read it aloud as follows—my uncle Toby whiſtling *Lillabullero*, though not quite ſo loud as before.

'By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and patroneſs of our Saviour, and of all the celeſtial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, cherubins and ſeraphins, and of all the holy patriarchs, prophets, and of all the apoſtles and evangeliſts, and of the holy innocents, who in the ſight of the Holy Lamb are found worthy to ſing the new ſong of the holy martyrs and holy confeſſors, and of the holy virgins, and of all the ſaints together,

virginum, atque ominum ſimul ſanctorum et electorum
vel os
Dei,——Excommunicamus, et anathematizamus hunc
s *vel* os s
furem, vel hunc malefactorem, N. N. et a liminibus ſanctæ Dei eccleſiæ ſequeſtramus, et æternis ſuppliciis
vel i n
excruciandus, mancipetur, cum Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino Deo, Recede á nobis, ſcientiam viarum tuarum nolumus: et ſicut aquâ ignis
vel eorum
extinguitur, ſic extinguatur lucerna ejus in ſecula ſeculo-
n n
rum niſi reſquerit, et ad ſatisfactionem venerit. Amen.

os
Maledicat illum Deus Pater qui hominem creavit.
os
Maledicat illum Dei Filius qui pro homine paſſus eſt.
os
Maledicat illum Spiritus Sanctus qui in baptiſmo effu-
os
ſus eſt. Maledicat illum ſancta crux, quam Chriſtus pro noſtrâ ſalute hoſtem triumphans aſcendit.

os
Maledicat illum ſancta Dei genetrix et perpetua Vir-
os
go Maria. Maledicat illum ſanctus Michael, anima-
os
rum ſuſceptor ſacrarum. Maledicant illum omnes angeli et archangeli, principatus, et poteſtates, omniſque militia cœleſtis.

os
Maledicat illum patriarcharum et prophetarum lauda-
os
bilis numerus. Maledicat illum ſanctus Johannes Præcurſor et Baptiſta Chriſti, et ſanctus Petrus, et ſanctus
Paulus,

'together, with the holy and elect of God.——May 'he, (*Obadiah*) be damned, for tying theſe knots. We 'excommunicate and anathematiſe him, and from the 'threſholds of the holy church of God Almighty we 'ſequeſter him, that he may be tormented, diſpoſed 'and delivered over with *Dathan* and *Abiram*, and 'with thoſe who ſay unto the Lord God, Depart from 'us, we deſire none of thy ways. And as fire is quench-'ed with water, ſo let the light of him be put out for 'evermore, unleſs it ſhall repent him,' (*Obadiah*, of the knots which he has tied) 'and make ſatisfaction' (for them.) 'Amen.'

'May the Father who created man, curſe him.—— 'May the Son who ſuffered for us, curſe him.——— 'May the Holy Ghoſt, who was given to us in baptiſm, 'curſe him (Obadiah.)—May the holy croſs which 'Chriſt, for our ſalvation triumphing over his enemies, 'aſcended, curſe him.

'May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother of 'God, curſe him——May St. Michael, the advocate of 'holy ſouls, curſe him. May all the angels and arch-'angels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly 'armies, curſe him.' [Our armies ſwore terribly in Flanders, cried my uncle Toby,——but nothing to this.—For my own part, I could not have the heart to curſe my dog ſo.]

'May St John the Præcurſor, and St John the Bap-'tiſt, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and

'all

Paulus, atque ſanctus Andreas, omneſque Chriſti apoſtoli, ſimul et cæteri diſcipuli, quatuor quoque evangeliſtæ, qui ſua prædicatione mundum univerſum con-

os

verterunt. Maledicat illum cuncus martyrum et confeſſorum mirificus, qui Deo bonis operibus placitus inventus eſt.

os

Maledicant illum ſacrarum virginum chori, quæ mundi vana cauſa honoris Chriſti reſpuenda contempſe-

os

runt. Maledicant illum omnes ſancti qui ab initio mundi uſque in finem ſeculi Deo dilecti inveniuntur.

os

Maledicant illum cœli et terra, et omnia ſancta in eis manentia.

i n n

Maledictus ſit ubicunque fuerit, ſive in domo, ſive in agro, ſive in viâ, ſive in ſemitâ, ſive in ſylvâ, ſive in aquâ, ſive in eccleſiâ.

i n

Maledictus ſit vivendo, moriendo, —— ——

—————— —————— ——————

—————— —————— ——————

—————— —————— ——————

—————— —————— ——————

manducando, bibendo, eſuriendo, ſitiendo, jejunando, dormitando, dormiendo, vigilando, ambulando, ſtando, ſedendo, jacendo, operando, quieſcendo, mingendo, cacando, flebotomando.

i n

Maledictus ſit in totis viribus corporis.

i n

Maledictus ſit intùs et exteriùs.

i n n

Maledictus ſit in capillis; maledictus ſit in cerebro.

i n

Maledictus ſit in vertice, in temporibus, in fronte, in

i auriculis,

'all other Chriſt's apoſtles, together, curſe him. And 'may the reſt of his diſciples, and four evangeliſts, 'who by their preaching converted the univerſal world, 'and may the holy and wonderful company of martyrs 'and confeſſors, who, by their holy works, are found 'pleaſing to God Almighty, curſe him,' (Obadiah.)

'May the holy choirs of the holy virgins, who for 'the honour of Chriſt have deſpiſed the things of the 'world, damn him.——May all the ſaints, who from 'the beginning of the world to everlaſting ages are 'found to be beloved of God, damn him.———May 'the heavens and earth, and all the holy things remain-'ing therein, damn him (Obadiah) or her,' (or who-'ever elſe had a hand in tying theſe knots.)

'May he (Obadiah) be damn'd wherever he be—— 'whether in the houſe or the ſtables, the garden or the 'field, or the highway, or in the path, or in the wood, 'or in the water, or in the church.———May he be 'curſed in living, in dying.' [Here my uncle Toby taking the advantage of a *minim* in the ſecond bar of his tune, kept whiſtling one continual note to the end of the ſentence.———Dr. Slop, with his diviſion of curſes moving under him like a running baſs all the way.] 'May he be curſed in eating and drinking, in 'being hungry, in being thirſty, in faſting, in ſleeping, 'in ſlumbering, in walking, in ſtanding, in ſitting, in 'lying, in working, in reſting, in piſſing, in ſhitting, 'and in blood-letting!'

'May he' (Obadiah) 'be curſed in all the faculties 'of his body!'

'May he be curſed inwardly and outwardly!—May 'he be curſed in the hair of his head!——May he be 'curſed in his brains, and in his vertex,' (that is a ſad curſe, quoth my father,) 'in his temples, in his fore-'head, in his ears, in his eye-brows, in his cheeks, in

auriculis, in ſuperciliis, in oculis, in genis, in maxillis, in naribus, in dentibus, mordacibus, in labris ſive molibus, in labiis, in gutture, in humeris, in harnis, in brachiis, in manibus, in digitis, in pectore, in corde, et in omnibus interioribus ſtomacho tenus, in renibus, in inguinibus, in femore, in genitalibus, in coxis, in genubus, in cruribus, in pedibus, et in unguibus.

Maledictus ſit in totis compagibus membrorum, a vertice capitis, uſque ad plantam pedis—non ſit in eo ſanitas.

Maledicat illum Chriſtus Filius Dei vivi, toto ſuæ majeſtatis imperio.———

—et inſurgat adverſus illum cœlum cum omnibus virtutibus quæ in eo moventur ad *damnamdum* eum, niſi pœnituerit et ad ſatisfactionem venerit! Amen. Fiat, fiat. Amen.

'his jaw-bones, in his noſtrils, in his fore-teeth and 'grinders, in his lips, in his throat, in his ſhoulders, in 'his wriſts, in his arms, in his hands, in his fingers!

'May he be damn'd in his mouth, in his breaſt, in 'his heart and purtenance, down to the very ſtomach!

'May he be curſed in his reins and in his groin,' (God in heaven forbid! quoth my uncle Toby) 'in his 'thighs, in his genitals, (my father ſhook his head) 'and in his hips, and in his knees, his legs, and feet, 'and toe-nails!

'May he be curſed in all the joints and articulations 'of his members, from the top of his head to the ſole 'of his foot! May there be no ſoundneſs in him!

