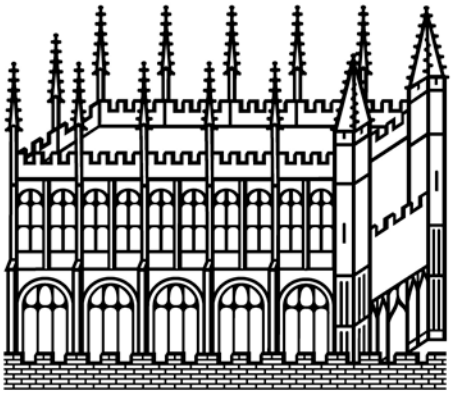


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Frontispiece, Vol. II.

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.

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

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE

AND

WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.

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THE

LIFE

AND

OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia, meis tamen, rogo, parcant opuſculis———in quibus fuit propoſiti ſemper, à jocis ad ſeria, à ſeriis viciſſim ad jocos tranſire.

JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS,
Epiſcopus Lugdun.

VOL. IV.

SLAWKENBERGII FABELLA*.

VESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, poſteriori in parte menſis Auguſti, peregrinus, mulo fuſco colore inſidens, manticâ à tergo, paucis induſiis, binis calceis, bracciſque ſericis coccineis repletâ Argentoratum ingreſſus eſt.

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intraret, dixit, ſe apud Naſorum promontorium fuiſſe, Francofurtum proficiſci, et Argentoratum, tranſitu ad fines Sarmatiæ menſis intervallo, reverſurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem ſuſpexit——Di boni, nova forma naſi!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, è quo pependit acinaces: Loculo manum inſeruit; et magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu ſiniſtrâ, ut extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit et proceſſit.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympaniſtam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginum perdidiſſe; itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci, neque

* As Häfen Slawkenbergius de Naſis is extremely ſcarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to ſee the ſpecimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no reflection upon it, but that his ſtory-telling Latin is much more conciſe than his philoſophick—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

SLAWKENBERGIUS's TALE.

IT was one cool refreſhing evening, at the cloſe of a very ſultry day, in the latter end of the month of Auguſt, when a ſtranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a ſmall cloak-bag behind him, containing a few ſhirts, a pair of ſhoes, and a crimſon-ſatin pair of breeches, entered the town of Straſburg.

He told the centinel, who queſtioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the promontory of NOSES———was going on to Frankfort—and ſhould be back again at Straſburg that day month, in his way to the borders of Crim Tartary.

The centinel looked up into the ſtranger's face —never ſaw ſuch a noſe in his life!

—I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the ſtranger—ſo ſlipping his wriſt out of the loop of a black ribband, to which a ſhort ſcimitar was hung: He put his hand into his pocket, and with great courteſy, touching the fore-part of his cap with his left hand, as he extended his right —he put a florin into the centinel's hand, and paſſed on.

It grieves me, ſaid the centinel, ſpeaking to a little dwarfiſh bandy-legg'd drummer, that ſo courteous a ſoul ſhould have loſt his ſcabbard———he cannot travel without one to his ſcimitar, and will not be able to get a ſcabbard to fit it in all Straſburg.———I never had one, replied the ſtranger, looking back to the centinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he ſpoke———I carry it, continued he, thus—— holding

neque vaginam toto Argentorato, habilem inveniet.

———*Nullam unquam habui, reſpondit peregrinus reſpiciens—ſeque comiter inclinans——hoc more geſto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentè progrediente, ut naſum tueri poſſim.*

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, reſpondit miles.

Nihili æſtimo, ait ille tympaniſta, è pergamenâ factitius eſt.

Prout Chriſtianus ſum, inquit miles, naſus ille, ni ſexties major ſit, meo eſſet conformis.

Crepitare audivi, ait tympaniſta.

Mehercule! ſanguinem emiſit, reſpondit miles.

Miſeret me, inquit tympaniſta, qui non ambo tetigimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympaniſtam, diſceptabatur ibidem tubicine et uxore ſuâ, qui tunc acceſſerunt, et peregrino prætereunte, reſtiterunt.

Quantus naſus! æque longus eſt, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut ſternutamento audias.

Tantum abeſt, reſpondit illa, quod fiſtulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus eſt, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, reſpondit uxor.

Rurſum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod æneus eſt.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormivero.

Mulus peregrini, gradu lento progreſſus eſt, ut unumquodque verbum controverſiæ, non tantum

inter

holding up his naked ſcimitar, his mule moving on ſlowly all the time, on purpoſe to defend my noſe.

It is well worth it, gentle ſtranger, replied the centinel.

——'Tis not worth a ſingle ſtiver, ſaid the bandy-legg'd drummer——'tis a noſe of parchment.

As I am a true Catholick——except that it is ſix times as big——'tis a noſe, ſaid the centinel, like my own.

—I heard it crackle, ſaid the drummer.

By dunder, ſaid the centinel, I ſaw it bleed.

What a pity, cried the bandy-legg'd drummer, we did not both touch it!

At the very time that this diſpute was maintaining by the centinel and the drummer—— was the ſame point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were juſt then coming up, and had ſtopped to ſee the ſtranger paſs by.

Benedicite!—What a noſe! 'tis as long, ſaid the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

And of the ſame metal, ſaid the trumpeter, as you hear by its ſneezing.

—'Tis as ſoft as a flute, ſaid ſhe.

—'Tis braſs, ſaid the trumpeter.

—'Tis a pudding's end, ſaid his wife.

I tell thee again, ſaid the trumpeter, 'tis a brazen noſe.

I'll know the bottom of it, ſaid the trumpeter's wife, for I will touch it with my finger before I ſleep.

The ſtranger's mule moved on at ſo ſlow a rate, that he heard every word of the diſpute, not

inter militem et tympaniſtam, verum etiam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus, audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum fræna demittens, et manibus ambabus in pectus poſitis, (mulo lentè progrediente) nequaquam, ait ille, reſpiciens, non neceſſe eſt ut res iſthæc dilucidata foret. Minime gentium! meus naſus nunquam tangetur, dum ſpiritus hos reget artus——ad quid agendum? ait uxor burgomagiſtri.

Peregrinus illi non reſpondit. Votum faciebat tunc temporis ſancto Nicolao; quo facto, in ſinum dextram inſerens, e quâ negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu proceſſit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diverſorium templo ex adverſum ducit.

Peregrinus mulo deſcendens ſtabulo includi, et manticam inferri juſſit: quâ apertâ et coccineis ſericis femoralibus extractis cum argenteo laciniato Περιζωματε, *his ſeſe induit, ſtatimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.*

Quod ubi peregrinus eſſet ingreſſus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aſpicit; illico curſum flectit, metuens

not only betwixt the centinel and the drummer; but betwixt the trumpeter and the trumpeter's wife.

No! ſaid he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breaſt, the one over the other in a ſaint-like poſition (his mule going on eaſily all the time) No! ſaid he, looking up,—I am not ſuch a debtor to the world ——ſlandered and diſappointed as I have been ———as to give it that conviction—no! ſaid he, my noſe ſhall never be touched whilſt heaven gives me ſtrength—To do what? ſaid a burgo-maſter's wife.

The ſtranger took no notice of the burgo-maſter's wife——he was making a vow to ſaint Nicolas; which done, having uncroſſed his arms with the ſame ſolemnity with which he croſſed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left hand, and putting his right hand into his boſom, with his ſcimitar hanging looſely to the wriſt of it, he rode on as ſlowly as one foot of the mule could follow another, through the principal ſtreets of Straſburg, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place, over againſt the church.

The moment the ſtranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the ſtable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking out of it his crimſon-ſatin breeches, with a ſilver-fringed———(appendage to them, which I dare not tranſlate)——he put his breeches, with his fringed cod-piece on, and forth-with, with his ſhort ſcimitar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The ſtranger had juſt taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's

wife

metuens ne naſus ſuus exploraretur, atque ad diverſorium regreſſus eſt———exuit ſe veſtibus; braccas coccineas ſericas manticæ impoſuit mulumque educi juſſit.

Francofurtum proficiſcor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curaſti hoc jumentum (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens——mè, manticamque meam, plus ſexcentis mille paſſibus portavit.

Longa via eſt! reſpondit hoſpes, niſi plurimum eſſet negotii.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, à naſorum promontorio redii, et naſum ſpecioſiſſimum, egregioſiſſimumque quem unquam quiſquam ſortitus eſt, acquiſivi.

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem, de ſeipſo reddit, hoſpes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini naſum contemplantur.—Per ſanctos, ſanctoſque omnes, ait hoſpitis uxor, naſis duodecim maximis in toto Argentorato major eſt!—eſtne, ait illa, mariti in aurem inſuſurrans, nonne eſt naſus prægrandis?

Dolus ineſt, anime mi, ait hoſpes——naſus eſt falſus.—
Verus eſt, reſpondit uxor.—
Ex abiete factus eſt, ait ille, terebinthinum olet——

Carbunculus ineſt, ait uxor.
Mortuus eſt naſus, reſpondit hoſpes.

Vivus

wife at the oppoſite ſide of it—ſo turning ſhort, in pain leſt his noſe ſhould be attempted, he inſtantly went back to his inn—undreſſed himſelf, packed up his crimſon-ſatin breeches, &c. in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

I am going forwards, ſaid the ſtranger, for Frankfort—and ſhall be back at Straſburg this day month.

I hope, continued the ſtranger, ſtroking down the face of his mule with his left hand, as he was going to mount it, that you have been kind to this faithful ſlave of mine——it has carried me and my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's back, above ſix hundred leagues.

—'Tis a long journey, Sir, replied the maſter of the inn—unleſs a man has great buſineſs.—Tut! tut! ſaid the ſtranger, I have been at the promontory of Noſes; and have got me one of the goodlieſt and jollieſt, thank heaven, that ever fell to a ſingle man's lot.

Whilſt the ſtranger was giving this odd account of himſelf, the maſter of the inn, and his wife kept both their eyes fixed full upon the ſtranger's noſe——By ſaint Radagunda, ſaid the inn-keeper's wife to herſelf, there is more of it than in any dozen of the largeſt noſes put together, in all Straſburg! is it not, ſaid ſhe, whiſpering her huſband in the ear, is it not a noble noſe?

'Tis an impoſtor, my dear, ſaid the maſter of the inn——'tis a falſe noſe.

'Tis a true noſe, ſaid his wife.

'Tis made of fir-tree, ſaid he—I ſmell the turpentine.—

There's a pimple on it, ſaid ſhe.

'Tis a dead noſe, replied the inn-keeper.

Vivus eſt, ait illa,—& ſi ipſa vivam tangam.

Votum feci ſancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, naſum meum intactum fore uſque ad—Quodnam tempus? illico reſpondit illa.

Minimè tangetur, inquit ille (manibus in pectus compoſitis) uſque ad illam horam—Quam horam? ait illa.—Nullam, reſpondit peregrinus, donec pervenio ad—Quem locum,—obſecro? ait illa———Peregrinus nil reſpondens mulo conſcenſo diſceſſit.

'Tis a live noſe, and if I am alive myſelf, ſaid the inn-keeper's wife, I will touch it.

I have made a vow to ſaint Nicolas this day, ſaid the ſtranger, that my noſe ſhall not be touched till—Here the ſtranger, ſuſpending his voice, looked up—Till when? ſaid ſhe haſtily.

It never ſhall be touched, ſaid he, claſping his hands and bringing them cloſe to his breaſt, till that hour—What hour? cried the inn-keeper's wife.—Never!—never! ſaid the ſtranger, never till I am got—For heaven ſake into what place? ſaid ſhe.—The ſtranger rode away without ſaying a word.

The ſtranger had not got half a league on his way towards Frankfort, before all the city of Straſburg was in an uproar about his noſe. The Compline-bells were juſt ringing to call the Straſburghers to their devotions, and ſhut up the duties of the day in prayer:—no ſoul in all Straſburg heard 'em—the city was like a ſwarm of bees—men, women, and children (the Compline-bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there——in at one door, out at another—this way and that way——long ways and croſs ways—up one ſtreet, down another ſtreet—in at this alley, out at that—did you ſee it? did you ſee it? did you ſee it? O! did you ſee it?——who ſaw it? who did ſee it? for mercy's ſake, who ſaw it?

Alack o'day! I was at veſpers!—I was waſhing, I was ſtarching, I was ſcouring, I was quilting—GOD help me! I never ſaw it—I never touch'd it!—would I had been a centinel, a bandy-legg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and lamentation in every ſtreet and corner of Straſburg.

Whilſt all this confuſion and diſorder triumphed throughout the great city of Straſburg, was the courteous ſtranger going on as gently upon his mule in his way to Frankfort, as if he had no concern at all in the affair—talking all the way he rode in broken ſentences, ſometimes to his mule—ſometimes to himſelf—ſometimes to his Julia.

O Julia, my lovely Julia!—nay I cannot ſtop to let thee bite that thiſtle—that ever the ſuſpected tongue of a rival ſhould have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of taſting it—

—Pugh!—'tis nothing but a thiſtle—never mind it—thou ſhalt have a better ſupper at night.

—Baniſh'd from my country—my friends—from thee—

Poor devil, thou'rt ſadly tired with thy journey!—come—get on a little faſter—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two ſhirts—a crimſon-ſatin pair of breeches, and a fringed—Dear Julia!

—But why to Frankfort?—is it that there is a hand unfelt, which ſecretly is conducting me through theſe meanders and unſuſpected tracts!

—Stumbling! by ſaint Nicolas! every ſtep ——why at this rate we ſhall be all night in getting in—

—To happineſs—or am I to be the ſport of fortune and ſlander—deſtined to be driven forth unconvicted—unheard—untouched—if ſo, why did I not ſtay at Straſburg, where juſtice—but I had ſworn!—Come,—thou ſhalt drink—to ſaint Nicolas———O Julia!———What doſt thou

thou prick up thy ears at ?———'tis nothing but a man, &c.

The ſtranger rode on communing in this manner with his mule and Julia——till he arrived at his inn, where, as ſoon as he arrived, he alighted——ſaw his mule, as he had promiſed it, taken good care of——took off his cloak-bag, with his crimſon-ſatin breeches, &c. in it———called for an omelet to his ſupper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell faſt aſleep.

It was about the ſame hour when the tumult in Straſburg being abated for that night,——— the Straburghers had all got quietly into their beds———but not like the ſtranger, for the reſt either of their minds or bodies; queen Mab, like an elf as ſhe was, had taken the ſtranger's noſe, and without reduction of its bulk, had that night been at the pains of ſlitting and dividing it into as many noſes of different cuts and faſhions, as there were heads in Straſburg to hold them. The abbeſs of Quedlingberg, who, with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the pioreſs, the deaneſs, the ſub-chantreſs, and ſenior canoneſs, had that week come to Straſburg to conſult the univerſity, upon a caſe of conſcience relating to their placket holes——was ill all the night.

The courteous ſtranger's noſe had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made ſuch rouſing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, they could not get a wink of ſleep the whole night thro' for it———there was no keeping a limb ſtill amongſt them——in ſhort they got up like ſo many ghoſts.

The penitentiaries of the third order of ſaint Francis——the nuns of mount Calvary——the Praemonſtratenſes——the Clunienſes *——the Carthuſians, and all the ſeverer orders of nuns who lay that night in blankets or hair-cloth, were ſtill in a worſe condition than the abbeſs of Quedlingberg——by tumbling and toſſing, and toſſing and tumbling from one ſide of their beds to the other the whole night long——the ſeveral ſiſterhoods had ſcratch'd and maul'd themſelves all to death——they got out of their beds almoſt ſlead alive——every body thought ſaint Antony had viſited them for probation with his fire——they had never once, in ſhort, ſhut their eyes the whole night long from veſpers to matins.

The nuns of ſaint Urſula acted the wiſeſt—they never attempted to go to bed at all.

The dean of Straſburg, the predendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitularly aſſembled in the morning to conſider the caſe of butter'd buns) all wiſhed they had followed the nuns of ſaint Urſula's example.——In the hurry and confuſion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven—there were no butter'd buns to be had for breakfaſt in all Straſburg——the whole cloſe of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion——ſuch a cauſe of reſtleſſneſs and diſquietude, and ſuch a zealous inquiry into the cauſe of that reſtleſſneſs, had never happened in Straſburg, ſince Martin Luther, with his doctrines, had turned the city up-ſide down.

If

* *Hafen Slawkenbergius means the Benedictine nuns of Cluny, founded in the year* 940, *by Odo, abbé de Cluny.*

If the ſtranger's noſe took this liberty of thruſting itſelf thus into the diſhes * of religious orders, &c. what a carnival did his noſe make of it, in thoſe of the laity!——'tis more than my pen, worn to the ſtump as it is, has power to deſcribe, tho' I acknowledge, (cries Slawkenbergius, with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from him) that there is many a good ſimile now ſubſiſting in the world, which might give my countrymen ſome idea of it; but at the cloſe of ſuch a folio as this, wrote for their ſakes, and in which I have ſpent the greateſt part of my life——tho' I own to them the ſimile is in being, yet would it not be unreaſonable in them to expect, I ſhould have either time or inclination to ſearch for it? Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the riot and diſorder it occaſioned in the Straſburghers fantaſies was ſo general—ſuch an overpowering maſterſhip had it got of all the faculties of the Straſburghers minds—ſo many ſtrange things, with equal confidence on all ſides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were ſpoken and ſworn to concerning it, that turned the whole ſtream of all diſcourſe and wonder towards it——every ſoul good and bad ——rich and poor—learned and unlearned——doctor and ſtudent——miſtreſs and maid——gentle and ſimple——nun's fleſh and woman's fleſh in Straſburg, ſpent their time in hearing tidings

* *Mr. Shandy's compliments to orators—is very ſenſible that Slawkenbergius has here changed his metaphor——which he is very guilty of;——that as a tranſlator, Mr. Shandy has all along done what he could, to make him ſtick to it—but that here 'twas impoſſible.*

dings about it——every eye in Straſburg languiſhed to ſee it——every finger—every thumb in Straſburg burned to touch it.

Now, what might add, if any thing may be thought neceſſary to add to ſo vehement a deſire—was this, that the centinel, the bandy-legg'd drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgo-maſter's widow, the maſter of the inn, and the maſter of the inn's wife, how widely ſoever they all differed every one from another in their teſtimonies and deſcriptions of the ſtranger's noſe——they all agreed together in two points—namely, that he was gone to Frankfort, and would not return to Straſburg till that day month; and ſecondly, whether his noſe was true or falſe, that the ſtranger himſelf was one of the moſt perfect paragons of beauty——the fineſt made man!—the moſt genteel!—the moſt generous of his purſe—the moſt courteous in his carriage, that had ever entered the gates of Straſburg——that as he rode, with his ſcimitar ſlung looſely to his wriſt, through the ſtreets——and walked with his crimſon-ſatin breeches acroſs the parade——'twas with ſo ſweet an air of careleſs modeſty, and ſo manly withal——as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his noſe not ſtood in his way) of every virgin who had caſt her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a ſtranger to the throbs and yearnings of curioſity, ſo excited to juſtify the abbeſs of Quedlingberg, the prioreſs, the deaneſs and ſub-chantreſs, for ſending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: ſhe went through the ſtreets of Straſburg with her huſband's trumpet in her hand—the beſt apparatus the ſtraitneſs of the time would allow her,

for

for the illuſtration of her theory—ſhe ſtaid no longer than three days.

The centinel and the bandy-legg'd drummer! —nothing on this ſide of old Athens could equal them! they read their lectures under the city gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a Chryſippus and a Crantor in their porticoes.

The maſter of the inn, with his oſtler on his left-hand, read his alſo in the ſame ſtile,—— under the portico or gateway of his ſtable-yard —his wife, hers more privately in a back room: all flocked to their lectures; not promiſcuouſly —but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marſhall'd them—in a word, each Straſburgher came crowding for intelligence—— and every Straſburgher had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonſtrators in natural philoſophy, &c. that as ſoon as the trumpeter's wife had finiſhed the abbeſs of Quedlingberg's private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which ſhe did upon a ſtool in the middle of the great parade—ſhe incommoded the other demonſtrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the moſt faſhionable part of the city of Straſburg for her auditory—But when a demonſtrator in philoſophy (cries Slawkenbergius) has a trumpet for an apparatus, pray what rival in ſcience can pretend to be heard beſides him?

Whilſt the unlearned, thro' theſe conduits of intelligence, were all buſied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court——were the learned in their way as buſy in pumping her up thro' the conduits of dialect induction——they concerned themſelves;

themſelves not with facts————they reaſoned.—

Not one profeſſion had thrown more light upon this ſubject than the faculty—had not all their diſputes about it run into the affair of wens and œdematous ſwellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and ſouls—the ſtranger's noſe had nothing to do either with wens or œdematous ſwellings.

It was demonſtrated however very ſatisfactorily, that ſuch a ponderous maſs of heterogeneous matter could not be congeſted and conglomerated to the noſe, whilſt the infant was in utero, without deſtroying the ſtatical balance of the fœtus, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time.—

—The opponents granted the theory—they denied the conſequences.

And if a ſuitable proviſion of veins, arteries, &c. ſaid they, was not laid in, for the due nouriſhment of ſuch a noſe, in the very firſt ſtamina and rudiments of its formation before it came into the world (bating the caſe of wens) it could not regularly grow and be ſuſtained afterwards.

This was all anſwered by a diſſertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the veſſels, and in the increaſe and prolongation of the muſcular parts to the greateſt growth and expanſion imaginable—-In the triumph of which theory, they went ſo far as to affirm, that there was no cauſe in nature, why a noſe might not grow to the ſize of the man himſelf.

The reſpondents ſatisfied the world this event could never happen to them ſo long as a man had

had but one ſtomach and one pair of lungs—— For the ſtomach, ſaid they, being the only organ deſtined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle,——and the lungs the only engine of ſanguification——it could poſſibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought it: or admitting the poſſibility of a man's overloading his ſtomach, nature had ſet bounds however to his lungs—the engine was of a determined ſize and ſtrength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time——that is, it could produce juſt as much blood as was ſufficient for one ſingle man, and no more; ſo that, if there was as much noſe as man—they proved a mortification muſt neceſſarily enſue; and foraſmuch as there could not be a ſupport for both, that the noſe muſt either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his noſe.

Nature accommodates herſelf to theſe emergencies, cried the opponents——elſe what do you ſay to the caſe of a whole ſtomach—a whole pair of lungs, and but half a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately ſhot off?

He dies of a plethora, ſaid they—or muſt ſpit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a conſumption.—

It happens otherways——replied the opponents.—

It ought not, ſaid they.

The more curious and intimate inquirers after nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the noſe at laſt, almoſt as much as the faculty itſelf.

They

They amicably laid it down, that there was a juſt and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the ſeveral parts of the human frame to its ſeveral deſtinations, offices, and functions, which could not be tranſgreſſed but within certain limits—that nature, though ſhe ſported—ſhe ſported within a certain circle;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logicians ſtuck much cloſer to the point before them than any of the claſſes of the literati;—they began and ended with the word noſe; and had it not been for a petitio principii, which one of the ableſt of them ran his head againſt in the beginning of the combat, the whole controverſy had been ſettled at once.

A noſe, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood——and not only blood——but blood circulating in it to ſupply the phenomenon with a ſucceſſion of drops———a ſtream being but a quicker ſucceſſion of drops, that is included, ſaid he——Now death, continued the logician, being nothing but the ſtagnation of the blood—

I deny the definition—Death is the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body, ſaid his antagoniſt—Then we don't agree about our weapons, ſaid the logician——Then there is an end of the diſpute, replied the antagoniſt.

The civilians were ſtill more conciſe; what they offered being more in the nature of a decree—than a diſpute.

—Such a monſtrous noſe, ſaid they, had it been a true noſe, could not poſſibly have been ſuffered in civil ſociety—and if falſe——to impoſe upon ſociety with ſuch falſe ſigns and tokens,

was

was a ſtill greater violation of its rights, and muſt have had ſtill leſs mercy ſhewn it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the ſtranger's noſe was neither true nor falſe.

This left room for the controverſy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the eccleſiaſtic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, ſince the ſtranger, ex mero motu, had confeſſed he had been at the Promontory of Noſes, and had got one of the goodlieſt, &c. &c.—To this it was anſwered, it was impoſſible there ſhould be ſuch a place as the Promontory of Noſes, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commiſſary of the biſhop of Straſburg undertook the advocates part, and explained this matter in a treatiſe upon proverbial phraſes, ſhewing them, that the Promontory of Noſes was a mere allegoric expreſſion, importing no more than that nature had given him a long noſe: in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the underwritten authorities, * which had

* *Nonnulli ex noſtratibus eadem loquendi formulâ utun. Quinimo et Logiſtæ & Canoniſtæ——— Vid. Parce Bar. e Jas. in d. L. Provincial. Conſtitut. de conjec. vid. Vol. Lib.* 4. *Titul.* 1. *N.* 7. *quâ etiam in re conſpir. On. de Promontorio Naſ. Tichmack. ff. d. tit.* 3. *fol.* 189. *paſſim. Vid. Gloſ. de contrahend. empt. &c. nec non J. Scrudr. in cap. § refut. ff. per totum. cum his conſ. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & prov. cap.* 9. *ff.* 11, 12. *obiter. V. et Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phraſ. Belg. ad finem, cum Comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentotarenſ. de Antiq. Ecc. in Epiſc. Archiv.*

had decided the point inconteſtibly, had it not appeared that a diſpute about ſome franchiſes of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened—I muſt not ſay unluckily for Truth, becauſe they were giving her a lift another way in ſo doing; that the two univerſities of Straſburg—the Lutheran, founded in the year 1538 by Jacobus Sturmius, counſellor of the ſenate,——and the Popiſh founded by Leopold, archduke of Auſtria, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except juſt what the affair of the abbeſs of Quedlingberg's placket-holes required)—in determining the point of Martin Luther's damnation.

The Popiſh doctors had undertaken to demonſtrate, à priori, that from the neceſſary influence of the planets on the twenty-ſecond day of October 1483——when the Moon was in the twelfth houſe—Jupiter, Mars, and Venus in the third—the Sun, Saturn, and Mercury all got together in the fourth——that he muſt in courſe, and unavoidably, be a damn'd man—and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, muſt be damn'd doctrines too.

By inſpection into his horoſcope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio

chiv. fid. coll. per Van Jacobum Koinſhoven Folio Argent. 1583. *præcip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff. in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de Jure. Gent. & Civil. de protib. aliena feud. per federa, teſt. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Analy. Cap.* 1, 2, 3. *Vid. Idea.*

pio * (in reading this my father would always ſhake his head) in the ninth houſe which the Arabians allotted to religion——it appeared that Martin Luther did not care one ſtiver about the matter—and that from the horoſcope directed to the conjunction of Mars—they made it plain likewiſe he muſt die curſing and blaſpheming—with the blaſt of which his ſoul (being ſteep'd in guilt) ſailed before the wind, in the lake of hell fire.

The little objection of the Lutheran doctors to this, was, that it muſt certainly be the ſoul of another man, born Oct. 22. 83, which was forced to ſail down before the wind in that manner—inaſmuch as it appeared from the regiſter of Iſlaben in the county of Mansfelt, that Luther was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of October, but on the 10th of November, the eve of Martinmas-day, from whence he had the name of Martin.

[—I muſt break off my tranſlation for a moment; for if I did not, I know I ſhould no more be able to ſhut my eyes in bed, than the abbeſs of Quedlingberg—It is to tell the reader, that

* *Hæc mira, ſatiſque horrenda. Planetarum coitio ſub Scorpio Aſteriſmo in nonâ cœli ſtatione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit Martinum Lutherum ſacrilegum hæreticum, chriſtianæ religionis hoſtem acerimum atque prophanum, ex horoſcopi directione ad Martis coitum, religioſiſſimus obiit, ejus Anima ſceleſtiſſima ad infernos navigavit ——ab Alecto, Tiſiphone et Megara flagellis igneis cruciata perenniter.*

—Lucas Gauricus in Tractatu aſtrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinatis.

my father never read this paſſage of Slawkenbergius to my uncle Toby but with triumph—not over my uncle Toby, for he never oppoſed him in it—but over the whole world.

—Now you ſee, brother Toby, he would ſay, looking up, "that chriſtian names are not ſuch "indifferent things;"—had Luther here been called by any other name but Martin, he would have been damned to all eternity—Not that I look upon Martin, he would add, as a good name—far from it—'tis ſomething better than a neutral, and but a little——yet little as it is, you ſee it was of ſome ſervice to him.

My father knew the weakneſs of this prop to his hypotheſis, as well as the beſt logician could ſhew him——yet ſo ſtrange is the weakneſs of man, at the ſame time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make uſe of it; and it was certainly for this reaſon, that though there are many ſtories of Hafen Slawkenbergius's Decads full as entertaining as this I am tranſlating, yet there is not one amongſt them which my father read over with half the delight—it flattered two of his ſtrangeſt hypotheſes together——his NAMES and his NOSES—I will be bold to ſay, he might have read all the books in the Alexandrian library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or a paſſage in one, which hit two ſuch nails as theſe upon the head at one ſtroke.]

The two univerſities of Straſburg were hard tugging at this affair of Luther's navigation. The Proteſtant doctors had demonſtrated, that he had not ſailed right before the wind, as the Popiſh doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no ſailing full in the teeth of it—

it—they were going to ſettle, in caſe he had failed, how many points he was off; whether Martin had doubled the cape, or had fallen upon a lee-ſhore; and no doubt, as it was an inquiry of much edification, at leaſt to thoſe who underſtood this ſort of NAVIGATION, they had gone on with it, in ſpite of the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe, had not the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about——it was their buſineſs to follow.

The abbeſs of Quedlingberg and her four dignitaries was no ſtop; for the enormity of the ſtranger's noſe running full as much in their fancies, as their caſe of conſcience—the affair of their placket-holes kept cold——in a word, the printers were ordered to diſtribute their types—all controverſies dropp'd.

'Twas a ſquare cap, with a ſilk taſſel upon the crown of it——to a nut-ſhell—to have gueſſed on which ſide of the noſe the two univerſities would ſplit.

'Tis above reaſon, cried the doctors on one ſide.

'Tis below reaſon, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried the one.

'Tis a fiddle-ſtick, ſaid the other.

'Tis poſſible, cried the one.

'Tis impoſſible, ſaid the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Noſarians, he can do any thing.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinoſarians, which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, ſaid the Noſarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a ſow's ear, replied the Antinoſarians.

He cannot make two and two five, replied the Popiſh doctors.——'Tis falſe, ſaid their other opponents.—

Infinite power is infinite power, ſaid the doctors who maintained the reality of the noſe.——It extends only to all poſſible things, replied the Lutherans.

By God in heaven, cried the Popiſh doctors, he can make a noſe, if he thinks fit, as big as the ſteeple of Straſburg.

Now, the ſteeple of Straſburg being the biggeſt and the talleſt church-ſteeple to be ſeen in the whole world, the Antinoſarians denied that a noſe of 575 geometrical feet in length could be worn, at leaſt by a middle-ſized man——The Popiſh doctors ſwore it could——The Lutheran doctors ſaid no;——it could not.

This at once ſtarted a new diſpute, which they purſued a great way, upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God——That controverſy led them naturally into Thomas Aquinas, and Thomas Aquinas to the devil.

The ſtranger's noſe was no more heard of in the diſpute—it juſt ſerved as a frigate to launch them into the gulph of ſchool-divinity,—and then they all ſailed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controverſy about the attributes, &c. inſtead of cooling, on the contrary, had inflamed the Straſburghers imaginations to a moſt inordinate degree.—The leſs they underſtood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it—they were left in all the diſtreſſes of deſire unſatisfied,—

ſatisfied,—ſaw their doctors the Parchmentarians, the Braſſarians, the Turpentarians, on the one ſide——the Popiſh doctors on the other, like Pantagruel and his companions in queſt of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked and out of ſight.

———The poor Straſburghers left upon the beach!

——What was to be done?——No delay—the uproar increaſed—every one in diſorder—the city gates ſet open.—

Unfortunate Straſburghers! was there in the ſtore-houſe of nature—was there in the lumber-rooms of learning—was there in the great arſenal of chance, one ſingle engine left undrawn forth to torture your curioſities, and ſtretch your deſires, which was not pointed by the hand of fate, to play upon your hearts!——I dip not my pen into my ink, to excuſe the ſurrender of yourſelves——'tis to write your panegyrick. Shew me a city ſo macerated with expectation—who neither eat, or drank, or ſlept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls either of religion or nature, for ſeven and twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer.

On the twenty-eighth, the courteous ſtranger had promiſed to return to Straſburg.

Seven thouſand coaches (Slawkenbergius muſt certainly have made ſome miſtake in his numerical characters) 7000 coaches———15000 ſingle horſe chairs——20000 waggons, crowded as full as they could all hold, with ſenators, counſellors, ſyndycks——beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches—The abbeſs of Quedlinberg, with the prioreſs, the deaneſs and ſub-chantreſs leading the proceſſion in one coach, and the dean of Straſburg, with

with the four great dignitaries of his chapter on her left-hand, the reſt following higglety-pigglety as they could; ſome on horſeback——ſome on foot—ſome led—ſome driven—ſome down the Rhine—ſome this way—ſome that—all ſet out at ſun-riſe, to meet the courteous ſtranger on the road.

Haſte we now towards the cataſtrophe of my tale——I ſay Cataſtrophe (cries Slawkenbergius) inaſmuch as a tale, with parts, rightly diſpoſed, not only rejoiceth (gaudet) in the Cataſtrophe and Peripeitia of a DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in all the eſſential and integrant parts of it—it has its Protaſis, Epitaſis, Cataſtaſis, its Cataſtrophe or Peripeitia growing one out of the other in it, in the order Ariſtotle firſt planted them—without which a tale had better never be told at all, ſays Slawkenbergius, but be kept to a man's ſelf.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decads, have I, Slawkenbergius, tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the ſtranger and his noſe.

—From his firſt parley with the centinel, to his leaving the city of Straſburg, after pulling off his crimſon-ſatin pair of breeches, is the Protaſis, or firſt entrance——where the characters of the Perſonæ Dramatis are juſt touched in, and the ſubject ſlightly begun.

The Epitaſis, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its ſtate or height called the Cataſtaſis, and which uſually takes up the 2d and 3d act, is included within that buſy period of my tale, betwixt the firſt night's uproar about the noſe, to the concluſion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures

tures upon it in the middle of the grand parade; and from the firſt embarking of the learned in the diſpute—to the doctors finally ſailing away, and leaving the Straſburghers upon the beach in diſtreſs, is the Cataſtaſis, or the ripening of the incidents and paſſions, for their burſting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the ſetting out of the Straſburghers in the Frankfort road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth, and bringing the hero out of a ſtate of agitation (as Ariſtotle calls it) to a ſtate of reſt and quietneſs.

This, ſays Hafen Slawkenbergius, conſtitutes the cataſtrophe or peripeitia of my tale—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

—We left the ſtranger behind the curtain aſleep—he enters now upon the ſtage.

—What doſt thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man upon a horſe—was the laſt word the ſtranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his maſter's word for it; and without any more ifs or ands, let the traveller and his horſe paſs by.

The traveller was haſtening with all diligence, to get to Straſburg that night——What a fool am I, ſaid the traveller to himſelf, when he had rode about a league farther, to think of getting into Straſburg this night—Straſburg!—the great Straſburg!—Straſburg, the capital of all Alſatia! Straſburg, an imperial city! Straſburg, a ſovereign ſtate! Straſburg, garriſoned with five thouſand of the beſt troops in all the world!—— Alas! if I was at the gates of Straſburg this moment,

ment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat—nay, a ducat and a half—'tis too much —better go back to the laſt inn I have paſſed—than ly, I know not where—or give, I know not what. The traveller, as he made theſe reflections in his mind, turned his horſe's head about, and three minutes after the ſtranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the ſame inn.