'May the Son of the living God, with all the glory 'of his Majeſty.'—[Here my uncle Toby, throwing back his head, gave a monſtrous, long, loud Whew—w—w——ſomething betwixt the interjectional whiſtle of *Hey-day!* and the word itſelf.——

——By the golden beard of Jupiter—and of Juno, (if her Majeſty wore one) and by the beards of the reſt your heathen worſhips, which by the bye was no ſmall number, ſince what with the beards of your celeſtial gods, and gods aerial and aquatic—to ſay nothing of the beards of town-gods and country-gods, or of the celeſtial goddeſſes your wives, or of the infernal goddeſſes your whores and concubines, (that is in caſe they wore them) ——all which beards, as Varro tells me, upon his word and honour, when muſtered up together, made no leſs than thirty thouſand effective beards upon the Pagan eſtabliſhment; every beard of which claimed the rights and privileges of being ſtroked and ſworn by by all theſe beards together then—I vow and proteſt, that of the two bad caſſocks I am worth in the world, I would have given the better of them, as freely as ever Cid Hamet offered his——to have ſtood by, and heard my uncle Toby's accompanyment.

——'Curſe him!'—continued Dr. Slop——and may 'heaven, with all the powers which move therein, riſe 'up againſt him, curſe and damn him, (Obadiah,) un-'leſs he repent, and make ſatisfaction! Amen. So be 'it,—ſo be it. Amen.' I declare,

I declare, quoth my uncle Toby, my heart would not let me curſe the devil himſelf with ſo much bitterneſs. He is the father of curſes, replied Dr. Slop.—— So am not I, replied my uncle—But he is curſed, and damned already, to all eternity, replied Dr. Slop.

I am ſorry for it, quoth my uncle Toby.

Dr. Slop drew up his mouth, and was juſt beginning to return my uncle Toby the compliment of his Whu —u—u—or interjectional whiſtle———when the door haſtily opening in the next chapter but one——put an end to the whole affair.

CHAP. XXI.

NOW don't let us give ourſelves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours are our own; and becauſe we have the ſpirit to ſwear them,—imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a connoiſſeur;—though I declare I object only to a connoiſſeur in ſwearing;—as I would do to a connoiſſeur in painting, &c. &c. the whole ſet of 'em are ſo hung round and *befetiſh'd* with the bobs and trinkets of criticiſm,—or to drop my metaphor, which by the bye is a pity,—for I have fetched it as far as from the coaſt of Guinea;—their heads, Sir, are ſtuck ſo full of rules and compaſſes, and have that eternal propenſity to apply them upon all occaſions, that a work of genius had better go to the devil at once, than ſtand to be pricked and tortured to death by 'em.

———And how did Garrick ſpeak the ſoliloquy laſt night!—Oh, againſt all rule, my lord,——moſt ungrammatically! betwixt the ſubſtantive and the adjective, which ſhould agree together in number, caſe and gender, he made a breach thus,——ſtopping, as if the point wanted ſettling;—and betwixt the nominative caſe, which your lordſhip knows ſhould govern the verb, he ſuſpended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three ſeconds and three fifths by a ſtop watch, my lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!——But in ſuſpending his

his voice—was the ſenſe ſuſpended likewiſe? Did no expreſſion of attitude or countenance fill up the chaſm? —Was the eye ſilent? Did you narrowly look?——I looked only at the ſtop watch, my lord.——Excellent obſerver!

And what of this new book the whole world makes ſuch a rout about?—Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord,——quite an irregular thing!——not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.——I had my rule and compaſſes, &c. my lord, in my pocket.—— —Excellent critic!

——And for the epic poem your lordſhip bid me look at—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact ſcale of Boſſu's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimenſions.——Admirable connoiſſeur!

——And did you ſtep in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back? —'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!——and what a price!—for their is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expreſſion of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the *corregieſcity* of Correggio—the learning of Pouſſin—the airs of Guido—the taſte of the Carrachis—or the grand contour of Angelo.——Grant me patience, juſt heaven! ——Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worſt —the cant of criticiſm is the moſt tormenting.

I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horſe worth riding on, to kiſs the hand of that man whoſe generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleaſed he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

Great Apollo! if though art in a giving humour—give me——I aſk no more, but one ſtroke of native humour, with a ſingle ſpark of thy own fire along with it—and ſend Mercury, with the rules and compaſſes, if he can be ſpared, with my compliments to—no matter.

Now to any one elſe I will undertake to prove, that all the oaths and imprecations which we have been puf-

ſing upon the world for theſe two hundred and fifty years laſt paſt as originals—except St. *Paul's thumb*——*God's fleſh and Gods' fiſh*, which were oaths monarchical, and conſidering who made them, not much amiſs; and as kings oaths, 'tis not much matter whether they were fiſh or fleſh;—elſe, I ſay, there is not an oath, or at leaſt a curſe amongſt them, which as not been copied over and over again out of Ernulphus a thouſand times; but, like all other copies, how infinitely ſhort of the force and ſpirit of the original!—It is thought to be no bad oath—and by itſelf paſſes very well—"*G—d damn you.*"—Set it beſide Ernulphus's——"God Almighty the Father damn you—God the Son damn you—God the Holy Ghoſt damn you,"——you ſee 'tis nothing.—There is an orientality in his we cannot riſe up to: beſides, he is more copious in his invention—poſſeſſed more of the excellencies of a ſwearer—had ſuch a thorough knowledge of the human frame, its membranes, nerves, ligaments, knittings of the joints, and articulations,—that when Ernulphus curſed—no part eſcaped him. 'Tis true there is ſomething of a hardneſs in his manner—and, as in Michael Angelo, a want of grace——but there is ſuch a greatneſs of guſto!

My father, who generally looked upon every thing in a light very different from all mankind, would, after all, never allow this to be an original.——————He conſidered rather Ernulphus's anathema as an inſtitute of ſwearing, in which, as he ſuſpected, upon the decline of ſwearing in ſome milder pontificate, Ernulphus, by order of the ſucceeding pope, had with great learning and diligence collected together all the laws of it;—for the ſame reaſon that Juſtinian, in the decline of the empire, had ordered his chancellor Tribonian to collect the Roman or civil laws all together into one code or digeſt——leſt, through the ruſt of time—and the fatality of all things committed to oral tradition——they ſhould be loſt to the world for ever.

For this reaſon my father would oft-times affirm, there was not an oath, from the great and tremendous oath of William the Conqueror *(By the ſplendour of God)* down

to

to the loweſt oath of a ſcavenger *(Damn your eyes)* which was not to be found in Ernulphus ——In ſhort, he would add, I defy a man to ſwear *out* of it.

The hypotheſis is, like moſt of my father's, ſingular and ingenious too;—nor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own.

CHAP. XXII.

——BLESS my ſoul!——my poor miſtreſs is ready to faint—and her pains are gone—and the drops are done—and the bottle of julap is broke—and the nurſe has cut her arm—(and I my thumb, cried Dr. Slop) and the child is where it was, continued Suſannah, —and the midwife has fallen backwards upon the edge of the fender, and bruiſed her hip as black as your hat.—I'll look at it, quoth Dr. Slop.—There is no need of that, replied Suſannah——you had better look at my miſtreſs;——but the midwife would gladly firſt give you an account how things are, ſo deſires you would go up ſtairs and ſpeak to her this moment.

Human nature is the ſame in all profeſſions.

The midwife had juſt before been put over Dr. Slop's head.—He had not digeſted it.—No, replied Dr. Slop, 'twould be full as proper, if the midwife came down to me.—I like ſubordination, quoth my uncle Toby—and but for it, after the reduction of Liſle, I know not what might have become of the garriſon of Ghent, in the mutiny for bread, in the year Ten.——Nor, replied Dr. Slop, (parodying my uncle Toby's hobby-horſical reflection, though full as hobby-horſically himſelf)—do I know, Captain Shandy, what might have become of the garriſon above ſtairs, in the mutiny and confuſion I find all things are in at preſent, but for the ſubordination of fingers and thumbs to ******——the application of which, Sir, under this accident of mine, came in ſo *a-propos*, that without it, the cut upon my thumb might have been felt by the Shandy family as long as the Shandy family had a name.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

LET us go back to the ******———in the laſt chapter.