—We have bacon in the houſe, ſaid the hoſt, and bread—and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it—but a ſtranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dreſſed into an omelet, and we have nothing.—

Alas! ſaid the traveller, haraſſed as I am, I want nothing but a bed—I have one as ſoft as is in Alſatia, ſaid the hoſt.

—The ſtranger, continued he, ſhould have ſlept in it, for 'tis my beſt bed, but upon the ſcore of his noſe——He has got a defluction, ſaid the traveller——Not that I know, cried the hoſt——But 'tis a camp-bed, and Jacinta, ſaid he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his noſe in——Why ſo? cried the traveller, ſtarting back—It is ſo long a noſe, cried the hoſt——The traveller fixed his eyes upon Jacinta, then upon the ground—kneeled upon his right knee—had juſt got his hand laid upon his breaſt—Trifle not with my anxiety, ſaid he, riſing up again—'Tis no trifle, ſaid Jacinta, 'tis the moſt glorious noſe!—The traveller fell upon his knee again—laid his hand upon his breaſt—then ſaid he, looking up to heaven, thou haſt conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage—'Tis Diego!

The

The traveller was the brother of the Julia, ſo often invoked that night by the ſtranger, as he rode from Straſburg upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in queſt of him. He had accompanied his ſiſter from Valladolid acroſs the Pyrenean mountains, thro' France, and had many an entangled ſkein to wind off in purſuit of him, thro' the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracts.

—Julia had ſunk under it—and had not been able to go a ſtep farther than to Lyons, where, with the many diſquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of—but few feel—ſhe ſicken'd, but had juſt ſtrength to write a letter to Diego; and, having conjured her brother never to ſee her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, Julia took to her bed.

Fernandez, (for that was her brother's name) —tho' the camp-bed was as ſoft as any one in Alſace, yet he could not ſhut his eyes in it.—As ſoon as it was day, he roſe, and hearing Diego was riſen too, he entered his chamber, and diſcharged his ſiſter's commiſſion.

The letter was as follows:

" Seig. DIEGO,

" Whether my ſuſpicions of your noſe were " juſtly excited or not—'tis not now to inquire " —it is enough I have not had firmneſs to put " them to farther trial.

" How could I know ſo little of myſelf, when " I ſent my duenna to forbid your coming more " under my lattice? or how could I know ſo little " of you, Diego, as to imagine you would not " have ſtaid one day in Valladolid to have given " eaſe to my doubts?—Was I to be abandoned, " Diego, becauſe I was deceived? or was it

" kind

" kind to take me at my word, whether my " ſuſpicions were juſt or no, and leave me, as " you did, a prey to much uncertainty and ſor- " row?

" In what manner Julia has reſented this—my " brother, when he puts this letter into your " hands, will tell you: He will tell you in how " few moments ſhe repented of the raſh meſſage " ſhe had ſent you—in what frantick haſte ſhe " flew to her lattice, and how many days and " nights together, ſhe leaned immoveably upon " her elbow, looking thro' it towards the way " which Diego was wont to come.

" He will tell you, when ſhe heard of your " departure—how her ſpirits deſerted her——— " how her heart ſicken'd——how piteouſly ſhe " mourn'd——how long ſhe hung her head. O " Diego! how many weary ſteps has my brother's " pity led me by the hand, languiſhing, to trace " out yours! how far has deſire carried me be- " yond ſtrength——and how oft have I fainted " by the way, and ſunk into his arms, with only " power to cry out——O my Diego!

" If the gentleneſs of your carriage has not " belied your heart, you will fly to me, almoſt " as faſt as you fled from me——haſte as you will, " you will arrive but to ſee me expire.——'Tis a " bitter draught, Diego, but oh! 'tis imbitter'd " ſtill more by dying un——."

She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius ſuppoſes the word intended was unconvinced, but her ſtrength would not enable her to finiſh her letter.

The heart of the courteous Diego overflowed, as he read the letter——he ordered his mule forth- with, and Fernandez's horſe to be ſaddled; and

as no vent in proſe is equal to that of poetry in ſuch conflicts——chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to diſeaſes, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window—Diego availed himſelf of it, and, whilſt the oſtler was getting ready his mule, he eaſed his mind againſt the wall as follows.

O D E.

Harſh and untuneful are the notes of love,
  Unleſs my Julia ſtrikes the key,
Her hand alone can touch the part,
  Whoſe dulcet move-
    ment charms the heart,
  And governs all the man with ſympathetic
    ſway.

2d.

O Julia!

The lines were very natural——for they were nothing at all to the purpoſe, ſays Slawkenbergius, and 'tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was, that Seig. Diego was ſlow in compoſing verſes———or the oſtler quick in ſaddling mules———is not averred; certain it was, that Diego's mule and Fernandez's horſe were ready at the door of the inn, before Diego was ready for his ſecond ſtanza; ſo without ſtaying to finiſh his ode, they both mounted, ſallied forth, paſſed the Rhine, traverſed Alſace, ſhaped their courſe towards Lyons, and before the Straſburghers and the abbeſs of Quedlingberg had ſet out on their cavalcade, had Fernandez, Diego, and his Julia, croſſed the Pyrenean mountains, and got ſafe to Valladolid.

'Tis needleſs to inform the geographical reader, that when Diego was in Spain, it was not poſſible to meet the courteous ſtranger in the Frankfort road; it is enough to ſay, that of all reſtleſs deſires, curioſity being the ſtrongeſt—the Straſburghers felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were toſſed to and fro in the Frankfort road, with the tempeſtuous fury of this paſſion, before they could ſubmit to return home —when, alas! an event was prepared for them, of all others the moſt grievous that could befal a free people.

As this revolution of the Straſburghers affairs is often ſpoke of, and little underſtood, I will, in ten words, ſays Slawkenbergius, give the world an explanation of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand ſyſtem of Univerſal Monarchy, wrote by order of Monſ. Colbert, and put in manuſcript into the hands of Lewis the fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that ſyſtem, was the getting poſſeſſion of Straſburg, to favour an entrance at all times into Suabia, in order to diſturb the quiet of Germany——and that, in conſequence of this plan, Straſburg unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of few to trace out the true ſprings of this and ſuch like revolutions——The vulgar look too high for them——Stateſmen look too low —Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one hiſtorian———The Straſburghers deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garriſon—and ſo fell a prey to a French one.

The

The fate, ſays another, of the Straſburghers, may be a warning to all free people to ſave their money.——They anticipated their revenues——brought themſelves under taxes, exhauſted their ſtrength, and, in the end, became ſo weak a people, they had not ſtrength to keep their gates ſhut, and ſo the French puſhed them open.

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, 'twas not the French——'twas CURIOSITY puſhed them open—The French, indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they ſaw the Straſburghers, men, women, and children, all marched out to follow the ſtranger's noſe—each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever ſince—but not from any cauſe which commercial heads have aſſigned; for it is owing to this only, that Noſes have ever ſo run in their heads, that the Straſburghers could not follow their buſineſs.

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, making an exclamation—it is not the firſt——and I fear will not be the laſt fortreſs that has been either won—or loſt by NOSES.

The END of

Slawkenbergius's TALE.

CHAP. I.

WITH all this learning upon Noſes running perpetually in my father's fancy—with ſo many family prejudices—and ten decads of ſuch tales running on for ever along with them—how was it poſſible, with ſuch exquiſite—was it a true noſe?—that a man with ſuch exquiſite feelings as my father had, could bear the ſhock at all below ſtairs, or indeed above ſtairs, in any other poſture but the very poſture I have deſcribed?

—Throw yourſelf down upon the bed, a dozen times—taking care only to place a looking-glaſs firſt in a chair on one ſide of it, before you do it—But was the ſtranger's noſe a true noſe—or was it a falſe one?

To tell that before-hand, Madam, would be to do injury to one of the beſt tales in the Chriſtian world; and that is the tenth of the tenth decad, which immediately follows this.

This tale, cried Slawkenbergius, ſomewhat exultingly, has been reſerved by me for the concluding tale of my work; knowing right well, that when I ſhall have told it, and my reader ſhall have read it thro'—'twould be even high time for both of us to ſhut up the book; inaſmuch, continues Slawkenbergius, as I know of no tale which could poſſibly ever go down after it.

—'Tis a tale indeed!

This ſets out with the firſt interview in the inn at Lyons, when Fernandez left the courte-

ous

ous ſtranger and his ſiſter Julia alone in her chamber, and is over-written,

The INTRICACIES
of
Diego and Julia.

Heavens! thou art a ſtrange creature, Slawkenbergius! what a whimſical view of the involutions of the heart of woman haſt thou opened! how this can ever be tranſlated! and yet if this ſpecimen of Slawkenbergius's tales, and the exquiſiteneſs of his moral ſhould pleaſe the world—tranſlated ſhall a couple of volumes be:—Elſe, how this can ever be tranſlated into good Engliſh, I have no ſort of conception.———There ſeems, in ſome paſſages, to want a ſixth ſenſe to do it rightly.—What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of ſlow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone,—which you know, Madam, is little more than a whiſper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the ſtrings, about the region of the heart.—The brain made no acknowledgment.——There's often no good underſtanding betwixt 'em.—I felt as if I underſtood it.——I had no ideas.——The movement could not be without cauſe.—I'm loſt. I can make nothing of it,—unleſs, may it pleaſe your worſhips, the voice, in that caſe being little more than a whiſper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach, not only within ſix inches of each other—but to look into the pupils—is not that dangerous?—But it can't be avoided—for to look up to the cieling, in that caſe, the two chins unavoidably meet—and to look down into each others laps, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end

to the conference—I mean to the ſentimental part of it.—What is left, Madam, is not worth ſtooping for.

CHAP. II.

MY father lay ſtretched acroſs the bed, as ſtill as if the hand of death had puſhed him down, for a full hour and a half before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bed-ſide; my uncle Toby's heart was a pound lighter for it.—In a few moments, his left hand, the nuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feeling——he thruſt it a little more within the valance—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his boſom —gave a hem!—My good uncle Toby, with infinite pleaſure, anſwered it: and full gladly would have ingrafted a ſentence of conſolation upon the opening it afforded; but having no talents, as I ſaid, that way, and fearing moreover, that he might ſet out with ſomething which might make a bad matter worſe, he contented himſelf with reſting his chin placidly upon the croſs of his crutch.

Now, whether the compreſſion ſhortened my uncle Toby's face into a more pleaſurable oval, ——or that the philanthropy of his heart, in ſeeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the ſea of his afflictions, had braced up his muſcles, —ſo that the compreſſion upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.—My father, in turning his eyes, was ſtruck with ſuch a gleam of ſunſhine

ſhine in his face, as melted down the ſullenneſs of his grief in a moment.

He broke ſilence as follows.

CHAP. III.

DID ever man, brother Toby, cried my father, raiſing himſelf upon his elbow, and turning himſelf round to the oppoſite ſide of the bed where my uncle Toby was ſitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin reſting upon his crutch—did ever a poor unfortunate man, brother Toby, cried my father, receive ſo many laſhes?—The moſt I ever ſaw given, quoth my uncle Toby, (ringing the bell at the bed's head for Trim) was to a grenadier, I think in M'Kay's regiment.

—Had my uncle Toby ſhot a bullet thro' my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his noſe upon the quilt more ſuddenly.

Bleſs me! ſaid my uncle Toby.

CHAP. IV.

WAS it M'Kay's regiment, quoth my uncle Toby, where the poor grenadier was ſo unmercifully whipp'd at Bruges about the ducats.——O Chriſt! he was innocent! cried Trim, with a deep ſigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it pleaſe your Honour, almoſt to death's door.——They had better have ſhot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your Honour.—I thank thee, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby. I never

never think of his, continued Trim, and my poor brother Tom's misfortunes, for we were all three ſchool-fellows, but I cry like a coward.—Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim,—I drop them oft-times myſelf, cried my uncle Toby—I know your Honour does, replied Trim, and ſo am not aſhamed of it myſelf.—But to think, may it pleaſe your Honour, continued Trim, a tear ſtealing into the corner of his eye, as he ſpoke—to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honeſt as God could make them——the children of honeſt people, going forth with gallant ſpirits to ſeek their fortunes in the world—and fall into ſuch evils! poor Tom! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing——but marrying a Jew's widow who ſold ſauſages—honeſt Dick Johnſon's ſoul to be ſcourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapſack!—O!—theſe are misfortunes, cried Trim, pulling out his handkerchief——theſe are misfortunes, may it pleaſe your Honour, worth lying down and crying over.

—My father could not help bluſhing.

—'Twould be a pity, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, thou ſhouldſt ever feel ſorrow of thy own,—thou feeleſt it ſo tenderly for others.—Alack-o-day, replied the corporal, brightening up his face—your Honour knows I have neither wife or child—I can have no ſorrows in this world.—My father could not help ſmiling.—As few as any man, Trim, replied my uncle Toby; nor can I ſee how a fellow of thy light heart can ſuffer, but from the diſtreſs of poverty in thy old age—when thou art paſt all ſervices, Trim,—and haſt out-lived thy friends.—An' pleaſe your honour,

honour, never fear, replied Trim chearily.—But I would have thee never fear, Trim, replied my uncle; and therefore, continued my uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word therefore——in recompenſe, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodneſs of thy heart I have had ſuch proofs of—whilſt thy maſter is worth a ſhilling—thou ſhalt never aſk elſewhere, Trim, for a penny. Trim attempted to thank my uncle Toby—but had not power—tears trickled down his cheeks faſter than he could wipe them off.——He laid his hands upon his breaſt—made a bow to the ground, and ſhut the door.

——I have left Trim my bowling-green, cried my uncle Toby.——My father ſmiled.——I have left him moreover a penſion, continued my uncle Toby.——My father looked grave.

CHAP. V.

IS this a fit time, ſaid my father to himſelf, to talk of PENSIONS and GRENADIERS?

CHAP. VI.

WHEN my uncle Toby firſt mentioned the grenadier, my father, I ſaid, fell down with his noſe flat to the quilt, and as ſuddenly as if my uncle Toby had ſhot him; but it was not added, that every other limb and member of my father inſtantly relapſed with his noſe into the ſame preciſe attitude in which he lay firſt deſcribed; ſo that when corporal Trim left the room,

and

and my father found himſelf diſpoſed to riſe off the bed,—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it. Attitudes are nothing, madam,——'tis the tranſition from one attitude to another——like the preparation and reſolution of the diſcord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reaſon, my father played the ſame jig over again with his toe upon the floor—puſhed the chamber-pot ſtill a little farther within the valance—gave a hem—raiſed himſelf up upon his elbow—and was juſt beginning to addreſs himſelf to my uncle Toby——when recollecting the unſucceſsfulneſs of his firſt effort in that attitude,—he got up upon his legs, and in making the third turn acroſs the room, he ſtopped ſhort before my uncle Toby; and laying the three firſt fingers of his right-hand in the palm of his left, and ſtooping a little, he addreſſed himſelf to my uncle Toby as follows.

CHAP. VII.

WHEN I reflect, brother Toby, upon MAN, and take a view of that dark ſide of him which repreſents his life as open to ſo many cauſes of trouble——when I conſider, brother Toby, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance——I was born to nothing, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting my father—but my commiſſion. Zooks! ſaid my father, did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a-year?——What could I have done without it? replied my uncle Toby.——That's another concern,

cern, ſaid my father teſtily——But I ſay, Toby, when one runs over the catalogue of all the croſs reckonings and ſorrowful items with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden reſources the mind is enabled to ſtand it out, and bear itſelf up as it does, againſt the impoſitions laid upon our nature.——'Tis by the aſſiſtance of Almighty God, cried my uncle Toby, looking up, and preſſing the palms of his hands cloſe together——'tis not from our own ſtrength, brother Shandy——a centinel in a wooden centry-box, might as well pretend to ſtand it out againſt a detachment of fifty men——we are upheld by the grace and the aſſiſtance of the beſt of Beings.

——That is cutting the knot, ſaid my father, inſtead of untying it.——But give me leave to lead you, brother Toby, a little deeper into this myſtery.

With all my heart, replied my uncle Toby.

My father inſtantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which Socrates is ſo finely painted by Raphael in his ſchool of Athens; which your connoiſſeurſhip knows is ſo exquiſitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reaſoning of Socrates is expreſſed by it——for he holds the fore-finger of his left hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right, and ſeems as if he was ſaying to the libertine he is reclaiming—" You grant me this—and this: and " this, and this, I don't aſk of you—they follow " of themſelves in courſe."

So ſtood my father, holding faſt his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reaſoning with my uncle Toby as he ſat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured

loured worſted bobs.——O Garrick! what a rich ſcene of this would thy exquiſite powers make! and how gladly would I write ſuch another, to avail myſelf of thy immortality, and ſecure my own behind it.

CHAP. VIII.

THOUGH man is, of all others, the moſt curious vehicle, ſaid my father, yet at the ſame time 'tis of ſo ſlight a frame, and ſo totteringly put together, that the ſudden jerks, and hard joſtlings it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overſet and tear it to pieces a dozen times a-day——was it not, brother Toby, that there is a ſecret ſpring within us——Which ſpring, ſaid my uncle Toby, I take to be religion.——Will that ſet my child's noſe on? cried my father, letting go his finger, and ſtriking one hand againſt the other.——It makes every thing ſtraight for us, anſwered my uncle Toby.—Figuratively ſpeaking, dear Toby, it may, for aught I know, ſaid my father; but the ſpring I am ſpeaking of, is that great and elaſtic power within us, of counterbalancing evil, which, like a ſecret ſpring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the ſhock—at leaſt it impoſes upon our ſenſe of it.

Now, my dear brother, ſaid my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming cloſer to the point——had my child arrived ſafe into the world, unmartyr'd in that precious part of him ——fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of chriſtian names, and of that magic bias, which good or bad names irreſiſtibly

reſiſtibly impreſs upon our characters and conducts —heaven is witneſs! that in the warmeſt tranſports of my wiſhes for the proſperity of my child, I never once wiſhed to crown his head with more glory and honour, than what GEORGE or EDWARD would have ſpread around it.

But, alas! continued my father, as the greateſt evil has befall'n him—I muſt counteract and undo it with the greateſt good.

He ſhall be chriſtened Triſmegiſtus, brother.

I wiſh it may anſwer—replied my uncle Toby, riſing up.

CHAP. IX.

WHAT a chapter of chances, ſaid my father, turning himſelf about upon the firſt landing, as he and my uncle Toby were going down ſtairs——what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand, brother Toby, and calculate it fairly——I know no more of calculations than this balluſter, ſaid my uncle Toby, (ſtriking ſhort of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a deſperate blow ſouſe upon his ſhin-bone.)—— 'Twas a hundred to one—cried my uncle Toby ——I thought, quoth my father, (rubbing his ſhin) you had known nothing of calculations, brother Toby.——'Twas a mere chance, ſaid my uncle Toby.——Then it adds one to the chapter —replied my father.

The double ſucceſs of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his ſhin at once——it was well it ſo fell out——(chance! again)——or the

world to this day had never known the ſubject of my father's calculation-----to gueſs it—there was no chance.——What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has ſaved me the trouble of writing one expreſs, and in truth I have enow already upon my hands without it.—Have not I promiſed the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiſkers? a chapter upon wiſhes?—a chapter of noſes?——No, I have done that—a chapter upon my uncle Toby's modeſty? to ſay nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finiſh before I ſleep——by my great grandfather's whiſkers, I ſhall never get half of 'em through this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother Toby, ſaid my father, and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forceps ſhould have the ill luck juſt to fall upon and break down that one part, which ſhould break down the fortunes of our houſe with it.

It might have been worſe, replied my uncle Toby.——I don't comprehend, ſaid my father.——Suppoſe the hip had preſented, replied my uncle Toby, as Dr. Slop foreboded.

My father reflected half a minute——looked down——touched the middle of his forehead ſlightly with his finger——

—True, ſaid he.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

IS it not a ſhame to make two chapters of what paſſed in going down one pair of ſtairs? for we are got no farther yet than to the firſt landing, and there are fifteen more ſteps down to the bottom; and for aught I know, as my father and my uncle Toby are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as ſteps,—let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my deſtiny:—A ſudden impulſe comes acroſs me—drop the curtain, Shandy——I drop it——Strike a line here acroſs the paper, Triſtram,—I ſtrike it——and hey for a new chapter!

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern myſelf by in this affair—and if I had one——as I do all things out of all rule———I would twiſt it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done—Am I warm? I am, and the cauſe demands it—a pretty ſtory! is a man to follow rules—or rules to follow him?

Now this, you muſt know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promiſed to write before I went to ſleep, I thought it meet to eaſe my conſcience entirely before I lay down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once: Is not this ten times better than to ſet out dogmatically with a ſententious parade of wiſdom, and telling the world a ſtory of a roaſted horſe—that chapters relieve the mind—that they aſſiſt—or impoſe upon the imagination—and that in a work of this dramatic caſt they are as neceſſary as the ſhifting of ſcenes—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguiſh the fire which roaſted him.—O! but to underſtand this, which is a puff at the

fire of Diana's temple—you muſt read Longinus—read away—if you are not a jot the wiſer by reading him the firſt time over—never fear—read him again—Avicenna and Licetus read Ariſtotle's metaphyſicks forty times through a piece, and never underſtood a ſingle word—But mark the conſequence—Avicenna turned out a deſperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books de omni ſcribili; and for Licetus (Fortunio) though all the world knows he was born a fœtus,* of no more than five inches and a half in

* Ce Fœtus *n'etoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main; mais ſon Pere l'ayant examiné en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c'etoit quelque choſe de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit tranſporter tout vivant à Rapallo, ou il le fit voir à Jerôme Bardi & à d'autres Medecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'eſſentiel à la vie; & ſon pere pour faire voir un eſſai de ſon expérience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de la Nature, & de travailler à la formation de l'Enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on ſe ſert pour faire éclorre les Poulets en Egypte. Il inſtruiſit une Nouriſſe de tout ce qu'elle avoit à faire, & ayant fait mettre ſon fils dans un four proprement accommodé, il reuſſit à l'élever et à lui faire prendre ſes accroiſſemens neceſſaires, par l'uniformité d'une chaleur étrangere meſurée éxactement ſur les degrés d'un Thermometre, ou d'un autre inſtrument équivalent.* (*Vide Mich. Giuſtinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart.* 223. 448.)

On auroit toujours été très-ſatisfait de l'induſtrie d'un Pere ſi experimenté dans l'Art de la Generation, quand il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie à ſon fils que pour quelques mois, pour peu d'années.

Mais

in length, yet he grew to that aſtoniſhing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himſelf——the learned know I mean his Gonopſychanthropologia upon the origin of the human ſoul.

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold to be the beſt chapter in my whole work; and take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed, as in picking ſtraws.

CHAP. XI.

WE ſhall bring all things to rights, ſaid my father, ſetting his foot upon the firſt ſtep from the landing——This Triſmegiſtus, continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my uncle Toby—was the greateſt (Toby,) of all earthly beings—he was the greateſt king—the greateſt lawgiver—the greateſt philoſopher—and the greateſt prieſt—and engineer—ſaid my uncle Toby.—

——In courſe, ſaid my father.

Mais quand on ſe repreſente que l' Enfant a veçu près de quatre-vingts ans, & qu' il a compoſé quatre-vingts Ouvrages differents tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut convenir que tout ce qui eſt incroyable n'eſt pas toujours faux, & que la Vraiſemblance n'eſt pas toujours du côté de la Verité.

Il n'avoit que dix-neuf ans lors qu'il compoſa Gonopſychanthropologia de Origine Animæ humanæ.

(Les Enfans celebres, revûs & corrigés par M. De la Monnoye de l' Academie Françoiſe.)

CHAP. XII.

—AND how does your miſtreſs? cried my father, taking the ſame ſtep over again from the landing, and calling to Suſannah, whom he ſaw paſſing by the foot of the ſtairs with a huge pincuſhion in her hand—how does your miſtreſs? As well, ſaid Suſannah, tripping by, but without looking up, as can be expected—What a fool am I, ſaid my father! drawing his leg back again—let things be as they will, brother Toby, 'tis ever the preciſe anſwer—And how is the child, pray?—No anſwer. And where is doctor Slop? added my father, raiſing his voice aloud, and looking over the balluſters—Suſannah was out of hearing.

Of all the riddles of a married life, ſaid my father, croſſing the landing, in order to ſet his back againſt the wall, whilſt he propounded it to my uncle Toby——of all the puzzling riddles, ſaid he, in a married ſtate,—of which you may truſt me, brother Toby, there are more aſſes loads than all Job's ſtock of aſſes could have carried ——there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this—that from the very moment the miſtreſs of the houſe is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themſelves more airs upon that ſingle inch, than all their other inches put together.

I think, rather, replied my uncle Toby, that 'tis we who ſink an inch lower.—If I meet but a woman with child—I do it—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother Shandy,

Shandy, ſaid my uncle Toby—'Tis a piteous burden upon 'em, continued he, ſhaking his head.—Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing—ſaid my father, ſhaking his head too—but certainly, ſince ſhaking of heads came into faſhion never did two heads ſhake together, in concert, from two ſuch different ſprings.

God bleſs } 'em all—ſaid my uncle Toby and
Duce take } my father, each to himſelf.

CHAP. XIII.

HOLLA!——you chairman!——here's ſixpence—do ſtep into that bookſeller's ſhop and call me a day-tall critick. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my uncle Toby off the ſtairs, and to put them to bed.

———'Tis even high time; for except a ſhort nap, which they both got whilſt Trim was boring the jack-boots——and which, by the by, did my father no ſort of good upon the ſcore of the bad hinge——they have not elſe ſhut their eyes, ſince nine hours before the time that doctor Slop was led into the back parlour in that dirty pickle by Obadiah.

Was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this,—and to take up—Truce—

I will not finiſh that ſentence till I have made an obſervation upon the ſtrange ſtate of affairs between the reader and myſelf, juſt as things ſtand at preſent——an obſervation never applicable before to any one biographical writer ſince the creation of the world, but to myſelf——and I believe will never hold good to any other, until

until its final deſtruction——and therefore for the very novelty of it alone, it muſt be worth your worſhips attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelvemonth; and having got, as you perceive, almoſt into the middle of my fourth volume——and no farther than to my firſt day's life—'tis demonſtrative that I have three hundred and ſixty-four days more life to write juſt now, than when I firſt ſet out; ſo that inſtead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work with what I have been doing at it——on the contrary, I am juſt thrown ſo many volumes back—Was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this———And why not?——and the tranſactions and opinions of it to take up as much deſcription—And for what reaſon ſhould they be cut ſhort? as at this rate I ſhould juſt live 364 times faſter than I ſhould write—it muſt follow, an' pleaſe your worſhips, that the more I write, the more I ſhall have to write ——and conſequently, the more your worſhips read, the more your worſhips will have to read.

Will this be good for your worſhips eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my OPINIONS will be the death of me, I perceive I ſhall lead a fine life of it out of this ſelf-ſame life of mine; or, in other words, ſhall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the propoſal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my proſpect—write as I will, and ruſh as I may into the middle of things, as Horace adviſes—I ſhall never overtake myſelf—whipp'd and driven to the laſt pinch, at the worſt I ſhall have one day the ſtart of my pen—and one day is enough for

two

two volumes—and two volumes will be enough for one year.

Heaven proſper the manufactures of paper under this propitious reign, which is now open'd to us——as I truſt its providence will proſper every thing elſe in it that is taken in hand—

As for the propagation of Geeſe—I give myſelf no concern—Nature is all-bountiful——— I ſhall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend! you have got my father and my uncle Toby off the ſtairs, and ſeen them to bed?———And how did you manage it?—— You dropp'd a curtain at the ſtairs foot——I thought you had no other way for it—Here's a crown for your trouble.

CHAP. XIV.

—THEN reach me my breeches off the chair, ſaid my father to Suſannah—— There is not a moment's time to dreſs you, Sir, cried Suſannah—the child is as black in the face, as my ——— As your what? ſaid my father; for, like all orators, he was a dear ſearcher into compariſons—Bleſs me, Sir, ſaid Suſannah, the child's in a fit———And where's Mr. Yorick—Never where he ſhould be, ſaid Suſannah, but his curate's in the dreſſing room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name———and my miſtreſs bid me run as faſt as I could to know, as captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it ſhould not be called after him.

Were one ſure, ſaid my father to himſelf, ſcratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother

ther Toby as not——and 'twould be a pity, in ſuch a caſe, to throw away ſo great a name as Triſmegiſtus upon him—But he may recover.

No, no—ſaid my father to Suſannah, I'll get up———There's no time, cried Suſannah, the child's as black as my ſhoe. Triſmegiſtus, ſaid my father———But ſtay—thou art a leaky viſſel, Suſannah, added my father; can'ſt thou carry Triſmegiſtus in thy head, the length of the gallery without ſcattering?—Can I? cried Suſannah, ſhutting the door in a huff——If ſhe can, I'll be ſhot, ſaid my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Suſannah ran with all ſpeed along the gallery.

My father made all poſſible ſpeed to find his breeches.

Suſannah got the ſtart and kept it———'Tis Tris———ſomething, cried Suſannah—There is no chriſtian name in the world, ſaid the curate, beginning with Tris—but Triſtram. Then 'tis Triſtram-giſtus, quoth Suſannah.

There is no giſtus to it, noodle!———'tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand as he ſpoke into the baſon—Triſtram! ſaid he, &c. &c. &c. &c.—So Triſtram was I called, and Triſtram ſhall I be to the day of my death.

——My father followed Suſannah with his night-gown acroſs his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on, faſtened, through haſte, with but a ſingle button, and that button, through haſte, thruſt only half into the button-hole.

—She has not forgot the name, cried my father, half opening the door—No, no, ſaid the curate, with a tone of intelligence———And the

the child is better, cried Suſannah——And how does your miſtreſs? As well, ſaid Suſannah, as can be expected.—Piſh! ſaid my father, the button of his breeches ſlipping out of the button-hole—So that, whether the interjection was levelled at Suſannah, or the button-hole,—whether piſh was an interjection of contempt, or an interjection of modeſty, is a doubt, and muſt be a doubt, till I ſhall have time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is, my chapter of chamber-maids—my chapter of piſhes—and my chapter of button-holes.

All the light I am able to give the reader at preſent is this, that the moment my father cried Piſh! he whiſk'd himſelf about——and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his night-gown thrown acroſs the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, ſomething ſlower than he came.

CHAP. XV.

I Wiſh I could write a chapter upon ſleep.

A fitter occaſion could never have preſented itſelf, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn—the candles put out—and no creature's eyes are open but a ſingle one, for the other has been ſhut theſe twenty years, of my mother's nurſe.

It is a fine ſubject!

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame than a ſingle chapter upon this.

Button-

Button-holes!—there is ſomething lively in the very idea of 'em—and truſt me, when I get among 'em—You gentry with great beards—look as grave as you will—I'll make merry work with my button-holes—I ſhall have 'em all to myſelf—'tis a maiden ſubject—I ſhall run foul of no man's wiſdom or fine ſayings in it.

But for ſleep—I know I ſhall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no dab at your fine ſayings in the firſt place—and in the next place, I cannot for my ſoul ſet a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world—'tis the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchiſement of the priſoner—the downy lap of the hopeleſs, the weary and the broken-hearted; nor could I ſet out with a lie in my mouth, by affirming, that, of all the ſoft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleaſed to recompenſe the ſufferings wherewith his juſtice and his good pleaſure has wearied us—that this is the chiefeſt (I know pleaſures worth ten of it) or what a happineſs it is to man, when the anxieties and paſſions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his ſoul ſhall be ſo ſeated within him, that, which ever way ſhe turns her eyes, the heavens ſhall look calm and ſweet above her—no deſire—or fear—or doubt that troubles the air, nor any difficulty paſt, preſent, or to come, that the imagination may not paſs over without offence, in that ſweet receſſion.

—"God's bleſſing, ſaid Sancho Pancha, be "upon the man who firſt invented this ſelf-"ſame thing called ſleep—it covers a man all "over like a cloak." Now, there is more to me in this, and it ſpeaks warmer to my heart and affections,

affections, than all the diſſertations ſqueez'd out of the heads of the learned together upon the ſubject.

——Not that I altogether diſapprove of what Montaigne advances upon it—'tis admirable in its way—(I quote by memory.)

The world enjoys other pleaſures, ſays he, as they do that of ſleep, without taſting or feeling it as it ſlips and paſſes by—We ſhou'd ſtudy and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us——for this end, I cauſe myſelf to be diſturbed in my ſleep, that I may the better and more ſenſibly reliſh it—And yet I ſee few, ſays he again, who live with leſs ſleep when need requires; my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and ſudden agitation——I evade, of late, all violent exerciſes——I am never weary with walking—but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to ly hard, and alone, and even without my wife——This laſt word may ſtagger the faith of the world——but remember, "La Vraiſemblance (as Bayle "ſays in the affair of Liceti) n'eſt pas toujours "du Côté de la Verité." And ſo much for ſleep.

CHAP. XVI.

IF my wife will but venture him——brother Toby, Triſmegiſtus ſhall be dreſs'd and brought down to us, whilſt you and I are getting our breakfaſts together.—

—Go, tell Suſannah, Obadiah, to ſtep here.

She is run up ſtairs, anſwered Obadiah, this very inſtant, ſobbing and crying, and wringing her hands, as if her heart would break.—

We ſhall have a rare month of it, ſaid my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wiſtfully in my uncle Toby's face for ſome time—we ſhall have a deviliſh month of it, brother Toby, ſaid my father, ſetting his arms a-kimbo, and ſhaking his head; fire, water, women, wind—brother Toby!—'Tis ſome misfortune, quoth my uncle Toby——That it is, cried my father—to have ſo many jarring elements breaking looſe, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's houſe—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother Toby, that you and I poſſeſs ourſelves, and ſit here ſilent and unmoved—whilſt ſuch a ſtorm is whiſtling over our heads.—

—And what's the matter, Suſannah?—They have called the child Triſtram—and my miſtreſs is juſt got out of an hyſterick fit about it—No!—'tis not my fault, ſaid Suſannah—I told him it was Triſtram-giſtus.

——Make tea for yourſelf, brother Toby, ſaid my father, taking down his hat——but how different from the ſallies and agitations of voice

and

and members which a common reader would imagine!

—For he ſpake in the ſweeteſt modulation—and took down his hat with the genteeleſt movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

—Go to the bowling-green for Corporal Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſpeaking to Obadiah, as ſoon as my father left the room.

CHAP. XVII.

WHEN the misfortune of my NOSE fell ſo heavily upon my father's head,—the reader remembers, that he walked inſtantly up ſtairs, and caſt himſelf down upon his bed; and from hence, unleſs he has a great inſight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the ſame aſcending and deſcending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my NAME;—no.

The different weight, dear Sir,——nay, even the different package of two vexations of the ſame weight—makes a very wide difference in our manners of bearing and getting through with them.—It is not half an hour ago, when, (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair ſheet, which I had juſt finiſhed, and carefully wrote out, ſlap into the fire, inſtead of the foul one.

Inſtantly I ſnatch'd off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room—indeed I caught it as it fell—but there was an end of the matter;

nor do I think any thing elſe in Nature, would have given ſuch immediate eaſe: She, dear Goddeſs, by an inſtantaneous impulſe, in all provoking caſes, determines us to a ſally of this or that member—or elſe ſhe thruſts us into this or that place, or poſture of body, we know not why—But mark, madam, we live amongſt riddles and myſteries——the moſt obvious things which come in our way, have dark ſides, which the quickeſt ſight cannot penetrate into; and even the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings amongſt us find ourſelves puzzled and at a loſs in almoſt every cranny of nature's works; ſo that this, like a thouſand other things, falls out for us in a way, which, tho' we cannot reaſon upon it—yet we find the good of it, may it pleaſe your reverences and your worſhips—and that's enough for us.

Now, my father could not ly down with this affliction for his life—nor could he carry it up ſtairs like the other—He walked compoſedly out with it to the fiſh-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reaſoned an hour which way to have gone—reaſon, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is ſomething, Sir, in fiſh-ponds—but what it is, I leave to ſyſtem-builders and fiſh-pond diggers betwixt 'em to find out—but there is ſomething, under the firſt diſorderly tranſport of the humours, ſo unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a ſober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any of your noted lawgivers, ever gave order about them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

YOUR honour, ſaid Trim, ſhutting the parlour door before he began to ſpeak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident—O yes, Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, and it gives me great concern—I am heartily concerned too; but I hope your honour, replied Trim, will do me the juſtice to believe, that it was not in the leaſt owing to me——To thee—Trim! cried my uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face—'twas Suſannah's and the curate's folly betwixt them——What buſineſs could they have together, an' pleaſe your honour, in the garden?—In the gallery, thou meaneſt, replied my uncle Toby.

Trim found he was upon a wrong ſcent, and ſtopped ſhort with a low bow—Two misfortunes, quoth the corporal to himſelf, are twice as many at leaſt as are needful to be talked over at one time,—the miſchief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his honour hereafter—Trim's caſuiſtry and addreſs, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all ſuſpicion in my uncle Toby; ſo he went on with what he had to ſay to Trim as follows.

—For my own part, Trim, though I can ſee little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called Triſtram or Triſmegiſtus—yet as the thing ſits ſo near my brother's heart, Trim—I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it ſhould have happened—A hundred pounds, an' pleaſe your honour, replied Trim,—I would not give a cherry-ſtone to boot—Nor would I, Trim, upon my own account, quoth my uncle

Toby—but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this caſe——maintains, that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon chriſtian names, than what ignorant people imagine;———for, he ſays, there never was a great or heroic action performed ſince the world began by one called Triſtram ———nay he will have it, Trim, that a man can neither be learned, or wiſe, or brave,——— 'Tis all fancy, an' pleaſe your honour—I fought juſt as well, replied the corporal, when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Butler—And for my own part, ſaid my uncle Toby, though I ſhould bluſh to boaſt of myſelf, Trim,—yet, had my name been Alexander, I could have done no more at Namur than my duty——Bleſs your honour! cried Trim, advancing three ſteps as he ſpoke, does a man think of his chriſtian name when he goes upon the attack?——Or when he ſtands in the trench, Trim? cried my uncle Toby, looking firm—Or when he enters a breach, ſaid Trim, puſhing in between two chairs——Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, riſing up, and puſhing his crutch like a pike —Or facing a platoon? cried Trim, preſenting his ſtick like a firelock——Or when he marches up the glacis? cried my uncle Toby, looking warm, and ſetting his foot upon his ſtool.——

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

MY father was returned from his walk to the fiſh-pond—and opened the parlour door in the very height of the attack, juſt as my uncle Toby was marching up the glacis—Trim recovered his arms————never was my uncle Toby caught riding at ſuch a deſperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle Toby! had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father—how hadſt thou then and thy poor HOBBY-HORSE too have been inſulted!

My father hung up his hat with the ſame air he took it down; and, after giving a ſlight look at the diſorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over againſt my uncle Toby, he ſat down in it, and as ſoon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door ſhut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows:

My FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

IT is in vain longer, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf as much to Ernulphus's curſe, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece, —as to my uncle Toby, who ſat under it—it is in vain longer, ſaid my father, in the moſt querulous monotony imaginable, to ſtruggle as I have done, againſt this moſt uncomfortable of human perſuaſions—I ſee it plainly, that, either for my own ſins, brother Toby, or the ſins and follies of the Shandy-family, heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heavieſt of its artillery againſt

gainſt me; and that the proſperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play——Such a thing would batter the whole univerſe about our ears, brother Shandy, ſaid my uncle Toby—if it was ſo——Unhappy Triſtram! child of wrath! child of decrepitude! interruption! miſtake! and diſcontent! What one misfortune or diſaſter in the book of embryotic evils, that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments! which has not fallen upon thy head, or ever thou cameſt into the world——what evils in thy paſſage into it!—— What evils ſince!——produced into being in the decline of thy father's days—when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble—when radical heat and radical moiſture, the elements which ſhould have temper'd thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy ſtamina in, but negations——'tis pitiful——brother Toby, at the beſt, and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on both ſides could give it. But how were we defeated! You know the event, brother Toby,—'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now,——when the few animal ſpirits I was worth in the world, and with which, memory, fancy, and quick parts ſhould have been convey'd—were all diſperſed, confuſed, confounded, ſcattered, and ſent to the devil.—

Here then was the time to have put a ſtop to this perſecution againſt him;—and tried an experiment at leaſt—whether calmneſs and ſerenity of mind in your ſiſter, with a due attention, brother Toby, to her evacuations and repletions——and the reſt of her non-naturals, might not, in a courſe of nine months geſtation, have

ſet

ſet all things to rights——My child was bereft of theſe!———What a teazing life did ſhe lead herſelf, and conſequently her fœtus too, with that nonſenſical anxiety of hers about lying in in town? I thought my ſiſter ſubmitted with the greateſt patience, replied my uncle Toby—— I never heard her utter one fretful word about it—She fumed inwardly, cried my father; and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worſe for the child———and then! what battles did ſhe fight with me, and what perpetual ſtorms about the midwife——There ſhe gave vent, ſaid my uncle Toby——Vent! cried my father, looking up——

But what was all this, my dear Toby, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremoſt into the world, when all I wiſhed in this general wreck of his frame, was to have ſaved this little caſket unbroke, unrifled?——

With all my precautions, how was my ſyſtem turned topſy-turvy in the womb with my child! his head expoſed to the hand of violence, and a preſſure of 470 pounds avoirdupois weight acting ſo perpendicularly upon its apex——that, at this hour, 'tis ninety per cent. inſurance, that the fine net-work of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thouſand tatters.

———Still we could have done.———Fool, coxcomb, puppy——give him but a NOSE—— Cripple, Dwarf, Driveller, Gooſecap—(ſhape him as you will) the door of Fortune ſtands open—O Licetus! Licetus! had I been bleſt with a fœtus five inches long and a half, like thee—fate might have done her worſt.

Still,

Still, brother Toby, there was one caſt of the die left for our child after all——O Triſtram! Triſtram! Triſtram!

We will ſend for Mr. Yorick, ſaid my uncle Toby.

—You may ſend for whom you will, replied my father.

CHAP. XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curveting and friſking it away, two up and two down, for four volumes together, without looking once behind, or even on one ſide of me, to ſee whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one,—quoth I to myſelf when I mounted—I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the road——So off I ſet—up one lane———down another, through this turnpike—over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and reſolution you may,—'tis a million to one you'll do ſome one a miſchief, if not yourſelf ———He's flung———he's off———he's loſt his ſeat——he's down—he'll break his neck—ſee—if he has not gallopped full amongſt the ſcaffolding of the undertaking criticks—he'll knock his brains out againſt ſome of their poſts—he's bounced out!—look—he's now riding like a madcap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, phyſicians, lawyers, logicians, players, ſchoolmen, churchmen, ſtateſmen, ſoldiers, caſuiſts, connoiſſeurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.—Don't fear, ſaid I—I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the king's

king's high-way—But your horſe throws dirt; ſee you've ſplaſh'd a biſhop—I hope in God 'twas only Ernulphus, ſaid I—But you have ſquirted full in the faces of Meſſ. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly, doctors of the Sorbonne—That was laſt year, replied I—But you have trod this moment upon a king.—Kings have bad times on't, ſaid I, to be trod upon by ſuch people as me.

—You have done it, replied my accuſer.

I deny it, quoth I, and ſo have got off, and here am I ſtanding with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my ſtory—And what is it? You ſhall hear in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

AS * Francis the firſt of France was one winterly night warming himſelf over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his firſt miniſter of ſundry things for the good of the ſtate—it would not be amiſs, ſaid the King, ſtirring up the embers with his cane, if this good underſtanding betwixt ourſelves and Switzerland was a little ſtrengthened—There is no end, Sire, replied the miniſter, in giving money to theſe people—they would ſwallow up the treaſury of France—Poo! poo! anſwered the king—there are more ways, Monſ. le Premier, of bribing ſtates, beſides that of giving money—I'll pay Switzerland the honour of ſtanding godfather for my next child—Your majeſty, ſaid the miniſter, in ſo doing, would have all the grammarians

* *Vide Menagiana, vol.* 1.

rians in Europe upon your back;—Switzerland, as a republick, being a female, can in no conſtruction be godfather—She may be godmother, replied Francis, haſtily—ſo announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

I am aſtoniſhed, ſaid Francis the firſt, (that day fortnight) ſpeaking to his miniſter as he entered the cloſet, that we have had no anſwer from Switzerland—Sire, I wait upon you this moment, ſaid Monſ. le Premier, to lay before you my diſpatches upon that buſineſs——They take it kindly? ſaid the king—They do, Sire, replied the miniſter, and have the higheſt ſenſe of the honour your majeſty has done them——but the republick, as godmother, claims her right in this caſe, of naming the child.

In all reaſon, quoth the king———ſhe will chriſten him Francis, or Henry, or Lewis, or ſome name that ſhe knows will be agreeable to us. Your majeſty is deceived, replied the miniſter—I have this hour received a diſpatch from our reſident, with the determination of the republick on that point alſo—And what name has the republick fixed upon for the Dauphin?——Shadrach, Meſhech, Abednego, replied the miniſter.—By ſaint Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiſs, cried Francis the Firſt, pulling up his breeches and walking haſtily acroſs the floor.

Your Majeſty, replied the miniſter calmly, cannot bring yourſelf off.

We'll pay them in money—ſaid the king.

Sire, there are not ſixty thouſand crowns in the treaſury, anſwered the miniſter—I'll pawn the beſt jewel in my crown, quoth Francis the Firſt.

Your honour ſtands pawn'd already in this matter, anſwered Monſieur le Premier.

Then, Monſ. le Premier, ſaid the king, by —— we'll go to war with 'em.

CHAP. XXII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have luſted earneſtly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the meaſure of ſuch ſlender ſkill as God has vouchſafed me, and as convenient leiſure from other occaſions of needful profit and healthful paſtime have permitted) that theſe little books, which I here put into thy hands, might ſtand inſtead of many bigger books——yet have I carried myſelf towards thee in ſuch fanciful guiſe of careleſs diſport, that right ſore am I aſhamed now to entreat thy lenity ſeriouſly——in beſeeching thee to believe it of me, that in the ſtory of my father and his chriſtian-names, —I have no thoughts of treading upon Francis the Firſt—nor in the affair of the noſe——upon Francis the Ninth, nor in the character of my uncle Toby——of characterizing the militiating ſpirits of my country——the wound upon his groin, is a wound to every compariſon of that kind——nor by Trim, that I meant the duke of Ormond——or that my book is wrote againſt predeſtination, or free-will, or taxes—— If 'tis wrote againſt any thing,——'tis wrote, an' pleaſe your worſhips, againſt the ſpleen; in order, by a more frequent and a more convulſive elevation and depreſſion of the diaphragm, and the ſuccuſſations of the intercoſtal and abdominal muſcles in laughter, to drive the gall

and other bitter juices from the gall-bladder, liver and ſweet-bread of his majeſty's ſubjects, with all the inimicitious paſſions which belong to them, down into their duodenums.

CHAP. XXIII.

——BUT can the thing be undone, Yorick? ſaid my father———for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot. I am a vile canoniſt, replied Yorick———but of all evils, holding ſuſpenſe to be the moſt tormenting, we ſhall at leaſt know the worſt of this matter. I hate theſe great dinners—ſaid my father——— The ſize of the dinner is not the point, anſwered Yorick——we want, Mr. Shandy, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not———and as the beards of ſo many commiſſaries, officials, advocates, proctors, regiſters, and of the moſt able of our ſchool divines and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and Didius has ſo preſſingly invited you,—who in your diſtreſs would miſs ſuch an occaſion? All that is requiſite, continued Yorick, is to apprize Didius, and let him manage a converſation after dinner ſo as to introduce the ſubject———Then my brother Toby, cried my father, clapping his two hands together, ſhall go with us.

————Let my old tie wig, quoth my uncle Toby, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, Trim.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

———NO doubt, Sir,———there is a whole chapter wanting here—and a chaſm of ten pages made in the book by it——but the bookbinder is neither a fool, or a knave, or a puppy——nor is the book a jot more imperfect, (at leaſt upon that ſcore)——but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and complete, by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I ſhall demonſtrate to your reverences in this manner——I queſtion firſt, by the by, whether the ſame experiment might not be made as ſucceſsfully upon ſundry other chapters—but there is no end, an' pleaſe your reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters—we have had enough of it—So there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonſtration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwiſe you would all have been reading juſt now, inſtead of this,—was the deſcription of my father's, my uncle Toby's, Trim's, and Obadiah's ſetting out and journeying to the viſitations at * * * *.

We'll go in the coach, ſaid my father——— Prithee, have the arms been altered, Obadiah? ———It would have made my ſtory much better, to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the Shandy's, when the coach was repainted upon my father's marriage, it had ſo fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing all his works with the left hand, like Turpelius

the Roman, or Hans Holbein of Baſil—or whether 'twas more from the blunder of his head than hand—or whether, laſtly, it was from the ſiniſter turn, which every thing relating to our family was apt to take—it ſo fell out, however, to our reproach, that inſtead of the bend-dexter, which, ſince Harry the eighth's reign, was honeſtly our due—a bend-ſiniſter, by ſome of theſe fatalities, had been drawn quite acroſs the field of the Shandy arms. 'Tis ſcarce credible, that the mind of ſo wiſe a man as my father was, could be ſo much incommoded with ſo ſmall a matter. The word coach—let it be whoſe it would—or coach-man, or coach-horſe, or coach-hire, could never be named in the family, but he conſtantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to ſtep into the coach, or out of it, without turning round, to take a view of the arms, and making a vow at the ſame time, that it was the laſt time he would ever ſet his foot in it again, till the bend-ſiniſter was taken out—but like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the Deſtinies had ſet down in their books—ever to be grumbled at (and in wiſer families than ours)—but never to be mended.

—Has the bend-ſiniſter been bruſh'd out, I ſay? ſaid my father—There has been nothing bruſh'd out, Sir, anſwered Obadiah, but the lining. We'll go o' horſeback, ſaid my father, turning to Yorick——Of all things in the world, except politicks, the clergy know the leaſt of heraldry, ſaid Yorick———No matter for that, cried my father—I ſhould be ſorry to appear with a blot in my eſcutcheon before them——Never

mind

mind the bend-ſiniſter, ſaid my uncle Toby, putting on his tye-wig——No, indeed, ſaid my father—you may go with my aunt Dinah, to a viſitation with a bend-ſiniſter, if you think fit—My poor uncle Toby bluſh'd. My father was vexed at himſelf——No——my dear brother Toby, ſaid my father, changing his tone—but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins, may give me the ſciatica again, as it did December, January and February laſt winter—ſo if you pleaſe, you ſhall ride my wife's pad—and as you are to preach, Yorick, you had better make the beſt of your way before,—and leave me to take care of my brother Toby, and to follow at our own rates.

Now the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the deſcription of this cavalcade, in which Corporal Trim and Obadiah, upon two coach-horſes a-breaſt, led the way as ſlow as a patrole—whilſt my uncle Toby, in his laced regimentals and tye-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and diſſertations alternately upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the ſtart.

——But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be ſo much above the ſtyle and manner of any thing elſe I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other ſcene; and deſtroying at the ſame time, that neceſſary equipoiſe and balance, (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the juſt proportions and harmony of the whole work reſults. For my own part, I am but juſt ſet up in the buſineſs, ſo know little about it—but, in my opinion, to write a book, is for all

the world like humming a ſong—be but in tune with yourſelf, madam, 'tis no matter how high or how low you take it.—

—This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that ſome of the loweſt and flatteſt compoſitions paſs off very well (as Yorick told my uncle Toby one night) by ſiege—My uncle Toby looked briſk at the ſound of the word ſiege, but could neither make head or tail of it.

I'm to preach at court next Sunday, ſaid Homenas—run over my notes—ſo I humm'd over Dr. Homenas's notes—the modulation's very well,—'twill do, Homenas, if it holds on at this rate—ſo on I humm'd—and a tolerable tune I thought it was; and to this hour, may it pleaſe your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how ſpiritleſs and jejune it was; but that all of a ſudden, up ſtarted an air in the middle of it, ſo fine, ſo rich, ſo heavenly—it carried my ſoul up with it into the other world; now had I, (as Montaigne complained in a parallel accident)—had I found the declivity eaſy, or the aſcent acceſſible—certes I had been out-witted ——Your notes, Homenas, I ſhould have ſaid, are good notes——but it was ſo perpendicular a precipice—ſo wholly cut off from the reſt of the work, that by the firſt note I humm'd, I found myſelf flying into the other world, and from thence diſcovered the vale from whence I came, ſo deep, ſo low, and diſmal, that I ſhall never have the heart to deſcend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a ſtandard along with him to meaſure his own ſize—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one—And ſo much for tearing out of chapters.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

——SEE if he is not cutting it all into ſlips, and giving them about him to light their pipes!—'Tis abominable, anſwered Didius; it ſhould not go unnoticed, ſaid doctor Kyſarcius —☞ he was of the Kyſarcij of the Low Countries.

Methinks, ſaid Didius, half riſing from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter which ſtood in a direct line betwixt him and Yorick,———you might have ſpared this ſarcaſtick ſtroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr. Yorick—or at leaſt upon a more proper occaſion to have ſhewn your contempt of what we have been about: If the ſermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with—'twas certainly, Sir, not good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body; and if 'twas good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body—'twas certainly, Sir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

—I have got him faſt hung up, quoth Didius to himſelf, upon one of the two horns of my dilemma—let him get off as he can.

I have undergone ſuch unſpeakable torments, in bringing forth this ſermon, quoth Yorick, upon this occaſion,—that I declare, Didius, I would ſuffer martyrdom—and, if it was poſſible, my horſe with me, a thouſand times over, before I would ſit down and make ſuch another: I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me—it came from my head inſtead of my heart—and it is for the pain it gave me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myſelf of it in this manner.—To preach, to ſhew the extent of

our reading, or the ſubtleties of our wit—to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar, with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinſelled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light and leſs warmth—is a diſhoneſt uſe of the poor ſingle half hour in a week, which is put into our hands—'Tis not preaching the goſpel—but ourſelves—For my own part, continued Yorick, I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.—

As Yorick pronounced the word point-blank, my uncle Toby roſe up to ſay ſomething upon projectiles—when a ſingle word, and no more, uttered from the oppoſite ſide of the table, drew every one's ears towards it—a word, of all others in the dictionary, the laſt in that place to be expected—a word I am aſhamed to write—yet muſt be written—muſt be read—illegal—uncanonical—gueſs ten thouſand gueſſes, multiplied into themſelves—rack—torture your invention for ever, you're where you was—In ſhort, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXVII.

ZOUNDS!——————————————————————————Z——ds! cried Phutatorius, partly to himſelf—and yet high enough to be heard—and what ſeemed odd, 'twas uttered in a conſtruction of look, and in a tone of voice, ſomewhat between that of a man in amazement, and one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could diſtinguiſh the expreſſion and mixture of the two tones

tones as plainly as a third or a fifth, or any other chord in muſick—were the moſt puzzled and perplexed with it—the concord was good in itſelf—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the ſubject ſtarted;—ſo that with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others who knew nothing of muſical expreſſion, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the word, imagined that Phutatorius, who was ſomewhat of a cholerick ſpirit, was juſt going to ſnatch the cudgels out of Didius's hands, in order to bemaul Yorick to ſome purpoſe—and that the deſperate monoſyllable Z—ds was the exordium to an oration, which, as they judged from the ſample, preſaged but a rough kind of handling of him, ſo that my uncle Toby's good nature felt a pang for what Yorick was about to undergo. But ſeeing Phutatorius ſtop ſhort, without any attempt or deſire to go on—a third party began to ſuppoſe, that it was no more than an involuntary reſpiration, caſually forming itſelf into the ſhape of a twelve-penny oath—without the ſin or ſubſtance of one.

Others, and eſpecially one or two who ſat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and ſubſtantial oath propenſly formed againſt Yorick, to whom he was known to bear no good liking—which ſaid oath, as my father philoſophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of Phutatorius's purtenance; and ſo was naturally, and according to the due courſe of things, firſt ſqueezed out by the ſudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of Phutatorius's

tatorius's heart, by the ſtroke of ſurpriſe which ſo ſtrange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon miſtaken facts!

There was not a ſoul buſied in all theſe various reaſonings upon the monoſyllable which Phutatorius uttered,—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom, namely, that Phutatorius's mind was intent upon the ſubject of debate which was ariſing between Didius and Yorick; and indeed, as he looked firſt towards the one, and then towards the other, with the air of a man liſtening to what was going forwards,——who would not have thought the ſame? but the truth was, that Phutatorius knew not one word or one ſyllable of what was paſſing—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a tranſaction which was going forwards at that very inſtant within the precincts of his own galligaſkins, and in a part of them, where of all others he ſtood moſt intereſted to watch accidents: So that, notwithſtanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually ſcrewed up every nerve and muſcle in his face, to the utmoſt pitch the inſtrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a ſharp reply to Yorick, who ſat over-againſt him—yet I ſay, was Yorick never once in any one domicile of Phutatorius's brain—but the true cauſe of his exclamation lay at leaſt a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You muſt be informed then, that Gaſtripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to ſee how things went on——obſerving a wicker-baſket of fine cheſnuts ſtanding upon

upon the dreſſer, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roaſted and ſent in, as ſoon as dinner was over—Gaſtripheres inforcing his orders about them, that Didius, but Phutatorius eſpecially, were particularly fond of 'em.

About two minutes before the time that my uncle Toby interrupted Yorick's harangue—— Gaſtripheres's cheſnuts were brought in—and as Phutatorius's fondneſs for 'em, was uppermoſt in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before Phutatorius, wrapt up hot in a clean damaſk napkin.

Now, whether it was phyſically impoſſible, with half a dozen hands all thruſt into the napkin at a time—but that ſome one cheſnut, of more life and rotundity than the reſt, muſt be put in motion—it ſo fell out however, that one was actually ſent rolling off the table; and as Phutatorius ſat ſtraddling under——it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of Phutatorius's breeches, for which, to the ſhame and indelicacy of our language be it ſpoke, there is no chaſte word throughout all Johnſon's dictionary—let it ſuffice to ſay—it was that particular aperture, which in all good ſocieties, the laws of decorum do ſtrictly require, like the temple of Janus, (in peace at leaſt) to be univerſally ſhut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in Phutatorius (which, by the by, ſhould be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.——

——————Accident, I call it, in compliance to a received mode of ſpeaking,—but in no oppoſition to the opinion either of Acrites or Mythogeras in this matter; I know they were both prepoſſeſſed and fully perſuaded of it—and are ſo

to

to this hour, That there was nothing of accident in the whole event—but that the cheſnut's taking that particular courſe, and, in a manner, of its own accord——and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other—was a real judgment upon Phutatorius, for that filthy and obſcene treatiſe de Concubinis retinendis, which Phutatorius had publiſhed about twenty years ago—and was that identical week going to give the world a ſecond edition of.

It is not my buſineſs to dip my pen in this controverſy—much undoubtedly may be wrote on both ſides of the queſtion—all that concerns me, as an hiſtorian, is to repreſent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in Phutatorius's breeches was ſufficiently wide to receive the cheſnut;—and that the cheſnut, ſome how or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot into it, without Phutatorius's perceiving it, or any one elſe at that time.

The genial warmth which the cheſnut imparted, was not undelectable for the firſt twenty or five and twenty ſeconds,—and did no more than gently ſolicit Phutatorius's attention towards the part:———But the heat gradually increaſing, and in a few ſeconds more getting beyond the point of all ſober pleaſure, and then advancing with all ſpeed into the regions of pain,—the ſoul of Phutatorius, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, reſolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal ſpirits, all tumultuouſly crowded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the

the place in danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purſe.

With the beſt intelligence, which all theſe meſſengers could bring him back, Phutatorius was not able to dive into the ſecret of what was going forwards below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture, what the devil was the matter with it: However, as he knew not what the true cauſe might turn out, he deemed it moſt prudent, in the ſituation he was in at preſent, to bear it, if poſſible, like a ſtoick; which, with the help of ſome wry faces and compurſions of the mouth, he had certainly accompliſhed, had his imagination continued neuter——But the ſallies of the imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind———a thought inſtantly darted into his mind, that tho' the anguiſh had the ſenſation of glowing heat——it might, notwithſtanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if ſo, that poſſibly a newt or an aſker, or ſome ſuch deteſted reptile, had crept up, and was faſtening his teeth——the horrid idea of which, with a freſh glow of pain ariſing that inſtant from the cheſnut, ſeized Phutatorius with a ſudden panick, and in the firſt terrifying diſorder of the paſſion, it threw him, as it has done the beſt generals upon earth, quite off his guard;———the effect of which was this, that he leapt incontinently up, uttering as he roſe that interjection of ſurpriſe ſo much deſcanted upon, with the apoſiopeſtick break after it, marked thus, Z———ds——which, though not ſtrictly canonical, was ſtill as little as any man could have ſaid upon the occaſion;——— and which, by the by, whether canonical or

not, Phutatorius could no more help than he could the cauſe of it.

Though this has taken up ſome time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the tranſaction, than juſt to allow time for Phutatorius to draw forth the cheſnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor———and for Yorick to riſe from his chair, and pick the cheſnut up.

It is curious to obſerve the triumph of ſlight incidents over the mind:———What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things,——that trifles light as air, ſhall waft a belief into the ſoul, and plant it ſo immoveably within it——that Euclid's demonſtrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, ſhould not all have power to overthrow it.

Yorick, I ſaid, picked up the cheſnut which Phutatorius's wrath had flung down—the action was trifling—I am aſhamed to account for it—he did it, for no reaſon, but that he thought the cheſnut not a jot worſe for the adventure—and that he held a good cheſnut worth ſtooping for.—But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in Phutatorius's head: He conſidered this act of Yorick's, in getting off his chair, and picking up the cheſnut, as a plain acknowledgment in him, that the cheſnut was originally his,—and in courſe, that it muſt have been the owner of the cheſnut, and no one elſe, who could have played him ſuch a prank with it: What greatly confirmed him in this opinion, was this, that the table being parallelogrammical and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for Yorick, who ſat directly over-againſt Phutatorius, of ſlipping

ping the cheſnut in———and conſequently that he did it. The look of ſomething more than ſuſpicion, which Phutatorius caſt full upon Yorick as theſe thoughts aroſe, too evidently ſpoke his opinion—And as Phutatorius was naturally ſuppoſed to know more of the matter than any perſon beſides, his opinion at once became the general one;——and for a reaſon very different from any which have been yet given———in a little time it was put out of all manner of diſpute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the ſtage of this ſublunary world—the mind of man, which is an inquiſitive kind of a ſubſtance, naturally takes a flight behind the ſcenes, to ſee what is the cauſe and firſt ſpring of them ———The ſearch was not long in this inſtance.

It was well known that Yorick had never a good opinion of the treatiſe which Phutatorius had wrote de Concubinis retinendis, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world—— and 'twas eaſily found out, that there was a myſtical meaning in Yorick's prank———and that his chucking the cheſnut hot into Phutatorius's***—****, was a ſarcaſtical fling at his book———the doctrines of which, they ſaid, had inflamed many an honeſt man in the ſame place.

This conceit awaken'd Somnolentus——made Agelaſtes ſmile——and if you can recollect the preciſe look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle—it threw Gaſtripheres's into that form—and in ſhort was thought by many to be a maſter-ſtroke of arch wit.

This, as the reader has ſeen from one end to

the other, was as groundleſs as the dreams of philoſophy: Yorick, no doubt, as Shakeſpeare ſaid of his anceſtor——"was a man of jeſt," but it was temper'd with ſomething which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeſervedly bore the blame;—but it was his misfortune all his life long to bear the imputation of ſaying and doing a thouſand things, of which (unleſs my eſteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for——or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was that ſingularity of his temper, which would never ſuffer him to take pains to ſet a ſtory right with the world, however in his power. In every ill uſage of that ſort, he acted preciſely as in the affair of his lean horſe——he could have explained it to his honour, but his ſpirit was above it; and beſides he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator and believer of an illiberal report alike ſo injurious to him,——he could not ſtoop to tell his ſtory to them,—and ſo truſted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroic caſt produced him inconveniences in many reſpects——in the preſent, it was followed by the fixed reſentment of Phutatorius, who, as Yorick had juſt made an end of his cheſnut, roſe up from his chair a ſecond time, to let him know it—which indeed he did with a ſmile; ſaying only——that he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you muſt mark and carefully ſeparate and diſtinguiſh theſe two things in your mind.

—The ſmile was for the company.

—The threat was for Yorick.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——CAN you tell me, quoth Phutatorius, ſpeaking to Gaſtripheres who ſat next to him—for one would not apply to a ſurgeon in ſo fooliſh an affair,————can you tell me, Gaſtripheres, what is beſt to take out the fire?——Aſk Eugenius, ſaid Gaſtripheres——That greatly depends, ſaid Eugenius, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part————If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapt up —It is both the one and the other, replied Phutatorius, laying his hand as he ſpoke, with an emphatical nod of his head upon the part in queſtion, and lifting up his right leg at the ſame time to eaſe and ventilate it—If that is the caſe, ſaid Eugenius, I would adviſe you, Phutatorius, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will ſend to the next printer, and truſt your cure to ſuch a ſimple thing as a ſoft ſheet of paper juſt come off the preſs——you need do nothing more than twiſt it round——The damp paper, quoth Yorick (who ſat next to his friend Eugenius) though I know it has a refreſhing coolneſs in it—yet I preſume is no more than the vehicle ——and that the oil and lampblack with which the paper is ſo ſtrongly impregnated, does the buſineſs—Right, ſaid Eugenius, and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the moſt anodyne and ſafe.

Was it my caſe, ſaid Gaſtripheres, as the main thing is the oil and lampblack, I ſhould ſpread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly.

That would make a very devil of it, replied Yorick——And beſides, added Eugenius, it would not anſwer the intention, which is the extreme neatneſs and elegance of the preſcription, which the faculty hold to be half in half——for conſider, if the type is a very ſmall one, (which it ſhould be) the ſanative particles, which come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being ſpread ſo infinitely thin and with ſuch a mathematical equality (freſh paragraphs and large capitals excepted) as no art or management of the ſpatula can come up to. It falls out very luckily, replied Phutatorius, that the ſecond edition of my treatiſe de Concubinis retinendis, is at this inſtant in the preſs——You may take any leaf of it, ſaid Eugenius——No matter which——provided, quoth Yorick, there is no baudry in it.—

They are juſt now, replied Phutatorius, printing off the ninth chapter——which is the laſt chapter but one in the book——Pray what is the title to that chapter, ſaid Yorick, making a reſpectful bow to Phutatorius as he ſpoke—— I think, anſwered Phutatorius, 'tis that, de re concubinariâ.

For heaven's ſake keep out of that chapter, quoth Yorick.

——By all means—added Eugenius.

CHAP. XXIX.

——NOW quoth Didius, riſing up, and laying his right-hand with his fingers ſpread upon his breaſt————had ſuch a blunder about a chriſtian-name happened before

before the reformation————(It happened the day before yeſterday, quoth my uncle Toby to himſelf)—and when baptiſm was adminiſtered in Latin——('Twas all in Engliſh, ſaid my uncle) ———Many things might have coincided with it, and upon the authority of ſundry decreed caſes, to have pronounced the baptiſm null, with a power of giving the child a new name ——Had a prieſt, for inſtance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the Latin tongue, baptized a child of Tom-o'Stiles, in nomine patriæ & filia & ſpiritum ſanctos——the baptiſm was held null—I beg your pardon, replied Kyſarcius,——in that caſe, as the miſtake was only in the terminations, the baptiſm was valid—and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the prieſt ſhould have fallen upon the firſt ſyllable of each noun—and not, as in your caſe, upon the laſt.—

My father delighted in ſubtleties of this kind, and liſtened with infinite attention.

Gaſtripheres, for example, continued Kyſarcius, baptizes a child of John Stradling's in gomine gatris, &c. &c. inſtead of in nomine patris, &c.—Is this a baptiſm? No,——ſay the ableſt canoniſts; inaſmuch as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the ſenſe and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object: for gomine does not ſignify a name, nor gatris a father—What do they ſignify? ſaid my uncle Toby—Nothing at all, quoth Yorick—Ergo, ſuch a baptiſm is null, ſaid Kyſarcius—In courſe, anſwered Yorick, in a tone two parts jeſt and one part earneſt—

But in the caſe cited, continued Kyſarcius, where patrim is put for patris, filia for filij, and

ſo,

ſo on—as it is a fault only in the declenſion, and the roots of the words continue untouch'd, the inflexions of their branches, either this way or that, does not in any ſort hinder the baptiſm, inaſmuch as the ſame ſenſe continues in the words as before——But then, ſaid Didius, the intention of the prieſt's pronouncing them grammatically, muſt have been proved to have gone along with it——Right, anſwered Kyſarcius; and of this, brother Didius, we have an inſtance in a decree of the decretals of Pope Leo the IIId. —But my brother's child, cried my uncle Toby, has nothing to do with the Pope——'tis the plain child of a proteſtant gentleman, chriſten'd Triſtram againſt the wills and wiſhes both of its father and mother, and all who are a-kin to it.—

If the wills and wiſhes, ſaid Kyſarcius, interrupting my uncle Toby, of thoſe only who ſtand related to Mr. Shandy's child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. Shandy, of all people, has the leaſt to do in it—My uncle Toby lay'd down his pipe, and my father drew his chair ſtill cloſer to the table to hear the concluſion of ſo ſtrange an introduction.

It has not only been a queſtion, captain Shandy, amongſt the * beſt lawyers and civilians in this land, continued Kyſarcius, "Whether the "mother be of kin to her child,"—but after much diſpaſſionate inquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all ſides——it has been adjudged for the negative—namely, "That the mother is not "of kin to her child. §" My father inſtantly clapp'd

* *Vide Swinburn on Teſtaments, Part* 7. § 8.
§ *Vide Brook Abridg. Tit. Adminiſtr. N.* 47.

clapp'd his hand upon my uncle Toby's mouth, under colour of whiſpering in his ear;—the truth was, he was alarmed for Lillabullero—and having a great deſire to hear more of ſo curious an argument—he begg'd my uncle Toby, for heaven's ſake, not to diſappoint him in it—My uncle Toby gave a nod—reſumed his pipe, and contenting himſelf with whiſtling Lillabullero inwardly—Kyſarcius, Didius, and Triptolemus went on with the diſcourſe as follows.

This determination, continued Kyſarcius, how contrary ſoever it may ſeem to run to the ſtream of vulgar ideas, yet had reaſon ſtrongly on its ſide; and has been put out of all manner of diſpute from the famous caſe, known commonly by the name of the Duke of Suffolk's caſe.—It is cited in Brook, ſaid Triptolemus—And taken notice of by Lord Coke, added Didius—And you may find it in Swinburn on Teſtaments, ſaid Kyſarcius.

The caſe, Mr. Shandy, was this.

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Charles Duke of Suffolk having iſſue a ſon by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his laſt will, wherein he deviſed goods to his ſon, and died; after whoſe death the ſon died alſo—but without will, without wife, and without child—his mother and his ſiſter by the father's ſide (for ſhe was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the adminiſtration of her ſon's goods, according to the ſtatute of the 21ſt of Harry the Eighth, whereby it is enacted, That in caſe any perſon die inteſtate, the adminiſtration of his goods ſhall be committed to the next of kin.