It is a ſingular ſtroke of eloquence (at leaſt it was ſo when eloquence flouriſhed at Athens and Rome, and would be ſo now, did orators were mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you *in petto*, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A ſcar, an axe, a ſword, a pinked doublet, a ruſty helmet, a pound and a half of pot-aſhes in an urn, or a three-halfpenny pickle pot——but above all, a tender infant royally accoutred.—Though if it was too young, and the oration as long as Tully's ſecond Philippick—it muſt certainly have beſhit the orator's mantle.——And then again, if too old——it muſt have been unweildy and incommodious to his action—ſo as to make him loſe by his child almoſt as much as he could gain by it.—Otherwiſe, when a ſtate orator has hit the preciſe age to a minute—hid his BAMBINO in his mantle ſo cunningly that no mortal could ſmell it——and produced it ſo critically, that no ſoul could ſay, it came in by head and ſhoulders—Oh, Sirs! it has done wonders.—It has opened the ſluices, and turned the brains, and ſhook the principles, and unhinged the politics of half a nation.

Theſe feats, however, are not to be done, except in thoſe ſtates and times, I ſay, where orators wore mantles——and pretty large ones too, my brethren, with ſome twenty or five-and-twenty yards of good purple, ſuperfine, marketable cloth in them—with large flowing folds and doubles, and in a great ſtyle of deſign.—All which plainly ſhews, may it pleaſe your worſhip, that the decay of eloquence, and the little good ſervice it does at preſent, both within and without doors, is owing to nothing elſe in the world but ſhort coats, and the diſuſe of trunk-hoſe.——We can conceal nothing under ours, Madam, worth ſhewing.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

DR. Slop was within an ace of being an exception to all this argumentation: for happening to have his green bays bag upon his knees, when he began to parody my uncle Toby——'twas as good as the beſt mantle in the world to him; for which purpoſe, when he foreſaw the ſentence would end in his new-invented forceps, he thruſt his hand into the bag in order to have them ready to clap in, when your reverences took ſo much notice of the ***, which had he managed——my uncle Toby had certainly been overthrown: the ſentence and the argument in that caſe jumping cloſely in one point, ſo like the two lines which form the ſalient angle of a ravelin—Dr. Slop would never have given them up;—— and my uncle Toby would as ſoon thought of flying, as taking them by force; but Dr. Slop fumbled ſo vilely in pulling them out, it took off the whole effect, and what was a ten times worſe evil (for they ſeldom come alone in this life) in pulling out his forceps, his forceps unfortunately drew out the ſquirt along with it.

When a propoſition can be taken in two ſenſes—— 'tis a law in diſputation, that the reſpondent may reply to which of the two he pleaſes, or finds moſt convenient for him.—This threw the advantage of the argument quite on my uncle Toby's ſide——"Good God!" cried my uncle Toby, "*are children brought into the world* "*with a ſquirt?*"

CHAP. XXV.

——UPON my honour, Sir, you have tore every bit of ſkin quite off the back of both my hands with your forceps, cried my uncle Toby—and you have cruſh'd all my knuckles into the bargain with them to a jelly—'Tis your own fault, ſaid Dr. Slop—you ſhould have clinch'd your two fiſts together into the form of a child's head, as I told you, and ſat firm.—I did ſo, anſwered my uncle Toby—Then the points of my forceps have not been ſufficiently armed, or the rivet wants cloſing—or elſe the cut on my thumb has made me a little

little aukward—or poſſibly—'Tis well, quoth my father, interrupting the detail of poſſibilities—that the experiment was not firſt made upon my child's head-piece. ——It would not have been a cherry-ſtone the worſe, anſwered Dr. Slop.———I maintain it, ſaid my uncle Toby, it would have broke the cerebellum (unleſs indeed the ſkull had been as hard as a granado) and turned it all into a perfect poſſet.—Pſhaw! replied Dr. Slop, a child's head is naturally as ſoft as the pap of an apple; —the ſutures give way—and beſides, I could have extracted by the feet after.—Not you, ſaid ſhe.—I rather wiſh you would begin that way quoth my father.

Pray do, added my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXVI.

———AND pray, good woman, after all, will you take upon you to ſay, it may not be the child's hip, as well as the child's head!—'Tis moſt certainly the head, replied the midwife. Becauſe, continued Dr. Slop (turning to my father) as poſitive as theſe old ladies generally are—'tis a point very difficult to know——and yet of the greateſt conſequence to be known;———becauſe, Sir, if the hip is miſtaken for the head—there is a poſſibility (if it is a boy) that the forceps * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

———What the poſſibility was, Dr. Slop whiſpered very low to my father, and then to my uncle Toby. ———There is no ſuch danger, continued he, with the head.——No, in truth, quoth my father—but when your poſſibility has taken place at the hip—you may as well take off the head too.

——It is morally impoſſible the reader ſhould underſtand this—'tis enough Dr. Slop underſtood it;—ſo taking the green bays bag in his hand, with the help of Obadiah's pumps, he tripp'd pretty nimbly, for a man of his ſize, acroſs the room to the door—and from the door was ſhewn the way, by the good old midwife, to my mother's apartments.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

IT is two hours, and ten minutes———and no more ———cried my father, looking at his watch, ſince Dr. Slop and Obadiah arrived——and I know not how it happens, brother Toby—but to my imagination it ſeems almoſt an age.

——Here—pray, Sir, take hold of my cap—nay, take the bell along with it, and my pantoufles too.

Now, Sir, they are all at your ſervice; and I freely make you a preſent of 'em, on condition you give me all your attention to this chapter.

Though my father ſaid, "he knew not how it hap-"pened,"—yet he knew very well how it happened; ———and at the inſtant he ſpoke it, was pre-determined in his mind to give my uncle Toby a clear account of the matter by a metaphyſical diſſertation upon the ſubject of duration and its ſimple modes, in order to ſhew my uncle Toby by what mechaniſm and menſurations in the brain it came to paſs, that the rapid ſucceſſion of their ideas, and the eternal ſcampering of the diſcourſe from one thing to another, ſince Dr. Slop had come into the room, had lengthened out ſo ſhort a period to ſo inconceivable an extent.——"I know not how it happens—"cried my father——but it ſeems an age."

—'Tis owing entirely, quoth my uncle Toby, to the ſucceſſion of our ideas.

My father, who had an itch in common with all philoſophers of reaſoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too—propoſed infinite pleaſure to himſelf in this, of the ſucceſſion of ideas, and had not the leaſt apprehenſion of having it ſnatched out of his hands by my uncle Toby, who (honeſt man!) generally took every thing as it happened;—and who, of all things in the world, troubled his brains the leaſt with abſtruſe thinking;—the ideas of time and ſpace—or how we came by thoſe ideas—or of what ſtuff they were made—or whether they were born with us——or we picked them up afterwards as we went along——or whether we did it in frocks—or not till we had got into breeches—with

a thouſand other enquiries and diſputes about Infinity, Preſcience, Liberty, Neceſſity, and ſo forth, upon whoſe deſperate and unconquerable theories ſo many fine heads have been turned and cracked——never did my uncle Toby's the leaſt injury at all; my father knew it—and was no leſs ſurprized, than he was diſappointed, with my uncle's fortuitous ſolution.

Do you underſtand the theory of that affair? replied my father.

Not I, quoth my uncle.

—But you have ſome ideas, ſaid my father, of what you talk about?———

No more than my horſe, replied my uncle Toby.

Gracious heaven! cried my father, looking upwards, and claſping his two hands together—there is a worth in thy honeſt ignorance, brother Toby———'twere almoſt a pity to exchange it for a knowledge.——— But I'll tell thee.———

To underſtand what time is aright, without which we never can comprehend infinity, inſomuch as one is a portion of the other———we ought ſeriouſly to ſit down and conſider what idea it is we have of duration, ſo as to give a ſatisfactory account how we came by it.—— What is that to any body? quoth my uncle Toby.—" *For if you will turn your eyes inwards upon your " mind," continued my father, " and obſerve atten- " tively, you will perceive, brother, that whilſt you " and I are talking together, and thinking, and ſmoak- " ing our pipes, or whilſt we receive ſucceſſively ideas " in our minds, we know that we do exiſt, and ſo we " eſtimate the exiſtence, or the continuation of the ex- " iſtence of ourſelves, or any thing elſe, commenſurate " to the ſucceſſion of any ideas in our minds, the dura- " tion of ourſelves, or any ſuch other thing co-exiſting " with our thinking——and ſo according to that pre- " conceived—"—You puzzle me to death, cried my uncle Toby.