The adminiſtration being thus (ſurreptitiouſly) granted

granted to the mother, the ſiſter by the father's ſide commenced a ſuit before the Eccleſiaſtical Judge, alledging, 1ſt, That ſhe herſelf was next of kin; and, 2dly, That the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceaſed; and therefore pray'd the court, that the adminiſtration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as next of kin to the deceaſed, by force of the ſaid ſtatute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cauſe, and much depending upon its iſſue—and many cauſes of great property likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made—the moſt learned, as well in the laws of this realm, as in the civil law, were conſulted together, whether the mother was of kin to her ſon, or no.——Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers—but the church lawyers—the juris-conſulti—the juris-prudentes—the civilians—the advocates—the commiſſaries—the judges of the conſiſtory and prerogative courts of Canterbury and York, with the maſter of the faculties, were all unanimouſly of opinion, that the mother was not of * kin to her child.—

And what ſaid the Ducheſs of Suffolk to it? ſaid my uncle Toby.

The unexpectedneſs of my uncle Toby's queſtion, confounded Kyſarcius more than the ableſt advocate—He ſtopp'd a full minute, looking in my uncle Toby's face without replying—and in that ſingle minute Triptolemus put by him, and took the lead as follows.

'Tis a ground and principle in the law, ſaid Triptolemus,

* *Mater non numeratur inter conſanguineos. Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. ſignific.*

Triptolemus, that things do not aſcend, but deſcend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cauſe, that however true it is, that the child may be of the blood and ſeed of its parents—that the parents, nevertheleſs, are not of the blood and ſeed of it; inaſmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents ——For ſo they write, Liberi ſunt de ſanguine patris & matris, ſed pater et mater non ſunt de ſanguine liberorum.

——But this, Triptolemus, cried Didius, proves too much—for from this authority cited it would follow, not only what indeed is granted on all ſides, that the mother is not of kin to her child —but the father likewiſe—It is held, ſaid Triptolemus, the better opinion; becauſe the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three perſons, yet are they but (una caro *) one fleſh; and conſequently no degree of kindred—or any method of acquiring one in nature—There you puſh the argument again too far, cried Didius—— for there is no prohibition in nature, though there is in the levitical law,—but that a man may beget a child upon his grandmother——in which caſe, ſuppoſing the iſſue a daughter, ſhe would ſtand in relation both of———But who ever thought, cried Kyſarcius, of lying with his grandmother?—The young gentleman, replied Yorick, whom Selden ſpeaks of——who not only thought of it, but juſtified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation——" You lay, Sir, with my mother, ſaid " the lad—why may not I ly with yours?"—

'Tis

* *Vide Brook Abridg. tit. Adminiſtr. N.* 47.

'Tis the Argumentum commune, added Yorick. 'Tis as good, replied Eugenius, taking down his hat, as they deſerve.

The company broke up.

CHAP. XXX.

——AND pray, ſaid my uncle Toby, leaning upon Yorick, as he and my father were helping him leiſurely down the ſtairs—— don't be terrified, madam, this ſtair-caſe converſation is not ſo long as the laſt—And pray, Yorick, ſaid my uncle Toby, which way is this ſaid affair of Triſtram at length ſettled by theſe learned men? Very ſatisfactorily, replied Yorick; no mortal, Sir, has any concern with it—for Mrs. Shandy, the mother, is nothing at all a-kin to him—and as the mother's is the ſureſt ſide—— Mr. Shandy, in courſe, is ſtill leſs than nothing ——In ſhort, he is not as much a-kin to him, Sir, as I am—

——That may well be, ſaid my father, ſhaking his head.

—Let the learned ſay what they will, there muſt certainly, quoth my uncle Toby, have been ſome ſort of conſanguinity betwixt the ducheſs of Suffolk and her ſon.—

The vulgar are of the ſame opinion, quoth Yorick, to this hour.

CHAP. XXXI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the ſubtleties of theſe learned diſcourſes—

courſes—'twas ſtill but like the anointing of a broken bone——The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but ſo much the heavier, as is ever the caſe when the ſtaff we lean on ſlips from under us——He became penſive——walked frequently forth to the fiſh-pond——let down one loop of his hat ——figh'd often——forbore to ſnap——and, as the haſty ſparks of temper, which occaſion ſnapping, ſo much aſſiſt perſpiration and digeſtion, as Hippocrates tells us—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health reſcued by a freſh train of diſquietudes left him, with a legacy of a thouſand pounds by my aunt Dinah.——

My father had ſcarce read the letter, when, taking the thing by the right end, he inſtantly begun to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out moſtly to the honour of his family—— A hundred and fifty odd projects took poſſeſſion of his brains by turns——he would do this, and that, and t'other——He would go to Rome —he would go to law—he would buy ſtock—he would buy John Hobſon's farm—he would new fore-front his houſe, and add a new wing to make it even.——There was a fine water-mill on this ſide, and he would build a wind-mill on the other ſide of the river, in full view, to anſwer it—But, above all things in the world, he would incloſe the great Ox-moor, and ſend out my brother Bobby immediately upon his travels.

But, as the ſum was finite and conſequently could not do every thing—and in truth very few of theſe to any purpoſe,——of all the projects which offered themſelves upon this occaſion, the

two laſt ſeemed to make the deepeſt impreſſion; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the ſmall inconvenience hinted at above, which abſolutely put him under a neceſſity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether ſo eaſy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before ſet his heart upon this neceſſary part of my brother's education, and, like a prudent man, had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the firſt money that returned from the ſecond creation of actions in the Miſſiſippi-ſcheme, in which he was an adventurer——yet the Ox-moor, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the Shandy-eſtate, had almoſt as old a claim upon him: He had long and affectionately ſet his heart upon turning it likewiſe to ſome account.

But having never hitherto been preſſed with ſuch a conjuncture of things, as made it neceſſary to ſettle either the priority or juſtice of their claims—like a wiſe man he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: ſo that upon the diſmiſſion of every other project at this criſis,———the two old projects, the OX-MOOR and my BROTHER, divided him again; and ſo equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occaſion of no ſmall conteſt in the old gentleman's mind,——which of the two ſhou'd be ſet a-going firſt.

——People may laugh as they will—but the caſe was this.

It had ever been the cuſtom of the family, and by length of time was almoſt become a matter of common right, that the eldeſt ſon of it ſhould

have

have free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs into foreign parts before marriage,———not only for the ſake of bettering their own private parts, by the benefit of exerciſe and change of ſo much air—but ſimply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap, of having been abroad———tantum valet, my father would ſay, quantum ſonat.

Now as this was a reaſonable, and, in courſe, a moſt chriſtian indulgence———to deprive him of it, without why or wherefore,——and thereby make an example of him, as the firſt Shandy unwhirl'd about Europe in a poſt-chaiſe, and only becauſe he was a heavy lad—would be uſing him ten times worſe than a Turk.

On the other hand, the caſe of the Ox-moor was full as hard.

Excluſive of the original purchaſe-money, which was eight hundred pounds—it had coſt the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-ſuit about fifteen years before——beſides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in poſſeſſion of the Shandy-family ever ſince the middle of the laſt century; and though it lay full in view before the houſe, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected wind-mill ſpoken of above,———and for all theſe reaſons ſeemed to have the faireſt title of any part of the eſtate, to the care and protection of the family ———yet, by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on——— it had all along moſt ſhamefully been over-look'd; and, to ſpeak the truth of it, had ſuffered ſo much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled (Obadiah ſaid) who underſtood

the value of land, to have rode over it, and only ſeen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchaſing this tract of ground—nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly ſpeaking, of my father's doing—he had never thought himſelf any way concerned in the affair—till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that curſed law-ſuit mentioned above (and which had aroſe about its boundaries)—which had been altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in its favour; and, upon ſumming them all up together, he ſaw, not merely in intereſt, but in honour, he was bound to do ſomething for it——and that now or never was the time.

I think there muſt certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reaſons on both ſides ſhould happen to be ſo equally balanced by each other; for though my father weigh'd them in all humours and conditions—ſpent many an anxious hour in the moſt profound and abſtracted meditation upon what was beſt to be done—reading books of farming one day—books of travels another—laying aſide all paſſion whatever—viewing the arguments on both ſides in all their lights and circumſtances—communing every day with my uncle Toby—arguing with Yorick, and talking over the whole affair of the Ox-moor with Obadiah—yet nothing in all that time appeared ſo ſtrongly in behalf of the one, which was not either ſtrictly applicable to the other, or at leaſt ſo far counterbalanced by ſome conſideration of equal weight, as to keep the ſcales even.

For to be ſure, with proper helps, and in the hands of ſome people, tho' the Ox-moor would undoubtedly

undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay—yet every tittle of this was true, with regard to my brother Bobby——let Obadiah ſay what he would.—

In point of intereſt—the conteſt, I own, at firſt ſight, did not appear ſo undeciſive betwixt them; for, whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and ſet about calculating the ſimple expence of paring and burning, and fencing in the Ox-moor, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return—the latter turned out ſo prodigiouſly in his way of working the account, that you would have ſworn the Ox-moor would have carried all before it. For it was plain he ſhould reap a hundred laſts of rape, at twenty pounds a laſt, the very firſt year—beſides an excellent crop of wheat the year following—and the year after that, to ſpeak within bounds, a hundred——— but in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty—if not two hundred quarters of peaſe and beans——beſides potatoes without end—But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother like a hog to eat them—knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in ſuch a ſtate of ſuſpenſe—that, as he often declared to my uncle Toby—he knew no more than his heels what to do.

No body, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn aſunder by two projects of equal ſtrength, both obſtinately pulling in a contrary direction at the ſame time: For to ſay nothing of the havock, which, by a certain conſequence, is unavoidably made by it all over the finer ſyſtem of the nerves,

which you know convey the animal ſpirits and more ſubtle juices from the heart to the head, and ſo on——it is not to be told in what a degree ſuch a wayward kind of friction works upon the more groſs and ſolid parts, waſting the fat and impairing the ſtrength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly ſunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my CHRISTIAN NAME——had he not been reſcued out of it, as he was out of that, by a freſh evil —the misfortune of my brother Bobby's death.

What is the life of man! Is it not to ſhift from ſide to ſide?——from ſorrow to ſorrow?——to button up one cauſe of vexation?—and unbutton another?

CHAP. XXXII.

FROM this moment I am to be conſidered as heir-apparent to the Shandy-family——and it is from this point properly, that the ſtory of my LIFE and my OPINIONS ſets out; with all my hurry and precipitaion I have but been clearing the ground to raiſe the building——and ſuch a building do I foreſee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed ſince Adam. In leſs than five minutes I ſhall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it——I have but half a ſcore things to do in the time—I have a thing to name——a thing to lament—a thing to hope —a thing to promiſe, and a thing to threaten ——I have a thing to ſuppoſe—a thing to declare

clare—a thing to conceal—a thing to chuſe, and a thing to pray for.———This chapter, therefore, I name the chapter of THINGS—and my next chapter to it, that is, the firſt chapter of my next volume, if I live, ſhall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up ſome ſort of connection in my works.

The thing I lament is, that things have crowded in ſo thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which, I have, all the way, looked forwards, with ſo much earneſt deſire; and that is the campaigns, but eſpecially the amours of my uncle Toby, the events of which are of ſo ſingular a nature, and ſo Cervantick a caſt, that if I can ſo manage it, as to convey but the ſame impreſſions to every other brain, which the occurrences themſelves excite in my own——I will anſwer for it the book ſhall make its way in the world, much better than its maſter has done before it——Oh Triſtram! Triſtram! can this but be once brought about——the credit, which will attend thee as an author, ſhall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man——thou wilt feaſt upon the one———when thou haſt loſt all ſenſe and remembrance of the other!——

No wonder I itch ſo much as I do, to get at theſe amours——They are the choiceſt morſel of my whole ſtory! and when I do get at 'em——aſſure yourſelves, good folks,——(nor do I value whoſe ſqueamiſh ſtomach takes offence at it) I ſhall not be at all nice in the choice of my words;——and that's the thing I have to declare.——I ſhall never get all through in five minutes, that I fear——and the thing I hope is, that your worſhips

ſhips and reverences are not offended——if you are, depend upon't I'll give you ſomething, my good gentry, next year to be offended at—that's my dear Jenny's way———but who my Jenny is—and which is the right and which the wrong end of a woman is the thing to be concealed—it ſhall be told you the next chapter but one, to my chapter of button-holes,———and not one chapter before.

And now that you have juſt got to the end of theſe four volumes——the thing I have to aſk, is, how you feel your heads? my own aches diſmally!————as for your healths, I know, they are much better———True Shandeiſm, think what you will againſt it, opens the heart and lungs, and like all thoſe affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through their channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and cheerfully round.

Was I left, like Sancho Panca, to chuſe my kingdom, it ſhould not be maritime—or a kingdom of blacks to make a penny of——no, it ſhould be a kingdom of hearty laughing ſubjects: and as the bilious and more ſaturnine paſſions, by creating diſorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I ſee, upon the body politick as body natural—and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern thoſe paſſions, and ſubject them to reaſon————I ſhould add to my prayer——that God would give my ſubjects grace to be as WISE as they were MERRY; and then ſhould I be the happieſt monarch, and they the happieſt people under heaven.—

And

And ſo, with this moral for the preſent, may it pleaſe your worſhips and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelvemonth, when (unleſs this vile cough kills me in the mean time) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a ſtory to the world you little dream of.

END of the FOURTH VOLUME.

THE

LIFE

AND

OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Dixero ſi quid forte jocoſius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.

HOR.

——Si quis calumnietur levius eſſe quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Chriſtianum——non Ego, ſed Democritus dixit.——

ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, riſum moventia ſerat, anathema eſto.

Second Council of CARTHAGE.

VOL. V.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN,

Lord Viſcount SPENCER.

MY LORD,

I HUMBLY beg leave to offer you theſe two Volumes; they are the beſt my talents, with ſuch bad health as I have, could produce:——had Providence granted me a larger ſtock of either, they had been a much more proper preſent to your Lordſhip.

I BEG your Lordſhip will forgive me, if, at the ſame time I dedicate this work to you, I join Lady SPENCER, in the liberty I take of inſcribing the ſtory of *Le Fevre*

in the ſixth volume to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the ſtory is a humane one.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt devoted,

And moſt humble ſervant,

LAUR. STERNE.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gt.

CHAP. I.

IF it had not been for thoſe two mettleſome tits, and that madcap of a poſtilion, who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning——————there was a ſlope of three miles and a half——we ſcarce touched the ground—the motion was moſt rapid————moſt impetuous——'twas communicated to my brain——my heart partook of it——" By the great God of day," ſaid I, looking towards the ſun, and thruſting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaiſe, as I made my vow, " I will lock up my

ſtudy door the moment I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the ſurface of the earth, into the draw-well at the back of my houſe."

The London waggon confirmed me in my reſolution: it hung tottering upon the hill, ſcarce progreſſive, dragg'd—dragg'd up by eight heavy beaſts—" by main ſtrength!—quoth I, nodding—but your betters draw the ſame way—and ſomething of every bodies!——O rare!"

Tell me, ye learn'd, ſhall we for ever be adding ſo much to the bulk,—ſo little to the ſtock?

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one veſſel into another?

Are we for ever to be twiſting and untwiſting the ſame rope? for ever in the ſame track—for ever at the ſame pace?

Shall we be deſtined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be ſhewing the relicks of learning, as monks do the relicks of their ſaints—without working one—one ſingle miracle with them?

Who made MAN, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that moſt excellent, and moſt noble creature of the world—the miracle of nature, as Zoroaſter in his book περὶ φύσεως called him—the SHEKINAH of the divine preſence, as Chryſoſtom—the image of God, as Moſes—the ray of divinity, as Plato—the marvel of marvels, as Ariſtotle—to go ſneaking on at this pitiful—pimping—pettifogging rate.

I ſcorn to be as abuſive as Horace upon the occaſion—but if there is no catachreſis in the

wiſh,

wiſh, and no ſin in it, I wiſh from my ſoul, that every imitator in Great-Britain, France and Ireland, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a good farcical houſe, large enough to hold ——ay——and ſublimate them, ſhag-rag and bob tail, male and female, all together.——And this leads me to the affair of Whiſkers——but, by what chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in mortmain to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the moſt of.

Upon WHISKERS.

I am ſorry I made it—'twas as inconſiderate a promiſe as ever entered a man's head.——A chapter upon whiſkers! alas, the world will not bear it!——'tis a delicate world——but I knew not of what metal it was made——nor had I ever ſeen the under-written fragment; otherwiſe, as ſurely as noſes are noſes, and whiſkers are whiſkers ſtill (let the world ſay what it will to the contrary), ſo ſurely would I have ſteered clear of this dangerous chapter.

The FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* *——You are half aſleep, my good lady, ſaid the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle ſqueeze, as he pronounced the word Whiſkers—ſhall we change the ſubject? By no means, replied the old lady

—I like your account of thoſe matters: ſo throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as ſhe reclined herſelf——I deſire, continued ſhe, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows.

——Whiſkers! cried the queen of Navarre, dropping her knotting ball, as La Foſſeuſe uttered the word——Whiſkers! madam, ſaid La Fouſſeuſe, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courteſy as ſhe repeated it.

La Foſſeuſe's voice was naturally ſoft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice: and every letter of the word Whiſkers fell diſtinctly upon the queen of Navarre's ear——Whiſkers! cried the queen, laying a greater ſtreſs upon the word, and as if ſhe had ſtill diſtruſted her ears——Whiſkers! replied La Foſſeuſe, repeating the word a third time——There is not a cavalier, madam, of his age in Navarre, continued the maid of honour, preſſing the page's intereſt upon the queen, that has ſo gallant a pair——Of what? cried Margaret, ſmiling——Of whiſkers, ſaid La Foſſeuſe, with infinite modeſty.

The word Whiſkers ſtill ſtood its ground, and continued to be made uſe of in moſt of the beſt companies throughout the little kingdom of Navarre, notwithſtanding the indiſcreet uſe which La Foſſeuſe had made of it: the truth was, La Foſſeuſe had pronounced the word, not only before the queen, but upon ſundry other occaſions at court, with an accent which always implied ſomething of a myſtery——And as the court of Margaret, as all the world knows, was at that time

time a mixture of gallantry and devotion——and whiſkers being as applicable to the one as the other, the word naturally ſtood its ground——it gain'd full as much as it loſt; that is, the clergy were for it—the laity were againſt it—and for the women,—they were divided.

The excellency of the figure and mien of the young Sieur de Croix, was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace gate, where the guard was mounted. The Lady de Bauſſiere fell deeply in love with him—La Battarelle did the ſame——it was the fineſt weather for it that ever was remembered in Navarre——La Guyol, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, fell in love with the Sieur de Croix alſo——La Rebours and La Foſſeuſe knew better——De Croix had failed in an attempt to recommend himſelf to La Rebours; and La Rebours and La Foſſeuſe were inſeparable.

The queen of Navarre was ſitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the ſecond court, as De Croix paſſed through it. He is handſome, ſaid the Lady Bauſſiere——He has a good mien, ſaid La Battarelle——He is finely ſhaped, ſaid La Guyol——I never ſaw an officer of the horſe-guards in my life, ſaid La Maronette, with two ſuch legs——Or who ſtood ſo well upon them, ſaid La Sabatiere——But he has no whiſkers, cried La Foſſeuſe——Not a pile, ſaid La Rebours.

The queen went directly to her oratory, muſing all the way, as ſhe walked through the gallery, upon the ſubject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy——Ave Maria +——what

can

can La Foſſeuſe mean? ſaid ſhe, kneeling down upon the cuſhion.

La Guyol, La Battarelle, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, retired inſtantly to their chambers——Whiſkers! ſaid all four of them to themſelves, as they bolted their doors on the inſide.

The Lady Carnavalette was counting her beads with both hands, unſuſpected under her farthingal——from St. Antony down to St. Urſula incluſive, not a ſaint paſſed through her fingers without whiſkers; St. Francis, St. Dominick, St. Bennet, St. Baſil, St. Bridget, had all whiſkers.

The Lady Bauſſiere had got into a wilderneſs of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon La Foſſeuſe's text——She mounted her palfry, her page followed her——the hoſt paſſed by——the Lady Bauſſiere rode on.

One denier, cried the order of mercy——one ſingle denier, in behalf of a thouſand patient captives, whoſe eyes look towards heaven and you for their redemption.

——The Lady Bauſſiere rode on.

Pity the unhappy, ſaid a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his withered hands——I beg for the unfortunate——good, my lady, 'tis for a priſon——for an hoſpital——'tis for an old man——a poor man undone by ſhipwreck, by ſurety-ſhip, by fire——I call God and all his angels to witneſs—'tis to clothe the naked—to feed the hungry—'tis to comfort the ſick and the broken-hearted.

——The Lady Bauſſiere rode on.

A decayed

A decayed kinſman bowed himſelf to the ground.

——The Lady Bauſſiere rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one ſide of her palfry, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendſhip, alliance, conſanguinity, &c.——Couſin, aunt, ſiſter, mother——for virtue's ſake, for your own, for mine, for Chriſt's ſake, remember me—pity me.

—The Lady Bauſſiere rode on.

Take hold of my whiſkers, ſaid the Lady Bauſſiere.——The page took hold of her palfry. She diſmounted at the end of the terrace.

There are ſome trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themſelves about our eyes and eyebrows; and there is a conſciouſneſs of it, ſomewhere about the heart, which ſerves but to make theſe etchings the ſtronger——we ſee, ſpell, and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha! Hee, hee! cried La Guyol and La Sabatiere, looking cloſe at each other's prints——Ho, ho! cried La Battarelle, and Maronette, doing the ſame:——Whiſt! cried one——ſt, ſt,—ſaid a ſecond——huſh, quoth a third——poo, poo, replied a fourth——gramercy! cried the Lady Carnavalette——'twas ſhe who bewhiſker'd St. Bridget.

La Foſſeuſe drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a ſmall whiſker, with the blunt end of it, upon one ſide of her upper lip, put it into La Rebours's hand—La Rebours ſhook her head.

The Lady Bauſſiere cough'd thrice into the inſide of her muff—La Guyol ſmiled—Fy, ſaid the Lady Bauſſiere. The queen of Navarre touched her

her eye with the tip of her fore-finger—as much as to ſay, I underſtand you all.

'Twas plain to the whole court, the word was ruined: La Foſſeuſe had given it a wound, and it was not the better for paſſing through all theſe defiles.——It made a faint ſtand, however, for a few months; by the expiration of which, the Sieur de Croix, finding it high time to leave Navarre for want of whiſkers—the word in courſe became indecent, and (after a few efforts) abſolutely unfit for uſe.

The beſt word, in the beſt language of the beſt world, muſt have ſuffered under ſuch combinations.——The curate of d'Eſtella wrote a book againſt them, ſetting forth the dangers of acceſſory ideas, and warning the Navarois againſt them.

Does not all the world know, ſaid the curate d'Eſtella at the concluſion of his work, that Noſes ran the ſame fate ſome centuries ago in moſt parts of Europe, which Whiſkers have now done in the kingdom of Navarre?——The evil indeed ſpread no further then——but have not beds and bolſters, and night-caps and chamber-pots ſtood upon the brink of deſtruction ever ſince? Are not trouſe, and placket-holes, and pump-handles——and ſpigots and faucets, in danger ſtill, from the ſame aſſociation?—Chaſtity, by nature the gentleſt of all affections—give it but its head—'tis like a ramping and a roaring lion.

The drift of the curate d'Eſtella's argument was not underſtood——They ran the ſcent the wrong way——The world bridled his aſs at the tail—And when the extremes of DELICACY, and the

the beginnings of CONCUPISCENCE, hold their next provincial chapter together, they may decree that bawdy alſo.

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother Bobby's death, he was buſy calculating the expence of his riding poſt from Calais to Paris, and ſo on to Lyons.

'Twas a moſt unauſpicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afreſh, when he had almoſt got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door, to acquaint him the family was out of yeaſt——and to aſk, whether he might not take the great coach-horſe early in the morning and ride in ſearch of ſome.——With all my heart, Obadiah, ſaid my father, (purſuing his journey)——take the coach-horſe, and welcome. ——But he wants a ſhoe, poor creature! ſaid Obadiah——Poor creature! ſaid my uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again, like a ſtring in uniſon. Then ride the Scotch horſe, quoth my father haſtily.——He cannot bear a ſaddle upon his back, quoth Obadiah, for the whole world.—The devil's in that horſe; then take PATRIOT, cried my father, and ſhut the door——PATRIOT is ſold, ſaid Obadiah.——Here's for you! cried my father, making a pauſe, and looking in my uncle Toby's face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.——Your worſhip ordered me to ſell him laſt April, ſaid Obadiah.——Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father.——I had much

much rather walk than ride, ſaid Obadiah, ſhutting the door.

What plagues! cried my father, going on with his calculation.—But the waters are out, ſaid Obadiah,—opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanſon's, and a book of the poſt-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compaſſes, with one foot of them fixed upon Nevers, the laſt ſtage he had paid for—purpoſing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as ſoon as Obadiah quitted the room; but this ſecond attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door, and laying the whole country under water, was too much.—He let go his compaſſes—or rather with a mixed motion betwixt accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Calais (like many others) as wiſe as he had ſet out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey, to within a ſtride of the compaſſes of the very ſame ſtage of Nevers.——By your leave, Monſ. Sanſon, cried my father, ſtriking the point of his compaſſes through Nevers into the table—and nodding to my uncle Toby, to ſee what was in the letter,—twice of one night is too much for an Engliſh gentleman and his ſon, Monſ. Sanſon, to be turned back from ſo louſy a town as Nevers,—what think'ſt thou, Toby, added my father, in a ſprightly tone.—Unleſs it be a garriſon town, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for then—I ſhall be a fool, ſaid my father, ſmiling to himſelf, as long as I live.—So giving

a ſecond nod—and keeping his compaſſes ſtill upon Nevers with one hand, and holding his book of the poſt-roads in the other—half calculating and half liſtening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle Toby hummed over the letter.

— — — —
— — — — —
— — — —
— — — he's gone!

ſaid my uncle Toby.——Where—Who? cried my father.——My nephew, ſaid my uncle Toby——What—without leave—without money——without governor? cried my father, in amazement. No:——he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle Toby.——Without being ill? cried my father again.——I dare ſay not, ſaid my uncle Toby, in a low voice, and fetching a deep ſigh from the bottom of his heart, he has been ill enough, poor lad! I'll anſwer for him—for he is dead.

When Agrippina was told of her ſon's death, Tacitus informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence of her paſſions, ſhe abruptly broke off her work.——My father ſtuck his compaſſes into Nevers, but ſo much the faſter.——What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation!—Agrippina's muſt have been quite a different affair; who elſe could pretend to reaſon from hiſtory?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deſerves a chapter to itſelf.—

CHAP. III.

—— —— And a chapter it ſhall have, and a devil of a one too——ſo look to yourſelves.

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophraſtus, or Lucian——or ſome one, perhaps of later date—either Cardan or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or poſſibly it may be ſome divine or father of the church, St. Auſtin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard, who affirms, that it is an irreſiſtible and natural paſſion, to weep for the loſs of our friends or children—and Seneca (I'm poſitive) tells us ſomewhere, that ſuch griefs evacuate themſelves beſt by that particular channel.—And accordingly, we find, that David wept for his ſon Abſalom—Adrian for his Antinous—Niobe for her children, and that Apollodorus and Crito both ſhed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherways; and indeed differently from moſt men, either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and the Romans—or ſlept it off, as the Laplanders—or hang'd it, as the Engliſh—or drowned it, as the Germans—nor did he curſe it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it.—

He got rid of it, however.

Will your worſhips give me leave to ſqueeze in a ſtory between theſe two pages?

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at firſt he laid it to his heart,——he liſtened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own

own unto it.——O my Tullia! my daughter! my child!——ſtill, ſtill, ſtill,—'twas O my Tullia!—my Tullia! Methinks I ſee my Tullia, I hear my Tullia, I talk with my Tullia.——But as ſoon as he began to look into the ſtores of philoſophy, and conſider how many excellent things might be ſaid upon the occaſion—no body upon earth can conceive, ſays the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at preſent, with as much reaſon: it was indeed his ſtrength—and his weakneſs too.——His ſtrength—for he was by nature eloquent———and his weakneſs———for he was hourly a dupe to it:—and provided an occaſion in life would but permit him to ſhew his talents, or ſay either a wiſe thing, a witty, or a ſhrewd one—(bating the caſe of a ſyſtematick misfortune)——he had all he wanted.——A bleſſing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which ſet it looſe with a good grace, were pretty equal: ſometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two; for inſtance, where the pleaſure of the harangue was as ten, and the pain of the misfortune but as five——my father gained half in half, and conſequently was as well again off, as if it never had befallen him.

This clue will unravel, what otherways would ſeem very inconſiſtent in my father's domeſtick character; and it is this, that in the provocations ariſing from the neglects and blunders of ſervants, or other miſhaps unavoidable in a fa-

mily, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had conſigned over to a moſt beautiful Arabian horſe, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was ſanguine in all his projects; ſo talked about his pad every day with as abſolute a ſecurity, as if it had been reared, broke,——and bridled and ſaddled at his door ready for mounting. By ſome neglect or other in Obadiah, it ſo fell out, that my father's expectations were anſwered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beaſt of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah—and that there never would be an end of the diſaſter.——See here! you raſcal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done!——It was not I, ſaid Obadiah.—How do I know that? replied my father.

Triumph ſwam in my father's eyes, at the repartee—the Attick ſalt brought water into them—and ſo Obadiah heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philoſophy has a fine ſaying for every thing.—For Death, it has an entire ſet; the miſery was, they all at once ruſhed into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to ſtring them together, ſo as to make any thing of a conſiſtent ſhow out of them.—He took them as they came.

"'Tis an inevitable chance—the firſt ſtatute "in Magna Charta—it is an everlaſting act of "parliament, my dear brother,—All muſt die.

"If my ſon could not have died, it had been "matter of wonder,—not that he is dead.

"Monarchs

" Monarchs and princes dance in the ſame " ring with us.

" ———To die, is the great debt and tri- " bute due unto nature: tombs and monu- " ments, which ſhould perpetuate our memo- " ries, pay it themſelves; and the proudeſt py- " ramid of them all, which wealth and ſcience " have erected, has loſt its apex, and ſtands " obtruncated in the traveller's horizon."—(My father found he got great eaſe, and went on)— " Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and ci- " ties, have they not their periods? and when " thoſe principles and powers, which at firſt ce- " mented and put them together, have per- " formed their ſeveral evolutions, they fall " back."———Brother Shandy, ſaid my uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word evolutions—Revolution, I meant, quoth my father —by heaven! I meant revolutions, brother Toby—evolutions is nonſenſe.—'Tis not nonſenſe, —ſaid my uncle Toby.——But is it not nonſenſe to break the thread of ſuch a diſcourſe, upon ſuch an occaſion? cried my father——do not—dear Toby, continued he, taking him by the hand, do not—do not, I beſeech thee, interrupt me at this criſis. My uncle Toby put his pipe into his mouth.

" Where is Troy and Mycene, and Thebes " and Delos, and Perſepolis, and Agrigentum," —continued my father, taking up his book of poſt-roads, which he had laid down——" What " is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and " Babylon, of Cyzicum and Mitylene? the fair- " eſt towns that ever the ſun roſe upon, are now " no more: the names only are left, and thoſe " (for many of them are wrong ſpelt) are fall-

" ing themſelves by piece-meal to decay, and " in length of time will be forgotten, and in- " volved with every thing in a perpetual night: " the world itſelf, brother Toby, muſt—muſt " come to an end.

" Returning out of Aſia, when I ſailed from " Ægina towards Megara," (when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby) " I began to " view the country round about. Ægina was " behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the " right hand, Corinth on the left.—What flou- " riſhing towns, now proſtrate upon the earth! " Alas! alas! ſaid I to myſelf, that man ſhould " diſturb his ſoul for the loſs of a child, when " ſo much as this lies awfully buried in his pre- " ſence.—Remember, ſaid I to myſelf again— " remember thou art a man."—

Now my uncle Toby knew not that this laſt paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's conſolatory letter to Tully.—He had as little ſkill, honeſt man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity.———And as my father, whilſt he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had ſtaid a whole year and a half at Zant, my uncle Toby naturally concluded, that, in ſome one of theſe periods, he had taken a trip acroſs the Archipelago into Aſia; and that all this ſailing affair, with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Pyræus on the right hand, &c. &c. was nothing more than the true courſe of my father's voyage and reflections.———'Twas certainly in his manner, and many an undertaking critick would have built two ſtories higher upon worſe foundations. ———And pray, brother, quoth my uncle To-

by,

by, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand, in a kindly way of interruption—but waiting till he finiſhed the account—what year of our Lord was this?——'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.——That's impoſſible, cried my uncle Toby.——Simpleton! ſaid my father, —'twas forty years before Chriſt was born.

My uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to ſuppoſe his brother to be the wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had diſordered his brain.—" May the Lord God of heaven and " earth protect and reſtore him," ſaid my uncle Toby, praying ſilently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

—My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great ſpirit.

" There is not ſuch great odds, brother Toby, " betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines" —this way of ſetting off, by the by, was not likely to cure my uncle Toby's ſuſpicions.

—" Labour, ſorrow, grief, ſickneſs, want, " and wo, are the ſauces of life."—Much good may do them—ſaid my uncle Toby to himſelf. ——" My ſon is dead!—ſo much the better;— " 'tis a ſhame in ſuch a tempeſt, to have but one " anchor.

" But he is gone for ever from us!—be it ſo. " He is got from under the hands of his barber, " before he was bald.——He is but riſen from a " feaſt before he was ſurfeited—from a banquet " before he had got drunken.

" The Thracians wept when a child was " born"—(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle Toby)—" and feaſted and made merry when

" when a man went out of the world; and with " reaſon——Death opens the gate of fame, and " ſhuts the gate of envy after it—it unlooſes the " chain of the captive, and puts the bondſman's " taſk into another man's hands.

" Shew me the man, who knows what life is, " who dreads it, and I'll ſhew thee a priſoner " who dreads his liberty."

Is it not better, my dear brother Toby, (for mark—our appetites are but diſeaſes)—is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?—not to thirſt, than to take phyſick to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, from love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afreſh?

There is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulſions —and the blowing of noſes, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room.——Strip it of theſe, what is it?——'Tis better in battle than in bed, ſaid my uncle Toby.——Take away its herſes, it mutes, and its mourning,—its plumes, ſcutcheons, and other mechanick aids——What is it?—Better in battle! continued my father, ſmiling; for he had abſolutely forgot my brother Bobby—'tis terrible no way——for conſider, brother Toby,—when we are—death is not;—and when death is —we are not. My uncle Toby laid down his pipe, to conſider the propoſition; my father's eloquence was too rapid to ſtay for any man—away it went,—and hurried my uncle Toby's ideas along with it.

For

For this reaſon, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration in great men, the approaches of death have made—Veſpaſian died in a jeſt upon his cloſeſtool—Galba with a ſentence—Septimius Severus in a diſpatch—Tiberius in diſſimulation, and Cæſar Auguſtus in a compliment.—I hope, 'twas a ſincere one—quoth my uncle Toby.

—'Twas to his wife,—ſaid my father.

CHAP. IV.

————And laſtly——for of all the choice anecdotes which hiſtory can produce of this matter, continued my father,—this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabrick——crowns all—

'Tis of Cornelius Gallus, the prætor—which, I dare ſay, brother Toby, you have read—I dare ſay I have not, replied my uncle.——He died, ſaid my father, as * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

————And if it was with his wife, ſaid my uncle Toby——there could be no hurt in it.——That's more than I know—replied my father.

CHAP. V.

MY mother was going very gingerly in the dark, along the paſſage which led to the parlour, as my uncle Toby pronounced the word wife.——'Tis a ſhrill penetrating ſound of itſelf, and Obadiah had helped it, by leaving the door

door a little a-jar, ſo that my mother heard enough of it, to imagine herſelf the ſubject of the converſation: ſo laying the edge of her finger acroſs her two lips—holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twiſt of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink) —ſhe liſtened with all her powers:—the liſtening ſlave, with the Goddeſs of Silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her ſtand for five minutes, till I bring up the affairs of the kitchin (as Rapin does thoſe of the church) to the ſame period.

CHAP. VI.

THOUGH in one ſenſe, our family was certainly a ſimple machine, as it conſiſted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be ſaid for it, that theſe wheels were ſet in motion by ſo many different ſprings, and acted one upon the other from ſuch a variety of ſtrange principles and impulſes—that though it was a ſimple machine, it had all the honour and advantages of a complex one,—and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were beheld in the inſide of a Dutch ſilk-mill.

Amongſt theſe there was one, I am going to ſpeak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether ſo ſingular, as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or diſſertation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another

other at the ſame time, and upon the ſame ſubject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now, to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary meſſage, or letter, was delivered in the parlour,—or a diſcourſe ſuſpended till a ſervant went out—or the lines of diſcontent were obſerved to hang upon the brows of my father or mother—or, in ſhort, when any thing was ſuppoſed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or liſtening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not abſolutely ſhut, but ſomewhat a-jar—as it ſtands juſt now,—which, under covert of the bad hinge, (and that poſſibly might be one of the many reaſons why it was never mended) it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all theſe caſes, a paſſage was generally left, not, indeed, as wide as the Dardanelles, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was ſufficient to ſave my father the trouble of governing his houſe;—my mother at this moment ſtands profiting by it. ——Obadiah did the ſame thing, as ſoon as he had left the letter upon the table, which brought the news of my brother's death; ſo that before my father had well got over his ſurpriſe, and entered upon his harangue,—had Trim got upon his legs, to ſpeak his ſentiments upon the ſubject.

A curious obſerver of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all Job's ſtock—though, by the by, your curious obſervers are ſeldom worth a groat—would have given the half of it to have heard Corporal Trim and my father, two orators ſo contraſted by nature and education, haranguing over the ſame bier.

My

My father a man of deep reading——prompt memory—with Cato, and Seneca, and Epictetus at his fingers ends.——

The corporal—with nothing—to remember ——of no deeper reading than his muſter-roll—or greater names at his fingers ends, than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and alluſion, and ſtriking the fancy as he went along, (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleaſantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antitheſis, or point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one ſide, and the pictures on the other, going ſtraight forwards as nature could lead him, to the heart. O Trim! would to heaven thou had'ſt a better hiſtorian!——would!—thy hiſtorian had a better pair of breeches!—O ye criticks! will nothing melt you?

CHAP. VII.

———My young maſter in London is dead! ſaid Obadiah——

————A green ſatin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice ſcoured, was the firſt idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Suſannah's head.————Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.———Then, quoth Suſannah, we muſt all go into mourning.——But note a ſecond time: the word mourning, notwithſtanding Suſannah made uſe of it herſelf—failed alſo of doing its office; it excited not one ſingle idea,

idea, tinged either with grey or black,——all was green.——The green ſatin night-gown hung there ſtill.

——————O! 'twill be the death of my poor miſtreſs, cried Suſannah.——————My mother's whole wardrobe followed.——————What a proceſſion! her red damaſk,——her orange-tawny,——her white and yellow luteſtrings,——————her brown taffata,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats.——————Not a rag was left behind.—" No—ſhe will never look " up again," ſaid Suſannah.

We had a fat fooliſh ſcullion—my father, I think, kept her for her ſimplicity;—ſhe had been all autumn ſtruggling with a dropſy.——He is dead! ſaid Obadiah,—he is certainly dead!—So am not I, ſaid the fooliſh ſcullion.

——Here is ſad news, Trim! cried Suſannah, wiping her eyes as Trim ſtepp'd into the kitchen,—maſter Bobby is dead and buried—the funeral was an interpolation of Suſannah's, we ſhall have all to go into mourning, ſaid Suſannah.

I hope not, ſaid Trim.——You hope not! cried Suſannah earneſtly.——The mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Suſannah's—I hope, ſaid Trim, explaining himſelf, I hope in God the news is not true. I heard the letter read with my own ears, anſwered Obadiah; and we ſhall have a terrible piece of work of it in ſtubbing the ox-moor.——Oh! he's dead, ſaid Suſannah.——As ſure, ſaid the ſcullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my ſoul, ſaid Trim, fetching a ſigh.——Poor creature!—poor boy! poor gentleman!

——————He was alive laſt Whitſuntide, ſaid

the coachman.———Whitſuntide! alas! cried 'Trim, extending his right arm, and falling inſtantly into the ſame attitude in which he read the ſermon,——what is Whitſuntide, Jonathan, (for that was the coachman's name) or Shrove-tide, or any tide or time paſt to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal, (ſtriking the end of his ſtick perpendicularly upon the floor, ſo as to give an idea of health and ſtability)—and are we not—(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment?———'Twas infinitely ſtriking! Suſannah burſt into a flood of tears.———We are not ſtocks and ſtones.——Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted ——The fooliſh fat ſcullion herſelf, who was ſcouring a fiſh-kettle upon her knees, was roufed with it.——The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

Now as I perceive plainly, that the preſervation of our conſtitution in church and ſtate,——and poſſibly the preſervation of the whole world —or, what is the ſame thing, the diſtribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right underſtanding of this ſtroke of the corporal's eloquence——I do demand your attention——your worſhips and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, ſhall ſleep for it at your eaſe.

I ſaid, "we are not ſtocks and ſtones"——'tis very well. I ſhould have added, nor are we angels,—I wiſh we were,—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations;—and what a junketting piece of work of it there is, betwixt theſe and our ſeven ſenſes, eſpecially ſome of them; for my own part, I own it,

it, I am aſhamed to confeſs. Let it ſuffice to affirm, that of all the ſenſes, the eye, (for I abſolutely deny the touch, though moſt of your Barbati, I know, are for it) has the quickeſt commerce with the ſoul,—gives a ſmarter ſtroke, and leaves ſomething more inexpreſſible upon the fancy, than words can either convey—or ſometimes get rid of.

—I've gone a little about—no matter, 'tis for health—let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of Trim's hat—" Are we not here " now—and gone in a moment?"———There was nothing in the ſentence—'twas one of your ſelf-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not truſted more to his hat than his head—he had made nothing at all of it.

——" Are we not here now;"——continued the corporal, " and are we not"——(dropping his hat plumb upon the ground——and pauſing, before he pronounced the word)—" gone! in " a moment?" The deſcent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expreſſed the ſentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it,—his hand ſeemed to vaniſh from under it,—it fell dead,—the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpſe,——and Suſannah burſt into a flood of tears.

Now———Ten thouſand, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect.—Had he flung it, or thrown it, or caſt it, or ſkimmed it, or ſquirted it, or let it ſlip or fall in any poſſible direction under heaven,—or in the

beſt direction that could be given to it,—had he dropped it like a gooſe—like a puppy—like an aſs—or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool,—like a ninny—like a nincompoop—it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been loſt.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the engines of eloquence, ——who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,—and then harden it again to your purpoſe——

Ye who wind and turn the paſſions with this great windlaſs,—and, having done it, lead the owners of them whither ye think meet——

Ye, laſtly, who drive—and why not, Ye alſo who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a ſtick and a red clout——meditate—meditate, I beſeech you, upon Trim's hat.

CHAP. VIII.

STAY—I have a ſmall account to ſettle with the reader, before Trim can go on with his harangue.—It ſhall be done in two minutes.

Amongſt many other book-debts, all of which I ſhall diſcharge in due time,—I own myſelf a debtor to the world for two items,—a chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes, which, in the former part of my work, I promiſed and fully intended to pay off this year: but ſome of your worſhips and reverences telling me, that the two ſubjects, eſpecially ſo connected together, might endanger the morals of the world, —I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me,——and that they

they will accept of the laſt chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't pleaſe your reverences, but a chapter of chamber-maids, green-gowns, and old hats.

Trim took his off the grouud,——put it upon his head,—and then went on with his oration upon death in the manner and form following.

CHAP. IX.

——To us, Jonathan, who knew not what want or care is——who live here in the ſervice of two of the beſt of maſters—(bating, in my own caſe, his majeſty King William the Third, whom I had the honour to ſerve both in Ireland and Flanders)—I own it, that from Whitſuntide to within three weeks of Chriſtmas, 'tis not long—'tis like nothing;——but to thoſe, Jonathan, who knew what death is, and what havock and deſtruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about—'tis like a whole age. ——O Jonathan! 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to conſider, continued the corporal, (ſtanding perpendicularly) how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid ſince that time!—And truſt me, Suſy, added the corporal, turning to Suſannah, whoſe eyes were ſwimming in water—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim——Suſannah placed it to the right ſide of the page—ſhe wept—but ſhe court'ſied too.—Are we not, continued Trim, looking ſtill at Suſannah—are we not like a flower of the field--(a tear of pride ſtole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation)—elſe no tongue could have deſcribed Suſannah's

affliction—is not all fleſh graſs?——'Tis clay,—'tis dirt.——They all looked directly at the ſcullion, ———the ſcullion had juſt been ſcouring a fiſh-kettle—It was not fair.——

—What is the fineſt face that ever man looked at!—I could hear Trim talk ſo for ever, cried Suſannah—what is it!—(Suſannah laid her hand upon Trim's ſhoulder)—but corruption?—Suſannah took it off.

—Now I love you for this—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you, which makes you dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can ſay of the matter, is, That he has either a pumkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart,—and whenever he is diſſected 'twill be found ſo.

CHAP. X.

WHETHER Suſannah, by taking her hand too ſuddenly from off the corporal's ſhoulder, (by the whiſking about of her paſſions)—broke a little the chain of his reflections——

Or whether the corporal began to be ſuſpicious, he had got into the doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the chaplain than himſelf——

Or whether - - - - - - - - - - -

Or whether——for in all ſuch caſes a man of invention and parts may with pleaſure fill a couple of pages with ſuppoſitions——which of all theſe was the cauſe, let the curious phyſiologiſt, or the curious any body determine——'tis certain

at

at leaſt, the corporal went on thus with his harangue.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:—not this . . added the corporal, ſnapping his fingers,—but with an air, which no one but the corporal could have given to the ſentiment.—In battle, I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly like poor Joe Gibbons, in ſcouring his gun.——What is he? A pull of a trigger——a puſh of a bayonet an inch this way or that——makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right—ſee! Jack's down! well,—'tis worth a regiment of horſe to him—No—'tis Dick. Then Jack's no worſe. Never mind which,—we paſs on,—in hot purſuit the wound itſelf which brings him is not felt——the beſt way is to ſtand up to him,———the man who flies, is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.——I've look'd him, added the corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.——He's nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field.——But he's very frightful in an houſe, quoth Obadiah.——I never mind it myſelf, ſaid Jonathan, upon a coach-box.——It muſt, in my opinion, be moſt natural in bed, replied Suſannah.——And could I eſcape him by creeping into the worſt calf's ſkin that ever was made into a knapſack, I would do it there—ſaid Trim—but that is nature.

—Nature is nature, ſaid Jonathan.—And that is the reaſon, cried Suſannah, I ſo much pity my miſtreſs.———She will never get the better of it.—Now I pity the captain the moſt of any one in the family, anſwered Trim.—Madam will get eaſe of heart in weeping—and the Squire in talking

ing about it,—but my poor maſter will keep it all in ſilence to himſelf.—I ſhall hear him ſigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for lieutenant Le Fever. An' pleaſe your honour, do not ſigh ſo piteouſly, I would ſay to him as I lay beſide him. I cannot help it, Trim, my maſter would ſay,—'tis ſo melancholy an accident—I cannot get it off my heart.—Your honour fears not death yourſelf—I hope, Trim, I fear nothing, he would ſay, but the doing a wrong thing. Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fever's boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall aſleep.

I like to here Trim's ſtories about the captain, ſaid Suſannah.—He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, ſaid Obadiah, as ever lived.—Ay—and as brave a one too, ſaid the corporal, as ever ſtept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the king's army,——or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he ſaw the lighted match at the very touch-hole,—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as ſoft as a child for other people.—He would not hurt a chicken.—I would ſooner, quoth Jonathan, drive ſuch a gentleman for ſeven pounds a year—than ſome for eight ——Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty ſhillings—as much, Jonathan, ſaid the corporal, ſhaking him by the hand, as if thou hadſt put the money into my own pocket.—I would ſerve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me—and could I be ſure my poor brother Tom was dead—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief,

chief,—was I worth ten thouſand pounds, I would leave every ſhilling of it to the captain—Trim could not refrain from tears at this teſtamentary proof he gave of his affection to his maſter.—The whole kitchen was affected.—Do tell us this ſtory of the poor lieutenant, ſaid Suſannah—with all my heart, anſwered the corporal.

Suſannah, the cook, Jonathan, Obadiah, and corporal Trim, formed a circle about the fire; and as ſoon as the ſcullion had ſhut the kitchen door,—the corporal began.

CHAP. XI.

I Am a Turk if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if nature had plaſtered me up, and ſet me down naked upon the banks of the river Nile, without one.—Your moſt obedient ſervant, Madam—I've coſt you a great deal of trouble—I wiſh it may anſwer—but you have left a crack in my back,—and here's a great piece fallen off here before,—and what muſt I do with this foot?—I ſhall never reach England with it.

For my own part I never wonder at any thing;—and ſo often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always ſuſpect it, right or wrong,—at leaſt I am ſeldom hot upon cold ſubjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has ſlipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and ſearch for it, as for a thing we have both loſt, and can neither of us do well without,—I'll go to the world's end with him:——But I hate diſputes,—

putes,—and therefore (bating religious points, or ſuch as touch ſociety) I would almoſt ſubſcribe to any thing which does not choak me in the firſt paſſage, rather than be drawn into one.—But I cannot bear ſuffocation, and bad ſmells worſt of all.—For which reaſons, I reſolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented,—or a new one raiſed,—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

CHAP. XII.

——BUT to return to my mother.—My uncle Toby's opinion, Madam, "that there could be no harm in Cornelius Gal-"lus, the Roman prætor's lying with his wife;" —or rather the laſt word of that opinion,—(for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole ſex:—You ſhall not miſtake me,—I mean her curioſity,—ſhe inſtantly concluded herſelf the ſubject of the converſation; and with that prepoſſeſſion upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father ſaid, was accommodated either to herſelf, or her family concerns.

—Pray, Madam, in what ſtreet does the lady live, who would not have done the ſame?

From the ſtrange mode of Cornelius's death, my father had made a tranſition to that of Socrates, and was giving my uncle Toby an abſtract of his pleading before his judges;—'twas irreſiſtible:—not the oration of Socrates,—but my father's temptation to it—He had wrote the

the * Life of Socrates himſelf the year before he left off trade, which, I fear, was the means of haſtening him out of it;—ſo that no one was able to ſet out with ſo full a ſail, and in ſo ſwelling a tide of heroic loftineſs upon the occaſion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates's oration, which cloſed with a ſhorter word than tranſmigration or annihilation, or a worſe thought in the middle of it than, To be——or not to be,——the entering upon a new and untried ſtate of things,—or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful ſleep, without dreams, without diſturbance:—That we and our children were born to die,—but neither of us born to be ſlaves.—No—there I miſtake; that was part of Eleazer's oration, as recorded by Joſephus (de bel. Judaic.)——Eleazer owns he had it from the philoſophers of India; in all likelihood Alexander the Great, in his irruption into India, after he had over-run Perſia, amongſt the many things he ſtole,—ſtole that ſentiment alſo; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himſelf, (for we all know he died at Babylon) at leaſt by ſome of his maroders, into Greece,—from Greece it got to Rome,——from Rome to France,——and from France to England:—So things come round.—

By land-carriage, I can conceive no other way.—

By water the ſentiment might eaſily have come down the Ganges into the Sinus Gangeticus, or Bay of Bengal, and ſo into the Indian Sea; and following

* *This book my father would never conſent to publiſh; 'tis in manuſcript, with ſome other tracts of his, in the family, all or moſt of which will be printed in due time.*

following the courſe of trade, (the way from India by the Cape of Good Hope being then unknown) might be carried with other drugs and ſpices, up the Red Sea to Joddah, the port of Mecca, or elſe to Tor or Suez, towns at the bottom of the gulf; and from thence by karrawans to Coptos, but three days journey diſtant, ſo down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the SENTIMENT would be landed at the very foot of the great ſtaircaſe of the Alexandrian library,——— and from that ſtore-houſe it would be fetched.—Bleſs me! what a trade was driven by the learned in thoſe days!

CHAP. XIII.

——NOW my father had a way, a little like that of Job's, in caſe there ever was ſuch a man——if not, there's an end of the matter.

Though, by the by, becauſe your learned men find ſome difficulty in fixing the preciſe æra in which ſo great a man lived;—whether, for inſtance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived at all, is a little cruel,—'tis not doing as they would be done by.—Happen that as it may—my father, I ſay, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, eſpecially upon the firſt ſally of his impatience,—of wondering why he was begot,—wiſhing himſelf dead:———ſometimes worſe:—And when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers,—Sir, you ſcarce could have diſtinguiſhed him from Socrates himſelf.———Every word would breathe

breathe the ſentiments of a ſoul diſdaining life, and careleſs about all its iſſues; for which reaſon, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abſtract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her.—She liſtened to it with compoſed intelligence, and would have done ſo to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occaſion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philoſopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a ſecurity to be ſo won by working upon the paſſions of his judges.——" I have friends—I have relations, " —I have three deſolate children," ſays Socrates.—

—Then, cried my mother, opening the door, —you have one more, Mr. Shandy, than I know of.

By heaven! I have one leſs—ſaid my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

CHAP. XIV.

—They are Socrates's children, ſaid my uncle Toby. He has been dead a hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle Toby was no chronologer—ſo not caring to advance a ſtep but upon ſafe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and riſing up, and taking my mother moſt kindly by the hand, without ſaying another word, either good or bad to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finiſh the ecclairciſſement himſelf.

CHAP. XV.

HAD this volume been a farce, which, unleſs every one's life and opinions are to be looked upon as a farce, as well as mine, I ſee no reaſon to ſuppoſe—the laſt chapter, Sir, had finiſhed the firſt act of it, and then this chapter muſt have ſet off thus.

Ptr....r....r....ing——twing—twang—prut—trut ——'tis a curſed bad fiddle—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?—trut....prut.... ———They ſhould be fifths.——'Tis wickedly ſtrung—tr...a.e.i.o.u.——twang———The bridge is a mile too high, and the ſound-poſt abſolutely down——elſe——trut....prut—hark! 'tis not ſo bad a tone——Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges, but there's a man there——no——not him with the bundle under his arm———the grave man in black.—S'death! not the gentleman with the ſword on.——Sir, I had rather play a Caprichio to Calliope herſelf, than draw my bow acroſs my fiddle before that very man; and yet I'll ſtake my Cremona to a Jew's trump, which is the greateſt muſical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment ſtop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without puniſhing one ſingle nerve that belongs to him.——— Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle———twiddle diddle, twoddle diddle,——twuddle diddle,—prut-trut—kriſh—kraſh—kruſh.———I've undone you, Sir———but you ſee he is no worſe,—and was

Apollo

Apollo to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle—hum—dum—drum.

—Your worſhips and your reverences love muſick———and God has made you all with good ears—and ſome of you play delightfully yourſelves ——trut-prut,—prut-trut.

O! there is——whom I could ſit and hear whole days———whoſe talents ly in making what he fiddles to be felt,———who inſpires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the moſt hidden ſprings of my heart into motion.———If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir,———which is generally ten guineas more than I have to ſpare ———or you, Meſſrs. Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying,—that's your time.

CHAP. XVI.

THE firſt thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little ſettled in the family, and Suſannah had got poſſeſſion of my mother's green ſatin night-gown———was to ſit down coolly, after the example of Xenophon, and write a TRISTRA-pædia, or ſyſtem of education for me; collecting, firſt, for that purpoſe, his own ſcattered thoughts, counſels, and notions; and binding them together, ſo as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adoleſcence. I was my father's laſt ſtake———he had loſt my brother Bobby entirely,———he had loſt, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me———that is,

he had been unfortunate in his three firſt great caſts for me—my geniture, noſe, and name,—there was but this one left; and accordingly, my father gave himſelf up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle Toby had done to his doctrine of projectiles.—The difference between them was, that my uncle Toby drew his whole knowledge of projectiles from Nicolas Tartaglia. ———My father ſpun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain,—or reeled and croſs-twiſted what all other ſpinners and ſpinſters had ſpun before him, that 'twas pretty near the ſame torture to him.

In about three years, or ſomething more, my father had got advanced almoſt into the middle of his work. Like all other writers, he met with diſappointments.—He imagined he ſhould be able to bring whatever he had to ſay, into ſo ſmall a compaſs, that, when it was finiſhed and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's huſſive.——Matter grows under our hands.——Let no man ſay,—"Come—I'll write a duode-"cimo."

My father gave himſelf up to it, however, with the moſt painful diligence, proceeding ſtep by ſtep in every line, with the ſame kind of caution and circumſpection (though I cannot ſay upon quite ſo religious a principle) as was uſed by John de le Caſſe, the lord archbiſhop of Benevento, in compaſſing his Galatea; in which his Grace of Benevento ſpent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the ſize or the thickneſs of a Rider's Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unleſs he ſpent the greateſt part of his time in combing his whiſkers, or playing

at

at primero with his chaplain,—would poſe any mortal not let into the true ſecret;—and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of thoſe few in it, who write not ſo much to be fed—as to be famous.

I own, had John de la Caſſe, the archbiſhop of Benevento, for whoſe memory (notwithſtanding his Galatea) I retain the higheſt veneration, ——had he been, Sir, a ſlender clerk,—of dull wit—ſlow parts,—coſtive head, and ſo forth,—he and his Galatea might have jogged on together to the age of Methuſelah for me——the phenomenon had not been worth a parentheſis.

But the reverſe of this was the truth: John de la Caſſe was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet, with all theſe great advantages of nature, which ſhould have pricked him forwards with his Galatea, he lay under an impuiſſance at the ſame time of advancing above a line and a half in the compaſs of a whole ſummer's day: this diſability in his Grace aroſe from an opinion he was afflicted with,—which opinion was this, viz. That whenever a Chriſtian was writing a book (not for his private amuſement, but) where his intent and purpoſe was, bona fide, to print and publiſh it to the world, his firſt thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.———This was the ſtate of ordinary writers: but when a perſonage of venerable character and high ſtation, either in church or ſtate, once turned author,———he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand——all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.———'Twas term-time with them, ———every thought, firſt and laſt, was captious;—how ſpecious and good ſoever,—'twas all

one;—in whatever form or colour it preſented itſelf to the imagination,—'twas ſtill a ſtroke of one or other of 'em levelled at him, and was to be fenced off.——So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not ſo much a ſtate of compoſition, as a ſtate of warfare; and his probation in it, preciſely that of any other man militant upon earth, both depending alike, not half ſo much upon the degrees of his WIT—as his RESISTANCE.

My father was hugely pleaſed with this theory of John de la Caſſe, archbiſhop of Benevento; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the beſt acres in the Shandy eſtate, to have been the broacher of it.——How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be ſeen, when I come to ſpeak of my father's religious notions in the progreſs of this work: 'tis enough to ſay here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal ſenſe of the doctrine—he took up with the allegory of it;—and would often ſay, eſpecially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of John de la Caſſe's parabolical repreſentation,——as was to be found in any one poetick fiction, or myſtick record of antiquity.—Prejudice of education, he would ſay, is the devil,——and the multitudes of them which we ſuck in with our mother's milk——are the devil and all.——We are haunted with them, brother Toby, in all our lucubrations and reſearches; and was a man fool enough to ſubmit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,——what would his book be? Nothing,—he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance,—nothing

but

but a farrago of the clack of nurſes, and of the nonſenſe of the old women (of both ſexes) throughout the kingdom.

This is the beſt account I am determined to give of the ſlow progreſs my father made in his Triſtra-pædia; at which (as I ſaid) he was three years and ſomething more, indefatigably at work, and at laſt, had ſcarce completed, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother: and, what was almoſt as bad, by the very delay, the firſt part of the work, upon which my father had ſpent the moſt of his pains, was rendered entirely uſeleſs,—every day, a page or two became of no conſequence.—

—Certainly it was ordained as a ſcourge upon the pride of human wiſdom, That the wiſeſt of us all, ſhould thus outwit ourſelves, and eternally forego our purpoſes in the intemperate act of purſuing them.

In ſhort, my father was ſo long in all his acts of reſiſtance,—or, in other words,—he advanced ſo very ſlow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at ſuch a rate, that, if an event had not happened,—which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, ſhall not be concealed a moment from the reader—I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a ſun-dial, for no better purpoſe than to be buried under ground.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

——'TWAS nothing,——I did not loſe two drops of blood by it——'twas not worth calling in a ſurgeon, had he lived next door to us—thouſands ſuffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor Slop made ten times more of it than there was occaſion:—ſome men riſe, by the art of hanging great weights upon ſmall wires,—and I am this day (Auguſt the 10th 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.—O, 'twould provoke a ſtone, to ſee how things are carried on in this world!—The chamber-maid had left no ******* *** un- under the bed:——Cannot you contrive, maſter, quoth Suſannah, lifting up the ſaſh with one hand, as ſhe ſpoke, and helping me up into the window-ſeat with the other————cannot you manage, my dear, for a ſingle time, to **** *** ** *** ******?

I was five years old.——Suſannah did not conſider that nothing was well hung in our family,——ſo ſlap came the ſaſh down like lightning upon us;——Nothing is left,——cried Suſannah,——nothing is left——for me, but to run my country.

My uncle Toby's houſe was a much kinder ſanctuary; and ſo Suſannah fled to it.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHEN Suſannah told the corporal the miſadventure of the ſaſh, with all the circumſtances

circumſtances which attended the murder of me, (as ſhe called it)——the blood forſook his cheeks; —all acceſſaries in murder, being principals,—— Trim's conſcience told him he was as much to blame as Suſannah; and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle Toby had as much of the blood-ſhed to anſwer for to heaven as either of 'em;—— ſo that neither reaſon or inſtinct, ſeparate or together, could poſſibly have guided Suſannah's ſteps to ſo proper an aſylum. It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination:——— to form any kind of hypotheſis, that will render theſe propoſitions feaſible, he muſt cudgel his brains ſore,——and to do it without——he muſt have ſuch brains as no reader ever had before him.——Why ſhould I put them either to trial or to torture? 'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XIX.

'TIS a pity, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, reſting with his hand upon the corporal's ſhoulder, as they both ſtood ſurveying their work, —that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt;—— 'twould ſecure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that ſide quite complete—get me a couple caſt, Trim.

Your honour ſhall have them, replied Trim, before to-morrow morning.

It was the joy of Trim's heart,—nor was his fertile head ever at a loſs for expedients in doing it, to ſupply my uncle Toby in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his

his laſt crown, he would have ſat down and hammered it into a paderero, to have prevented a ſingle wiſh in his maſter. The corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle Toby's ſpouts—hacking and chiſeling up the ſides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter ſhaving-baſon,—and going at laſt, like Lewis the fourteenth, on to the top of the church, for ſpare ends, &c.—he had that very campaign, brought no leſs than eight new battering cannons, beſides three demiculverins, into the field; my uncle Toby's demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had ſet the corporal at work again; and no better reſource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nurſery window: and as the ſaſh pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of uſe, he had taken them away alſo, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had diſmantled every ſaſh-window in my uncle Toby's houſe long before, in the very ſame way,—though not always in the ſame order; for ſometimes the pullies had been wanted, and not the lead,—ſo then he began with the pullies,—and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became uſeleſs,—and ſo the lead went to pot too.

—A great MORAL might be picked handſomely out of this, but I have not time—'tis enough to ſay, wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the ſaſh-window.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

THE corporal had not taken his meaſures ſo badly in this ſtroke of artilleryſhip, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himſelf, and left Suſannah to have ſuſtained the whole weight of the attack, as ſhe could;—true courage is not content with coming off ſo.—The corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train,—'twas no matter,—had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened,—at leaſt, in Suſannah's hands:—How would your honours have behaved?—He determined at once, not to take ſhelter behind Suſannah,—but to give it; and with this reſolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole manœuvre before my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby had juſt then been giving Yorick an account of the battle of Steenkirk, and of the ſtrange conduct of Count Solmes, in ordering the foot to halt, and the horſe to march, where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's command, and proved the loſs of the day.

There are incidents in ſome families ſo pat to the purpoſe of what is going to follow—they are ſcarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatick writer;—I mean of ancient days.—

Trim, by the help of his forefinger, laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand ſtriking acroſs it, at right angles, made a ſhift to tell his ſtory ſo, that prieſts and virgins might have liſtened

liſtened to it;—and the ſtory being told,—the dialogue went on as follows.

CHAP. XXI.

—I would be piquetted to death, cried the corporal, as he concluded Suſannah's ſtory, before I would ſuffer the woman to come to any harm,—'twas my fault, an' pleaſe your honour, —not hers.

Corporal Trim, replied my uncle Toby, putting on his hat, which lay upon the table,—if any thing can be ſaid to be a fault, when the ſervice abſolutely requires it ſhould be done,—'tis I certainly who deſerve the blame,—you obeyed your orders.

Had Count Solmes, Trim, done the ſame at the battle of Steenkirk, ſaid Yorick, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat,—he had ſaved thee;—Saved! cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finiſhing the ſentence for him after his own faſhion, he had ſaved five battalions, an' pleaſe your reverence, every ſoul of them:—there was Cutts's—continued the corporal, clapping the fore-finger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,—there was Cutts's—Mackay's—Angus's—Graham's—and Leven's, all cut to pieces;—and ſo had the Engliſh life-guards too, had it not been for ſome regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons diſcharged a muſket,—they'll go to heaven for it —added Trim.——Trim is right, ſaid my uncle

cle Toby, nodding to Yorick,—he's perfectly right. What ſignified his marching the horſe, continued the corporal, where the ground was ſo ſtrait, and the French had ſuch a nation of hedges, and copſes, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and that, to cover them; (as they always have.)——Count Solmes ſhould have ſent us—we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them, for their lives:—There was nothing to be done for the horſe:—he had his foot ſhot off, however, for his pains, continued the corporal, the very next campaign at Landen.—Poor Trim got his wound there, quoth my uncle Toby.——'Twas owing, an' pleaſe your honour, entirely to Count Solmes,—had we drubb'd them ſoundly at Steenkirk, they would not have fought us at Landen—Poſſibly not,—Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby;—though if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themſelves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you.——There is no way but to march coolly up to them,—receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell—Ding dong, added Trim.—Horſe and foot, ſaid my uncle Toby—Helter-ſkelter, ſaid Trim.—Right and left, cried my uncle Toby.—Blood an' ounds, ſhouted the corporal;—the battle raged,—Yorick drew his chair a little to one ſide for ſafety, and after a moment's pauſe, my uncle Toby ſinking his voice a note,—reſumed the diſcourſe as follows.

CHAP. XXII.

KING William, ſaid my uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to Yorick, was ſo terribly provoked at Count Solmes, for diſobeying his orders, that he would not ſuffer him to come into his preſence, for many months after.——I fear, anſwered Yorick, the ſquire will be as much provoked at the corporal, as the King at the Count.——But 'twould be ſingularly hard in this caſe, continued he, if Corporal Trim, who has behaved ſo diametrically oppoſite to Count Solmes, ſhould have the fate to be rewarded with the ſame diſgrace;—too oft in this world, do things take that train.—I would ſpring a mine, cried my uncle Toby, riſing up, and blow up my fortifications, and my houſe with them, and we would periſh under their ruins, ere I would ſtand by and ſee it.——Trim directed a flight—but a grateful bow towards his maſter,—and ſo the chapter ends.

CHAP. XXIII.

—Then, Yorick, replied my uncle Toby, you and I will lead the way abreaſt,—and do you, corporal, follow a few paces behind us.——And Suſannah, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid Trim, ſhall be put in the rear.——'Twas an excellent diſpoſition; and in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched ſlowly from my uncle Toby's houſe, to Shandy-hall.

—I wiſh

—I wiſh, ſaid Trim, as they entered the door, —inſtead of the ſaſh-weights, I had cut off the church-ſpout, as I once thought to have done. ——You have cut off ſpouts enow, replied Yorick.—

CHAP. XXIV.

AS many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him ſoever in different airs and attitudes,—not one or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, ſpeak, or act, upon any untried occaſion or occurrence of life. —There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations.——The truth was, his road lay ſo very far on one ſide, from that wherein moſt men travelled—that every object before him, preſented a face and ſection of itſelf to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it ſeen by the reſt of mankind.—In other words, 'twas a different object,—and in courſe, was differently conſidered.

This is the true reaſon, that my dear Jenny and I, as well as all the world beſides us, have ſuch eternal ſquabbles about nothing.—She looks at her outſide,—I, at her in.—How is it poſſible we ſhould agree about her value?

CHAP. XXV.

'TIS a point ſettled,—and I mention it for the comfort of † Confucius, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain ſtory,—that provided he keeps along the line of his ſtory,—he may go backwards and forwards as he will,—'tis ſtill held to be no digreſſion.

This being premiſed, I take the benefit of the act of going backwards myſelf.

CHAP. XXVI.

FIFTY thouſand pannier loads of devils—(not of the archbiſhop of Benevento's——I mean of Rabelais's devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made ſo diabolical a ſcream of it, as I did—when the accident befel me: it ſummoned up my mother inſtantly into the nurſery,—ſo that Suſannah had but juſt time to make her eſcape down the back ſtairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the ſtory myſelf,—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity; yet Suſannah, in paſſing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in ſhort-hand with the cook—the cook had told it with a commentary to Jonathan,

† *Mr. Shandy is ſuppoſed to mean* ***** ******, *Eſq; member for* ******,—*and not the Chineſe Legiſlator.*

than, and Jonathan to Obadiah; ſo that by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times, to know what was the matter above,—was Obadiah enabled to give him a particular account of it, juſt as it had happened.——————I thought as much, ſaid my father, tucking up his night-gown;—and ſo walked up ſtairs.

One would imagine from this—(though for my own part I ſomewhat queſtion it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable chapter in the Triſtra-pædia, which to me is the moſt original and entertaining one in the whole book;——and that is the chapter upon ſaſh-windows, with a bitter Philippick at the end of it, upon the forgetfulneſs of chamber-maids.—I have but two reaſons for thinking otherwiſe.

Firſt, Had the matter been taken into conſideration, before the event hapened, my father certainly would have nailed up the ſaſh-window for good and all;——which, conſidering with what difficulty he compoſed books,—he might have done with ten times leſs trouble, than he could have wrote the chapter: this argument I foreſee holds good againſt his writing the chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the ſecond reaſon, which I have the honour to offer to the world in ſupport of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon ſaſh-windows and chamber-pots, at the time ſuppoſed,—and it is this—

—That in order to render the Triſtra-pædia complete,—I wrote the chapter myſelf.

CHAP. XXVII.

MY father put on his ſpectacles—looked—took them off,—put them into the caſe—all in leſs than a ſtatutable minute; and without opening his lips, turned about, and walked precipitately down ſtairs: my mother imagined he had ſtepped down for lint and baſilicon; but ſeeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and Obadiah following him with a large reading deſk, ſhe took it for granted 'twas an herbal, and ſo drew him a chair to the bedſide, that he might conſult upon the caſe at his eaſe.