* Vide Locke.

——'Tis

——'Tis owing to this, replied my father, that in our computations of time, we are ſo uſed to minutes, hours, weeks, and months—and of clocks (I wiſh there was not a clock in the kingdom) to meaſure out their ſeveral portions to us, and to thoſe who belong to us ——that 'twill be well, if, in time to come, the ſucceſſion of our ideas be of any uſe or ſervice to us at all.

Now whether we obſerve it or no, continued my father, in every ſound man's head, there is a regular ſucceſſion of ideas of one ſort or other, which follow each other in train juſt like——A train of artillery? ſaid my uncle Toby———A train of a fiddle-ſtick!—quoth my father——which follow and ſucceed one another in our minds at certain diſtances, juſt like the images in the inſide of a lanthorn turned round by the heat of a candle.———I declare, quoth my uncle Toby, mine are more like a ſmoak-jack.———Then, brother Toby, I have nothing more to ſay to you upon that ſubject, ſaid my father.

CHAP. XXVIII.

———WHAT a conjecture was here loſt!——My father in one of his beſt explanatory moods———in eager purſuit of a metaphyſical point into the very regions, where clouds and thick darkneſs would ſoon have encompaſſed it about;——my uncle Toby in one of the fineſt diſpoſitions for it in the world;—his head like a ſmoak-jack;—the funnel unſwept, and the ideas whirling round and round about in it, all obfuſcated and darkened over with fuliginous matter!——By the tomb-ſtone of Lucian——if it is in being——if not, why then by his aſhes! by the aſhes of my dear Rabelais, and dearer Cervantes!——my father and my uncle Toby's diſcourſe upon Time and Eternity—was a diſcourſe devoutly to be wiſhed for! and the petulancy of my father's humour in putting a ſtop to it as he did, was a robbery of the Ontologic Treaſury of ſuch a jewel, as no coalition of great occaſions and great men are ever likely to reſtore to it again

CHAP. XXIX.

THO' my father perſiſted in not going on with the diſcourſe——yet he could not get my uncle Toby's ſmoak-jack out of his head—piqued as he was at firſt with it;—there was ſomething in the compariſon at the bottom, which hit his fancy; for which purpoſe, reſting his elbow upon the table, and reclining the right ſide of his head upon the palm of his hand—but looking firſt ſtedfaſtly in the fire—he began to commune with himſelf, and philoſophize about it: but his ſpirits being wore out with the fatigues of inveſtigating new tracts, and the conſtant exertion of his faculties upon that variety of ſubjects which had taken their turn in the diſcourſe—the idea of the ſmoak-jack ſoon turned all his ideas upſide down—ſo that he fell aſleep almoſt before he knew what he was about.

As for my uncle Toby, his ſmoak-jack had not made a dozen revolutions before he fell aſleep alſo.——Peace be with them both!——Dr. Slop is engaged with the midwife and my mother above ſtairs.——Trim is buſy in turning an old pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars, to be employed in the ſiege of Meſſina next ſummer——and is this inſtant boring the touch-holes with the point of a hot poker.——All my heroes are off my hands:—'tis the firſt time I have had a moment to ſpare—and I'll make uſe of it, and write my preface.

THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.

NO, I'll not ſay a word about it—here it is:—in publiſhing it—I have appealed to the world—and to the world I leave it; it muſt ſpeak for itſelf.

All I know of the matter is——when I ſat down, my intent was to write a good book; and as far as the tenuity of my underſtanding would hold out——a wiſe, aye, and a diſcreet—taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and judgment (be it more or leſs) which the great author and beſtower of them had thought fit originally to give me——ſo that, as your worſhips ſee——'tis juſt as God pleaſes.

Now,

Now, Agalaſtes (ſpeaking diſpraiſingly) ſayeth, that there may be ſome wit in it, for aught he knows—but no judgment at all. And Triptolemus and Phutatorius agreeing thereto, aſk, how is it poſſible there ſhould? for that wit and judgment in this world never go together; inaſmuch as they are two operations differing from each other as wide as eaſt from weſt.—So, ſays Locke—ſo are farting and hickuping, ſay I. But, in anſwer to this, Didius, the great church lawyer, in his code *de fartendi et illuſtrandi fallaciis*, doth maintain and make fully appear, that an illuſtration is no argument——nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking glaſs clean to be a ſyllogiſm;——but you all, may it pleaſe your worſhips, ſee the better for it—ſo that the main good theſe things do is only to clarify the underſtanding, previous to the application of the argument itſelf, in order to free it from any little motes, or ſpecs of opacular matter, which, if left ſwimming therein, might hinder a conception and ſpoil all.

Now, my dear anti-Shandeans, and thrice able critics, and fellow-labourers (for to you I write this preface)—and to you, moſt ſubtle ſtateſmen and diſcreet doctors (do—pull off your beards) renowned for gravity and wiſdom;—Monopolus, my politician—Didius, my counſel;—Kyſarcius, my friend;——Phutatorius, my guide;—Gaſtripheres, the preſerver of my life;—Somnolentius, the balm and repoſe of it—not forgetting all others, as well ſleeping as waking, eccleſiaſtical as civil, whom for brevity, but out of no reſentment to you, I lump all altogether.————Believe me, right worthy,

My moſt zealous wiſh and fervent prayer in your behalf, and in my own too, in caſe the thing is not done already for us——is, that the great gifts and endowments both of wit and judgment, with every thing which uſually goes along with them—ſuch as memory, fancy, genius, eloquence, quick parts, and what not, may this precious moment, without ſtint or meaſure, let or hindrance, be poured down warm as each of us could bear it—ſcum and ſediment and all (for I would not have a

drop loſt) into the ſeveral receptacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectories, and ſpare places of our brains—in ſuch ſort, that they might continue to be injected and turned into, according to the true intent and meaning of my wiſh, until every veſſel of them, both great and ſmall, be ſo repleniſhed, ſaturated, and filled up therewith, that no more, would it ſave a man's life, could poſſibly be got either in or out.

Bleſs us!—what noble work we ſhould make!—how ſhould I tickle it off!——and what ſpirits I ſhould find myſelf in, to be writing away for ſuch readers!——and you—juſt heaven!—with what raptures would you ſit and read—But oh!—'tis too much—I am ſick—I faint away deliciouſly at the thoughts of it—'tis more than nature can bear!—lay hold of me—I am giddy—I am ſtone blind—I am dying—I am gone.——Help! Help! Help!——But hold—I grow ſomething better again, for I am beginning to foreſee, when this over, that as we ſhall all of us continue to be great wits—we ſhould never agree among ourſelves, one day to an end:—— there would be ſo much ſatire and ſarcaſms—ſcoffing and flouting, with rallying and reparteeing of it—thruſting and parrying in one corner or another—there would be nothing but miſchief among us.—Chaſte ſtars! what biting and ſcratching, and what a racket and a clatter we ſhould make; what with breaking of heads, rapping of knuckles, and hitting of ſore places—there would be no ſuch thing as living for us.

But then again, as we ſhould all of us be men of great judgment, we ſhould make up matters as faſt as ever they went wrong; and though we ſhould abominate each other ten times worſe than ſo many devils or devileſſes, we ſhould nevertheleſs, my dear creatures, be all courtesy and kindneſs—milk and honey—'twould be a ſecond land of promiſe—a paradiſe upon earth, if there was ſuch a thing to be had—ſo that upon the whole we ſhould have done well enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what moſt diſtreſſes my invention at preſent, is how to bring the point itſelf to bear; for as your worſhips well know, that of theſe heavenly

venly emanations of Wit and Judgment, which I have ſo bountifully wiſhed both for your worſhips and myſelf —there is but a certain *quantum* ſtored up for us all, for the uſe and behoof of the whole race of mankind; and ſuch ſmall *modicums* of 'em are only ſent forth into this wide world, circulating here and there in one bye corner or another—and in ſuch narrow ſtreams, and at ſuch prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder how it holds out, or could be ſufficient for the wants and emergencies of ſo many great eſtates, and populous empires.

Indeed there is one thing to be conſidered, that in Nova Zembla, North Lapland, and in all thoſe cold and dreary tracts of the globe, which lie more directly under the arctic and antarctic circles, where the whole province of a man's concernments lies for near nine months together within the narrow compaſs of his cave—where the ſpirits are compreſſed almoſt to nothing—and where the paſſions of a man, with every thing which belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itſelf——there the leaſt quantity of Judgment imaginable does the buſineſs —and of Wit—there is a total and an abſolute ſaving—for as not one ſpark is wanted——ſo not one ſpark is given. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us! what a diſmal thing would it have been to have governed a kingdom, to have fought a battle, or made a treaty, or run a match, or wrote a book, or got a child, or held a provincial chapter there, with ſo plentiful a lack of wit and judgment about us! For mercy's ſake, let us think no more about it, but travel on as faſt as we can ſouthwards into Norway—croſſing over Swedeland, if you pleaſe, through the ſmall triangular province of Angermania to the lake of Bothnia; coaſting it along thro' eaſt and weſt Bothnia, down to Carelia, and ſo on, through all thoſe ſtates and provinces which border upon the far ſide of the Gulf of Finland, and the north-eaſt of the Baltic, up to Peterſbourg, and juſt ſtepping into Ingria;——then ſtretching over directly from thence through the north parts of the Ruſſian empire—leaving

Siberia a little upon the left-hand, till we get into the very heart of Ruſſian and Aſiatic Tartary.

Now through this long tour, which I have led you, you obſerve the good people are better off by far, than in the polar countries which we have juſt left:—for if you hold your hand over your eyes, and look very attentively, you may perceive ſome ſmall glimmerings (as it were) of wit, with a comfortable proviſion of good plain houſhold judgment, which, taking the quality and quantity of it together, they make a very good ſhift with—and had they more of either the one or the other, it would deſtroy the proper balance betwixt them; and I am ſatisfied moreover they would want occaſions to put them in uſe.

Now, ſir, if I conduct you home again into this warmer and more luxuriant iſland, where you perceive the ſpring tide of our blood and humours runs high—where we have more ambition, and pride, and envy, and lechery, and other whoreſon paſſions upon our hands to govern and ſubject to reaſon—the height of our wit, and the depth of our judgment, you ſee, are exactly proportioned to the length and breadth of our neceſſities—and accordingly we have them ſet down amongſt us in ſuch a flowing kind of decent and creditable plenty, that no one thinks he has any cauſe to complain.

It muſt however be confeſſed on this head, that, as our air blows hot and cold—wet and dry, ten times in a day, we have in them no regular and ſettled way; ſo that ſometimes, for near half a century together, there ſhould be very little wit or judgment either to be ſeen or heard of amongſt us:——the ſmall channels of them all ſhall ſeem quite dried up—then all of a ſudden the ſluices ſhall break out, and take a fit of running again like fury—you would think they would never ſtop:—and then it is, that in writing and fighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by theſe obſervations, and a wary reaſoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative proceſs, which Suidas calls *dialectick induction*—that I draw and ſet up this poſition as moſt true and veritable,

That

That of theſe two luminaries ſo much of their irradiations are ſuffered from time to time to ſhine down upon us, as he, whoſe infinite wiſdom diſpenſes every thing in exact weight and meaſure, knows will juſt ſerve to light us on our way in this night of our obſcurity; ſo that your reverences and worſhips now find out, nor is it a moment longer in my power to conceal it from you, that the fervent wiſh in your behalf with which I ſet out, was no more than the firſt inſinuating How d'ye of a careſſing prefacer, ſtifling his reader, as a lover ſometimes does a coy miſtreſs, into ſilence. For alas! could this effuſion of light have been as eaſily procured, as the exordium wiſhed it—I tremble to think how many thouſands for it, of benighted travellers (in the learned ſciences at leaſt) muſt have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives—running their heads againſt poſts, and knocking out their brains without ever getting to their journies end;——ſome falling with their noſes perpendicular into ſinks—others horizontally with their tails into kennels. Here one half of a learned profeſſion tilting full butt againſt the other half of it, and then tumbling and rolling one over the other in the dirt like hogs—Here the brethren of another profeſſion, who ſhould have run in oppoſition to each other, flying on the contrary like a flock of wild geeſe, all in a row the ſame way.—What confuſion!—what miſtakes!—fiddlers and painters judging by their eyes and ears—admirable!—truſting to the paſſions excited—in an air ſung, or a ſtory painted to the heart—inſtead of meaſuring them by a quadrant.

In the fore-ground of this picture, a ſtateſman turning the political wheel, like a brute, the wrong way round—againſt the ſtream of corruption—by heaven!—inſtead of with it.

In this corner, a ſon of the divine Eſculapius, writing a book againſt predeſtination; perhaps worſe—feeling his patient's pulſe, inſtead of his apothecary's—a brother of the faculty in the back ground upon his knees in tears,—drawing the curtains of a mangled victim

tim to beg his forgiveneſs;—offering a fee inſtead of taking one.

In that ſpacious Hall, a coalition of the gown, from all the bars of it, driving a damned, dirty, vexatious cauſe before them, with all their might and main, the wrong way!——kicking it out of the great doors, inſtead of, in——and with ſuch fury in their looks, and ſuch a degree of inveteracy in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had been originally made for the peace and preſervation of mankind:—perhaps a more enormous miſtake committed by them ſtill—a litigated point fairly hung up;—for inſtance, whether John O'Nokes his noſe could ſtand in Tom O'Stiles his face, without a treſpaſs, or not—raſhly determined by them in five-and-twenty minutes, which, with the cautious pros and cons required in ſo intricate a proceeding, might have taken up as many months——and if carried on upon a military plan, as your honours know an Action ſhould be, with all the ſtratagems practicable therein,——ſuch as feints, forced marches, ſurprizes, ambuſcades, maſk-batteries,—and a thouſand other ſtrokes of generalſhip, which conſiſt in catching at all advantages on both ſides—might reaſonably have laſted them as many years, finding food and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of the profeſſion.

As for the clergy—No—if I ſay a word againſt them I'll be ſhot.—I have no deſire;—and beſides, if I had—I durſt not for my ſoul touch upon the ſubject——with ſuch weak nerves and ſpirits, and in the condition I am in at preſent, 'twould be as much as my life was worth, to deject and contriſt myſelf with ſo bad and melancholy an account—and therefore 'tis ſafer to draw a curtain acroſs, and haſten from it, as faſt as I can, to the main and principal point I have undertaken to clear up—and that is, How it comes to paſs, that your men of leaſt wit are reported to be men of moſt judgment.——But mark—I ſay, reported to be—for it is no more, my dear ſirs, than a report, and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon truſt, I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

This

This, by the help of the obſervation already premiſed, and I hope already weighed and perpended by your reverences and worſhips, I ſhall forthwith make appear.

I hate ſet diſſertations—and abeve all things in the world, 'tis one of the ſilliеſt things in one of them, to darken your hypotheſis by placing a number of tall, opake words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception; when in all likeliho d, if you had looked about, you might have ſeen ſomething ſtanding, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once—" for what hindrance, " hurt, or harm doth the laudable deſire of knowledge " bring to any man, if even from a ſot, a pot, a fool, " a ſtool, a winter-mittain, a truckle for a pulley, the " lid of a goldſmith's crucible, an oil bottle, an old " ſlipper, or a cane chair."——I am this moment ſitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illuſtrate this affair of wit and judgment by the two knobs on the top of the back of it—they are faſtened on, you ſee, with two pegs ſtuck ſlightly into two gimlet-holes, and will place what I have to ſay in ſo clear a light, as to let you ſee through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of ſun-beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

—Here ſtands wit—and there ſtands judgment, cloſe beſide it, juſt like the two knobs I am ſpeaking of, upon the back of this ſelf-ſame chair on which I am ſitting.

—You ſee, they are the higheſt and moſt ornamental parts of its frame—as wit and judgment are of ours—and like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order, as we ſay in all ſuch caſes of duplicated embelliſhments—to anſwer one another.