—If it be but right done,—ſaid my father, turning to the Section—de ſede vel ſubjecto circumciſionis,—for he had brought up Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus—and Maimonides, in order to confront and examine us altogether.—

——If it be but right done, quoth he—Only tell us, cried my mother, interrupting him, what herbs.——For that, replied my father, you muſt ſend for Dr. Slop.

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the ſection as follows:

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* *——Very well,——ſaid my father, * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

———nay, if it has that convenience——and ſo without ſtopping a moment to ſettle it firſt in his

his mind, whether the Jews had it from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from the Jews,—he roſe up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times acroſs with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footſteps of care when evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded, —he ſhut the book, and walked down ſtairs.—— Nay, ſaid he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every ſtep as he ſet his foot upon it—if the EGYPTIANS,—the SYRIANS,—the PHOENICIANS,—the ARABIANS,—the CAPPADOCIANS—if the COLCHI, and TROGLODYTES did it—if SOLON and PYTHAGORAS ſubmitted, —what is TRISTRAM?——Who am I, that I ſhould fret, or fume one moment about the matter?

CHAP. XXVIII.

DEAR Yorick, ſaid my father ſmiling, (for Yorick had broke his rank with my uncle Toby in coming through the narrow entry, and ſo had ſtept firſt into the parlour)—this Triſtram of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites.——Never was the ſon of Jew, Chriſtian, Turk, or Infidel initiated into them, in ſo oblique and ſlovenly a manner.——But he is no worſe, I truſt, ſaid Yorick——There has been certainly, continued my father, the deuce and all to do in ſome part or other of the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed.—That, you are a better judge of than I, replied Yorick. Aſtrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both:—the trine and ſextile aſpects have jumped awry,—or the oppoſite of their aſcendants have

not

not hit it, as they ſhould,——or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at bo-peep,—or ſomething has been wrong above or below with us.

'Tis poſſible, anſwered Yorick.——But is the child, cried my uncle Toby, the worſe?——The Troglodytes ſay not, replied my father.——And your theologiſts, Yorick, tell us—Theologically? ſaid Yorick,——or ſpeaking after the manner of * apothecaries?——† ſtateſmen?——or ‡ waſher-women?

——I'm not ſure, replied my father,—but they tell us, brother Toby, he's the better for it.—— Provided, ſaid Yorick, you travel him into E-gypt.—Of that, anſwered my father, he will have the advantage, when he ſees the pyramids.—

Now every word of this, quoth my uncle To-by, is Arabic to me.—I wiſh, ſaid Yorick, 'twas ſo—to half the world.

——‖ ILUS, continued my father, circumciſed his whole army one morning.——Not without a court-martial? cried my uncle Toby.——Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick, ——are greatly divided ſtill who Ilus was;——ſome ſay Saturn;——ſome the ſupreme Being;——o-thers, no more than a brigadier-general under Pharaoh Neco. Let him be who he will, ſaid my

* Χαλεπῆς νόσυ, καὶ δυσιάτυ ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἣν ἄνθρακα καλοῦσιν. PHILO.

† Τὰ τεμνόμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγονώτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαριότητος εινεκεν. BOCHART.

‖ Ὁ Ιλος τὰ αἰδοῖα περιτέμνοται. Ταυτὸ ποῖησαι καὶ τὺς ἅμ' αυτῷ συμμάχυς καταναλκάσας. SANCHONIATHO.

my uncle Toby; I know not by what article of war he could juſtify it.

The controvertiſts, anſwered my father, aſſign two and twenty different reaſons for it——others indeed, who have drawn their pens on the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion, have ſhewn the world the futility of the greateſt part of them. But then again, our beſt polemic divines——I wiſh there was not a polemic divine, ſaid Yorick, in the kingdom;—one ounce of practical divinity is worth a painted ſhip-load of all their reverences have imported theſe fifty years.—Pray, Mr. Yorick, quoth my uncle Toby, do tell me what a polemic divine is.——The beſt deſcription, captain Shandy, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied Yorick, in the account of the battle fought ſingle hands betwixt Gymnaſt and captain Tripet; which I have in my pocket.——I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle Toby earneſtly.——You ſhall, ſaid Yorick.——And as the corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the deſcription of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his ſupper,——I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.——With all my ſoul, ſaid my father.——Trim came in, erect and happy as an emperor: and having ſhut the door, Yorick took a book from his right hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows.

CHAP. XXIX.

——"Which words being heard by all the "ſoldiers which were there, divers of them be-"ing inwardly terrified, did ſhrink back, and "make

" make room for the aſſailant: all this did Gym-
" naſt very well remark and conſider; and there-
" fore, making as if he would have alighted
" from off his horſe, as he was poiſing himſelf
" on the mounting ſide, he moſt nimbly (with
" his ſhort ſword by his thigh) ſhifting his feet
" in the ſtirrup, and performing the ſtirrup-lea-
" ther feat, whereby, after the inclining of his
" body downwards, he forthwith launched him-
" ſelf aloft into the air, and placed both his feet
" together upon the ſaddle, ſtanding upright,
" with his back turned towards his horſe's head,
" —Now (ſaid he) my caſe goes forward. Then
" ſuddenly, in the ſame poſture wherein he was,
" he fetched a gambol upon one foot, and turn-
" ing to the left hand, failed not to carry his
" body perfectly round, juſt into his former po-
" ſition, without miſſing one jot.——Ha! ſaid
" Tripet, I will not do that at this time,——and
" not without cauſe. Well, ſaid Gymnaſt, I
" have failed,—I will undo this leap; then with
" a marvellous ſtrength and agility, turning to-
" wards the right-hand, he fetched another friſk-
" ing gambol as before; which done, he ſet his
" right-hand thumb upon the bow of the ſaddle,
" raiſed himſelf up, and ſprung into the air,
" poiſing and upholding his whole weight upon
" the muſcle and nerve of the ſaid thumb, and
" ſo turned and whirled himſelf about three
" times: at the fourth, reverſing his body, and
" overturning it upſide down, and foreſide back,
" without touching any thing, he brought him-
" ſelf betwixt the horſe's two ears, and then gi-
" ving himſelf a jerking ſwing, he ſeated himſelf
" upon the crupper."—

[This

[This can't be fighting, ſaid my uncle Toby.—The corporal ſhook his head at it.—Have patience, ſaid Yorick.]

" Then (Tripet) paſs'd his right leg over " his ſaddle, and placed himſelf en croup.—— " But, ſaid he, 'twere better for me to get into " the ſaddle; then putting the thumbs of both " hands upon the crupper before him, and there- " upon leaning himſelf, as upon the only ſup- " porters of his body, he incontinently turned " heels over head in the air, and ſtraight found " himſelf betwixt the bow of the ſaddle in a to- " lerable ſeat; then ſpringing into the air with " a ſummerſet, he turned him about like a wind- " mill, and made above a hundred friſks, turns " and demipommadas."——Good God! cried Trim, loſing all patience—one home-thruſt of a bayonet is worth it all.——I think ſo too, replied Yorick.—

I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

CHAP. XXX.

——No,——I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making anſwer to a queſtion which Yorick had taken the liberty to put to him——I have advanced nothing in the Triſtrapædia, but what is as clear as any one propoſition in Euclid.——Reach me, Trim, that book from off the ſcrutoire:——it has oft-times been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over, both to you, Yorick, and to my brother Toby; and I think it a little unfriendly in myſelf, in not having done it long ago:——ſhall we have a

ſhort

ſhort chapter or two now,——and a chapter or two hereafter, as occaſions ſerve, and ſo on, till we get through the whole? My uncle Toby and Yorick made the obeiſance which was proper; and the corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breaſt, and made his bow at the ſame time.——The company ſmiled. Trim, quoth my father, has paid the full price for ſtaying out the entertainment.—He did not ſeem to reliſh the play, replied Yorick.—'Twas a Tom-fool battle, an' pleaſe your reverence, of captain Tripet's and that other officer, making ſo many ſummerſets as they advanced;—the French come on capering now and then in that way,—but not quite ſo much.

My uncle Toby never felt the conſciouſneſs of his exiſtence with more complacency, than what the corporal's, and his own reflections, made him do at that moment;—he lighted his pipe,—Yorick drew his chair cloſer to the table,—Trim ſnuff'd the candle,—my father ſtirr'd up the fire,—took up the book,—cough'd twice, and began.

CHAP. XXXI.

THE firſt thirty pages, ſaid my father, turning over the leaves,—are a little dry; and as they are not cloſely connected with the ſubject,—for the preſent we'll paſs them by: 'tis a prefatory introduction, continued my father, or an introductory preface (for I am not determined which name to give it) upon political or civil government; the foundation of which being laid in the firſt conjunction betwixt male and female,

for

for procreation of the ſpecies———I was inſenſibly led into it.———'Twas natural, ſaid Yorick.

The original of ſociety, continued my father, I'm ſatisfied, is, what Politian tells us, i. e. merely conjugal; and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman;———to which, (according to Heſiod) the philoſopher adds a ſervant:——but ſuppoſing in the firſt beginning there were no men ſervants born——he lays the foundation of it, in a man,—a woman —and a bull.——I believe 'tis an ox, quoth Yorick, quoting the paſſage (εἶχον μὲν πρώτισα, γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν τ' ἀροῆρα)——A bull muſt have given more trouble than his head was worth.——But there is a better reaſon ſtill, ſaid my father, (dipping his pen into his ink) for, the ox being the moſt patient of animals, and the moſt uſeful withal in tilling the ground for their nouriſhment——was the propereſt inſtrument, and emblem too, for the new joined couple, that the creation could have aſſociated with them.—And there is a ſtronger reaſon, added my uncle Toby, than them all for the ox.——My father had not power to take his pen out of his ink-horn, till he had heard my uncle Toby's reaſon—For when the ground was tilled, ſaid my uncle Toby, and made worth incloſing, then they began to ſecure it by walls and ditches, which was the origin of fortification. True, true, dear Toby, cried my father, ſtriking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave Trim a nod, to ſnuff the candle, and reſumed his diſcourſe.

—I enter upon this ſpeculation, ſaid my father careleſsly, and half ſhutting the book, as he went on,—merely to ſhew the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and juriſdiction over whom he acquires theſe ſeveral ways :—

1ſt, by marriage.

2d, by adoption.

3d, by legitimation.

And 4th, by procreation ; all which I conſider in their order.

I lay a ſlight ſtreſs upon one of them, replied Yorick—the act, eſpecially where it ends there, in my opinion, lays as little obligation upon the child, as it conveys power to the father.—You are wrong,—ſaid my father, argutely, and for this plain reaſon * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *. * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

—I own, added my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not ſo under the power and juriſdiction of the mother.——But the reaſon, replied Yorick, equally holds good for her.—She is under authority herſelf, ſaid my father ;—and beſides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger upon the ſide of his noſe, as he aſſigned his reaſon—ſhe is not the principal agent, Yorick—In what? quoth my uncle Toby, ſtopping his pipe.—Though, by all means, added my father (not attending to my uncle Toby) " The ſon ought to pay her reſpect," as you may read, Yorick, at large, in the firſt book of the Inſtitutes of Juſtinian, at the eleventh title and the tenth ſection.—I can read it as well, replied Yorick, in the Catechiſm.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

TRIM can repeat every word of it by heart quoth my uncle Toby---Pugh! ſaid my father, not caring to be interrupted with Trim's ſaying his Catechiſm.—He can, upon my honour, replied my uncle Toby—aſk him, Mr. Yorick, any queſtion you pleaſe.—

—The fifth Commandment, Trim——ſaid Yorick, ſpeeking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modeſt Catechumen. The corporal ſtood ſilent.—You don't aſk him right, ſaid my uncle Toby, raiſing his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command;—The fifth—cried my uncle Toby—I muſt begin with the firſt, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal.—

—Yorick could not forbear ſmiling.—Your reverence does not conſider, ſaid the corporal, ſhouldering his ſtick like a muſket, and marching into the middle of the room, to illuſtrate his poſition,—that 'tis exactly the ſame thing as doing one's exerciſe in the field.—

"Join your right hand to your firelock," cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.—

"Poiſe your firelock," cried the corporal, doing the duty ſtill of both adjutant and private man.—

"Reſt your firelock;" one motion an' pleaſe your reverence, you ſee, leads into another.—If his honour will begin but with the firſt—

THE FIRST—cried my uncle Toby, ſetting his hand upon his ſide.— * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

THE SECOND—cried my uncle Toby, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his ſword at the head of a regiment.—The corporal went through his manual with exactneſs; and having honoured his father and mother, made a low bow, and fell back to the ſide of the room.

Every thing in this world, ſaid my father, is big with jeſt,—and has wit in it, and inſtruction too,—if we can but find it out.

—Here is the ſcaffold-work of INSTRUCTION, its true point of folly without the BUILDING behind it.—

—Here is the glaſs for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders, and bear-leaders to view themſelves in, in their true dimenſions.—

Oh! there is a huſk and ſhell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their unſkilfulneſs knows not how to fling away!

SCIENCES MAY BE LEARNED BY ROTE, BUT WISDOM NOT.

Yorick thought my father inſpired.—I will enter into obligations this moment, ſaid my father, to lay out all my aunt Dinah's legacy, in charitable uſes (of which, by the by, my father had no high opinion) if the corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated—Prithee, Trim, quoth my father, turning round to him,—What do'ſt thou mean, by "honouring thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, an' pleaſe your honour three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.——And didſt thou do that, Trim? ſaid Yorick.—He did, indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, ſaid Yorick, ſpringing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou

art

art the beſt commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, corporal Trim, than if thou hadſt had a hand in the Talmud itſelf.

CHAP. XXXIII.

O Bleſſed health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter,—thou art above all gold and treaſure; 'tis thou who enlargeſt the ſoul,—and openeſt all its powers to receive inſtruction and to reliſh virtue.—He that has thee has little more to wiſh for;—and he that is ſo wretched as to want thee,——wants every thing with thee.——

I have concentrated all that can be ſaid upon this important head, ſaid my father, into a very little room, therefore we'll read the chapter quite thro'.

My father read as follows:

"The whole ſecret of health depending upon "the due contention for maſtery betwixt the "radical heat and the radical moiſture"—You have proved that matter of fact, I ſuppoſe, above, ſaid Yorick. Sufficiently, replied my father.

In ſaying this, my father ſhut the book,——not as if he reſolved to read no more of it, for he kept his forefinger in the chapter:—not pettiſhly,———for he ſhut the book ſlowly; his thumb reſting, when he had done it, upon the upper-ſide of the cover, as his three fingers ſupported the lower ſide of it, without the leaſt compreſſive violence.——

I have demonſtrated the truth of that point, quoth my father, nodding to Yorick, moſt ſufficiently in the preceding chapter.

Now could the man in the moon be told, that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter, ſufficiently demonſtrating, That the ſecret of all health depended upon the due contention for maſtery betwixt the radical heat and radical moiſture,—and that he had managed the point ſo well, that there was not one ſingle word wet or dry upon radical heat or radical moiſture, throughout the whole chapter,—or a ſingle ſyllable in it, pro or con, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt theſe two powers in any part of the animal œconomy—

" O thou eternal maker of all beings!"—he would cry, ſtriking his breaſt with his right hand, (in caſe he had one)—" Thou whoſe power and " goodneſs can enlarge the faculties of thy crea- " tures to this infinite degree of excellence and " perfection,———What have we MOONITES " done?"

CHAP. XXXIV.

WITH two ſtrokes, the one at Hippocrates, the other at Lord Verulam, did my father achieve it.

The ſtroke at the prince of phyſicians, with which he began, was no more than a ſhort inſult upon his ſorrowful complaint of the Ars longa,——and Vita brevis.——Life ſhort, cried my father,—and the art of healing tedious! And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themſelves,—and the ſtage loads of chymical noſtrums, and peripatetic

peripatetic lumber, with which, in all ages, they have firſt flatter'd the world, and at laſt deceived it.

—O my lord Verulam! cried my father, turning from Hippocrates, and making his ſecond ſtroke at him, as the principal of noſtrum-mongers, and the fitteſt to be made an example of to the reſt,—What ſhall I ſay to thee, my great lord Verulam? What ſhall I ſay to thy internal ſpirit, —thy opium,—thy ſaltpetre,—thy greaſy unction—thy daily purges,—thy nightly gliſters, and ſuccedaneums?

—My father was never at a loſs what to ſay to any man upon any ſubject; and had the leaſt occaſion for the exordium of any man breathing: how he dealt with his lordſhip's opinion,—you ſhall ſee;—but when—I know not:—we muſt firſt ſee what his lordſhip's opinion was.

CHAP. XXXV.

"THE two great cauſes which conſpire "with each other to ſhorten life, ſays lord "Verulam, are firſt—

"The internal ſpirit, which, like a gentle "flame, waſtes the body down to death:—— "And ſecondly, the external air, that parches "the body up to aſhes:——which two enemies "attacking us on both ſides of our bodies to- "gether, at length deſtroy our organs, and ren- "der them unfit to carry on the functions of "life."

This being the ſtate of the caſe; the road to longevity was plain; nothing more being required, ſays his lordſhip, but to repair the waſte committed by the internal ſpirit, by making the ſubſtance

ſubſtance of it more thick and denſe, by a regular courſe of opiates on one ſide, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of ſaltpetre every morning before you get up.——

Still this frame of ours was left expoſed to the inimical aſſaults of the air without;——but this was fenced off again by a courſe of greaſy unctions, which ſo fully ſaturated the pores of the ſkin, that no ſpicula could enter;——nor could any one get out.——This put a ſtop to all perſpiration, ſenſible and inſenſible, which being the cauſe of ſo many ſcurvy diſtempers—— a courſe of gliſters was requiſite to carry off redundant humours,——and render the ſyſtem complete.

What my father had to ſay to my lord of Verulam's opiates, his ſaltpetre, and greaſy unctions and gliſters, you ſhall read,—but not to-day—or to-morrow: time preſſes upon me,—my reader is impatient—I muſt get forwards.—You ſhall read the chapter at your leiſure, (if you chuſe it) as ſoon as ever the Triſtra-pædia is publiſhed.—

Sufficeth it at preſent, to ſay, my father levelled the hypotheſis with the ground, and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and eſtabliſhed his own.—

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE whole ſecret of health, ſaid my father, beginning the ſentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moiſture within us;

—the

—the leaſt imaginable ſkill had been ſufficient to have maintained it, had not the ſchoolmen confounded the taſk, merely (as Van Helmont, the famous chymiſt, has proved) by all along miſtaking the radical moiſture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moiſture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balſamous ſubſtance; for the fat and tallow, as alſo the phlegm or watery parts are cold; whereas the oily and balſamous parts are of a lively heat and ſpirit, which accounts for the obſervation of Ariſtotle, "Quod "omne animal poſt coitum eſt triſte."

Now it is certain, that the radical heat lives in the radical moiſture, but whether vice versâ is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays alſo; and then is produced, either an unnatural heat, which cauſes an unnatural dryneſs —or an unnatural moiſture, which cauſes dropſies. —So that if a child, as he grows up, can be but taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of them threaten his deſtruction,—'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.—

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE deſcription of the ſiege of Jericho itſelf, could not have engaged the attention of my uncle Toby more powerfully than the laſt chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father, throughout it;——he never mentioned radical heat and radical moiſture, but my uncle Toby took his pipe out of his mouth, and ſhook his head; and as ſoon as the chapter was finiſhed, he

he beckoned to the corporal to come cloſe to his chair, to aſk him the following queſtion,—— aſide———* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *. It was at the ſiege of Limerick, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal, making a bow.

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to my father, were ſcarce able to crawl out of our tents, at the time the ſiege of Limerick was raiſed, upon the very account you mention.——Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother Toby? cried my father, mentally.—By heaven! continued he, communing ſtill with himſelf, it would puzzle an Oedipus to bring it in point.—

I believe, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth the corporal, that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we ſet fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plyed your honour off;—and the geneva, Trim, added my uncle Toby, which did us more good than all—I verily believe, continued the corporal, we had both, an' pleaſe your honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.—The nobleſt grave, corporal! cried my uncle Toby, his eyes ſparkling as he ſpoke, that a ſoldier could wiſh to ly down in.—But a pitiful death for him! an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal.

All this was as much Arabick to my father, as the rites of the Colchi and Troglodites had been before to my uncle Toby; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or ſmile.—

My uncle Toby, turning to Yorick, reſumed the caſe at Limerick, more intelligibly than he had

had begun it,—and ſo ſettled the point for my father at once.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

IT was undoubtedly, ſaid my uncle Toby, a great happineſs for myſelf and the corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a moſt raging thirſt, during the whole five and twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwiſe what my brother calls the radical moiſture, muſt, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.——My father drew in his lungs topful of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as ſlowly as he poſſibly could.—

————It was heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle Toby, which put it into the corporal's head, to maintain that due contention between the radical heat and the radical moiſture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along, with hot wine and ſpices; whereby the corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing, ſo that the radical heat ſtood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moiſture, terrible as it was————Upon my honour, added my uncle Toby, you might have heard the contention within our bodies, brother Shandy, twenty toiſes—If there was no firing, ſaid Yorick.

Well—ſaid my father, with a full aſpiration, and pauſing a while after the word——Was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one, permitted it, I would condemn ſome of the worſt malefactors, provided they had had their clergy————————Yorick foreſeeing the ſentence was likely to end with no ſort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breaſt, and

begged

begged he would reſpite it for a few minutes, till he aſked the corporal a queſtion.—Prithee, Trim, ſaid Yorick, without ſtaying for my father's leave, —tell us honeſtly—what is thy opinion concerning this ſelf-ſame radical heat and radical moiſture?

With humble ſubmiſſion to his honour's better judgment, quoth the corporal, making a bow to my uncle Toby—Speak thy opinion freely, corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby.—The poor fellow is my ſervant,—not my ſlave,—added my uncle Toby, turning to my father.

The corporal put his hat under his left arm, and with his ſtick hanging upon the wriſt of it, by a black thong ſplit into a taſſel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechiſm; then touching his under jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right hand before he opened his mouth,—he delivered his notion thus.

CHAP. XXXIX.

JUST as the corporal was humming to begin—in waddled Dr. Slop.—'Tis not two-pence matter—the corporal ſhall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.—

Well, my good doctor, cried my father, ſportively, for the tranſitions of his paſſions were unaccountably ſudden,—and what has this whelp of mine to ſay to the matter?

Had my father been aſking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy-dog—he could not have done it in a more careleſs air: the ſyſtem which Dr. Slop had laid down, to treat the ac-

cident by, no way allowed of ſuch a mode of inquiry.———He ſat down.

Pray, Sir, quoth my uncle Toby, in a manner which could not go unanſwered,—in what condition is the boy?—'Twill end in a phimoſis, replied Dr. Slop.

I am no wiſer than I was, quoth my uncle Toby,—returning his pipe into his mouth.——Then let the corporal go on, ſaid my father, with his medical lecture.———The corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr. Slop, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat and radical moiſture, in the following words.

CHAP. XL.

THE city of Limerick, the ſiege of which was begun under his majeſty king William himſelf, the year after I went into the army—lies, an' pleaſe your honours, in the middle of a deviliſh wet, ſwampy country.——'Tis quite ſurrounded, ſaid my uncle Toby, with the Shannon, and is, by its ſituation, one of the ſtrongeſt fortified places in Ireland.—

I think this is a new faſhion, quoth Dr. Slop, of beginning a medical lecture.———'Tis all true, anſwered Trim.—Then I wiſh the faculty would follow the cut of it, ſaid Yorick.—'Tis all cut through, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid the corporal, with drains and bogs; and beſides, there was ſuch a quantity of rain fell during the ſiege, the whole country was like a puddle,—'twas that, and nothing elſe, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his honour and myſelf. Now there was no ſuch thing after the firſt ten days, continued the cor-

poral, for a ſoldier to ly dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water; —nor was that enough, for thoſe who could afford it, as his honour could, without ſetting fire every night to a pewter diſh full of brandy, which took off the damp of the air, and made the inſide of the tent as warm as a ſtove.—

And what concluſion doſt thou draw, Corporal Trim, cried my father, from all theſe premiſes?

I infer, an' pleaſe your worſhip, replied Trim, that the radical moiſture is nothing in the world but ditch-water—and that the radical heat of thoſe who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy,—the radical heat and moiſture of a private man, an' pleaſe your honours, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of geneva—and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us ſpirits, and drive away the vapours, —we know not what it is to fear death.

I am at a loſs, Captain Shandy, quoth Doctor Slop, to determine in which branch of learning your ſervant ſhines moſt, whether in phyſiology, or divinity.——Slop had not forgot Trim's comment upon the ſermon.——

It is but an hour ago, replied Yorick, ſince the corporal was examined in the latter, and paſſed muſter with great honour.——

The radical heat and moiſture, quoth Dr. Slop, turning to my father, you muſt know, is the baſis and foundation of our being,—as the root of a tree is the ſource and principle of its vegetation.————It is inherent in the ſeeds of all animals, and may be preſerved ſundry ways, but principally, in my opinion, by conſubſtantials, impriments, and occludents.————

Now

Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. Slop, pointing to the corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard ſome ſuperficial empirick diſcourſe upon this nice point.——That he has,—ſaid my father.——Very likely, ſaid my uncle ——I'm ſure of it,—quoth Yorick.

CHAP. XLI.

DOCTOR Slop being called out to look at a cataplaſm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the Triſtra-pædia——Come! chear up, my lads; I'll ſhew you land——for when we have tugged through that chapter, the book ſhall not be opened again this twelvemonth.—Huzza!——

CHAP. XLII.

——FIVE years with a bib under his chin;

Four years in travelling from Chriſt-croſs-row to Malachi;

A year and a half in learning to write his own name;

Seven long years and more τυπτω-ing it, at Greek and Latin;

Four years at his probations and his negations ——the fine ſtatue ſtill lying in the middle of the marble block,——and nothing done, but his tools ſharpened to hew it out!——'Tis a piteous delay!——Was not the great Julius Scali-

ger within an ace of never getting his tools ſharpened at all?————Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek;——and Peter Damianus, lord biſhop of Oſtia, as all the world knows, could not ſo much as read, when he was of man's eſtate.————And Baldus himſelf, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law ſo late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world: no wonder, when Eudamidas, the ſon of Archidamas, heard Xenocrates at ſeventy-five diſputing about wiſdom, that he aſked gravely,———If the old man be yet diſputing and inquiring concerning wiſdom,—what time will he have to make uſe of it?

Yorick liſtened to my father with great attention; there was a ſeaſoning of wiſdom unaccountably mixed up with his ſtrangeſt whims, and he had ſometimes ſuch illuminations in the darkeſt of his eclipſes, as almoſt atoned for them:—be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

I am convinced, Yorick, continued my father, half reading and half diſcourſing, that there is a North-weſt paſſage to the intellectual world; and that the ſoul of man has ſhorter ways of going to work, in furniſhing itſelf with knowledge and inſtruction, than we generally take with it.————But, alack! all fields have not a river or a ſpring running beſide them;——— every child, Yorick! has not a parent to point it out.

——The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the auxiliary verbs, Mr. Yorick.

Had Yorick trod upon Virgil's ſnake, he could not have looked more ſurpriſed——I am ſurpriſed

priſed too, cried my father, obſerving it,—— and I reckon it as one of the greateſt calamities which ever befel the republick of letters, That thoſe who have been entruſted with the education of our children, and whoſe buſineſs it was to open their minds, and ſtock them early with ideas, in order to ſet the imagination looſe upon them, have made ſo little uſe of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done.———So that, except Raymond Lullius, and the elder Pelegrini, the laſt of which arrived to ſuch perfection in the uſe of 'em, with his topicks, that, in a few leſſons, he could teach a young gentleman to diſcourſe with plauſibility upon any ſubject, pro and con, and to ſay and write all that could be ſpoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him. ———I ſhould be glad, ſaid Yorick, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter. You ſhall, ſaid my father.

The higheſt ſtretch of improvement a ſingle word is capable of, is a high metaphor,——for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worſe, and not the better;——but be that as it may,—when the mind has done that with it—— there is an end,——the mind and the idea are at reſt,—until a ſecond idea enters,—and ſo on.

Now the uſe of the Auxiliaries is, at once to ſet the ſoul a-going by herſelf upon the materials, as they are brought her; and by the verſability of this great engine, round which they are twiſted, to open new tracts of inquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

You excite my curioſity greatly, ſaid Yorick.

For my own part, quoth my uncle Toby, I have given it up.——The Danes, an' pleaſe your

honour, quoth the Corporal, who were on the left at the ſiege of Limerick, were all auxiliaries. ——And very good ones, ſaid my uncle Toby. ——And your honour roul'd with them, captains with captains.——Very well, ſaid the corporal. ——But the auxiliaries, Trim, my brother is talking about, anſwered my uncle Toby,—I conceive to be different things.—

—You do? ſaid my father, riſing up.

CHAP. XLIII.

MY father took a ſingle turn acroſs the room, then ſat down and finiſhed the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, am; was; have; had; do; did; make; made; ſuffer; ſhall; ſhould; will; would; can; could; owe; ought; uſed, or is wont. And theſe varied with tenſes, preſent, paſt, future; and conjugated with the verb See,—or with theſe queſtions added to them;—Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be? Might it be? And theſe again put negatively,—Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?—Or affirmatively,—It is; It was; It ought to be. Or chronologically—Has it been always? Lately? How long ago? —Or hypothetically,—If it was? If it was not? —What would follow?——If the French ſhould beat the Engliſh? If the Sun go out of the Zodiac?

Now, by the right uſe and application of theſe, continued my father, in which a child's memory ſhould be exerciſed, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren ſoever, but a magazine of conceptions and concluſions may be drawn forth

forth from it—Did'ſt thou ever ſee a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to Trim, who ſtood at the back of his chair:——No, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal.—But thou could'ſt diſcourſe about one, Trim, ſaid my father, in caſe of need?—How is it poſſible, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, if the corporal never ſaw one?—'Tis the fact I want, replied my father, and the poſſibility of it is as follows:

A WHITE BEAR! Very well. Have I ever ſeen one? Might I ever have ſeen one? Am I ever to ſee one? Ought I ever to have ſeen one? Or can I ever ſee one?

Would I had ſeen a white bear? (for how can I imagine it?)

If I ſhould ſee a white bear, what ſhould I ſay? If I ſhould never ſee a white bear, what then?

If I never have, can, muſt or ſhall ſee a white bear alive; have I ever ſeen the ſkin of one? Did I ever ſee one painted?—deſcribed? Have I never dreamed of one?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers or ſiſters, ever ſee a white bear? What would they give? How would they behave? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? Tame? Terrible? Rough? Smooth?

—Is the white bear worth ſeeing?

—Is there no ſin in it?—

—Is it better than a BLACK ONE?

END of the FIFTH VOLUME.

THE

LIFE

AND

OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Dixero ſi quid forte jocoſius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. HOR.

——Si quis calumnietur levius eſſe quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Chriſtianum——non Ego, ſed Democritus dixit.—— ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, riſum moventia ſerat, anathema eſto.
Second Council of CARTHAGE.

VOL. VI.


BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gt.

CHAP. I.

—WE'LL not ſtop two moments, my dear Sir,—only, as we have got thro' theſe five volumes, (do, Sir, ſit down upon a ſeat—they are better than nothing) let us juſt look back upon the country we have paſſed through.—

—What a wilderneſs has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been loſt, or devoured by wild beaſts in it!

Did you think the world itſelf, Sir, had contained ſuch a number of Jack Aſſes?—How they view'd and review'd us as we paſſed over the rivulet

let at the bottom of that little valley!—and when we climbed over that hill, and were juſt getting out of ſight—good God! what a braying did they all ſet up together!

—Prithee, Shepherd, who keeps all theſe Jack Aſſes? * * *

—Heaven be their comforter—What! are they never curried?—Are they never taken in in winter?—Bray—bray—bray. Bray on,——the world is deeply your debtor;—louder ſtill—that's nothing;—in good ſooth, you are ill uſed:—Was I a Jack Aſs, I ſolemnly declare, I would bray in G-ſol-re-ut from morning, even unto night.

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages, he cloſed the book for good and all,—and in a kind of triumph redelivered it into Trim's hand, with a nod to lay it upon the 'ſcrutoire where he found it.—

Triſtram, ſaid he, ſhall be made to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the ſame way;—every word, Yorick, by this means, you ſee, is converted into a theſis or an hypotheſis;—every theſis and hypotheſis have an offspring of propoſitions;—and each propoſition has its own conſequences and concluſions;—every one of which leads the mind on again, into freſh tracts of inquiries and doubtings.—The force of this engine, added my father, is incredible, in opening a child's head.——'Tis enough, brother Shandy, cried my uncle Toby, to burſt it into a thouſand ſplinters.—

I preſume,

I preſume, ſaid Yorick, ſmiling,—it muſt be owing to this,—(for, let logicians ſay what they will, it is not to be accounted for ſufficiently from the bare uſe of the ten predicaments)—— That the famous Vincent Quirino, amongſt the many other aſtoniſhing feats of his childhood, of which the Cardinal Bembo has given the world ſo exact a ſtory—ſhould be able to paſte up in the publick ſchools at Rome, ſo early as in the eighth year of his age, no leſs than four thouſand five hundred and ſixty different theſes, upon the moſt abſtruſe points of the moſt abſtruſe theology;—and to defend and maintain them in ſuch ſort, as to cramp and dumfound his opponents. —What is that, cried my father, to what is told us of Alphonſus Toſtatus, who, almoſt in his nurſe's arms, learned all the ſciences and liberal arts without being taught any one of them?—— What ſhall we ſay of the great Peireſkius?—— That's the very man, cried my uncle Toby, I once told you of, brother Shandy, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Scheveling, and from Scheveling back again, merely to ſee Stevinus's flying chariot.— He was a very great man! added my uncle Toby; (meaning Stevinus)——He was ſo; brother Toby, ſaid my father, (meaning Peireſkius) —and had multiplied his ideas ſo faſt, and increaſed his knowledge to ſuch a prodigious ſtock, that, if we may give credit to an anecdote concerning him, which we cannot withhold here, without ſhaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever—at ſeven years of age, his father committed entirely to his care the education of his younger brother, a boy of five years old,—with the ſole management of all his concerns.—Was

the father as wiſe as the ſon? quoth my uncle Toby:—I ſhould think not, ſaid Yorick:—But what are theſe, continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of enthuſiaſm)—what are theſe, to thoſe prodigies of childhood in Grotius, Scioppius, Heinſius, Politian, Paſcal, Joſeph Scaliger, Ferdinand de Cordouè, and others—ſome of which left off their ſubſtantial forms at nine years old, or ſooner, and went on reaſoning without them;—others went through their claſſicks at ſeven,—wrote tragedies at eight;—Ferdinand de Cordouè was ſo wiſe at nine, 'twas thought the devil was in him;—and at Venice gave ſuch proofs of his knowledge and goodneſs, that the monks imagined he was Antichriſt, or nothing.—Others were maſters of fourteen languages at ten,—finiſhed the courſe of their rhetorick, poetry, logick, and ethicks at eleven,—put forth their commentaries upon Servius and Martianus Capella at twelve,—and at thirteen received their degrees in philoſophy, laws, and divinity:—But you forget the great Lipſius, quoth Yorick, who compoſed a work * the day he was born—They ſhould have wiped it up, ſaid my uncle Toby, and ſaid no more about it.

CHAP.

* *Nous aurions quelque interêt, ſays Baillet, de montrer qu'il n'a rien de ridicule s'il étoit véritable, au moins dans le ſens énigmatique que Nicius Erythræus a tâché de lui donner. Cet auteur dit que pour comprendre comme Lipſe a pû compoſer un ouvrage le premier jour de ſa vie, il faut s'imaginer, que ce premier jour n'eſt pas celui de ſa naiſſance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'uſer de la raiſon; il veut que c'ait été à l'age de neuf ans; et il nous veut perſuader que ce fut en cet age, que Lipſe fit un poeme.—Le tour eſt ingenieux, &c. &c.*

CHAP. III.

WHEN the cataplaſm was ready, a ſcruple of decorum had unſeaſonably roſe up in Suſannah's conſcience about holding the candle, whilſt Slop tied it on; Slop had not treated Suſannah's diſtemper with anodynes,—and ſo a quarrel had enſued betwixt them.

——Oh! oh! ſaid Slop, caſting a glance of undue freedom in Suſannah's face, as ſhe declined the office;——then, I think, I know you, Madam.——You know me, Sir! cried Suſannah faſtidiouſly, and with a toſs of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profeſſion, but at the doctor himſelf,—you know me! cried Suſannah again.——Dr. Slop clapped his finger and his thumb inſtantly upon his noſtrils;—Suſannah's ſpleen was ready to burſt at it;—'Tis falſe, ſaid Suſannah.—Come, come, Mrs. Modeſty, ſaid Slop, not a little elated with the ſucceſs of his laſt thruſt,—if you won't hold the candle and look—you may hold it and ſhut your eyes:—That's one of your popiſh ſhifts, cried Suſannah:—'Tis better, ſaid Slop, with a nod, than no ſhift at all, young woman;—I defy you, Sir, cried Suſannah, pulling her ſhift-ſleeve below her elbow.

It was almoſt impoſſible for two perſons to aſſiſt each other in a ſurgical caſe with a more ſplenetick cordiality.

Slop ſnatched up the cataplaſm,—Suſannah ſnatched up the candle;—A little this way, ſaid Slop;—Suſannah looking one way, and rowing another, inſtantly ſet fire to Slop's wig, which

being ſomewhat buſhy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.—You impudent whore! cried Slop,—(for what is paſſion but a wild beaſt)—you impudent whore, cried Slop, getting upright, with the cataplaſm in his hand;—I never was the deſtruction of any body's noſe, ſaid Suſannah,—which is more than you can ſay:—Is it?——cried Slop, throwing the cataplaſm in her face;—Yes, it is, cried Suſannah, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.—

CHAP. IV.

DOCTOR Slop and Suſannah filed croſs-bills againſt each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplaſm had failed, they retired into the kitchen to prepare a fomentation for me;—and whilſt that was doing, my father determined the point as you will read.

CHAP. V.

YOU ſee 'tis high time, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf equally to my uncle Toby and Yorick, to take this young creature out of theſe womens hands, and put him into thoſe of a private governor. Marcus Antoninus provided fourteen governors all at once to ſuperintend his ſon Commodus's education,—and in ſix weeks he caſhiered five of them;—I know very well, continued my father, that Commodus's mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception, which accounts for a great many of Commodus's

Commodus's cruelties when he became emperor; —but ſtill I am of opinion, that thoſe five whom Antoninus diſmiſſed, did Commodus's temper, in that ſhort time, more hurt than the other nine were able to rectify all their lives long.

Now, as I conſider the perſon who is to be about my ſon, as the mirror in which he is to view himſelf from morning to night, and by which he is to adjuſt his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmoſt ſentiments of his heart;—I would have one, Yorick, if poſſible, poliſhed at all points, fit for my child to look into.—This is very good ſenſe, quoth my uncle Toby to himſelf.

—There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and ſpeaking, which argues a man well within;—and I am not at all ſurpriſed that Gregory of Nazianzum, upon obſerving the haſty and untoward geſtures of Julian, ſhould foretel he would one day become an apoſtate; —or that St. Ambroſe ſhould turn his amanuenſis out of doors, becauſe of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail;—or that Democritus ſhould conceive Protagoras to be a ſcholar, from ſeeing him bind up a faggot, and thruſting, as he did it, the ſmall twigs inwards.—There are a thouſand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's ſoul: and I maintain it, added he, that a man of ſenſe does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,—or take it up in going out of it, but ſomething eſcapes, which diſcovers him.

It is for theſe reaſons, continued my father, that the governor I make choice of ſhall nei-

ther * liſp, or ſquint, or wink, or talk loud, or look fierce, or fooliſh;—or bite his lips, or grind his teeth, or ſpeak through his noſe, or pick it, or blow it with his fingers.—

He ſhall neither walk faſt,—or ſlow, or fold his arms,—for that is lazineſs;—or hang them down,—for that is folly; or hide them in his pocket, for that is nonſenſe.——

He ſhall neither ſtrike, or pinch, or tickle,—— or bite, or cut his nails, or hawk, or ſpit, or ſnift, or drum with his feet or fingers in company;—nor (according to Eraſmus) ſhall he ſpeak to any one in making water,—nor ſhall he point to carrion or excrement.—Now this is all nonſenſe again, quoth my uncle Toby to himſelf.

I will have him, continued my father, chearful, faceté, jovial; at the ſame time, prudent, attentive to buſineſs, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in reſolving doubts and ſpeculative queſtions;—he ſhall be wiſe and judicious, and learned:—And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle-tempered, and good? ſaid Yorick:—And why not, cried my uncle Toby, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave?—He ſhall, my dear Toby, replied my father, getting up and ſhaking him by his hand.——— Then, brother Shandy, anſwered my uncle Toby, raiſing himſelf off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand,—I humbly beg I may recommend poor Le Fever's ſon to you;—a tear of joy of the firſt water ſparkled in my uncle Toby's eye,—— and another, the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the propoſition was made;—you will ſee why, when you read Le Fever's ſtory:—fool that I was!

* *Vid. Pellegrina.*

was! nor can I recollect, (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the corporal tell it in his own words;—but the occaſion is loſt,—I muſt tell it now in my own.

CHAP. VI.

The Story of LE FEVER.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many, after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard,—I ſay, ſitting—for in conſideration of the corporal's lame knee (which ſometimes gave him exquiſite pain)—when my uncle Toby dined or ſupped alone, he would never ſuffer the corporal to ſtand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his maſter was ſuch, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itſelf, with leſs trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time when my uncle Toby ſuppoſed the corporal's leg was at reſt, he would look back, and detect him ſtanding behind him with the moſt dutiful reſpect:—this bred more little ſquabbles betwixt them, than all other cauſes for five and twenty years together—But this is neither here nor there;

there—why do I mention it?—Aſk my pen,—it governs me,—I govern not it.

He was one evening ſitting thus at his ſupper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village, came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glaſs or two of ſack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing, till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack, and a thin toaſt,—I think, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me.—

—If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy ſuch a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill,—I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,—and take a couple of bottles, with my ſervice, and tell him, he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time, ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt:—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby, —do, Trim,—and aſk if he knows his name.

—I have

—I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour, with the corporal,—but I can aſk his ſon again:—Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, ſaid my uncle Toby.—

Trim!—ſaid my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and ſmoked about a dozen whiffs.—Trim came in front of his maſter, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby ſmoked on, and ſaid no more.—Corporal! ſaid my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and beſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what

with

with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear ſo, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given me.—I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How ſhall we manage it?—Leave it, an' pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.—I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his ſecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtin of the tenaille a ſtraight line, as a crooked one,—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor Le Fever and his boy the whole time he ſmoked it.

CHAP. VII.

The Story of LE FEVER continued.

IT was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able

able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? ſaid my uncle Toby—He is, ſaid the corporal—And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee, till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, Trim, in the window-ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it—Your honour is good:—And having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered,—and began the ſtory to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the ſame words.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his ſon: for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked—That's a right diſtinction, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby—I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man,—we can hire horſes from hence.—But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal,

poral, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;—but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth.—Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.—I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.—I am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier—The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.—Poor youth! ſaid my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wiſh I had him here.

—I never in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him, I was Captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar——(And thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no anſwer,—for his heart was full—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt;—I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's

curate

curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen-fire,—but ſaid not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the corporal—I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack, and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes, he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.—I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair, by his bed-ſide, and as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.—

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you ſure of it? replied the curate.—A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God, of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.—But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together, in long and dangerous marches;—haraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—haraſſing others to-morrow;—detached here;——countermanded there;——reſting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his ſhirt the next;——benumbed in his joints;——perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on;—muſt lay

his prayers how and when he can—I believe, ſaid I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army, I believe, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon, —though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy— Thou ſhouldſt not have ſaid that Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be ſeen who have done their duties in this world,—and who have not; and we ſhall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we ſhall, ſaid Trim.—It is in the ſcripture, ſaid my uncle Toby; and I will ſhew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, ſaid the corporal—But go on, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, with thy ſtory.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do, till the expiration of the ten minutes,——he was lying in his bed, with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beſide it: —The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which, I ſuppoſed, he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed, ——and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take

it

it away at the ſame time—Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

He did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide:———If you are Captain Shandy's ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me:—if he was of Levens's—ſaid the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me—-You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—ſaid he, a ſecond time, muſing:——poſſibly he may my ſtory, added he—pray tell the Captain, I was the enſign at Breda, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the ſtory, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well.—Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which, ſeemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kiſs'd it twice.—Here, Billy, ſaid he,—the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide,——and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,———then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle Toby, with a deep ſigh,—I wiſh, Trim, I was aſleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too

much concerned;—ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

I remember, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other, (I forgot what) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon:——'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honour a good night; young Le Fever roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But, alas! ſaid the corporal,—the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy! cried my uncle Toby.

CHAP. VIII.

The Story of LE FEVER continued.

IT was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a poſitive law, know not, for their ſouls, which way in the world to turn themſelves———That notwithſtanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly, that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner,—that nevertheleſs he

he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgement upon the counterſcarp;—— and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itſelf,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

——That kind BEING, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompenſe thee for this.

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, Trim—In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fever,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou kneweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt, as well as himſelf, out of his pay,——that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.——Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders;—True, quoth my uncle Toby—thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby, —when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe,—thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too:——A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, —we could tend and look to him:——Thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim, and what with

thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.—

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, ſmiling,—he might march.——He will never march, an' pleaſe your honour, in this world, ſaid the corporal:———He will march; ſaid my uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off.———An' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave:——He ſhall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he ſhall march to his regiment.——He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal—He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle Toby—He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle Toby, firmly.——A-well-o'day, do what we can for him, ſaid Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor ſoul will die.——He ſhall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

——The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſh'd as he gave it in; and the RECORDING ANGEL as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

CHAP. IX.

——MY uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purſe into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,—he went to bed, and fell aſleep.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The Story of LE FEVER concluded.

THE ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſs'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface, or apology, ſat himſelf down upon the chair by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,—how he had reſted in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:—and without giving him time to anſwer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him—

——You ſhall go home directly, Le Fever, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe,——and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe;——and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fever.

There was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cauſe of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner,

ner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——— The blood and ſpirits of Le Fever, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart,—rallied back,—the film forſook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then caſt a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulſe fluttered—ſtopp'd—went on—throbb'd—ſtopp'd again—moved—ſtopp'd—ſhall I go on?—No.

CHAP. XI.

I AM ſo impatient to return to my own ſtory, that what remains of young Le Fever's, that is, from this turn of his fortune, to the time my uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor, ſhall be told in a very few words, in the next chapter.—All that is neceſſary to be added to this chapter is as follows:—

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fever in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That the governor of Dendermond paid his obſequies all military honours, and that Yorick, not to be behind hand——paid him all eccleſiaſtic——for he buried him in his chancel:—

And

And it appears likewiſe, he preached a funeral ſermon over him—I ſay it appears,—for it was Yorick's cuſtom, which I ſuppoſe a general one with thoſe of his profeſſion, on the firſt leaf of every ſermon which he compoſed, to chronicle down the time, the place, and the occaſion of its being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add ſome ſhort comment or ſtricture upon the ſermon itſelf, ſeldom, indeed, much to its credit:—For inſtance, This ſermon upon the Jewiſh diſpenſation —I don't like it at all;—Though I own there is a world of WATER-LANDISH knowledge in it,—but 'tis all tritical, and moſt tritically put together.—This is but a ſlimſy kind of a compoſition; what was in my head when I made it?

—N. B. The excellency of this text is, that it will ſuit any ſermon,—and of this ſermon—that it will ſuit any text.

—For this ſermon I ſhall be hanged,—for I have ſtolen the greateſt part of it. Doctor Paidagunes found me out.

☞ Set a thief to catch a thief.

On the back of half a dozen I find written, So, ſo, and no more—and upon a couple, Moderato; by which, as far as any one may gather from Altieri's Italian dictionary,—but moſtly from the authority of a piece of green whip-cord, which ſeemed to have been the unravelling of Yorick's whip-laſh, with which he has left us the two ſermons marked Moderato, and the half dozen of So, ſo, tied faſt together in one bundle by themſelves, one may ſafely ſuppoſe he meant pretty near the ſame thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this, that the moderato's are

five

five times better than the ſo ſo's—ſhew ten times more knowledge of the human heart;—have ſeventy times more wit and ſpirit in them;—(and to riſe properly in my climax)—diſcover a thouſand times more genius;—and to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than thoſe tied up with them—for which reaſon, whenever Yorick's dramatic ſermons are offered to the world, though I ſhall admit but one out of the whole number of the ſo ſo's, I ſhall, nevertheleſs, adventure to print the two moderato's without any ſort of ſcruple.

What Yorick could mean by the words lentamente,—tenuté—grave,—and ſometimes adagio,—as applied to theological compoſitions, and with which he has characteriſed ſome of theſe ſermons, I dare not venture to gueſs.—I am more puzzled ſtill upon finding a l'octava alta! upon one;——Conſtrepito upon the back of another;——Scicilliana upon a third;—Alla capella upon a fourth;—Con l'arco upon this;—Senza l'arco upon that:—All I know is, that they are muſical terms, and have a meaning;—and as he was a muſical man, I will make no doubt, but that by ſome quaint application of ſuch metaphors to the compoſitions in hand, they impreſſed very diſtinct ideas of their ſeveral characters upon his fancy,——whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongſt theſe, there is that particular ſermon which has unaccountably led me into this digreſſion.——The funeral ſermon upon poor Le Fever, wrote out very fairly, as if from a haſty copy.——I take notice of it the more, becauſe it ſeems to have been his favourite compoſition—

It

It is upon mortality; and is tied length-ways and croſs-ways, with a yarn thrum, and then rolled up, and twiſted round, with a half ſheet of dirty blue paper, which ſeems to have been once the caſt cover of a general review, which to this day ſmells horribly of horſe-drugs.—Whether theſe marks of humiliation were deſigned,—I ſomething doubt;—becauſe at the end of the ſermon, (and not at the beginning of it)—very different from his way of treating the reſt, he had wrote—

Bravo!

——though not very offenſively,——for it is at two inches, at leaſt, and a half's diſtance from, and below the concluding line of the ſermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right hand corner of it, which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it juſtice, it is wrote beſides with a crow's quill, ſo faintly, in a ſmall Italian hand, as ſcarce to ſolicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not,—ſo that from the manner of it, it ſtands half excuſed; and being wrote, moreover, with very pale ink, diluted almoſt to nothing,—'tis more like a ritratto of the ſhadow of vanity, than of VANITY herſelf—of the two; reſembling rather a faint thought of tranſient applauſe, ſecretly ſtirring up in the heart of the compoſer, than a groſs mark of it, coarſely obtruded upon the world.

With all theſe extenuations, I am aware, that in publiſhing this, I do no ſervice to Yorick's character as a modeſt man;—but all men have their failings! and what leſſens this ſtill farther, and almoſt wipes it away, is this, That the word was ſtruck through ſometime afterwards (as appears

from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite acroſs it in this manner, ~~BRAVO~~—as if he had retracted, or was aſhamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

Theſe ſhort characters of his ſermons were always written, excepting in this one inſtance, upon the firſt leaf of his ſermon, which ſerved as a cover to it; and uſually upon the inſide of it, which was turned towards the text;—but at the end of his diſcourſe, where, perhaps, he had five or ſix pages, and ſometimes, perhaps, a whole ſcore to turn himſelf in,—he took a larger circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettleſome one;—as if he had ſnatched the occaſion of unlacing himſelf with a few more frolickſome ſtrokes at vice, than the ſtraitneſs of the pulpit allowed.—Theſe, though huſſar-like they ſkirmiſh lightly and out of all order, are ſtill auxiliaries on the ſide of virtue;—tell me then, Mynheer Vander Bloneder-dondergewdenſtronke, why they ſhould not be printed together?

CHAP. XII.

WHEN my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and ſettled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fever, and betwixt Le Fever and all mankind,——there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat, and a ſword; ſo that my uncle Toby found little or no oppoſition from the world in taking adminiſtration. The coat my uncle Toby gave the corporal:——Wear it, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the

ſake of the poor lieutenant——And this,——— ſaid my uncle Toby, taking up the ſword in his hand, and drawing it out of the ſcabbard as he ſpoke—and this, Le Fever, I'll ſave for thee, ———'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle Toby, hanging it upon a crook, and pointing to it,——'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fever, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world, —and thou doeſt it like a man of honour,—'tis enough for us.

As ſoon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, and taught him to inſcribe a regular polygon in a circle, he ſent him to a publick ſchool, where, excepting Whitſuntide and Chriſtmas, at which times the corporal was punctually diſpatched for him,—he remained to the ſpring of the year ſeventeen; when the ſtories of the emperor's ſending his army into Hungary againſt the Turks, kindling a ſpark of fire in his boſom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himſelf upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's ſword, and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene.——Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, Le Fever! I will go with thee, and thou ſhalt fight beſide me—And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in ſorrow and diſconſolation.—

My uncle Toby took down the ſword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever ſince the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up;——and, having detained Le Fever a ſingle fortnight to equip him, and contract for his paſſage to Leghorn,—he put the

ſword into his hand,—If thou art brave, Le Fever, ſaid my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee —but Fortune, ſaid he, (muſing a little)—— Fortune may—And if ſhe does,—added my uncle Toby, embracing him, come back again to me, Le Fever, and we will ſhape thee another courſe.

The greateſt injury could not have oppreſſed the heart of Le Fever more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindneſs;—he parted from my uncle Toby, as the beſt of ſons from the beſt of fathers—both dropped tears—and as my uncle Toby gave him his laſt kiſs, he ſlipped ſixty guineas, tied up in an old purſe of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,—and bid God bleſs him.

CHAP. XIII.

LE FEVER got up to the Imperial army juſt time enough to try what metal his ſword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a ſeries of unmerited miſchances had purſued him from that moment, and trode cloſe upon his heels for four years together after: he had withſtood theſe buffetings to the laſt, till ſickneſs overtook him at Marſeilles, from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had loſt his time, his ſervices, his health, and, in ſhort, every thing but his ſword;—and was waiting for the firſt ſhip to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about ſix weeks before Suſannah's accident, Le Fever was hourly expected; and was uppermoſt in my uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him

and

and Yorick a deſcription of what kind of a perſon he would chuſe for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle Toby thought my father at firſt ſomewhat fanciful in the accompliſhments he required, he forbore mentioning Le Fever's name—till the character, by Yorick's interpoſition, ending unexpectedly, in one who ſhould be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impreſſed the image of Le Fever, and his intereſt, upon my uncle Toby ſo forcibly, he roſe inſtantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands—I beg, brother Shandy, ſaid my uncle Toby, I may recommend poor Le Fever's ſon to you—I beſeech you, do, added Yorick—He has a good heart, ſaid my uncle Toby—And a brave one too, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal.

—The beſt hearts, Trim, are ever the braveſt, replied my uncle Toby—And the greateſt cowards, an' pleaſe your honour, in our regiment, were the greateſt raſcals in it—There was ſerjeant Kumber, and enſign—

We'll talk of them, ſaid my father, another time.

CHAP. XIV.

WHAT a jovial and a merry world would this be, may it pleaſe your worſhips, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, diſcontent, melancholy, large jointures, impoſitions, and lies!

Doctor Slop, like a ſon of a w——, as my father called him for it,—to exalt himſelf—debaſed me to death, and made ten thouſand times

more of Susannah's accident, than there was any grounds for; so that in a week's time, or less, it was in every body's mouth, That poor Master Shandy * * * * * * entirely.——And FAME, who loves to double every thing,—in three days more, had sworn positively she saw it; and all the world, as usual, gave credit to her evidence——" That the nursery window had not only * * * * * * * * * * * * *; but that * * * * * * * * * * * * * *'s also."

Could the world have been sued like a BODY-CORPORATE,——my father had brought an action upon the case, and trounced it sufficiently; but to fall foul of individuals about it——as every soul who had mentioned the affair, did it with the greatest pity imaginable;——'twas like flying in the very face of his best friends:—And yet to acquiesce under the report, in silence—was to acknowledge it openly,—at least in the opinion of one half of the world; and to make a bustle again, in contradicting it—was to confirm it as strongly in the opinion of the other half.—

—Was ever poor devil of a country gentleman so hampered? said my father.

I would shew him publickly, said my uncle Toby, at the market cross.

—'Twill have no effect, said my father.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

——I'll put him, however, into breeches, ſaid my father,—let the world ſay what it will.

CHAP. XVI.

THERE are a thouſand reſolutions, Sir, both in church and ſtate, as well as in matters, madam, of a more private concern;—which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of being taken, and entered upon in a haſty, hare-brained, and unadviſed manner, were, notwithſtanding this, (and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or ſtood behind the curtain, we ſhould have found it was ſo) weighed, poized and perpended—argued upon—canvaſſed through—entered into, and examined on all ſides with ſo much coolneſs, that the GODDESS of COOLNESS herſelf (I do not take upon me to prove her exiſtence) could neither have wiſhed it, or done it better.

Of the number of theſe was my father's reſolution of putting me into breeches; which though determined at once—in a kind of huff, and a defiance of all mankind, had, nevertheleſs, been pro'd and con'd, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother about a month before, in two ſeveral beds of juſtice, which my father had held for that purpoſe. I ſhall explain the nature of theſe beds of juſtice in my next chapter; and in the chapter following that, you ſhall ſtep with me, madam, behind the curtain, only to

hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated, between themſelves, this affair of the breeches, from which you may form an idea how they debated all leſſer matters.

CHAP. XVII.

THE ancient Goths of Germany, who (the learned Cluverius is poſitive) were firſt ſeated in the country between the Viſtula and the Oder, and who afterwards incorporated the Herculi, the Bugians, and ſome other Vandallick clans to 'em, had all of them a wiſe cuſtom of debating every thing of importance to their ſtate, twice; that is,——once drunk, and once ſober:——Drunk—that their councils might not want vigour;——and ſober—that they might not want diſcretion.

Now my father being entirely a water drinker,—was a long time gravelled almoſt to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing, which the ancients did or ſaid; and it was not till the ſeventh year of his marriage, after a thouſand fruitleſs experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which anſwered the purpoſe;——and that was, when any difficult and momentous point was to be ſettled in the family which required great ſobriety, and great ſpirit too, in its determination,——he fixed and ſet apart the firſt Sunday night in the month, and the Saturday night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over, in bed with my mother: By which contrivance, if you conſider, Sir, with yourſelf, * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Theſe

Theſe my father, humouroufly enough, called his beds of juſtice;—for, from the two different counſels taken in theſe two different humours, a middle one was generally found out, which touched the point of wiſdom as well as if he had got drunk and ſober a hundred times.

It muſt not be made a ſecret of to the world, that this anſwers full as well in literary diſcuſſions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the Goths and Vandals did it——or if he can, may it be always for his body's health? and to do it, as my father did it,—am I ſure it would be always for his ſoul's?

My way is this:—

In all nice and tickliſh diſcuſſions,—(of which, heaven knows, there are but too many in my book)—where I find I cannot take a ſtep without the danger of having either their worſhips or their reverences upon my back——I write one half full, and t'other faſting;——or write it all full, and correct it faſting;——or write it faſting, and correct it full,—for they all come to the ſame thing:——So that, with a leſs variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the Gothick—I feel myſelf upon a par with him in his firſt bed of juſtice,—and no-way inferior to him in his ſecond.——Theſe different and almoſt irreconcileable effects, flow uniformly from the wiſe and wonderful mechaniſm of nature,——of which—be hers the honour.——All that we can do, is to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the arts and ſciences.—

Now, when I write full,—I write as if I was never to write faſting again as long as I live;——

that

that is, I write free from the cares, as well as the terrors of the world.——I count not the number of my ſcars,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and by-corners to antedate my ſtabs.——In a word, my pen takes its courſe: and I write on as much from the fullneſs of my heart, as my ſtomach.—

But when, an' pleaſe your honours, I indite faſting, 'tis a different hiſtory.——I pay the world all poſſible attention and reſpect,—and have as great a ſhare (whilſt it laſts) of that underſtrapping virtue of diſcretion, as the beſt of you.—So that betwixt both, I write a careleſs kind of a civil, nonſenſical, good-humoured, Shandean book, which will do all your hearts good.—

—-And all your heads too,—provided you underſtand it.

CHAP. XVIII.

WE ſhould begin, ſaid my father, turning himſelf half round in bed, and ſhifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate—we ſhould begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.—

We ſhould ſo,—ſaid my mother.——We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, ſhamefully.—

I think we do, Mr. Shandy,—-ſaid my mother.

——Not but the child looks extremely well, ſaid my father, in his veſts and tunicks.—

——He does look very well in them,—replied my mother.—

—And

——And for that reaſon it would be almoſt a ſin, added my father, to take him out of 'em.—

It would ſo—ſaid my mother:—But, indeed, he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoined my father.

—He is very tall for his age, indeed—ſaid my mother.—

——I can not (making two ſyllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after.—

I cannot conceive, for my life,—ſaid my mother.—

Humph!—ſaid my father.

(The dialogue ceaſed for a moment.)

—I am very ſhort myſelf,—continued my father gravely.

You are very ſhort, Mr. Shandy,—ſaid my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himſelf, a ſecond time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little further from my mother's—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

——When he gets theſe breeches made, cried my father, in a higher tone, he'll look like a beaſt in 'em.

He will be very awkward in them at firſt, replied my mother.—

—And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worſt on't, added my father.

It will be very lucky, anſwered my mother.

I ſuppoſe, replied my father,——making ſome pauſe firſt——he'll be exactly like other people's children.—

Exactly, ſaid my mother.—

——Though I ſhould be ſorry for that, added my father: and ſo the debate ſtopped again.

—They

——They ſhould be of leather, ſaid my father, turning him about again.—

They will laſt him, ſaid my mother, the longeſt.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.

He cannot, ſaid my mother.

'Twere better to have them of fuſtian, quoth my father.

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.—

——Except dimitty,—replied my father.——'Tis beſt of all,—replied my mother.—

—One muſt not give him his death, however, —interrupted my father.

By no means, ſaid my mother:——and ſo the dialogue ſtood ſtill again.

I am reſolved, however, quoth my father, breaking ſilence the fourth time, he ſhall have no pockets in them.—

——There is no occaſion for any, ſaid my mother.—

I mean in his coat and waiſtcoat,—cried my father.

—I mean ſo too,—replied my mother.

—Though if he gets a gig or a top——Poor fouls! it is a crown and a ſceptre to them,—they ſhould have where to ſecure it.—

Order it as you pleaſe, Mr. Shandy, replied my mother.—

—But don't you think it right? added my father, preſſing the point home to her.

Perfectly, ſaid my mother, if it pleaſes you, Mr. Shandy.—

—There's for you! cried my father, loſing temper——Pleaſes me!—You never will diſtinguiſh,

guiſh, Mrs. Shandy, nor ſhall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleaſure and a point of convenience.—This was on the Sunday night;—and further this chapter ſayeth not.

CHAP. XIX.

AFTER my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother,—he conſulted Albertus Rubenius upon it; and Albertus Rubenius uſed my father ten times worſe in the conſultation (if poſſible) than even my father had uſed my mother: For as Rubenius had wrote a quarto expreſs, De re Veſtiaria Veterum,—it was Rubenius's buſineſs to have given my father ſome lights.—On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the ſeven cardinal virtues out of a long beard, as of extracting a ſingle word out of Rubenius upon the ſubject.

Upon every other article of ancient dreſs, Rubenius was very communicative to my father;—gave him a full and ſatisfactory account of

The Toga, or looſe gown.
The Chlamys.
The Ephod.
The Tunica, or Jacket.
The Syntheſis.
The Pænula.
The Lacerna, with its Cucullus.
The Paludamentum.
The Prætexta.
The Sagum, or ſoldier's jerkin.

The

The Trabea: of which, according to Suetonius, there were three kinds.—

—But what are all theſe to the breeches? ſaid my father.

Rubenius threw him down upon the counter all kinds of ſhoes which had been in faſhion with the Romans—There was,

The open ſhoe.
The cloſe ſhoe.
The ſlip ſhoe.
The wooden ſhoe.
The ſoc.
The buſkin.
And The military ſhoe with hob-nails in it, which Juvenal takes notice of.

There were, The clogs.
The patins.
The pantoufles.
The brogues.
The ſandals, with latchets to them.

There was, The felt ſhoe.
The linen ſhoe.
The laced ſhoe.
The braided ſhoe.
The calceus inciſus.
And The calceus roſtratus.

Rubenius ſhewed my father how well they all fitted,—in what manner they laced on,—with what points, ſtraps, thongs, latchets, ribands, jaggs, and ends.—

—But I want to be informed about the breeches, ſaid my father.

Albertus Rubenius informed my father, that the Romans manufactured ſtuffs of various fabricks,—ſome plain,—ſome ſtriped,—others diapered throughout the whole contexture of the wool, with

with ſilk and gold—That linen did not begin to be in common uſe, till towards the declenſion of the empire, when the Egyptians, coming to ſettle amongſt them, brought it into vogue.

—That perſons of quality and fortune diſtinguiſhed themſelves by the fineneſs and whiteneſs of their clothes; which colour (next to purple, which was appropriated to the great offices) they moſt affected and wore on their birth-days and publick rejoicings.—That it appeared from the beſt hiſtorians of thoſe times, that they frequently ſent their clothes to the fuller, to be cleaned and whitened—but that the inferior people, to avoid that expence, generally wore brown clothes, and of a ſomething coarſer texture,—till towards the beginning of Auguſtus's reign, when the ſlave dreſſed like his maſter, and almoſt every diſtinction of habiliment was loſt, but the Latus Clavus.

And what was the Latus Clavus? ſaid my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was ſtill litigating amongſt the learned:—That Egnatius, Sigonius, Boſſius, Ticinenſis, Bayfius, Budæus, Salmaſius, Lipſius, Lazius, Iſaac Cauſabon, and Joſeph Scaliger, all differed from each other,—and he from them: That ſome took it to be the button,—ſome the coat itſelf,—others only the colour of it:—That the great Bayfius, in his Wardrobe of the ancients, chap. 12.—honeſtly ſaid, he knew not what it was,—whether a tibula,—a ſtud,—a button,—a loop,—a buckle,—or claſps and keepers.—

—My father loſt the horſe, but not the ſaddle—They are hooks and eyes, ſaid my father—and

with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made.

CHAP. XX.

WE are now going to enter upon a new ſcene of events.—

—Leave we then the breeches in the taylor's hands, with my father ſtanding over him with his cane, reading him as he ſat at work a lecture upon the latus clavus, and pointing to the preciſe part of the waiſtband, where he was determined to have it ſewed on—

Leave we my mother—(trueſt of all the Pococurante's of her ſex!)—careleſs about it, as about every thing elſe in the world which concerned her;—that is,—indifferent whether it was done this way or that,—provided it was but done at all.—

Leave we Slop likewiſe to the full profits of all my diſhonours.

Leave we poor Le Fever to recover, and get home from Marſeilles as he can.——And laſt of all—becauſe the hardeſt of all,—

Let us leave, if poſſible, myſelf:—But 'tis impoſſible,—I muſt go along with you to the end of the work.

CHAP. XXI.

IF the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and a half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle Toby's kitchen garden, and which was the ſcene of ſo many of his delicious

licious hours,—the fault is not in me, but in his imagination;——for I am ſure I gave him ſo minute a deſcription, I was almoſt aſhamed of it.

When FATE was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great tranſactions of future times,—and recollected for what purpoſes this little plot, by a decree faſt bound down in iron, had been deſtined,—ſhe gave a nod to NATURE—'Twas enough—Nature threw half a ſpade full of the kindlieſt compoſt upon it, and juſt ſo much clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles and indentings,——and ſo little of it too, as not to cling to the ſpade, and render works of ſo much glory, naſty in foul weather.

My uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almoſt every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; ſo let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have ſet down before what town they pleaſed, my uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the ſimpleſt one in the world, was this; as ſoon as ever a town was inveſted (but ſooner when the deſign was known) to take the plan of it, (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a ſcale to the exact ſize of his bowling-green; upon the ſurface of which, by means of a large roll of packthread, and a number of ſmall piquets driven into the ground, at the ſeveral angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and ſlopes of the ditches,—the talus of the glacis, and the preciſe height of the ſeveral banquets, parapets, *&c.*—he ſet the corporal to work—and ſweetly went it on:——

The nature of the ſoil,—the nature of the work itſelf,—and above all, the good nature of my uncle Toby ſitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal upon paſt done deeds,—left LABOUR little elſe but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finiſhed in this manner, and put into a proper poſture of defence,——— it was inveſted,——and my uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel——I beg I may not be interrupted in my ſtory, by being told, that the firſt parallel ſhould be at leaſt three hundred toiſes diſtant from the main body of the place,—and that I have not left a ſingle inch for it;—for my uncle Toby took the liberty of incroaching upon his kitchen garden, for the ſake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green; and for that reaſon generally ran his firſt and ſecond parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his colliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be conſidered at large in the hiſtory of my uncle Toby's and the corporal's campaigns, of which, this I'm now writing is but a ſketch, and will be finiſhed, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no gueſſing)—The campaigns themſelves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in ſo flimſy a performance as this, to rhapſodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work—ſurely they had better be printed apart,—we'll conſider the affair—ſo take the following ſketch of them in the mean time.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN the town, with its works, was finiſhed, my uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel———not at random, or any how—but from the ſame points and diſtances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks, by the accounts my uncle Toby received from the daily papers,—they went on, during the whole ſiege, ſtep by ſtep with the allies.

When the duke of Marlborough made a lodgment,—my uncle Toby made a lodgment too—And when the face of a baſtion was battered down, or a defence ruined,—the corporal took his mattock and did as much,—and ſo on;——gaining ground, and making themſelves maſters of the works one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleaſure in the happy ſtate of others, there could not have been a greater ſight in the world, than on a poſt-morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the duke of Marlborough, in the main body of the place,—to have ſtood behind the horn-beam hedge, and obſerved the ſpirit with which my uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, ſallied forth;—the one with the Gazette in his hand,—the other with a ſpade on his ſhoulder to execute the contents.———What an honeſt triumph in my uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! What intenſe pleaſure ſwimming in his eye as he ſtood over the corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at

work, leſt, peradventure, he ſhould make the breach an inch too wide,—or leave it an inch too narrow.—But when the chamade was beat, and the corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts———Heaven! Earth! Sea! ———but what avail apoſtrophes?———with all your elements, wet or dry, you never compounded ſo intoxicating a draught?

In this tract of happineſs for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due weſt for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them ſo long in torture,—but ſtill 'twas the torture of the happy—In this tract, I ſay, did my uncle Toby and Trim move for many years, every year of which, and ſometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding ſome new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened freſh ſprings of delight in carrying them on.

The firſt year's campaign was carried on from beginning to end, in the plain and ſimple method I've related.