Now for the ſake of an experiment, and for the clearer illuſtrating this matter—let us for a moment take off one of thoſe two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinnacle of the chair it now ſtands on—Nay, don't laugh at it;—but did you ever ſee in the whole courſe of your lives ſuch a ridiculous buſineſs as

this

this has made of it?—Why, 'tis as miſerable a ſight as a ſow with one ear; and there is juſt as much ſenſe and ſymmetry in the one as in the other:——do—pray, get off your ſeats only to take a view of it—Now would any man, who valued his character a ſtraw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in ſuch a condition?——Nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and anſwer this plain queſtion, Whether this one ſingle knob, which now ſtands here like a blockhead by itſelf, can ſerve any purpoſe upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other?—and let me farther aſk, in caſe the chair was your own, if you would not in your conſciences think, rather than be as it is, that it would be ten times better without any knob at all?

Now theſe two nobs——or top ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature—being, as I ſaid, wit and judgment, which of all others, as I have proved it, are the moſt needful—the moſt prized—the moſt calamitous to be without, and conſequently the hardeſt to come at—for all theſe reaſons put together, there is not a mortal among us, ſo deſtitute of a love of good fame or feeding——or ſo ignorant of what will do him good therein—who does not wiſh and ſtedfaſtly reſolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought at leaſt, maſter of the one or the other, and indeed of both of them, if the thing ſeems any way feaſible, or likely to be brought to paſs.

Now your graver gentry having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one—unleſs they lay hold of the other,—pray what do you think would become of them?——Why, ſirs, in ſpite of all their gravities, they muſt e'en have been contented to have gone with their inſides naked.—This was not to be borne, but by an effort of philoſophy not to be ſuppoſed in the caſe we are upon—ſo that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been ſatisfied with what little they could have ſnatched up, and ſecreted under their cloaks and great periwigs, had they not raiſed a hue and cry at the ſame time againſt the lawful owners.

I need

I need not tell your worſhips, that this was done with ſo much cunning and artifice——that the great Locke, who was ſeldom outwitted by falſe ſounds—was nevertheleſs bubbled here. The cry, it ſeems, was ſo deep and ſolemn a one, and what with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered ſo general a one againſt the poor wits in this matter, that the philoſopher himſelf was deceived by it—It was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thouſand vulgar errors;—but this was not of the number; ſo that inſtead of ſitting down coolly, as ſuch a philoſopher ſhould have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philoſophiſed upon it—on the contrary he took the fact for granted, and ſo joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boiſterouſly as the reſt.

This has been made the Magna Charta of ſtupidity ever ſince—but your reverences plainly ſee, it has been obtained in ſuch a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat:—which, by-the-bye, is one of the many and vile impoſitions which gravity and grave folks have to anſwer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have ſpoken my mind too freely—I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly ſaid to their diſpraiſe or prejudice, by one general declaration—That I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I deteſt and abjure either great wigs or long beards, any farther than when I ſee they are beſpoke, and let grow on purpoſe to carry on this ſelf-ſame impoſture—for any purpoſe—peace be with them!—☞ mark only—I write not for them.

CHAP. XXX.

EVERY day for at leaſt ten years together did my father reſolve to have it mended—'tis not mended yet: no family but ours would have borne it an hour——and what is moſt aſtoniſhing, there was not a ſubject in the world upon which my father was ſo eloquent, as upon that of door hinges—And yet at the ſame time, he was certainly one of the greateſt bubbles to them, I think, that hiſtory can produce: his rhetoric and conduct were

at perpetual handy-cuffs.—Never did the parlour-door open—but his philoſophy or his principles fell a victim to it! Three drops of oil with a feather, and a ſmart ſtroke of a hammer, had ſaved his honour for ever.

—Inconſiſtent ſoul that man is!—languiſhing under wounds, which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reaſon, that precious gift of God to him—(inſtead of pouring in oil) ſerving but to ſharpen his ſenſibilities—to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneaſy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he ſhould do ſo!—Are not the neceſſary cauſes of miſery in this life enow, but he muſt add voluntary ones to his ſtock of ſorrow;—ſtruggle againſt evils which cannot be avoided, and ſubmit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever?

By all that is good and virtuous, if there are three drops of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found, within ten miles of Shandy-Hall—the parlour door hinge ſhall be mended this reign.

CHAP. XXXI.

WHEN Corporal Trim had brought his two mortars to bear, he was delighted with his handy-work above meaſure; and knowing what a pleaſure it would be to his maſter to ſee them, he was not able to reſiſt the deſire he had of carrying them directly into his parlour.

Now next to the moral leſſon I had in view in mentioning the affair of hinges, I had a ſpeculative conſideration ariſing out of it, and it is this.

Had the parlour door open'd and turn'd upon its hinges, as a door ſhould do—

—Or for example, as cleverly as our government has been turning upon its hinges,—(that is, in caſe things have all along gone well with your worſhip,—otherwiſe I give up my ſimile)—in this caſe, I ſay, there had been no danger either to maſter or man, in Corporal Trim's peeping in: the moment he had beheld my father and my uncle Toby faſt aſleep—the reſpectfulneſs of his

carriage was ſuch, he would have retired as ſilent as death, and left them both in their arm chairs, dreaming as happy as he had found them: but the thing was, morally ſpeaking, ſo very impracticable, that for the many years in which this hinge was ſuffered to be out of order, and amongſt the hourly grievances my father ſubmitted to upon its account—this was one; that he never folded his arms to take his nap after dinner, but the thoughts of being unavoidably awakened by the firſt perſon who ſhould open the door, was always uppermoſt in his imagination, and ſo inceſſantly ſtepped in betwixt him and the firſt balmy preſage of his repoſe, as to rob him, as he often declared, of the whole ſweets of it.

"When things move upon bad hinges, an' pleaſe your worſhips, how can it be otherwiſe?"

Pray what's the matter? Who is there? cried my father, waking, the moment the door began to creak.—I wiſh the ſmith would give a peep at that confounded hinge——'Tis nothing, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid Trim, but two mortars I am bringing in.—They ſhan't make a clatter with them here, cried my father haſtily.——If Dr. Slop has any drugs to pound, let him do it in the kitchen.—May it pleaſe your honour, cried Trim, they are two mortar-pieces for a ſiege next ſummer, which I have been making out of a pair of jack-boots, which Obadiah told me your honour had left off wearing.—By heaven! cried my father, ſpringing out of his chair, as he ſwore——I have not one appointment belonging to me, which I ſet ſo much ſtore by, as I do by theſe jack-boots—they were our great-grandfather's, brother Toby—they were hereditary. Then I fear, quoth my uncle Toby, Trim has cut off the entail.—I have only cut off the tops, an' pleaſe your honour, cried Trim—I hate perpetuities as much as any man alive, cried my father—but theſe jack boots, continued he (ſmiling, though very angry at the ſame time) have been in the family, brother, ever ſince the civil wars;—Sir Roger Shandy wore them at the battle of Marſton-Moor.—I declare I would not have taken ten pounds for them.——I'll pay you the money, brother Shandy, quoth

my uncle Toby, looking at the two mortars with infinite pleaſure, and putting his hand into his breeches pocket as he viewed them—I'll pay you the ten pounds this moment with all my heart and ſoul——.

Brother Toby, replied my father, altering his tone, you care not what money you diſſipate and throw away, provided, continued he, 'tis but upon a Siege.—Have I not one hundred and twenty pounds a year, beſides my half pay? cried my uncle Toby.——What is that—replied my father hastily—to ten pounds for a pair of jack boots?—half as much for your Dutch draw-bridge?—to ſay nothing of the train of little braſs artillery you beſpoke laſt week, with twenty other preparations for the ſiege of Meſſina. Believe me, dear brother Toby, continued my father, taking him kindly by the hand—theſe military operations of yours are above your ſtrength:—you mean well, brother—but they carry you into greater expences than you were firſt aware of;—and take my word, dear Toby, they will in the end quite ruin your fortune, and make a beggar of you.—What ſignifies it if they do, brother, replied my uncle Toby, ſo long as we know 'tis for the good of the nation?—

My father could not help ſmiling for his ſoul——his anger at the worſt was never more than a ſpark;—and the zeal and ſimplicity of Trim—and the generous (though hobby-horſical) gallantry of my uncle Toby, brought him into perfect good humour with them in an inſtant.

Generous ſouls!—God proſper you both, and your mortar-pieces too, quoth my father to himſelf!

CHAP. XXXII.

ALL is quiet and huſh, cried my father, at leaſt above ſtairs—I hear not one foot ſtirring—Prithee, Trim, who's in the kitchin? There's no one ſoul in the kitchen, anſwered Trim, making a low bow as he ſpoke, except Dr. Slop.—Confuſion! cried my father (getting up upon his legs a ſecond time)—not one ſingle thing has gone right this day! Had I faith in aſtrology, brother, (which, by-the-bye, my father had,) I would have

ſworn ſome retrograde planet was hanging over this unfortunate houſe of mine, and turning every individual thing in it out of its place.—Why I thought Dr. Slop had been above ſtairs with my wife, and ſo ſaid you.—What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen?—He is buſy, an' pleaſe your honour, replied Trim, in making a bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle Toby.—Pray, give my humble ſervice to Dr. Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.

You muſt know, my uncle Toby miſtook the bridge—as widely as my father miſtook the mortars:—But to underſtand how my uncle Toby could miſtake the bridge—I fear I muſt give you an exact account of the road which led to it:—or to drop my metaphor (for there is nothing more diſhoneſt in an hiſtorian than the uſe of one)—in order to conceive the probability of this error in my uncle Toby aright. I muſt give you ſome account of an adventure of Trim's, though much againſt my will, only becauſe the ſtory, in one ſenſe, is certainly out of its place here; for by right it ſhould come in either amongſt the anecdotes of my uncle Toby's amours with widow Wadman, in which Corporal Trim was no mean actor—or elſe in the middle of his and my uncle Toby's campaigns on the bowling green—for it will do very well in either place:—but then if I reſerve it for either of thoſe parts of my ſtory—I ruin the ſtory I am upon;—and if I tell it here—I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

—What would your worſhips have me to do in this caſe?

—Tell it, Mr. Shandy, by all means.—You are a fool, Triſtram, if you do.

O ye powers! (for powers ye are, and great ones too)—which enable mortal man to tell a ſtory worth the hearing—that kindly ſhew him where he is to begin it and where to end it—what he is to put into it—what he is to leave out—how much of it he is to caſt into a ſhade—and whereabouts he is to throw his light;—ye, who preſide over this vaſt empire of biographical freebooters,

and ſee how many ſcrapes and plunges your ſubjects hourly fall into;—will you do one thing?

I beg and beſeech you (in caſe you will do nothing better for us) that wherever in any part of your dominions it ſo falls out, that three ſeveral roads meet in one point, as they have juſt done here—that at leaſt you ſet up a guide-poſt in the center of them, in mere charity to direct an uncertain devil which of the three he is to take.

CHAP. XXXIII.

THOUGH the ſhock my uncle Toby received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in his affair with widow Wadman, had fixed him in a reſolution never more to think of the ſex———or of aught which belonged to it;—yet Corporal Trim had made no ſuch bargain with himſelf. Indeed in my uncle Toby's caſe there was a ſtrange and unaccountable concurrence of circumſtances which inſenſibly drew him in to lay ſiege to that fair and ſtrong citadel.———In Trim's caſe there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and Bridget in the kitchen: Though in truth, the love and veneration he bore his maſter was ſuch, and ſo fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my uncle Toby employed his time and genius in tagging of points—I am perſuaded the honeſt corporal would have laid down his arms, and followed his example with pleaſure. When therefore my uncle Toby ſat down before the miſtreſs——Corporal Trim incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now, my dear friend Garrick, whom I have ſo much cauſe to eſteem and honour——(why or wherefore 'tis no matter)——can it eſcape your penetration—I defy it—that ſo many play-wrights, and opificers of chit-chat, have ever ſince been working upon Trim's and my uncle Toby's pattern.——I care not what Ariſtotle, or Pacuvius, or Boſſu, or Ricaboni ſay——(though I never read one of them)——there is not a greater difference between a ſingle-horſe chair and Madam Pompadour's vis-à-vis, than betwixt a ſingle amour, and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon

upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama—— Sir, a ſimple, ſingle, ſilly affair of that kind—is quite loſt in five acts;—but that is neither here nor there.

After a ſeries of attacks and repulſes in a courſe of nine months on my uncle Toby's quarter, a moſt minute account of every particular of which ſhall be given in its proper place, my uncle Toby, honeſt man! found it neceſſary to draw off his forces, and raiſe the ſiege ſomewhat indignantly.

Corporal Trim, as I ſaid, had made no ſuch bargain either with himſelf—or with any one elſe—The fidelity however of his heart not ſuffering him to go into a houſe which his maſter had forſaken with diſguſt——he contented himſelf with turning his part of the ſiege into a blockade;—that is, he kept others off; for though he never after went to the houſe, yet he never met Bridget in the village, but he would either nod or wink, or ſmile, or look kindly at her—or (as circumſtances directed) he would ſhake her by the hand—or aſk her lovingly how ſhe did—or would give her a ribbon—and now and-then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, he would give Bridget a ———

Preciſely in this ſituation did theſe things ſtand for five years; that is from the demolition of Dunkirk in the year 13, to the latter end of my uncle Toby's campaign in the year 18, which was about ſix or ſeven weeks before the time I'm ſpeaking of—When Trim, as his cuſtom was, after he had put my uncle Toby to bed, going down one moonſhiny night to ſee that every thing was right at his fortifications—in the lane ſeparated from the bowling green with flowering ſhrubs and holly———he eſpied his Bridget.

As the corporal thought there was nothing in the world ſo well worth ſhewing as the glorious works which he and my uncle Toby had made, Trim courteouſly and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in: this was not done ſo privately, but that the foul-mouth'd trumpet of Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reached my father's, with this untoward circumſtance along with it, that my uncle Toby's curious draw-

bridge, conſtructed and painted after the Dutch faſhion, and which went quite acroſs the ditch——was broke down, and ſome how or other cruſhed all to pieces that very night.

My father, as you obſerved, had no great eſteem for my uncle Toby's hobby-horſe; he thought it the moſt ridiculous horſe that ever gentleman mounted; and indeed, unleſs my uncle Toby vexed him about it, could never think of it once without ſmiling at it—ſo that it never could get lame, or happen any miſchance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond meaſure; but this being an accident much more to his humour than any one which had yet befallen it, it proved an inexhauſtible fund of entertainment to him.—Well—but dear Toby! my father would ſay, do tell me ſeriouſly how this affair of the bridge happened.—How can you teaze me ſo much about it? my uncle Toby would reply—I have told it you twenty times, word for word, as Trim told it me.—Prithee, how was it then, corporal? my father would cry, turning to Trim.—It was a mere misfortune, an' pleaſe your honour.—I was ſhewing Mrs. Bridget our fortifications, and in going too near the edge of the foſſe, I unfortunately ſlipped in.—Very well, Trim! my father would cry——(ſmiling myſteriouſly, and giving a nod—but without interrupting him)——and being linked faſt, an' pleaſe your honour, arm and arm with Mrs. Bridget, I dragged her after me, by means of which ſhe fell backwards ſoſs againſt the bridge—and Trim's foot (my uncle Toby would cry, taking the ſtory out of his mouth) getting into the curvette, he tumbled full againſt the bridge too.—It was a thouſand to one, my uncle Toby would add, that the poor fellow did not break his leg.—Ay, truly, my father would ſay—a limb is ſoon broken, brother Toby, in ſuch encounters.—And ſo, an' pleaſe your honour, the bridge, which your honour knows was a very ſlight one, was broke down betwixt us, and ſplintered all to pieces.

At other times, but eſpecially when my uncle Toby was ſo unfortunate as to ſay a ſyllable about cannons, bombs,

bombs, or petards—my father would exhauſt all the ſtores of eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyric upon the *battering-rams* of the ancients—the *vinea* which Alexander made uſe of at the ſiege of Tyre. —He would tell my uncle Toby of the *catapultæ* of the Syrians, which threw ſuch monſtrous ſtones ſo many hundred feet, and ſhook the ſtrongeſt bulwarks from their very foundation:—he would go on and deſcribe the wonderful mechaniſm of the *balliſta* which Marcellinus makes ſo much rout about! the terrible effects of the *pyraboli*, which caſt fire;—the danger of the *terebra* and *ſcorpio*, which caſt javelins.——But what are theſe, would he ſay, to the deſtructive machinery of Corporal Trim?—Believe me, brother Toby, no bridge, or baſtion, or ſally-port, that ever was conſtructed in this world, can hold out againſt ſuch artillery.

My uncle Toby would never attempt any defence againſt the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of ſmoaking his pipe; in doing which, he raiſed ſo denſe a vapour one night after ſupper, that it ſet my father, who was a little phthiſical, into a ſuffocating fit of violent coughing: my uncle Toby leaped up without feeling the pain upon his groin—and, with infinite pity, ſtood beſide his brother's chair tapping his back with one hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time wiping his eyes with a clean cambric handkerchief, which he pulled out of his pocket.——The affectionate and endearing manner in which my uncle Toby did theſe little offices—cut my father through his reins for the pain he had juſt been giving him.—May my brains be knocked out with a battering-ram or a catapulta, I care not which, quoth my father to himſelf—if ever I inſult this worthy ſoul more!

CHAP. XXXIV.

THE draw-bridge being held irreparable, Trim was ordered directly to ſet about another——but not upon the ſame model: for Cardinal Alberoni's intrigues at that time being diſcovered, and my uncle Toby rightly foreſeeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt

twixt Spain and the Empire, and that the operations of the enſuing campaign muſt in all likelihood be either in Naples or Sicily—he determined upon an Italian bridge—(my uncle Toby, by-the-bye, was not far out of his conjectures)—but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my uncle Toby in the cabinet, as my uncle Toby took it of him in the field—convinced him that if the king of Spain and the emperor went together by the ears, England and France and Holland muſt, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the liſts too;—and if ſo, he would ſay, the combatants, brother Toby, as ſure as we are alive, will fall to it again, pell-mell, upon the old prize-fighting ſtage of Flanders;—Then what will you do with your Italian bridge?

———We will go on with it then, upon the old model, cried my uncle Toby.

When Corporal Trim had about half finiſhed it in that ſtile—my uncle Toby found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly conſidered before. It turned, it ſeems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle, one half of which turned to one ſide of the foſſe, and the other to the other; the advantage of which was this, that by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal proportions, it empowered my uncle Toby to raiſe it up or let down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand, which, as his garriſon was weak, was as much as he could well ſpare—But the diſadvantages of ſuch a conſtruction were inſurmountable;———for by this means, he would ſay, I leave one half of my bridge in my enemy's poſſeſſion—and pray of what uſe is the other?

The natural remedy for this, was no doubt to have his bridge faſtened only at one end with hinges, ſo that the whole might be lifted up together, and ſtand bolt upright——but this was rejected for the reaſon given above.

For a whole week after he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular conſtruction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a paſſage;

and

and to thruſt forwards again to gain a paſſage—of which ſorts your worſhip might have ſeen three famous ones at Spires before its deſtruction—and one now at Briſac, if I miſtake not:——but my father adviſing my uncle Toby, with great earneſtneſs, to have nothing more to do with thruſting bridges——and my uncle foreſeeing moreover that it would but perpetuate the memory of the corporal's misfortune———he changed his mind for that of the marquis d' Hôpital's invention, which the younger Bernouilli has ſo well and learnedly deſcribed, as your worſhips may ſee, Act. Erud. Lipſ. an. 1695—To theſe a lead weight is an eternal balance, and keeps watch as well as a couple of centinels, inaſmuch as the conſtruction of them was a curve line approximating to a cycloid—if not a cycloid itſelf.

My uncle Toby underſtood the nature of a parabola as well as any man in England——but was not quite ſuch a maſter of the cycloid:—he talked however about it every day—the bridge went not forwards.——We'll aſk ſomebody about it, cried my uncle Toby to Trim.

CHAP. XXXV.

WHEN Trim came in and told my father that Dr. Slop was in the kitchen, and buſy in making a bridge—my uncle Toby—the affair of the jack-boots having juſt then raiſed a train of military ideas in his brain—took it inſtantly for granted, that Dr. Slop was making a model of the marquis d'Hôpital's bridge.—'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle Toby.—Pray give my humble ſervice to Dr. Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.

Had my uncle Toby's head been a Savoyard's box, and my father peeping in all the time at one end of it—it could not have given him a more diſtinct conception of the operations of my uncle Toby's imagination, than what he had; ſo, notwithſtanding the catapulta and battering-ram, and his bitter imprecation about them, he was juſt beginning to triumph——

When Trim's anſwer, in an inſtant, tore the laurel from his brows, and twiſted it to pieces.——

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

——THIS unfortunate draw-bridge of yours, quoth my father—God bleſs your honour, cried Trim, 'tis a bridge for maſter's noſe.—In bringing him into the world with his vile inſtruments, he has cruſhed his noſe, Suſannah ſays, as flat as a pancake to his face, and he is making a falſe bridge with a piece of cotton and a thin piece of whalebone out of Suſannah's ſtays, to raiſe it up.

——Lead me, brother Toby, cried my father, to my room this inſtant.

CHAP. XXXVII.

FROM the firſt moment I ſat down to write my life for the amuſement of the world, and my opinions for its inſtruction, has a cloud inſenſibly been gathering over my father.—A tide of little evils and diſtreſſes has been ſetting in againſt him.—Not one thing, as he obſerved himſelf, has gone right: and now is the ſtorm thickened, and going to break, and pour down full upon his head.

I enter upon this part of my ſtory in the moſt penſive and melancholy frame of mind that ever ſympathetic breaſt was touched with.——My nerves relax as I tell it.——Every line I write, I feel an abatement of the quickneſs of my pulſe, and of that careleſs alacrity with it, which every day of my life prompts me to ſay and write a thouſand things I ſhould not.—And this moment that I laſt dipped my pen into my ink, I could not help taking notice what a cautious air of ſad compoſure and ſolemnity there appeared in my manner of doing it.—Lord! how different from the raſh jerks, and hair-brained ſquirts thou art wont, Triſtram, to tranſact it with in other humours—dropping thy pen—ſpurting thy ink about thy table and thy books—as if thy pen and thy ink, thy books and furniture coſt thee nothing!

CHAP. XXXVIII.

——I WON'T go about to argue the point with you —'tis ſo—and I am perſuaded of it, madam, as much as can be, "That both man and woman bear pain "or ſorrow (and, for aught I know, pleaſure too) beſt "in a horizontal poſition."

The moment my father got up into his chamber, he threw himſelf proſtrate acroſs his bed in the wildeſt diſorder imaginable, but at the ſame time in the moſt lamentable attitude of a man borne down with ſorrows, that ever the eye of pity dropped a tear for.—The palm of his right hand, as he fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and covering the greateſt part of both his eyes, gently ſunk down with his head (his elbow giving way backwards) till his noſe touched the quilt;—his left arm hung inſenſibly over the ſide of the bed, his knuckles reclining upon the handle of the chamber-pot, which peeped out beyond the valance—his right leg (his left being drawn up towards his body) hung half over the ſide of the bed, the edge of it preſſing upon his ſhinbone.—He felt it not. A fix'd inflexible ſorrow took poſſeſſion of every line of his face.—He ſighed once—heaved his breaſt often—but uttered not a word.

An old ſet-ſtitched chair, valanced and fringed around with party coloured worſted bobs, ſtood at the bed's head, oppoſite to the ſide where my father's head reclined.—My uncle Toby ſat him down in it.

Before an affliction is digeſted—conſolation ever comes too ſoon;—and after it is digeſted—it comes too late: ſo that you ſee, madam, there is but a mark between theſe two, as fine almoſt as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at. My uncle Toby was always either on this ſide, or on that of it, and would often ſay, He believed in his heart, he could as ſoon hit the longitude: for this reaſon, when he ſat down in the chair, he drew the curtain a little forwards, and having a tear at every one's ſervice—he pulled out a cambric handkerchief—gave a low ſigh—but held his peace.

CHAP. XXXIX.

——"ALL is not gain that is got into the purſe."—So that notwithſtanding my father had the happineſs of reading the oddeſt books in the univerſe, and had moreover in himſelf, the oddeſt way of thinking that ever man in it was bleſs'd with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all—that it laid him open to ſome of the oddeſt and moſt whimſical diſtreſſes; of which this particular one, which he ſunk under at preſent, is as ſtrong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's noſe, by the edge of a pair of forceps—however ſcientifically applied—would vex any man in the world, who was at ſo much pains in the begetting a child as my father was—yet it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, or will it juſtify the unchriſtian manner he abandoned and ſurrendered himſelf up to.

To explain this, I muſt leave him upon the bed for half an hour—and my uncle Toby in his old fringed chair ſitting beſide him.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.