In the ſecond year, in which my uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expence of four handſome draw-bridges, two of which I have given an exact deſcription of, in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the ſame year he added a couple of gates with portculliſes:———Theſe laſt were converted afterwards into orgues, as the better thing; and during the winter of the ſame year, my uncle Toby, inſtead of a new ſuit of clothes, which he always had at Chriſtmas,

treated

treated himſelf with a handſome ſentry-box, to ſtand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an eſplanade for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

——The ſentry-box was in caſe of rain.

All theſe were painted white three times over the enſuing ſpring, which enabled my uncle Toby to take the field with great ſplendour.

My father would often ſay to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole univerſe had done ſuch a thing, except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the moſt refined ſatires upon the parade and prancing manner, in which Louis XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field——But 'tis not my brother Toby's nature, kind ſoul! my father would add, to inſult any one.

—But let us go on.

CHAP. XXIII.

I Muſt obſerve, that although in the firſt year's campaign, the word town is often mentioned,——yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the ſummer following the ſpring in which the bridges and ſentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my uncle Toby's campaigns,—— when upon his taking Amberg, Bonn, and Rhinberg, and Huy and Limbourg, one after another, a thought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of taking ſo many towns, without one TOWN

to

to ſhow for it,—was a very nonſenſical way of going to work, and ſo propoſed to my uncle Toby, that they ſhould have a little model of a town built for them,—to be run up together, of ſlit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon to ſerve for all.

My uncle Toby felt the good of the project inſtantly, and inſtantly agreed to it, but with the addition of two ſingular improvements, of which he was almoſt as proud, as if he had been the original inventor of the project himſelf.

The one was to have the town built exactly in the ſtile of thoſe, of which it was moſt likely to be the repreſentative:—with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houſes, facing the ſtreets, &c. &c. as thoſe in Ghent and Bruges, and the reſt of the towns in Brabant and Flanders.

The other was, not to have the houſes run up together, as the corporal propoſed, but to have every houſe independent, to hook on, or off, ſo as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleaſed. This was put directly into hand, and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my uncle Toby and the corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

——It anſwered prodigiouſly the next ſummer—the town was a perfect Proteus—It was Landen, and Trerebach, and Santvliet and Druſen, and Hagenau,——and then it was Oſtend and Menin, and Aeth and Dendermond.

———Surely never did any TOWN act ſo many parts, ſince Sodom and Gomorrah, as my uncle Toby's town did.

In

In the fourth year, my uncle Toby thinking a town looked fooliſhly without a church, added a very fine one with a ſteeple.——Trim was for having bells in it—My uncle Toby ſaid, the metal had better be caſt into cannon.

This led the way the next campaign for half a dozen braſs field-pieces,—to be planted three and three on each ſide of my uncle Toby's ſentry-box; and in a ſhort time, theſe led the way for a train of ſomewhat larger,—and ſo on——(as muſt always be the caſe in hobby-horſical affairs) from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at laſt to my father's jack-boots.

The next year, which was that in which Liſle was beſieged, and at the cloſe of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands,—my uncle Toby was ſadly put to it for proper ammunition;——I ſay proper ammunition—becauſe his great artillery would not bear powder;——and 'twas well for the Shandy family they would not.—For ſo full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the ſiege, of the inceſſant firings kept up by the beſiegers—and ſo heated was my uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly ſhot away all his eſtate.

Something, therefore, was wanting, as a ſuccedaneum, eſpecially in one or two of the more violent paroxyſms of the ſiege, to keep up ſomething like a continual firing in the imagination,——and this ſomething the corporal, whoſe principal ſtrength lay in invention, ſupplied by an entire new ſyſtem of battering of his own,—without which, this had been objected to by military criticks, to the end of the world, as one

of

of the great deſiderata of my uncle Toby's apparatus.

This will not be explained the worſe, for ſetting off, as I generally do, at a little diſtance from the ſubject.

CHAP. XXIV.

WITH two or three other trinkets, ſmall in themſelves, but of great regard, which poor Tom, the corporal's unfortunate brother, had ſent him over, with the account of his marriage with the Jew's widow——there was

A Montero-cap and two Turkiſh tobacco pipes.

The Montero-cap I ſhall deſcribe by and by. ——The Turkiſh tobacco pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up and ornamented, as uſual, with flexible tubes of Morocco leather and gold wire, and mounted at their ends, the one of them with ivory,—the other with black ebony, tipp'd with ſilver.

My father, who ſaw all things in lights different from the reſt of the world, would ſay to the corporal, that he ought to look upon theſe two preſents more as tokens of his brother's nicety, than his affection.——Tom did not care, Trim, he would ſay, to put on the cap, or to ſmoke in the tobacco pipe of a Jew.——God bleſs your honour, the corporal would ſay, (giving a ſtrong reaſon to the contrary)——how can that be?——

The Montero-cap was ſcarlet, of a ſuperfine Spaniſh cloth, dyed in grain, and mounted all round

round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, ſlightly embroidered,—and ſeemed to have been the property of a Portugueſe quarter-maſter, not of foot, but of horſe, as the word denotes.

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for its own ſake, as the ſake of the giver, ſo ſeldom or never put it on but upon GALA-days; and yet never was a Montero-cap put to ſo many uſes; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the corporal was ſure he was in the right,—it was either his oath,—his wager,—or his gift.

——'Twas his gift in the preſent caſe.

I'll be bound, ſaid the corporal, ſpeaking to himſelf, to give away my Montero-cap to the firſt beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his honour's ſatisfaction.

The completion was no further off, than the very next morning: which was that of the ſtorm of the counterſcarp betwixt the Lower Deule, to the right, and the gate of St. Andrew,——and on the left, between St. Magdalen's and the river.

As this was the moſt memorable attack in the whole war,—the moſt gallant and obſtinate on both ſides,—and, I muſt add, the moſt bloody too, for it coſt the Allies themſelves that morning above eleven hundred men,—my uncle Toby prepared himſelf for it with a more than ordinary ſolemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my uncle Toby went to bed, he ordered his Ramillie wig, which had lain inſide out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which ſtood by his bed-ſide, to be taken out and laid upon the

lid

lid of it, ready for the morning;—and the very firſt thing he did in his ſhirt, when he had ſtepped out of bed, my uncle Toby, after he had turned the rough ſide outwards,—put it on:—This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waiſtband, he forthwith buckled on his ſword-belt, and had got his ſword half way in,——when he conſidered he ſhould want ſhaving, and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his ſword on,—ſo took it off:—In aſſaying to put on his regimental coat and waiſtcoat, my uncle Toby found the ſame objection in his wig,—ſo that went off too:—So that, what with one thing, and what with another, as always falls out when a man is in the moſt haſte,—'twas ten o'clock, which was half an hour later than his uſual time, before my uncle Toby ſallied out.

CHAP. XXV.

MY uncle Toby had ſcarce turned the corner of his yew hedge, which ſeparated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the corporal had begun the attack without him.—

Let me ſtop and give you a picture of the corporal's apparatus; and of the corporal himſelf in the height of this attack, juſt as it ſtruck my uncle Toby, as he turned towards the ſentry-box, where the corporal was at work,—for in nature there is not ſuch another,—nor can any combination of all that is groteſque and whimſical in her works produce its equal.

The

The corporal——

——Tread lightly on his aſhes, ye men of genius,—for he was your kinſman:

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodneſs,—for he was your brother.——Oh corporal! had I thee, but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cheriſh thee! thou ſhould'ſt wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchaſe thee a couple like it:—But, alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this, in ſpite of their reverences——the occaſion is loſt——for thou art gone;——thy genius fled up to the ſtars, from whence it came;—and that warm heat of thine, with all its generous and open veſſels, compreſſed into a clod of the valley!

——But what——what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military enſigns of thy maſter——the firſt——the foremoſt of created beings, where, I ſhall ſee thee, faithful ſervant! laying his ſword and ſcabbard, with a trembling hand, acroſs his coffin, and then returning pale as aſhes to the door, to take his mourning horſe by the bridle, to follow his hearſe, as he directed thee;——where——all my father's ſyſtems ſhall be baffled by his ſorrows; and, in ſpite of his philoſophy, I ſhall behold him, as he inſpects the lackered plate, twice taking his ſpectacles from off his noſe, to wipe away the dew which nature has ſhed upon them. ——When I ſee him caſt in the roſemary with an air of diſconſolation, which cries thro' my ears,—O Toby! in what corner of the world ſhall I ſeek thy fellow?

—Gracious powers! which erſt have opened the lips of the dumb in his diſtreſs, and made the tongue of the ſtammerer ſpeak plain——when I ſhall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a ſtinted hand.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE corporal, who the night before had reſolved in his mind, to ſupply the grand deſideratum, of keeping up ſomething like an inceſſant firing upon the enemy, during the heat of the attack,—had no further idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of ſmoking tobacco againſt the town, out of one of my uncle Toby's ſix field-pieces, which were planted on each ſide of his ſentry-box; the means of effecting which occurring to his fancy at the ſame time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miſcarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, and that, a little in his mind, he ſoon began to find out, that, by means of his two Turkiſh tobacco-pipes, with the ſupplement of three ſmaller tubes of waſh-leather at each of their lower ends, to be tagg'd by the ſame number of tin-pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and ſealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed ſilk at their ſeveral inſertions into the Morocco tube,—he ſhould be able to fire the ſix field-pieces all together, and with the ſame eaſe as to fire one.

Let

Let no man ſay from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out, for the advancement of human knowledge. Let no man, who has read my father's firſt and ſecond beds of juſtice, ever riſe up and ſay again, from colliſion of what kinds of bodies, light may, or may not be ſtruck out, to carry the arts and ſciences up to perfection.——Heaven! thou knoweſt how I love them; thou knoweſt the ſecrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my ſhirt—Thou art a fool, Shandy, ſays Eugenius,——for thou haſt but a dozen in the world,——and 'twill break thy ſet.—

No matter for that, Eugenius; I would give the ſhirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it only to ſatisfy one feveriſh inquirer, how many ſparks, at one good ſtroke, a good flint and ſteel could ſtrike into the tail of it.——Think ye not, that, in ſtriking theſe in,—he might, peradventure, ſtrike ſomething out?——as ſure as a gun.—

—But this project by the by.

The corporal ſat up the beſt part of the night, in bringing his to perfection; and having made a ſufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco,—he went with contentment to bed.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE corporal had ſlipped out about ten minutes before my uncle Toby, in order to fix his apparatus, and juſt give the enemy a ſhot or two before my uncle Toby came.

He had drawn the ſix field-pieces for this end, all cloſe up together in front of my uncle Toby's ſentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c. ——and the ſake, poſſibly, of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the ſentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wiſely taken his poſt:—He held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand,—and the ebony pipe tipp'd with ſilver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other,—and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his Montero-cap upon his head, furiouſly playing off his two croſs batteries at the ſame time againſt the counter-guard, which faced the counterſcarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His firſt intention, as I ſaid, was no more than giving the enemy a ſingle puff or two;—but the pleaſure of the puffs, as well as the puffing, had inſenſibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my uncle Toby joined him.

'Twas well for my father, that my uncle Toby had not his will to make that day.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

MY uncle Toby took the ivory pipe out of the corporal's hand,—looked at it for half a minute and returned it.

In leſs than two minutes my uncle Toby took the pipe from the corporal again, and raiſed it half way to his mouth—then haſtily gave it back a ſecond time.

The corporal redoubled the attack,—my uncle Toby ſmiled,—then looked grave,—then ſmiled for a moment,—then looked ſerious for a long time;—Give me hold of the ivory pipe, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby—my uncle Toby put it to his lips, —drew it back directly,—gave a peep over the horn-beam hedge;——never did my uncle Toby's mouth water ſo much for a pipe in his life.—My uncle Toby retired into the ſentry-box with the pipe in his hand.

—Dear uncle Toby! don't go into the ſentry-box with the pipe,—there's no truſting a man's ſelf with ſuch a thing in ſuch a corner.

CHAP. XXIX.

I beg the reader will aſſiſt me here, to wheel off my uncle Toby's ordnance behind the ſcenes, ———to remove his ſentry-box, and clear the theatre, if poſſible, of horn-works and half-moons, and get the reſt of his military apparatus out of the way;—that done, my dear friend

Garrick, we'll ſnuff the candles bright—ſweep the ſtage with a new broom,——draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle Toby dreſſed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act: and yet, if pity be akin to love,—and bravery no alien to it, you have ſeen enough of my uncle Toby in theſe, to trace theſe family likeneſſes, betwixt the two paſſions (in caſe there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain ſcience! thou aſſiſteſt us in no caſe of this kind—and thou puzzleſt us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my uncle Toby, a ſingleneſs of heart, which miſled him ſo far out of the little ſerpentine tracks in which things of this nature uſually go on, you can——you can have no conception of it: with this, there was a plainneſs and ſimplicity of thinking, with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of woman;——and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſtand before you, (when a ſiege was out of his head) that you might have ſtood behind any one of your ſerpentine walks, and ſhot my uncle Toby ten times in a day, through his liver, if nine times in a day, Madam, had not ſerved your purpoſe.

With all this, Madam,—and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my uncle Toby had that unparalleled modeſty of nature I once told you of, and which, by the by, ſtood eternal ſentry upon his feelings, that you might as ſoon—But where am I going? theſe reflections crowd in upon me ten pages at leaſt too ſoon, and take up that time, which I ought to beſtow upon facts.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

OF the few legitimate ſons of Adam, whoſe breaſts never felt what the ſting of love was,—(maintaining firſt, all myſogyniſts to be baſtards)—the greateſt heroes of ancient and modern ſtory have carried off amongſt them, nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wiſh for their ſakes I had the key of my ſtudy out of my draw-well only for five minutes, to tell you their names——recollect them I cannot—ſo be content to accept of theſe, for the preſent, in their ſtead.—

There was the great king Aldrovandus, and Boſphorus, and Cappadocius, and Dardanus, and Pontus, and Aſius,—to ſay nothing of the iron-hearted Charles the XIIth whom the Counteſs of K***** herſelf could make nothing of.—— There was Babylonicus, and Mediterraneus, and Polixenes, and Perſicus, and Pruſicus, not one of whom (except Cappadocius and Pontus, who were both a little ſuſpected,) ever once bowed down his breaſt to the Goddeſs—The truth is, they had all of them ſomething elſe to do—and ſo had my uncle Toby,—till Fate—till Fate I ſay, envying his name the glory of being handed down to poſterity with Aldrovandus's and the reſt,—ſhe baſely patched up the peace of Utrecht.

—Believe me, Sirs, 'twas the worſt deed ſhe did that year.

CHAP. XXXI.

AMONGST the many ill conſequences of the treaty of Utrecht, it was within a point of giving my uncle Toby a ſurfeit of ſieges, and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet Calais itſelf left not a deeper ſcar in Mary's heart, than Utrecht upon my uncle Toby's. To the end of his life he never could hear Utrecht mentioned upon any account whatever,—or ſo much as read an article of news extracted out of the Utrecht Gazette, without fetching a ſigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MOTIVE-MONGER, and conſequently a very dangerous perſon for a man to ſit by, either laughing or crying, ——for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourſelf—would always conſole my uncle Toby upon theſe occaſions, in a way, which ſhewed plainly, he imagined my uncle Toby grieved for nothing in the whole affair, ſo much as the loſs of his hobby-horſe—Never mind, brother Toby, he would ſay,—by God's bleſſing we ſhall have another war break out again ſome of theſe days; and when it does,—the belligerent powers, if they would hang themſelves, cannot keep us out of play.—I defy 'em, my dear Toby, he would add, to take countries without taking towns,—or towns without ſieges.

My uncle Toby never took this back-ſtroke of my father's at his hobby-horſe kindly.——— He thought the ſtroke ungenerous; and the more ſo, becauſe in ſtriking the horſe, he hit the rider too,

too, and in the moſt diſhonourable part a blow could fall; ſo that upon theſe occaſions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himſelf than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my uncle Toby was not eloquent; and in the very ſame page gave an inſtance to the contrary:—I repeat the obſervation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent,—it was not eaſy to my uncle Toby to make long harangues,—and he hated florid ones; but there were occaſions where the ſtream overflowed the man, and ran ſo counter to its uſual courſe, that in ſome parts my uncle Toby, for a time, was at leaſt equal to Tertullus—but in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was ſo highly pleaſed with one of theſe apologetical orations of my uncle Toby's, which he had delivered one evening before him and Yorick, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongſt my father's papers, with here and there an inſertion of his own, betwixt too crooks, thus [ ], and is indorſed

My brother Toby's juſtification of his own principles and conduct in wiſhing to continue the war.

I may ſafely ſay, I have read over this apologetical oration of my uncle Toby's a hundred times, and think it ſo fine a model of defence, and ſhews ſo ſweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word, (interlineations and all) as I find it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

My uncle TOBY's apologetical oration.

I Am not inſenſible, brother Shandy, that when a man, whoſe profeſſion is arms, wiſhes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aſpect to the world;—and that, how juſt and right ſoever his motives and intentions may be,—he ſtands in an uneaſy poſture in vindicating himſelf from private views in doing it.

For this cauſe, if a ſoldier is a prudent man, which he may be, without being a jot the leſs brave, he will be ſure not to utter his wiſh in the hearing of an enemy; for ſay what he will, an enemy will not believe him.—He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,——leſt he may ſuffer in his eſteem:——But if his heart is overcharged, and a ſecret ſigh for arms muſt have its vent, he will reſerve it for the ear of a brother who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, diſpoſitions, and principles of honour are: What, I hope, I have been in all theſe, brother Shandy, would be unbecoming in me to ſay:—much worſe, I know, have I been than I ought,—and ſomething worſe, perhaps, than I think: But ſuch as I am, you, my dear brother Shandy, who have ſucked the ſame breaſts with me,—and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle,——and from whoſe knowledge, from the firſt hours of our boyiſh paſtimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and ſcarce a thought in it—Such as I am, brother, you muſt

by

by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weakneſſes too, whether of my age, my temper, my paſſions, or my underſtanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother Shandy, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you ſhould think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that in wiſhing for war, he ſhould be bad enough to wiſh more of his fellow creatures ſlain, ——more ſlaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleaſure:——Tell me, brother Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it? [The devil a deed do I know of, dear Toby, but one for a hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on theſe curſed ſieges.]

If, when I was a ſchool-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault?—Did I plant the propenſity there?—Did I found the alarm within, or Nature?

When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Pariſmus and Pariſmenus, and Valentine and Orſon, and the Seven champions of England were handed around the ſchool,—were they not all purchaſed with my own pocket money? Was that ſelfiſh, brother Shandy? When we read over the ſiege of Troy, which laſted ten years and eight months,—though with ſuch a train of artillery as we had at Namur, the town might have been carried in a week—was I not as much concerned for the deſtruction of the Greeks and Trojans as any boy of the whole ſchool? Had I not three ſtrokes of a ferula given me, two on my right hand and one on my left, for calling Helena a bitch for it? Did any one of you ſhed more tears for Hector?

And

And when king Priam came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to Troy without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.—

—Did that beſpeak me cruel? or becauſe, brother Shandy, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the diſtreſſes of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a ſoldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to ſcatter cypreſs ——[Who told thee, my dear Toby, that cypreſs was uſed by the ancients on mournful occaſions?]

—'Tis one thing, brother Shandy, for a ſoldier to hazard his own life——to leap firſt down into the trench, where he is ſure to be cut in pieces: ——'Tis one thing, from public ſpirit and a thirſt of glory, to enter the breach the firſt man, —to ſtand in the foremoſt rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:——'Tis one thing, I ſay, brother Shandy, to do this—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miſeries of war; ——to view the deſolations of whole countries, and conſider the intolerable fatigues and hardſhips which the ſoldier himſelf, the inſtrument who works them, is forced (for ſix-pence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I was by you, in Le Fever's funeral ſermon, That ſo ſoft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindneſs, as man is, was not ſhaped for this?—But why did you not add, Yorick,—if not by NATURE—that he is ſo by NECESSITY?—For what is war? what is it, Yorick, when fought, as ours has been, upon principles of liberty, and upon

principles of honour—what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmleſs people, with their ſwords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds? And heaven is my witneſs, brother Shandy, that the pleaſure I have taken in theſe things—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my ſieges in my bowling-green, has ariſen within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the conſciouſneſs we both had, that in carrying them on, we were anſwering the great ends of our creation.

CHAP. XXXIII.

I Told the Chriſtian reader——I ſay Chriſtian —hoping he is one—and if he is not, I am ſorry for it,—and only beg he will conſider the matter with himſelf, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book.—

I told him, Sir——for in good truth, when a man is telling a ſtory in the ſtrange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy—which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at firſt, there is ſo much unfixed and equivocal matter ſtarting up, with ſo many breaks and gaps in it, —and ſo little ſervice do the ſtars afford, which, nevertheleſs, I hang up in ſome of the darkeſt paſſages, knowing that the world is apt to loſe its way, with all the lights the ſun itſelf at noon day can give it—and now you ſee I am loſt myſelf!—

—But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be diſſected you will perceive without ſpectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you ſometimes ſee in an unſaleable piece of cambrick, running along the whole length of the web, and ſo untowardly, you cannot ſo much as to cut out a * *, (here I hang up a couple of lights again)—or a fillet, or a thumb-ſtall, but it is ſeen or felt.—

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, ſayeth Carden. All which being conſidered, and that you ſee 'tis morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I ſet out—

I begin the chapter over again.

CHAP. XXXIV.

I Told the Chriſtian reader in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my uncle Toby's apologetical oration,—though in a different trope from what I ſhall make uſe of now, That the peace of Utrecht was within an ace of creating the ſame ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle Toby and his hobby-horſe, as it did betwixt the queen and the reſt of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way, in which a man ſometimes diſmounts his horſe, which as good as ſays to him, "I'll go afoot, Sir, all the days "of my life, before I would ride a ſingle mile "upon your back again." Now my uncle Toby could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe in this manner; for in ſtrictneſs of language, he could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe at all,—his horſe rather

ther flung him—and ſomewhat viciouſly, which made my uncle Toby take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be ſettled by ſtate jockies as they like——it created, I ſay, a ſort of ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle Toby and his hobby-horſe.——He had no occaſion for him from the month of March to November, which was the ſummer after the articles were ſigned, except it was now and then to take a ſhort ride out, juſt to ſee that the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk were demoliſhed, according to ſtipulation.

The French were ſo backward all that ſummer in ſetting about that affair, and Monſieur Tugghe, the deputy from the magiſtrates of Dunkirk, preſented ſo many affecting petitions to the queen,——beſeeching her majeſty to cauſe only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works, which might have incurred her diſpleaſure,——but to ſpare—to ſpare the mole, for the mole's ſake; which, in its naked ſituation, could be no more than an object of pity——and the queen (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful diſpoſition,——and her miniſters alſo, they not wiſhing in their hearts to have the town diſmantled, for theſe private reaſons,* * *

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* *; ſo that the whole went heavily on with my uncle Toby; inſomuch, that it was not within three full months, after he and the corporal had conſtructed the town, and put it in a

condition to be deſtroyed, that the ſeveral commandants, commiſſaries, deputies, negotiators, and intendants, would permit him to ſet about it.—Fatal interval of inactivity!

The corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts, or main fortifications of the town——No,——that will never do, corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby, for in going that way to work with the town, the Engliſh garriſon will not be ſafe in it an hour; becauſe if the French are treacherous—They are treacherous as devils, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal—It gives me concern always when I hear it, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,——for they don't want perſonal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themſelves maſters of the place when they pleaſe.——Let them enter it, ſaid the corporal, lifting up his pioneer's ſpade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it,—let them enter, an' pleaſe your honour, if they dare.———In caſes like this, corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſlipping his right hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wiſe, with his fore finger extended, ———'tis no part of the conſideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare,———or what they dare not do; he muſt act with prudence. We will begin with the outworks both towards the ſea and the land, and particularly with fort Louis, the moſt diſtant of them all, and demoliſh it firſt,———and the reſt, one by one, both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town;———then we'll demoliſh the mole,——next fill up the harbour,——then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the air;

air; and having done that, corporal, we'll embark for England.——We are there, quoth the corporal, recollecting himſelf——Very true, ſaid my uncle Toby——looking at the church.

CHAP. XXXV.

A Deluſive, delicious conſultation or two of this kind, betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim, upon the demolition of Dunkirk,—for a moment rallied back the ideas of thoſe pleaſures, which were ſlipping from under him:—ſtill—ſtill all went on heavily—the magic left the mind the weaker—STILLNESS, with SILENCE at her back, entered the ſolitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my uncle Toby's head;—and LISTLESSNESS, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, ſat quietly down beſide him in his arm chair.——No longer Amberg, and Rhinberg, and Limbourg, and Huy, and Bonn, in one year,——and the proſpect of Landen, and Trerebach, and Druſen, and Dendermond, the next—hurried on the blood:—No longer did ſaps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and paliſadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repoſe:—No more could my uncle Toby, after paſſing the French lines, as he eat his egg at ſupper, from thence break into the heart of France,—croſs over the Oyes, and with all Picardie open behind him, march up to the gates of Paris, and fall aſleep with nothing but ideas of glory:—No more was he to dream, he had fixed the royal ſtandard upon the tower of

the Baſtile, and awake with it ſtreaming in his head.

—Softer viſions,—gentler vibrations, ſtole ſweetly in upon his ſlumbers;—the trumpet of war fell out of his hands,—he took up the lute, ſweet inſtrument! of all others the moſt delicate! the moſt difficult!—how wilt thou touch it, my dear uncle Toby?

CHAP. XXXVI.

NOW, becauſe I have once or twice ſaid, in my inconſiderate way of talking, That I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle Toby's courtſhip of widow Wadman, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the moſt complete ſyſtems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addreſſed to the world—are you to imagine from thence, that I ſhall ſet out with a deſcription of what love is? whether part God and part Devil, as Plotinus will have it.—

—Or by a more critical equation, and ſuppoſing the whole of love to be as ten—to determine, with Ficinus, "How many parts of it—the one, and how many the other;"—or whether it is all of it one great devil, from head to tail, as Plato has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I ſhall not offer my opinion:—but my opinion of Plato is this, That he appears, from this inſtance, to have been a man of much the ſame temper and way of reaſoning with doctor Baynard, who being a great

great enemy to bliſters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em on at once, would draw a man as ſurely to his grave, as a hearſe and ſix——raſhly concluded, that the devil himſelf was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing cantharidis.—

I have nothing to ſay to people who allow themſelves this monſtrous liberty in arguing, but what Nazianzen cried out (that is, polemically) to Philagrius—

"Ευγε!" O rare! 'tis fine reaſoning, Sir, in-
" deed!——ὅτι φιλοσοφεις ἐν Παθεσι——and moſt no-
" bly do you aim at truth, when you philoſophize
" about it in your moods and paſſions."

Nor is it to be imagined, for the ſame reaſon, I ſhould ſtop to inquire, whether love is a diſeaſe——or embroil myſelf with Rhaſis and Dioſcorides, whether the ſeat of it is in the brain or liver;——becauſe this would lead me on, to an examination of the two very oppoſite manners in which patients have been treated—the one, of Aætius, who always began with a cooling glyſter of hempſeed and bruiſed cucumbers:——and followed on with thin potations of water lilies and purſlane——to which he added a pinch of ſnuff, of the herb hanea;——and where Aætius durſt venture it,—his topaz ring.

——The other, that of Gordonius, who (in his cap. 15. de Amore) directs they ſhould be thraſhed, " ad putorem uſque,"—till they ſtink again.

Theſe are diſquiſitions, which my father, who had laid in a great ſtock of knowledge of this kind, will be very buſy with, in the progreſs of my uncle Toby's affairs: I muſt anticipate thus much,

much, That from his theories of love, (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my uncle Toby's mind, almoſt as much as his amours themſelves)—he took a ſingle ſtep into practice;——and by means of a camphorated cerecloth, which he found means to impoſe upon the taylor for buckram, whilſt he was making my uncle Toby a new pair of breeches, he produced Gordonius's effect upon my uncle Toby without the diſgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in its proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this,—That whatever effect it had upon my uncle Toby,—it had a vile effect upon the houſe;—and if my uncle Toby had not ſmoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAP. XXXVII.

——'TWILL come out of itſelf by and by.—All I contend for is, that I am not obliged to ſet out with a definition of what love is; and ſo long as I can go on with my ſtory intelligibly, with the help of the word itſelf, without any other idea to it, than what I have in common with the reſt of the world, why ſhould I differ from it a moment before the time?—When I can get on no further,—and find myſelf entangled on all ſides of this myſtick labyrinth,—my Opinion will then come in, in courſe,—and lead me out.

At preſent, I hope I ſhall be ſufficiently underſtood, in telling the reader, my uncle Toby fell in love:

—Not

—Not that the phraſe is at all to my liking: for to ſay man is fallen in love,—or that he is deeply in love,—or up to the ears in love,—and ſometimes even over head and ears in it,—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing below a man:———this is recurring again to Plato's opinion, which, with all his divinityſhip —I hold to be damnable and heretical;———and ſo much for that.

Let love, therefore, be what it will,—my uncle Toby fell into it.

———And poſſibly, gentle reader, with ſuch a temptation—ſo wouldſt thou: For never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiſcence covet any thing in this world more concupiſcible than widow Wadman.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

TO conceive this right—call for pen and ink —here's paper ready to your hand.—Sit down, Sir, paint her to your own mind—as like your miſtreſs as you can—as unlike your wife as your conſcience will let you———'tis all one to me —pleaſe but your own fancy in it.

—Was ever any thing in Nature ſo ſweet!—ſo exquiſite!

—Then, dear Sir, how could my uncle Toby reſiſt it?

Thrice happy book! thou wilt have one page, at leaſt, within thy covers which MALICE will not blacken, and which IGNORANCE cannot miſrepreſent.

CHAP. XXXIX.

AS Suſannah was informed by an expreſs from Mrs. Bridget, of my uncle Toby's falling in love with her miſtreſs, fifteen days before it happened,—the contents of which expreſs, Suſannah communicated to my mother the next day,—it has juſt given me an opportunity of entering upon my uncle Toby's amours a fortnight before their exiſtence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr. Shandy, quoth my mother, which will ſurprize you greatly.

Now my father was then holding one of his ſecond beds of juſtice, and was muſing within himſelf about the hardſhips of matrimony, as my mother broke ſilence.—

"—My brother Toby, quoth ſhe, is going to "be married to Mrs. Wadman."

—Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to ly diagonally in his bed again as long as he lives.

It was a conſuming vexation to my father, that my mother never aſked the meaning of a thing ſhe did not underſtand.

—That

—That ſhe is not a woman of ſcience, my father would ſay—is her misfortune—but ſhe might aſk a queſtion.—

My mother never did.—In ſhort, ſhe went out of the world at laſt, without knowing whether it turned round or ſtood ſtill.—My father had officiouſly told her above a thouſand times which way it was,—but ſhe always forgot.

For theſe reaſons, a diſcourſe ſeldom went on much further betwixt them, than a propoſition, —a reply, and a rejoinder; at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes, (as in the affair of the breeches) and then went on again.

If he marries, 'twill be the worſe for us,— quoth my mother.

Not a cherry-ſtone, ſaid my father,—he may as well batter away his means upon that, as any thing elſe.

—To be ſure, ſaid my mother: ſo here ended the propoſition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder, —I told you of.

It will be ſome amuſement to him, too—ſaid my father.

A very great one, anſwered my mother, if he ſhould have children.—

—Lord have mercy upon me,—ſaid my father to himſelf—* * * * * * *

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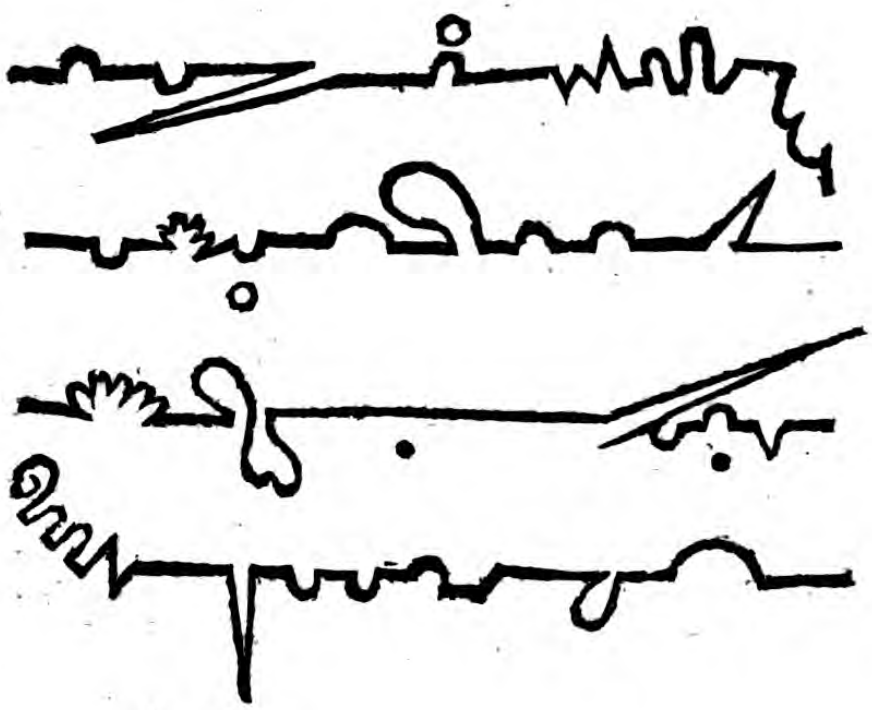
CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

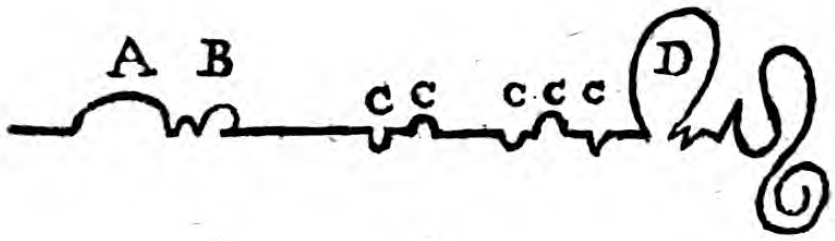
I AM now beginning to get fairly into my work; and, by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold ſeeds, I make no doubt but I ſhall be able to go on with my uncle Toby's ſtory, and my own, in a tolerable ſtraight line. Now,



Inv. T. S. *Scul. T. S.*

Theſe were the four lines I moved in through my firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth volumes——

In the fifth volume I have been very good,—the preciſe line I have deſcribed in it being this :



By which it appears, that, except at the curve, marked A, where I took a trip to Navarre,—— and the indented curve B, which is the ſhort airing when I was there with the lady Bauſſiere and her page,—I have not taken the leaſt friſk of a digreſſion, till John de la Caſſe's devils led me the round you ſee marked D——for as for c c c c c they are nothing but parentheſes, and the common ins and outs incident to the lives of the greateſt miniſters of ſtate; and when compared with what men have done,——or with my own tranſgreſſions at the letters A B D—they vaniſh into nothing.

In this laſt volume, I have done better ſtill—— for, from the end of Le Fevre's epiſode, to the beginning of my uncle Toby's campaigns,——I have ſcarce ſtepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impoſſible—— by the good leave of his grace of Benevento's devils——

vils—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus:

---

which line drawn as ſtraight as I could draw it, by a writing-maſter's ruler, (borrowed for that purpoſe) turning neither to the right hand or to the left.

This right line,——the path-way for Chriſtians to walk in! ſay divines———

———The emblem of moral rectitude! ſays Cicero———

———The beſt line! ſay cabbage-planters—is the ſhorteſt line, ſays Archimedes, which can be drawn from one given point to another.——

O! I wiſh your ladyſhips would lay this matter to heart in your next birth-day ſuits!

——What a journey!

Pray, can you tell me,——that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon ſtraight lines—by what miſtake,—who told them ſo—or how it has come to paſs, that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line, with the line of gravitation?

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.


BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA