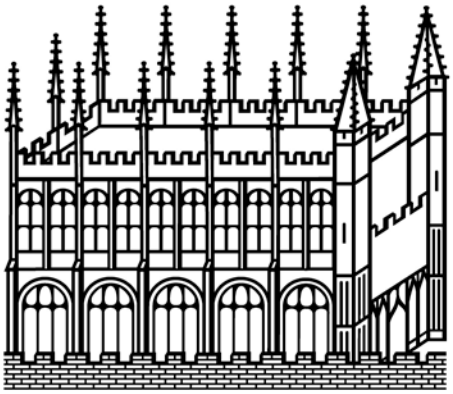

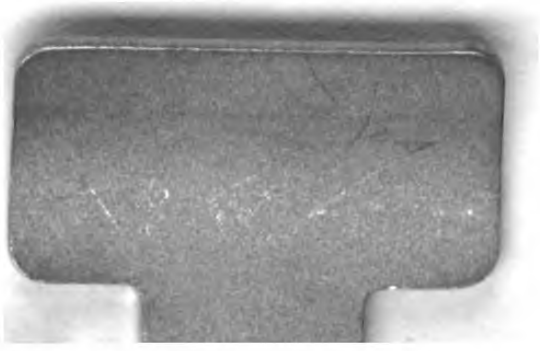

Frontispiece, Vol. III.

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.

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

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE

AND

WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

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THE

LIFE

AND

OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Non enim excurſus hic ejus, ſed opus ipſum eſt.

PLIN. Lib. v. Epiſt. 6.

VOL. VII.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gt.

CHAP. I.

NO—I think I ſaid, I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which, to this hour, I dread worſe than the devil, would but give me leave—and in another place—(but where, I can't recollect now) ſpeaking of my book as a machine, and laying my pen and ruler down croſswiſe upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it—I ſwore it ſhould be kept a-going at that rate theſe forty years, if it pleaſed but the Fountain of Life to bleſs me ſo long with health and good ſpirits.

Now, as for my ſpirits, little have I to lay to their charge——nay, ſo very little, (unleſs the mounting me upon a long ſtick, and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accuſations) that, on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for: cheerily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (except its cares) upon my back; in no one moment of my exiſtence, that I remember, have ye once deſerted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with ſable, or with a ſickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when DEATH himſelf knocked at my door—ye bade him come again; and in ſo gay a tone of careleſs indifference, did ye do it, that he doubted of his commiſſion.—

—" There muſt certainly be ſome miſtake in " this matter," quoth he.

Now, there is nothing in this world I abominate worſe, than to be interrupted in a ſtory——and I was that moment telling Eugenius a moſt tawdry one in my way, of a nun, who fancied herſelf a ſhell-fiſh, and of a monk damn'd for eating a muſcle, and was ſhewing him the grounds and juſtice of the procedure.—

—" Did ever ſo grave a perſonage get into ſo " vile a ſcrape?" quoth Death. Thou haſt had a narrow eſcape, Triſtram, ſaid Eugenius, taking hold of my hand as I finiſh'd my ſtory.

But there is no living, Eugenius, replied I, at this rate; for, as this ſon of a whore has found out my lodgings—

—You call him rightly, ſaid Eugenius,—for by ſin, we are told, he enter'd the world——I care not which way he enter'd, quoth I, provided he

he be not in ſuch a hurry to take me out with him—for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thouſand things to ſay and do, which no body in the world will ſay and do for me, except thyſelf; and as thou ſeeſt he has got me by the throat (for Eugenius could ſcare hear me ſpeak acroſs the table) and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilſt theſe few ſcatter'd ſpirits remain, and theſe two ſpider-legs of mine (holding one of them up to him) are able to ſupport me—had I not better, Eugenius, fly for my life? 'tis my advice, my dear Triſtram, ſaid Eugenius——then, by heaven! I will lead him a dance he little thinks of—for I will gallop, quoth I, without looking once behind me, to the banks of the Garonne; and if I hear him clattering at my heels—I'll ſcamper away to Mount Veſuvius——from thence to Joppa, and from Joppa to the world's end, where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck.—

—He runs more riſk there, ſaid Eugenius, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek, from whence it had been ſome months baniſh'd—'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me to my chaiſe—Allons! ſaid I; the poſt-boy gave a crack with his whip——off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into Dover.

CHAP. II.

NOW hang it! quoth I, as I look'd towards the French coaſt—a man ſhould know ſomething

ſomething of his own country too, before he goes abroad—and I never gave a peep into Rocheſter church, or took notice of the dock of Chatham, or viſited St. Thomas at Canterbury, tho' they all three lay in my way.—

—But mine, indeed, is a particular caſe.—

So, without arguing the matter further, with Thomas O'Becket, or any one elſe—I ſkipp'd into the boat, and in five minutes we got under ſail, and ſcudded away like the wind.

Pray, Captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, is a man never overtaken by Death on this paſſage?

Why, there is not time for a man to be ſick in it, replied he—What a curſed liar! for I am ſick as a horſe, quoth I, already—what a brain! —upſide down!—hey day! the cells are broke looſe one into another, and the blood, and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fix'd and volatile ſalts, are all jumbled into one maſs —good G——! every thing turns round in it like a thouſand whirlpools—I'd give a ſhilling to know if I ſhan't write the clearer for it.—

Sick! ſick! ſick! ſick!—

—When ſhall we get to land, captain?—— they have hearts like ſtones—O I am deadly ſick!—reach me that thing, boy—'tis the moſt diſcomfiting ſickneſs—I wiſh I was at the bottom—Madam! how is it with you? Undone! undone! un——O! undone! Sir——What, the firſt time?—No, 'tis the ſecond, third, ſixth, tenth time, Sir—Hey day!—what a trampling over head!—hollo! cabin-boy! what's the matter?—

The wind chopp'd about! s'Death!—then I ſhall meet him full in the face.

What

What luck!—'tis chopp'd about again, maſter —O the devil chop it—

Captain, quoth ſhe, for heaven's ſake, let us get aſhore.

CHAP. III.

IT is a great inconvenience to a man in a haſte, that there are three diſtinct roads between Calais and Paris, in behalf of which there is ſo much to be ſaid by the ſeveral deputies from the towns which ly along them, that half a day is eaſily loſt in ſettling which you'll take.

Firſt, the road by Liſle and Arras, which is the moſt about—but moſt intereſting and inſtructing.

The ſecond, that by Amiens, which you may go, if you would ſee Chantilly.—

And that by Beauvais, which you may go, if you will.

For this reaſon, a great many chuſe to go by Beauvais.

CHAP. IV.

"NOW before I quit Calais," a travel-writer would ſay, "it would not be amiſs to "give ſome account of it."

Now I think it very much amiſs—that a man cannot go quietly through a town, and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that he muſt be turning about, and drawing his pen at every kennel he croſſes over, merely, o' my conſcience, for the ſake of drawing it; becauſe, if we may judge from what has been wrote of theſe things,

things, by all who have wrote and gallop'd—or who have gallop'd and wrote, which is a different way ſtill; or who, for more expedition than the reſt, have wrote galloping, which is the way I do at preſent—from the great Addiſon, who did it with his ſatchel of ſchool-books hanging at his a——, and galling his beaſt's crupper at every ſtroke—there's not a galloper of us all who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground (in caſe he had any) and have wrote all he had to write, dry ſhod, as well as not.

For my own part, as heaven is my judge, and to which I ſhall ever make my laſt appeal—I know no more of Calais, (except the little my barber told me of it, as he was whetting his razor) than I do this moment of Grand Cairo; for it was duſky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I ſet out; and yet by merely knowing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by ſpelling and putting this and that together in another—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon Calais as long as my arm; and with ſo diſtinct and ſatisfactory a detail of every item, which is worth a ſtranger's curioſity in the town—that you would take me for the town-clerk of Calais itſelf——and where, Sir, would be the wonder? was not Democritus, who laughed ten times more than I—town-clerk of Abdera? and was not (I forget his name) who had more diſcretion than us both, town-clerk of Epheſus?—it ſhould be penn'd moreover, Sir, with ſo much knowledge, and good ſenſe, and truth, and preciſion—

—Nay—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

CALAIS, Calatium, Caluſium, Caleſium. This town, if we may truſt its archives, the authority of which I ſee no reaſon to call in queſtion in this place—was once no more than a ſmall village belonging to one of the firſt Counts de Guines; and as it boaſts at preſent of no leſs than fourteen thouſand inhabitants, excluſive of four hundred and twenty diſtinct families in the baſſe ville, or ſuburbs—it muſt have grown up by little and little, I ſuppoſe, to its preſent ſize.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town; I had not an opportunity of taking its exact dimenſions, but it is pretty eaſy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em——for as there are fourteen thouſand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it muſt be conſiderably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another—It is built in form of a croſs, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the ſteeple, which has a ſpire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and ſtands upon four pillars elegant and light enough, but ſufficiently ſtrong at the ſame time——it is decorated with eleven altars, moſt of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a maſterpiece in its kind; 'tis of white marble, and, as I was told, near ſixty feet high——had it been much higher, it had been as high as mount Calvary itſelf——therefore, I ſuppoſe it muſt be high enough in all conſcience.

There was nothing ſtruck me more than the great ſquare; though I cannot ſay 'tis either well paved

paved or well built; but 'tis in the heart of the town, and moſt of the ſtreets, eſpecially thoſe in that quarter, all terminate in it; could there have been a fountain in all Calais, which it ſeems there cannot, as ſuch an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this ſquare,——not that it is properly a ſquare,—becauſe 'tis forty feet longer from eaſt to weſt, than from north to ſouth; ſo that the French in general have more reaſon on their ſide in calling them Places than Squares, which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, to be ſure they are not.

The town-houſe ſeems to be but a ſorry building, and not to be kept in the beſt repair; otherwiſe it had been a ſecond great ornament to this place; it anſwers, however, its deſtination, and ſerves very well for the reception of the magiſtrates, who aſſemble in it from time to time; ſo that 'tis preſumable, juſtice is regularly diſtributed.

I had heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the Courgain; 'tis a diſtinct quarter of the town, inhabited ſolely by ſailors and fiſhermen; it conſiſts of a number of ſmall ſtreets, neatly built, and moſtly of brick; 'tis extremely populous; but as that may be accounted for from the principles of their diet,—there is nothing curious in that neither.—A traveller may ſee it to ſatisfy himſelf—he muſt not omit, however, taking notice of La Tour de Guet, upon any account; 'tis ſo called from its particular deſtination, becauſe in war it ſerves to diſcover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by ſea or land;—but 'tis monſtrous high,

high, and catches the eye ſo continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it, if you would.

It was a ſingular diſappointment to me, that I could not have permiſſion to take an exact ſurvey of the fortifications, which are the ſtrongeſt in the world, and which, from firſt to laſt, that is, from the time they were ſet about by Philip of France, Count of Boulogne, to the preſent war, wherein many reparations were made, have coſt (as I learned afterwards from an engineer in Gaſcony)—above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable that at the Tête de Gravelenes, and where the town is naturally the weakeſt, they have expended the moſt money; ſo that the outworks ſtretch a great way into the champaign, and conſequently occupy a large tract of ground.——However, after all that is ſaid and done, it muſt be acknowledged that Calais was never upon any account ſo conſiderable from itſelf, as from its ſituation, and that eaſy entrance which it gave our anceſtors upon all occaſions into France: it was not without its inconveniencies alſo; being no leſs troubleſome to the Engliſh in thoſe times, than Dunkrik has been to us, in ours; ſo that it was deſervedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms, which no doubt is the reaſon that there have ariſen ſo many contentions who ſhould keep it: of theſe, the ſiege of Calais, or rather the blockade (for it was ſhut up both by land and ſea) was the moſt memorable, as it withſtood the efforts of Edward the third a whole year, and was not terminated at laſt but by famine and extreme miſery; the gallantry of Euſtace de St. Pierre, who firſt offered himſelf a victim for his fellow citizens, has rank'd his name with heroes. As it will not take up above fifty

pages, it would be injuſtice to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantic tranſaction, as well as of the ſiege itſelf, in Rapin's own words.

CHAP. VI.

—BUT, courage! gentle reader!—I ſcorn it———'tis enough to have thee in my power—but to make uſe of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much—No!—by that all-powerful fire which warms the viſionary brain, and lights the ſpirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpleſs creature upon this hard ſervice, and make thee pay, poor ſoul! for fifty pages which I have no right to ſell thee,—naked as I am, I would browſe upon the mountains, and ſmile that the north wind brought me neither my tent or my ſupper.

—So put on, my brave boy! and make the beſt of thy way to Boulogne.

CHAP. VII.

—BOULOGNE!—hah!—ſo we are all got together——debtors and ſinners before heaven; a jolly ſet of us—but I can't ſtay and quaff it off with you—I'm purſued myſelf like a hundred devils, and ſhall be overtaken before I can well change horſes:——for heaven's ſake, make haſte—'Tis for high treaſon, quoth a very little man, whiſpering as low as he could to a very tall man that ſtood next him—Or elſe for

for murder; quoth the tall man—Well thrown, Size-Ace! quoth I. No; quoth a third, the gentleman has been committing — —

Ah! ma chere fille! ſaid I, as ſhe tripped by from her matins—you look as roſy as the morning, (for the ſun was riſing, and it made the compliment the more gracious)—No; it can't be that, quoth a fourth—(ſhe made a court'ſy to me—I kiſs my hand) 'tis debt; continued he: 'Tis certainly for debt, quoth a fifth; I would not pay that gentleman's debts, quoth Ace, for a thouſand pounds—Nor would I, quoth Size, for ſix times the ſum——Well thrown, Size-Ace, again! quoth I;—but I have no debt but the debt of NATURE, and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her—How can you be ſo hard-hearted, MADAM, to arreſt a poor traveller, going along without moleſtation to any one, upon his lawful occaſions? do ſtop that death-looking, long-ſtriding ſcoundrel of a ſcare-ſinner, who is poſting after me———he never would have followed me but for you——if it be but for a ſtage or two, juſt to give me ſtart of him, I beſeech you, madam—do, dear lady—

—Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity, quoth mine Iriſh hoſt, that all this good courtſhip ſhould be loſt; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along—

—Simpleton! quoth I.

—So you have nothing elſe in Boulogne worth ſeeing?

—By Jaſus! there is the fineſt SEMINARY for the HUMANITIES—

—There cannot be a finer; quoth I.

CHAP. VIII.

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wiſhes hurries on his ideas ninety times faſter than the vehicle he rides in—wo be to truth! and wo be to the vehicle and its tackling (let 'em be made of what ſtuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the diſappointment of his ſoul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, "the moſt haſte the worſt ſpeed," was all the reflection I made upon the affair, the firſt time it happened;—the ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it reſpectively to thoſe times, and accordingly blamed only the ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth poſt-boy for it, without carrying my reflections further; but the event continuing to befal me from the fifth to the ſixth, ſeventh, eighth, ninth and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in theſe words:

That ſomething is always wrong in a French poſt-chaiſe upon firſt ſetting out.

Or the propoſition may ſtand thus:

A French poſtilion has always to alight before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

What's wrong now?—Diable—a rope's broke!—a knot has ſlipt!—a ſtaple's drawn!—a bolt's to whittle!—a tag, a rag, a jag, a ſtrap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want altering.——

Now true as all this is, I never think myſelf impower'd to excommunicate thereupon either the poſt-chaiſe or its driver——nor do I take it into my head to ſwear by the living G——, I would

would rather go a-foot ten thouſand times——or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another ——but I take the matter coolly before me, and conſider, that ſome tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a-wanting, or want altering, travel where I will —ſo I never chaff, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road and get on——Do ſo, my lad! ſaid I; he had loſt five minutes already, in alighting in order to get at a luncheon of black bread which he had cramm'd into the chaiſe-pocket, and was remounted and going leiſurely on, to reliſh it the better—Get on, my lad, ſaid I, briſkly——but in the moſt perſuaſive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four and twenty ſous piece againſt the glaſs, taking care to hold the flat ſide towards him, as he look'd back: the dog grinn'd intelligence from his right ear to his left, and behind his ſooty muzzle diſcover'd ſuch a pearly row of teeth, that Sovereignty would have pawn'd her jewels for them.——

Juſt heaven! { What maſticators!—— / What bread!——

and ſo, as he finiſh'd the laſt mouthful of it, we entered the town of Montreuil.

CHAP. IX.

THERE is not a town in all France, which, in my opinion, looks better in the map, than MONTREUIL;—I own it does not look ſo well in the book of poſt-roads; but when you come to ſee it——to be ſure it looks moſt pitifully.

There is one thing however in it at preſent very handſome; and that is the inn-keeper's

daughter: She has been eighteen months at Amiens, and ſix at Paris, in going through her claſſes; ſo knits, and ſews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well.—

—A ſlut! in running them over within theſe five minutes that I have ſtood looking at her, ſhe has let fall at leaſt a dozen loops in a white thread ſtocking—Yes, yes—I ſee, you cunning gipſy!—'tis long, and taper—you need not pin it to your knee—and that 'tis your own—and fits you exactly.—

—That Nature ſhould have told this creature a word about a ſtatue's thumb!—

—But as this ſample is worth all their thumbs—beſides I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain if they can be any guide to me,—and as Janatone withal (for that is her name) ſtands ſo well for a drawing—may I never draw more, or rather may I draw like a draught-horſe, by main ſtrength, all the days of my life,—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determin'd a pencil, as if I had her in the wetteſt drapery.—

—But your worſhips chuſe rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great pariſh church, or a drawing of the faſcade of the abbey of Saint Auſtreberte which has been tranſported from Artois hither—every thing is juſt I ſuppoſe as the maſons and carpenters left them,—and if the belief in Chriſt continues ſo long, will be ſo theſe fifty years to come—ſo your worſhips and reverences may all meaſure them at your leiſures——but he who meaſures thee, Janatone, muſt do it now—thou carrieſt the principles of change within thy frame; and conſidering the chances of a tranſitory life,

I would

I would not anſwer for thee a moment; and ere twice twelve months are paſs'd and gone, thou mayeſt grow out like a pumkin, and loſe thy ſhapes—or, thou mayeſt go off like a flower, and loſe thy beauty—nay, thou mayeſt go off like a huſſy—and loſe thyſelf.—I would not anſwer for my aunt Dinah, was ſhe alive—'faith, ſcarce for her picture—were it but painted by Reynolds—

—But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that ſon of Appollo, I'll be ſhot—

So you muſt e'en be content with the original; which if the evening is fine in paſſing thro' Montreuil, you will ſee at your chaiſe-door, as you change horſes: but unleſs you have as bad a reaſon for haſte as I have—you had better ſtop: —She has a little of the devote: but that, Sir, is a terce to a nine in your favour—

—L— help me! I could not count a ſingle point: ſo had been piqued, and repiqued, and capotted to the devil.

CHAP. X.

ALL which being conſidered, and that Death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined—I wiſh I was at Abbeville, quoth I, were it only to ſee how they card and ſpin—ſo off we ſet.

*de Montreuil a Nampont-poſte et demi de Nampont a Bernay - - - poſte
de Bernay a Nouvion - - - poſte
de Nouvion a ABBEVILLE poſte

—but

* Vid. Book of French poſt-roads, p. 36. edition of 1762.

—but the carders and ſpinners were all gone to bed.

CHAP. XI.

WHAT a vaſt advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

WAS I in a condition to ſtipulate with death, as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his gliſter—I ſhould certainly declare againſt ſubmitting to it before my friends; and therefore, I never ſeriouſly think upon the mode and manner of this great cataſtrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the cataſtrophe itſelf, but I conſtantly draw the curtain acroſs it with this wiſh, that the Diſpoſer of all things may ſo order it, that it happen not to me in my own houſe——but rather in ſome decent inn——— At home, I know it,———the concern of my friends, and the laſt ſervices of wiping my brows and ſmoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale Affection ſhall pay me, will ſo crucify my ſoul, that I ſhall die of a diſtemper which my phyſician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchaſed with a few guineas, and paid me with an undiſturbed but punctual attention—but mark, This inn, ſhould not be the inn at Abbeville—if there

was

was not another inn in the univerſe, I would ſtrike that inn out of the capitulation: ſo

Let the horſes be in the chaiſe exactly by four in the morning—Yes, by four, Sir—or, by Genevieve! I'll raiſe a clatter in the houſe, ſhall wake the dead.

CHAP. XIII.

"MAKE them like unto a wheel," is a bitter ſarcaſm, as all the learned know, againſt the grand tour, and that reſtleſs ſpirit for making it, which David prophetically foreſaw would haunt the children of men in the later days; and therefore, as thinketh the great Biſhop Hall, 'tis one of the ſevereſt imprecations which David ever utter'd againſt the enemies of the Lord—and, as if he had ſaid, "I wiſh them no worſe luck "than always to be rolling about"——So much motion, continues he, (for he was very corpulent)——is ſo much unquietneſs; and ſo much of reſt, by the ſame analogy, is ſo much of heaven.

Now, I (being very thin) think differently; and that ſo much of motion, is ſo much of life, and ſo much of joy—and that to ſtand ſtill, or get on but ſlowly, is death and the devil—

Hollo! Ho!—the whole world's aſleep!——bring out the horſes—greaſe the wheels—tie on the mail—and drive a nail into that moulding—I'll not loſe a moment—

Now the wheel we are talking of, and whereinto (but not whereonto, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curſeth his enemies, according to the biſhop's habit of body, ſhould certainly

tainly be a poſt-chaiſe wheel, whether they were ſet up in Paleſtine at that time or not—and my wheel, for the contrary reaſons, muſt as certainly be a cart-wheel groaning round its revolution once in an age; and of which ſort, were I to turn commentator, I ſhould make no ſcruple to affirm, they had great ſtore in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear Jenny) for their "χωρισμὸν' απὸ τῦ Σώματος, εις' το Καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν"——[their] "getting out of the body, in order to think well." No man thinks right whilſt he is in it; blinded as he muſt be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aſide, as the biſhop and myſelf have been, with too lax or too tenſe a fibre—REASON, is half of it SENSE; and the meaſure of heaven itſelf is but the meaſure of our preſent appetites and concoctions—

—But which of the two, in the preſent caſe, do you think to be moſtly in the wrong?

You, certainly: quoth ſhe, to diſturb a whole family ſo early.

CHAP. XIV.

—But ſhe did not know I was under a vow not to ſhave my beard till I got to Paris;—yet, I hate to make myſteries of nothing;—'tis the cold cautiouſneſs of one of thoſe little ſouls from which Leſſius (lib. 13. de moribus divinis, cap. 24.) hath made his eſtimate, wherein he ſetteth forth, That one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to ſpare, for eight hundred thouſand millions, which he ſuppoſes to be as a great number of ſouls (counting from the fall

fall of Adam) as can poſſibly be damn'd to the end of the world.

From what he has made this ſecond eſtimate —unleſs from the parental goodneſs of God—I don't know—I am much more at a loſs what could be in Franciſcus Ribbera's head, who pretends that no leſs a ſpace than one of two hundred Italian miles multiplied into itſelf, will be ſufficient to hold the like number—he certainly muſt have gone upon ſome of the old Roman ſouls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and moſt tabid decline, in a courſe of eighteen hundred years, they muſt unavoidably have ſhrunk, ſo as to have come, when he wrote, almoſt to nothing.

In Leſſius's time, who ſeems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined—

—We find them leſs now—

And next winter we ſhall find them leſs again; ſo that if we go on from little to leſs, and from leſs to nothing, I heſitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a century, at this rate, we ſhall have no ſouls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewiſe of the exiſtence of the Chriſtian faith, 'twill be one advantange that both of them will be exactly worn out together—

Bleſſed Jupiter! and bleſſed every other heathen god and goddeſs! for now ye will all come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails—what jovial times!—but where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I ruſhing? I —I who muſt be cut ſhort in the midſt of my days, and taſte no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination—peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

—"SO hating, I ſay, to make myſteries of nothing"—I intruſted it with the poſt-boy, as ſoon as ever I got off the ſtones; he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment: and with the thill-horſe trotting, and a ſort of an up and a down of the other, we danced it along to Ailly au Clochers, famed in days of yore for the fineſt chimes in the world; but we danced through it without muſic—the chimes being greatly out of order—(as in truth they were through all France.)

And ſo making all poſſible ſpeed, from Ailly au Clochers, I got to Hixcourt,—
from Hixcourt, I got to Pequignay, and from Pequignay, I got to AMIENS,—
concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before ——and that was——that Janatone went there to ſchool.

CHAP. XVI.

IN the whole catalogue of thoſe whiffling vexations which come puffing acroſs a man's canvaſs, there is not one of a more teaſing and tormenting nature, than this particular one which I am going to deſcribe—and for which, (unleſs you travel with an avance-courier, which numbers do in order to prevent it)—there is no help: and it is this:

That be you in never ſo kindly a propenſity to ſleep—tho' you are paſſing perhaps through the fineſt

fineſt country—upon the beſt roads,—and in the eaſieſt carriage for doing it in the world—nay, were you ſure you could ſleep fifty miles ſtraight forwards, without once opening your eyes—nay, what is more, were you as demonſtratively ſatisfied as you can be of any truth in Euclid, that you ſhould upon all accounts be full as well aſleep as awake—nay perhaps better—yet the inceſſant returns of paying for the horſes at every ſtage—with the neceſſity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence, three livres fifteen ſous (ſous by ſous) puts an end to ſo much of the project, that you cannot execute above ſix miles of it (or ſuppoſing it is a poſt and a half, that is but nine)—were it to ſave your ſoul from deſtruction.

—I'll be even with 'em, quoth I, for I'll put the preciſe ſum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way: "Now I ſhall have nothing to do" ſaid I (compoſing myſelf to reſt) "but to drop this gently into the poſt-boy's hat, and not ſay a word."—Then there wants two ſous more to drink—or there is a twelve ſous piece of Louis XIV. which will not paſs—or a livre and ſome odd liards to be brought over from the laſt ſtage, which Monſieur had forgot; which altercations (as a man cannot diſpute very well aſleep) rouſe him: ſtill is ſweet ſleep retrieveable; and ſtill might the fleſh weigh down the ſpirit, and recover itſelf of theſe blows—but then, by heaven! you have paid but for a ſingle poſt—whereas 'tis a poſt and a half; and this obliges you to pull out your book of poſt-roads, the print of which is ſo very ſmall, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: then Monſieur le Curè offers you a pinch of ſnuff—or a

poor ſoldier ſhews you his leg—or a ſhaveling his box—or the prieſteſſe of the ciſtern will water your wheels—they do not want it—but ſhe ſwears by her prieſthood (throwing it back) that they do: —then you have all theſe points to argue or conſider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get ſo thoroughly awakened—you may get 'em to ſleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of theſe misfortunes, or I had paſs'd clean by the ſtables of Chantilly—

—But the poſtilion firſt affirming, and then perſiſting in it to my face, that there was no mark upon the two ſous piece, I open'd my eyes to be convinced—and ſeeing the mark upon it, as plain as my noſe—I leap'd out of the chaiſe in a paſſion, and ſo ſaw every thing at Chantilly in ſpite. —I tried it but for three poſts and a half, but believe 'tis the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; for as few objects look very inviting in that mood—you have little or nothing to ſtop you; by which means it was, that I paſs'd through St. Dennis, without turning my head ſo much as on the ſide towards the Abbey—

—Richneſs of their treaſury! ſtuff and nonſenſe!—bating their jewels, which are all falſe, I would not give three ſous for any one thing in it, but Jaidas's lantern—nor for that either, only as it grows dark, it might be of uſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

CRACK, crack—crack, crack—crack, crack —ſo this is Paris! quoth I (continuing in the ſame mood)—and this is Paris!—humph! —Paris! cried I, repeating the name a third time—

The firſt, the fineſt, the moſt brilliant—

—The ſtreets however are naſty;

But it looks, I ſuppoſe, better than it ſmells —crack, crack—crack, crack—What a fuſs thou makeſt!—as if it concern'd the good people to be inform'd, That a man with a pale face, and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into Paris at nine o'clock at night, by a poſtilion in a tawny yellow jerkin turned up with red calamanco—-crack, crack—-crack, crack,—-crack, crack,—I wiſh thy whip—

—But 'tis the ſpirit of thy nation; ſo crack—crack on.

Ha!—and no one gives the wall!—but in the SCHOOL of URBANITY herſelf, if the walls are beſh–t—how can you do otherwiſe?

And prithee when do they light the lamps? What?—never in the ſummer months!—Ho! 'tis the time of ſallads.—O rare! ſallad and ſoup —ſoup and ſallad—ſallad and ſoup, encore.—

—'Tis too much for ſinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it; how can that unconſcionable coachman talk ſo much bawdy to that lean horſe? don't you ſee, friend, the ſtreets are ſo villanouſly narrow, that there is not room in all Paris to turn a wheel-barrow? In the grandeſt city of the whole world, it would

not have been amiſs, if they had been left a thought wider; nay, were it only ſo much in every ſingle ſtreet, as that a man might know (was it only for ſatisfaction) on which ſide of it he was walking.

One—two—three—four—five—ſix—ſeven—eight—nine—ten—Ten cooks ſhops! and twice the number of barbers! and all within three minutes driving! one would think that all the cooks in the world, on ſome great merry-meeting with the barbers, by joint conſent, had ſaid—Come, let us all go live at Paris: the French love good eating—they are all gourmands—we ſhall rank high; if their god is their belly—their cooks muſt be gentlemen: and foraſmuch as the periwig maketh the man, and the periwig-maker maketh the periwig—ergo, would the barbers ſay, we ſhall rank higher ſtill—we ſhall be above you all—we ſhall be * Capitouls at leaſt—pardi! we ſhall all wear ſwords.—

And ſo, one would ſwear, (that is, by candle-light,—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do, to this day.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE French are certainly miſunderſtood; —but whether the fault is theirs, in not ſufficiently explaining themſelves; or ſpeaking with that exact limitation and preciſion which one would expect on a point of ſuch importance; and which, moreover, is ſo likely to be conteſted by us—or whether the fault may not be altogether on our ſide, in not underſtanding their language always

* *Chief magiſtrate in Toulouſe, &c. &c. &c.*

always ſo critically, as to know "what they would be at"—I ſhall not decide, but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm, "That they who have ſeen Paris, have ſeen every thing," they muſt mean to ſpeak of thoſe who have ſeen it by day-light.

As for candle-light—I give it up—I have ſaid before, there was no depending upon it—and I repeat it again; but not becauſe the lights and ſhades are too ſharp—or the tints confounded—or that there is neither beauty or keeping, &c. ——for that's not truth——but it is an uncertain light in this reſpect, That in all the five hundred grand hôtels, which they number up to you in Paris—and the five hundred good things, at a modeſt computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a hôtel) which, by candle-light, are beſt to be ſeen, felt, heard and underſtood (which, by the by, is a quotation from Lilly)—the devil a one of us out of fifty, can get our heads fairly thruſt in amongſt them.

This is no part of the French computation: 'tis ſimply this:

That, by the laſt ſurvey taken in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixteen, ſince which time there have been conſiderable augmentations, Paris doth contain nine hundred ſtreets, viz.

In the quarter called the City—there are fifty-three ſtreets.
In St. James of the Shambles, fifty-five ſtreets.
In St. Oportune, thirty-four ſtreets.
In the quarter of the Louvre, twenty-five ſtreets.
In the Palace Royal, or St. Honorius, forty-nine ſtreets.
In Mount Martyr, forty-one ſtreets.
In St. Euſtace, twenty-nine ſtreets.

In the Halles, twenty-ſeven ſtreets.
In St. Dennis, fifty-five ſtreets.
In St. Martin, fifty-four ſtreets.
In St. Paul, or the Mortellerie, twenty-ſeven ſtreets.
The Greve, thirty-eight ſtreets.
In St. Avoy, or the Verrerie, nineteen ſtreets.
In the Marais, or the Temple, fifty-two ſtreets.
In St. Antony's, ſixty-eighty ſtreets.
In the Place Maubert, eighty-one ſtreets.
In St. Bennet, ſixty ſtreets.
In St. Andrew's de Arcs, fifty-one ſtreets.
In the quarter of the Luxembourg, ſixty-two ſtreets.
And in that of St. Germain, fifty-five ſtreets, into any of which you may walk; and that when you have ſeen them, with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light—their gates, their bridges, their ſquares, their ſtatues—and have cruſaded it moreover thro' all their pariſh-churches, by no means omitting St. Roche and Sulpice—and, to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may ſee, either with or without the ſtatues and pictures, juſt as you chuſe—

—Then you will have ſeen——

—But, 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read it yourſelf upon the portico of the Louvre, in theſe words:

* EARTH NO SUCH FOLKS!——NO FOLKS E'ER SUCH A TOWN
AS PARIS IS!——SING, DERRY, DERRY, DOWN.

The French have a gay way of treating every thing that is great; and that is all can be ſaid upon it.

CHAP.

* Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullum
——ulla parem.

CHAP. XIX.

IN mentioning the word gay (as in the cloſe of the laſt chapter) it puts one (i. e. an author) in mind of the word ſpleen—eſpecially if he has any thing to ſay upon it: not that by any analyſis—or that from any table of intereſt or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkneſs, or any two of the moſt unfriendly oppoſites in nature—only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good underſtanding amongſt words, as politicians do amongſt men—not knowing how near they may be under a neceſſity of placing them to each other—which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here.—

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving Chantilly, I declared to be the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion, I ſtill continue in the ſame ſentiments—only I had not then experience enough of its working to add this, that tho' you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneaſily to yourſelf at the ſame time; for which reaſon, I here quit it intirely, and for ever, and 'tis heartily at any one's ſervice—it has ſpoiled me the digeſtion of a good ſupper, and brought on a bilious diarrhœa, which has brought me back again to my firſt principle on which I ſet out—and with which I ſhall now ſcamper it away to the banks of the Garonne.—

—No;

—No;—I cannot ſtop a moment to give you the character of the people—their genius—their manners—their cuſtoms—their laws—their religion—their government—their manufactures—their commerce—their finances, with all the reſources and hidden ſprings which ſuſtain them: qualified as I may be, by ſpending three days and two nights amongſt them, and during all that time, making theſe things the intire ſubject of my inquiries and reflections—

Still—ſtill I muſt away—the roads are paved—the poſts are ſhort—the days are long—'tis no more than noon—I ſhall be at Fontainbleau before the king—

—Was he going there? not that I know—

CHAP. XX.

NOW I hate to hear a perſon, eſpecially if he be a traveller, complain, that we do not get on ſo faſt in France as we do in England; whereas we get on much faſter, conſideratis conſiderandis; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them———and then conſider their puny horſes, with the very little they give them———'tis a wonder they get on at all: their ſuffering is moſt unchriſtian, and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a French poſt-horſe would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the two words * * * * * * and * * * * * *, in which there is as much ſuſtenance, as if you gave him a peek of corn: now, as theſe words coſt nothing, I long from my ſoul to tell the reader what they are; but here is the queſtion———they muſt be told him.

him plainly, and with the moſt diſtinct articulation, or it will anſwer no end—and yet to do it in that plain way—though their reverences may laugh at it in the bed-chamber—full well I wot, they will abuſe it in the parlour; for which cauſe, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy ſome time, but to no purpoſe, by what clean device or facete contrivance I might ſo modulate them, that whilſt I ſatisfy that ear which the reader chuſes to lend me—I might not diſſatisfy the other which he keeps to himſelf.

—My ink burns my finger to try—and when I have—'twill have a worſe conſequence—it will burn (I fear) my paper.

—No;—I dare not—

But if you wiſh to know how the abbeſs of Andouillets, and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only firſt wiſhing myſelf all imaginable ſucceſs)—I'll tell you without the leaſt ſcruple.

CHAP. XXI.

THE abbeſs of Andouillets, which, if you look into the large ſet of provincial maps, now publiſhing at Paris, you will find ſituated amongſt the hills which divide Burgundy from Savoy, being in danger of an anchyloſis or ſtiff joint (the ſinovia of her knee becoming hard by long matins) and having tried every remedy—firſt, prayers and thankſgiving; then invocations to all the ſaints in heaven promiſcuouſly—then particularly to every ſaint who had ever had a ſtiff leg before her—then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of Lyſtra, who had been impotent

impotent from his youth——then wrapping it up in her veil when ſhe went to bed—then croſs-ways her roſary—then bringing in to her aid the ſecular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals—then treating it with emollient and reſolving fomentations—then with poultices of marſh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lilies and fenugreek—then taking the woods, I mean the ſmoke of 'em, holding her ſcapulary acroſs her lap—then decoctions of wild chicory, water creſſes, chervil, ſweet cecily and cochlearia—and nothing all this while anſwering, was prevailed on at laſt to try the hot baths of Bourbon—ſo having firſt obtain'd leave of the viſiter-general to take care of her exiſtence—ſhe ordered all to be got ready for her journey: a novice of the convent of about ſeventeen, who had been troubled with a whitloe in her middle finger, by ſticking it conſtantly into the abbeſs's caſt poultices, &c.—had gained ſuch an intereſt, that overlooking a ſciatical old nun, who might have been ſet up for ever by the hot baths of Bourbon, Margarita, the little novice, was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old calaſh, belonging to the abbeſs, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the ſun—the gardener of the convent being choſen muleteer, led out the two old mules, to clip the hair from the rump-ends of their tails, whilſt a couple of lay-ſiſters were buſied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in ſewing on the ſhreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled—the under gardener dreſs'd the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees—and a taylor ſat muſically at it, in a ſhed over-againſt the convent, in aſſorting four dozen of bells for the harneſs,

harneſs, whiſtling to each bell, as he tied it on with a thong—

—The carpenter and the ſmith of Andouillets held a council of wheels; and by ſeven, the morning after, all look'd ſpruce and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot-baths of Bourbon—two rows of the unfortunate ſtood ready there an hour before.

The abbeſs of Andouillets, ſupported by Margarita the novice, advanced ſlowly to the calaſh, both clad in white, with their black roſaries hanging at their breaſts—

—There was a ſimple ſolemnity in the contraſt; they entered the calaſh; the nuns in the ſame uniform, ſweet emblem of innocence, each occupied a window, and as the abbeſs and Margarita look'd up—each (the ſciatical poor nun excepted)—each ſtream'd out the end of her veil in the air—then kiſs'd the lily hand which let it go: the good abbeſs and Margarita laid their hands ſaint-ways upon their breaſts—look'd up to heaven—then to them—and look'd "God bleſs you, dear ſiſters."

I declare I am intereſted in this ſtory, and wiſh I had been there.

The gardener, who I ſhall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broadſet, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the hows and whens of life; ſo had mortgaged a month of his conventical wages in a borrachio, or leathern caſk of wine, which he had diſpoſed behind the calaſh, with a large ruſſet coloured riding-coat over it, to guard it from the ſun: and as the weather was hot, and he not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode—he found more occaſions

ſions than thoſe of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till by frequent coming and going, it had ſo happened, that all his wine had leak'd out at the legal vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finiſh'd.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been ſultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous—the Burgundian hill on which it grew, was ſteep—a little tempting buſh over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the paſſions—a gentle air ruſtled diſtinctly through the leaves—"Come—come, thirſty muleteer—come in."

—The muleteer was a ſon of Adam, I need not ſay one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a ſound laſh, and looking to the abbeſs's and Margarita's faces (as he did it)—as much as to ſay, "here I am"—he gave a ſecond good crack—as much as to ſay to his mules, "get on"—ſo ſlinking behind, he enter'd the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of tomorrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his ſcantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it; ſo entering into a long converſation, as how he was chief gardener to the convent of Andouillets, &c. &c. and out of friendſhip for the abbeſs and Mademoiſelle Margarita, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of Savoy, &c. &c.—and as how ſhe had got a white ſwelling by her devotions—and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, &c. &c. and that if the waters of Bourbon did not mend that leg—

leg—ſhe might as well be lame of both—&c. &c. &c.—He ſo contrived his ſtory, as abſolutely to forget the heroine of it—and with her, the little novice, and, what was a more tickliſh point to be forgot than both—the two mules; who being creatures that take advantage of the world, inaſmuch as their parents took it of them—and they not being in a condition to return the obligation downwards (as men and women and beaſts are)——they do it ſide-ways, and long-ways, and back-ways—and up hill, and down hill, and which way they can.——Philoſophers, with all their ethicks, have never conſidered this rightly—how ſhould the poor muleteer, then, in his cups, conſider it at all? he did not in the leaſt—'tis time we do; let us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happieſt and moſt thoughtleſs of mortal men—and for a moment let us look after the mules, the abbeſs, and Margarita.

By virtue of the muleteer's two laſt ſtrokes, the mules had gone quietly on, following their own conſciences up the hill, till they had conquer'd about one half of it; when the elder of them, a ſhrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a ſide glance, and no muleteer behind them—

By my fig! ſaid ſhe, ſwearing, I'll go no further—And if I do, replied the other—they ſhall make a drum of my hide.—

And ſo with one conſent they ſtopp'd thus—

CHAP. XXII.

—Get on with you, ſaid the abbeſs.

—Wh—yſh—yſh—cried Margarita.

Sh——a—ſhu-u—ſhu-u---ſh—aw——ſhaw'd the abbeſs.

—Whu—v—w—whew—w—w—whuv'd Margarita, purſing up her ſweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whiſtle.

Thump——thump——thump—obſtreperated the abbeſs of Andouillets, with the end of her gold-headed cane, againſt the bottom of the calaſh—

—The old mule let a f—

CHAP. XXIII.

WE are ruin'd and undone, my child, ſaid the abbeſs to Margarita—we ſhall be here all night—we ſhall be plundered—we ſhall be raviſh'd—

—We ſhall be raviſh'd, ſaid Margarita—as ſure as a gun.

Sancta Maria! cried the abbeſs (forgetting the O!)—why was I govern'd by this wicked ſtiff joint? why did I leave the convent of Andouillets? and why didſt thou not ſuffer thy ſervant to go unpolluted to her tomb?

O my finger! my finger! cried the novice, catching fire at the word ſervant—why was I not content to put it here, or there, any where, rather than be in this ſtrait?

—Strait! ſaid the abbeſs.

Strait—ſaid the novice; for terror had ſtruck their underſtandings—the one knew not what ſhe ſaid—the other what ſhe anſwer'd.

O my virginity! virginity! cried the abbeſs.

—inity!—inity! ſaid the novice, ſobbing.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

MY dear mother, quoth the novice, coming a little to herſelf,—there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horſe, or aſs, or mule, to go up a hill whether he will or no; be he never ſo obſtinate or ill will'd, the moment he hears them utter'd, he obeys. They are words magic! cried the abbeſs, in the utmoſt horrour—No; replied Margarita calmly—but they are words ſinful—What are they? quoth the abbeſs, interrupting her: They are ſinful in the firſt degree, anſwered Margarita,—they are mortal—and if we are raviſh'd and die unabſolved of them, we ſhall both—but you may pronounce them to me, quoth the abbeſs of Andouillets—They cannot, my dear mother, ſaid the novice, be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face—But you may whiſper them in my ear, quoth the abbeſs.

Heaven! hadſt thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? was there no generous and friendly ſpirit unemployed—no agent in nature, by ſome monitory ſhivering, creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouze the muleteer from his banquet?—no ſweet minſtrelſy to bring back the fair idea of the abbeſs and Margarita, with their black roſaries!

Rouſe! rouſe!—but 'tis too late—the horrid words are pronounced this moment—and how to tell them—Ye, who can ſpeak of every thing exiſting, with unpolluted lips—inſtruct me—guide me—

CHAP. XXV.

ALL ſins whatever, quoth the abbeſs, turning caſuiſt in the diſtreſs they were under, are held by the confeſſor of our covent to be either mortal or venial: there is no further diviſion. Now a venial ſin being the ſlighteſt and leaſt of all ſins,—being halved—by taking either only the half of it, and leaving the reſt—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourſelf and another perſon—in courſe becomes diluted into no ſin at all.

Now I ſee no ſin in ſaying, bou, bou, bou, bou, a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the ſyllable ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, were it from our matins to our veſpers: Therefore, my dear daughter, continued the abbeſs of Andouillets—I will ſay bou, and thou ſhalt ſay ger, and then alternately, as there is no more ſin in fou than in bou—thou ſhalt ſay fou—and I will come in (like fa, ſol, la, re, mi, ut, at our complines) with ter. And accordingly the abbeſs, giving the pitch note, ſet off thus:

Abbeſs, } Bou———bou———bou———
Margarita, } ——ger,———ger,———ger.
Margarita, } Fou———fou———fou———
Abbeſs, } ———ter,———ter,———ter.

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual laſh of their tales; but it went no further, —'Twill anſwer by and by, ſaid the novice.

Abbeſs, } Bou—bou—bou—bou—bou—bou
Margarita, } ——ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger.

Quicker ſtill, cried Margarita.

Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou.

Quicker

Quicker ſtill, cried Margarita.

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou.

Quicker ſtill—God preſerve me! ſaid the abbeſs—They do not underſtand us, cried Margarita—But the devil does, ſaid the abbeſs of Andouillets.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHAT a tract of country have I run! how many degrees nearer to the warm ſun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I ſeen, during the time we have been reading and reflecting, madam, upon this ſtory! There's FONTAINBLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY, and AUXERRE, and DIJON the capital of Burgundy, and CHALLON, and Mâcon the capital of the Mâconeſe, and a ſcore more upon the road to LYONS——and now I have run them over—I might as well talk to you of ſo many market towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the leaſt, if not both this and the next entirely loſt, do what I will—

———Why, 'tis a ſtrange ſtory, Triſtram.

—Alas, madam, had it been upon ſome melancholy lecture of the croſs——the peace of meekneſs, or the contentment of reſignation--I had not been incommoded: or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abſtractions of the ſoul, and that food of wiſdom, and holineſs, and contemplation, upon which the ſpirit of man (when ſeparated from the body) is to ſubſiſt for ever—you would have come with a better appetite from it—

—I wiſh I never had wrote it; but as I never blot any thing out—let us uſe ſome honeſt means to get it out of our heads directly.

—Pray reach me my fool's cap—I fear you ſit upon it, Madam—'tis under the cuſtion—I'll put it on—

Bleſs me! you have had it upon your head this half hour—There then let it ſtay, with a

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri diddle d
and a high-dum—dye-dum
fiddle—dum c.

And now, Madam, we may venture, I hope, a little to go on.

CHAP. XXVII.

—All you need ſay of Fontainbleau (in caſe you are aſk'd) is, that it ſtands about forty miles (ſouth ſomething) from Paris, in the middle of a large foreſt—That there is ſomething great in it—That the king goes there once, every two or three years, with his whole court, for the pleaſure of the chaſe—and that during that carnival of ſporting, any Engliſh gentleman of faſhion (you need not forget yourſelf) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the ſport, taking care only not to out-gallop the king—

Though there are two reaſons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

Firſt, Becauſe 'twill make the ſaid nags the harder to be got; and,

Secondly, 'Tis not a word of it true.—Allons!

As for SENS—you may diſpatch it in a word—'Tis an archiepiſcopal ſee.

—For

——For JOIGNY—the leſs, I think, one ſays of it, the better.

But for AUXERRE—I could go on for ever: for in my grand tour through Europe, in which, after all, my father (not caring to truſt me with any one) attended me himſelf, with my uncle Toby, and Trim, and Obadiah, and indeed moſt of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with a project of knitting my father a pair of large worſted breeches—(the thing is common ſenſe)—and ſhe not caring to be put out of her way, ſhe ſtaid at home at SHANDY-HALL, to keep things right during the expedition; in which, I ſay, my father ſtopping us two days at Auxerre, and his reſearches being ever of ſuch a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a deſert——he has left me enough to ſay upon AUXERRE: in ſhort, wherever my father went—but 'twas more remarkably ſo, in this journey through France and Italy, than in any other ſtages of his life—his road ſeemed to lie ſo much on one ſide of that, wherein all other travellers had gone before him—he ſaw kings and courts, and ſilks of all colours, in ſuch ſtrange lights—and his remarks and reaſonings upon the characters, the manners and cuſtoms of the countries we paſs'd over, were ſo oppoſite to thoſe of all other mortal men, particularly thoſe of my uncle Toby and Trim—(to ſay nothing of myſelf) —and to crown all—the occurrences and ſcrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in conſequence of his ſyſtems and opiniatry —they were of ſo odd, ſo mixed and tragicomical a contexture—that the whole put together, it appears of ſo different a ſhade and tint from any tour of Europe, which was ever executed—

that

that I will venture to pronounce——the fault muſt be mine and mine only—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more,—or, which comes to the ſame point —till the world finally takes it into its head to ſtand ſtill.—

—But this rich bale is not to be open'd now; except a ſmall thread or two of it, merely to unravel the myſtery of my father's ſtay at AUXERRE.

—As I have mentioned it—'tis too ſlight to be kept ſuſpended; and when 'tis wove in, there's an end of it.

We'll go, brother Toby, ſaid my father, whilſt dinner is coddling—to the abbey of Saint Germain, if it be only to ſee theſe bodies, of which monſieur Sequier has given ſuch a recommendation.—I'll go ſee any body; quoth my uncle Toby; for he was all compliance thro' every ſtep of the journey—Defend me! ſaid my father —they are all mummies—Then one need not ſhave; quoth my uncle Toby—Shave! no—— cried my father—'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on—So out we ſallied, the corporal lending his maſter his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abbey of Saint Germain.

Every thing is very fine, and very rich, and very ſuperb, and very magnificent, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to the ſacriſtan, who was a young brother of the order of Benedictines—— but our curioſity has led us to ſee the bodies, of which monſieur Sequier has given the world ſo exact a deſcription——The ſacriſtan made a bow, and lighting a torch firſt, which he had always in the veſtry ready for the purpoſe; he led

led us into the tomb of St. Heribald.——This, ſaid the ſacriſtan, laying his hand upon the tomb, was a renowned prince of the houſe of Bavaria, who, under the ſucceſſive reigns of Charlemagne, Louis le Debonair, and Charles the Bald, bore a great ſway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and diſcipline——

Then he has been as great, ſaid my uncle, in the field, as in the cabinet—I dare ſay he has been a gallant ſoldier—He was a monk—ſaid the ſacriſtan.

My uncle Toby and Trim ſought comfort in each other's faces—but found it not: my father clapp'd both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him; for though he hated a monk, and the very ſmell of a monk worſe than all the devils in hell ——yet the ſhot hitting my uncle Toby and Trim ſo much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph, and put him into the gayeſt humour in the world.

—And pray what do you call this gentleman? quoth my father, rather ſportingly: This tomb, ſaid the young Benedictine, looking downwards, contains the bones of St. MAXIMA, who came from Ravenna on purpoſe to touch the body——

—Of ſaint MAXIMUS, ſaid my father, popping in with his ſaint before him——they were two of the greateſt ſaints in the whole martyrology, added my father——Excuſe me, ſaid the ſacriſtan—'twas to touch the bones of Saint Germain, the builder of the abbey—And what did ſhe get by it? ſaid my uncle Toby—What does any woman get by it? ſaid my father—MARTYRDOM; replied the young Benedictine, making

ing a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with ſo humble, but deciſive a cadence, it diſarmed my father for a moment. 'Tis ſuppoſed, continued the Benedictine, that St. Maxima has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization—'Tis but a ſlow riſe, brother Toby, quoth my father, in this ſelf-ſame army of martyrs.——A deſperate ſlow one, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid Trim, unleſs one could purchaſe—I ſhould rather ſell out intirely, quoth my uncle Toby—I am pretty much of your opinion, brother Toby, ſaid my father.

—Poor St. Maxima! ſaid my uncle Toby, low, to himſelf, as we turn'd from her tomb: She was one of the faireſt and moſt beautiful ladies either of Italy or France, continued the ſacriſtan—But who the deuce has got lain down here, beſide her? quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on——It is Saint Optat, Sir, anſwered the ſacriſtan——And properly is Saint Optat placed! ſaid my father: And what is Saint Optat's ſtory? continued he. Saint Optat, replied the ſacriſtan, was a biſhop—

—I thought ſo, by heaven! cried my father, interrupting him—St. Optat!—how ſhould St. Optat fail? ſo, ſnatching out his pocket-book, and the young Benedictine holding him the torch as he wrote, he ſet it down as a new prop to his ſyſtem of Chriſtian names, and I will be bold to ſay, ſo diſintereſted was he in the ſearch of truth, that had he found a treaſure in St. Optat's tomb, it would not have made him half ſo rich: 'Twas as ſucceſsful a ſhort viſit as ever was paid to the dead; and ſo highly was his fancy pleas'd with all that had paſſed in it,—that he determined at once to ſtay another day in Auxerre.

—I'll

—I'll ſee the reſt of theſe good gentry to-morrow, ſaid my father, as we croſs'd over the ſquare —And while you are paying that viſit, brother Shandy, quoth my uncle Toby——the corporal and I will mount the ramparts.

CHAP. XXVIII.

—NOW this is the moſt puzzled ſkein of all —for in this laſt chapter, as far, at leaſt, as it has helped me through Auxerre, I have been getting forwards in two different journies together, and with the ſame daſh of the pen—for I have got entirely out of Auxerre in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half way out of Auxerre in that which I ſhall write hereafter—There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and, by puſhing at ſomething beyond that, I have brought myſelf into ſuch a ſituation, as no traveller ever ſtood before me; for I am this moment walking acroſs the market-place of Auxerre with my father and my uncle Toby, in our way back to dinner—and I am this moment alſo entering Lyons with my poſt-chaiſe broke into a thouſand pieces—and I am moreover this moment in a handſome pavilion built by Pringello *, upon the banks of the Garonne, which Monſ. Sligniac has lent me, and where I now ſit rhapſodizing all theſe affairs.

—Let me collect myſelf, and purſue my journey.

CHAP.

* *The ſame Don Pringello, the celebrated Spaniſh architect, of whom my couſin Antony has made ſuch honourable mention in a ſcholium to the Tale inſcribed to his name. Vid. p.* 129. *ſmall edit.*

CHAP. XXIX.

I AM glad of it, ſaid I, ſettling the account with myſelf as I walked into Lyons——my chaiſe being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving ſlowly before me—I am heartily glad, ſaid I, that 'tis all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to Avignon, which will carry me on a hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not coſt me ſeven livres—And from thence, continued I, bringing forwards the account, I can hire a couple of mules—or aſſes, if I like, (for no body knows me) and croſs the plains of Languedoc, for almoſt nothing—I ſhall gain four hundred livres, by the misfortune, clear into my purſe; and pleaſure! worth—worth double the money by it. With what velocity, continued I, clapping my two hands together, ſhall I fly down the rapid Rhône, with the VIVARES on my right hand, and DAUPHINY on my left, ſcarce ſeeing the ancient cities of VIENNE, Valence, and Vivieres. What a flame will it rekindle in the lamp, to ſnatch a bluſhing grape from the Hermitage and Cote roti, as I ſhoot by the foot of them? and what a freſh ſpring in the blood! to behold upon the banks, advancing and retiring, the caſtles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilome reſcued the diſtreſs'd—and ſee vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in with all her great works about her.——

As I went on thus, methought my chaiſe, the wreck of which look'd ſtately enough at the firſt, inſenſibly grew leſs and leſs in its ſize; the freſh-

neſs

neſs of the painting was no more—the gilding loſt its luſtre—and the whole affair appeared ſo poor in my eyes—ſo ſorry! ſo contemptible! and, in a word, ſo much worſe than the abbeſs of Andouillet's itſelf—that I was juſt opening my mouth to give it to the devil—when a pert vamping chaiſe undertaker, ſtepping nimbly acroſs the ſtreet, demanded if Monſieur would have his chaiſe refitted—No, no, ſaid I, ſhaking my head ſideways—Would Monſieur chuſe to ſell it? rejoin'd the undertaker—With all my ſoul, ſaid I—the iron work is worth forty livres—and the glaſſes worth forty more—and the leather you may take to live on.

——What a mine of wealth, quoth I, as he counted me the money, has this poſt-chaiſe brought me in? And this is my uſual method of book-keeping, at leaſt with the diſaſters of life—making a penny of every one of 'em as they happen to me——

——Do, my dear Jenny, tell the world for me, how I behaved under one, the moſt oppreſſive of its kind which could befal me as a man, proud, as he ought to be, of his manhood.——

'Tis enough, ſaid'ſt thou, coming cloſe up to me, as I ſtood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* paſs'd———'Tis enough, Triſtram, and I am ſatisfied, ſaid'ſt thou, whiſpering theſe words in my ear, **** ** **** *** ******;——**** ** ****——

——any other man would have ſunk down to the centre———

——Every thing is good for ſomething, quoth I.

——I'll go into Wales for ſix weeks, and drink goat's whey———and I'll gain ſeven years longer life for the accident. For which reaſon I think

myſelf inexcuſable, for blaming Fortune ſo often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious ducheſs, as I call'd her, with ſo many ſmall evils: ſurely, if I have any cauſe to be angry with her, 'tis that ſhe has not ſent me great ones—a ſcore of good curſed bouncing loſſes, would have been as good as a penſion to me.

—One of a hundred a year, or ſo, is all I wiſh —I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

CHAP. XXX.

TO thoſe who call vexations, VEXATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the beſt part of a day in Lyons, the moſt opulent and flouriſhing city in France, enriched with the moſt fragments of antiquity——and not be able to ſee it. To be withheld upon any account, muſt be a vexation; but to be withheld by a vexation—muſt certainly be, what philoſophy juſtly calls

VEXATION
upon
VEXATION.

I had got my two diſhes of milk coffee (which by the by is excellently good for a conſumption, but you muſt boil the milk and coffee together—otherwiſe 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to ſee enough of Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. I will take a walk to the cathedral, ſaid I, looking at my liſt, and

and ſee the wonderful mechaniſm of this great clock of Lippius of Baſil, in the firſt place—

Now, of all things in the world, I underſtand the leaſt of mechaniſm.——I have neither genius, or taſte, or fancy—and have a brain ſo entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I ſolemnly declare, I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a ſquirrel cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel——though I have many an hour of my life look'd up with great devotion at the one—and ſtood by with as much patience as any Chriſtian ever could do at the other—

I'll go ſee the ſurpriſing movements of this great clock, ſaid I, the very firſt thing I do: and then I will pay a viſit to the great library of the Jeſuits, and procure, if poſſible, a ſight of the thirty volumes of the general hiſtory of China, wrote (not in the Tartarian, but) in the Chineſe language, and in the Chineſe character too.

Now, I almoſt know as little of the Chineſe language, as I do of the mechaniſm of Lippius's clock-work; ſo, why theſe ſhould have joſtled themſelves into the two firſt articles of my liſt—I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature; I own it looks like one of her ladyſhip's obliquities; and they who court her, are intereſted in finding out her humours as much as I.

When theſe curioſities are ſeen, quoth I, half addreſſing myſelf to my valet de place, who ſtood behind me—'twill be no hurt if WE go to the church of St. Ireneus, and ſee the pillar to which Chriſt was tied—and after that, the houſe where Pontius Pilate lived.——'Twas at the next town, ſaid the valet de place—at Vienne; I am glad of it, ſaid I, riſing briſkly from my chair, and walking acroſs the room with ſtrides twice as long as

my uſual pace—" for ſo much the ſooner ſhall I " be at the tomb of the two lovers."

What was the cauſe of this movement, and why I took ſuch long ſtrides in uttering this—I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clock-work is concern'd in it—'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XXXI.

O! There is a ſweet æra in the life of man, when (the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing elſe)——a ſtory read of two fond lovers, ſeparated from each other by cruel parents, and by ſtill more cruel deſtiny—

Amandus——He
Amanda——She——

each ignorant of the other's courſe;

He——eaſt
She—weſt—

Amandus taken captive by the Turks, and carried to the emperor of Morocco's court, where the princeſs of Morocco falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in priſon, for the love of his Amanda——

She—(Amanda) all the time wandering bare-foot, and with diſhevell'd hair, o'er rocks and mountains, inquiring for Amandus—Amandus! Amandus!—making every hill and valley to echo back his name—

Amandus! Amandus!

at every town and city ſitting down forlorn at the gate—Has Amandus—has my Amandus enter'd? —till,—going round, and round, and round the world—chance unexpectedly bringing them at the ſame

ſame moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of Lyons their native city, and each in well-known accents calling out aloud,

Is Amandus } ſtill alive?
Is my Amanda }

they fly into each other's arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a ſoft æra in every gentle mortal's life, where ſuch a ſtory affords more pabulum to the brain, than all the fruſts, and cruſts, and ruſts of antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

—'Twas all that ſtuck on the right ſide of the colander in my own, of what Spon and others, in their accounts of Lyons, had ſtrained into it; and finding moreover, in ſome Itinerary, but in what, God knows—That ſacred to the fidelity of Amandus and Amanda, a tomb was built without the gates, where to this hour lovers call upon them to atteſt their truths,—I never could get into a ſcrape of that kind in my life, but this tomb of the lovers would ſomehow or other come in at the cloſe;—nay, ſuch a kind of empire had it eſtabliſhed over me, that I could ſeldom think or ſpeak of Lyons—and ſometimes not ſo much as ſee even a Lyons-waiſtcoat, but this remnant of antiquity would preſent itſelf to my fancy; and I have often ſaid, in my wild way of running on—though I fear with ſome irreverence—"I thought this ſhrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that at Mecca, and ſo little ſhort, except in wealth, of the Santa Caſa itſelf, that ſome time or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other buſineſs at Lyons) on purpoſe to pay it a viſit."

In my liſt, therefore, of Videnda at Lyons,

this, though laſt—was not, you ſee, leaſt; ſo taking a dozen or two of longer ſtrides than uſual acroſs my room, juſt whilſt it paſſed my brain, I walked down calmly into the Baſſe Cour, in order to ſally forth; and having called for my bill—as it was uncertain whether I ſhould return to my inn, I had paid it—had moreover given the maid ten ſous, and was juſt receiving the dernier compliments of Monſieur Le Blanc, for a pleaſant voyage down the Rhône—when I was ſtopped at the gate—

CHAP. XXXII.

—'TWAS by a poor aſs who had juſt turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemoſinary turnip tops and cabbage leaves; and ſtood dubious, with his two forefeet on the inſide of the threſhold, and with his two hinder feet towards the ſtreet, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in, or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to ſtrike—there is a patient endurance of ſufferings, wrote ſo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads ſo mightily for him, that it always diſarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to ſpeak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever ſomething civil to ſay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into converſation with him; and ſurely, never is my imagination

ſo,

ſo buſy as in framing his reſponſes from the etchings of his countenance—and where thoſe carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and ſeeing what is natural for an aſs to think—as well as a man, upon the occaſion.——In truth, it is the only creature of all the claſſes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jack-daws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them——nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the ſame reaſon; they act by rote, as the others ſpeak by it, and equally make me ſilent: nay, my dog and my cat, tho' I value them both—(and for my dog, he would ſpeak if he could)—yet, ſomehow or other, they neither of them poſſeſs the talents for converſation——I can make nothing of a diſcourſe with them, beyond the propoſition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's converſations, in his beds of juſtice—— and thoſe utter'd—there's an end of the dialogue—

—But with an aſs, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honeſty! ſaid I,—ſeeing it was impracticable to paſs betwixt him and the gate—— art thou for coming in or going out?

The aſs twiſted his head round to look up the ſtreet——

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver:

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiſtfully the oppoſite way—

I underſtand thee perfectly, anſwered I——if thou takeſt a wrong ſtep in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death——Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it ſaves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it ſhall not be ſet down as ill-ſpent.

He

He was eating the ſtem of an artichoke as this diſcourſe went on, and in the little peeviſh contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unſavourineſs, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again—God help thee, Jack! ſaid I, thou haſt a bitter breakfaſt on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterneſs to thee, whatever life is to others.

And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare ſay, as ſoot—(for he had caſt aſide the ſtem) and thou haſt not a friend, perhaps, in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.——In ſaying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had juſt purchaſed, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart ſmites me, that there was more of pleaſantry in the conceit, of ſeeing how an aſs would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which preſided in the act.

When the aſs had eaten his macaroon, I preſs'd him to come in—the poor beaſt was heavy-loaded—his legs ſeem'd to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pull'd at his halter, it broke ſhort in my hand—he look'd up penſive in my face——"Don't thraſh me with it "—but if you will you may"—If I do, ſaid I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbeſs of Andouillet's—(ſo there was no ſin in it)—when a perſon coming in, let fall a thundering baſtinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I—but the interjection was equivocal—and, I think, wrong placed too——for the end

of

of an oſier which had ſtarted out from the contexure of the aſs's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he ruſh'd by me, and rent it in the moſt diſaſtrous direction you can imagine—ſo that the

Out upon it! in my opinion, ſhould have come in here—but this I leave to be ſettled by

The
REVIEWERS
of
MY BREECHES.

which I have brought over along with me for that purpoſe.

CHAP. XXXIII.

WHEN all was ſet to rights, I came down ſtairs again into the Baſſe Cour with my valet de place, in order to ſally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, &c.—and was a ſecond time ſtopp'd at the gate—not by the aſs—but by the perſon who ſtruck him; and who, by that time, had taken poſſeſſion (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very ſpot of ground where the aſs ſtood.

It was a commiſſary ſent to me from the poſt-office, with a reſcript in his hand for the payment of ſome ſix livres odd ſous.—

Upon what account? ſaid I—'Tis upon the part of the king, replied the commiſſary, heaving up both his ſhoulders—

—My good friend, quoth I—as ſure as I am I—and you are you—

—And who are you? ſaid he.—Don't puzzle me; ſaid I.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

—BUT it is an indubitable verity, continued I, addreſſing myſelf to the commiſſary, changing only the form of my aſſeveration—that I owe the king of France nothing but my good-will; for he is a very honeſt man, and I wiſh him all health and paſtime in the world.

Pardonnez moi—replied the commiſſary, you are indebted to him ſix livres four ſous, for the next poſt from hence to St. Fons, in your route to Avignon—which being a poſt royal, you pay double for the horſes and poſtilion—otherwiſe 'twould have amounted to no more than three livres, two ſous—

—But I don't go by land; ſaid I.

—You may if you pleaſe; replied the commiſſary—

Your moſt obedient ſervant—ſaid I, making him a low bow—

The commiſſary, with all the ſincerity of grave good breeding—made me one, as low again. I never was more diſconcerted with a bow in my life.

—The devil take the ſerious character of theſe people! quoth I—(aſide) they underſtand no more of IRONY than this—

The compariſon was ſtanding cloſe by with his panniers—but ſomething ſeal'd up my lips—I could not pronounce the name—

Sir, ſaid I, collecting myſelf—it is not my intention to take poſt—

——But you may—ſaid he, perſiſting in his firſt reply—you may take poſt if you chuſe—

—And

—And I may take ſalt to my pickled herring, ſaid I, if I chuſe—

—But I do not chuſe—

—But you muſt pay for it, whether you do or no—

Aye! for the ſalt; ſaid I (I know)—

—And for the poſt too; added he. Defend me! cried I—

I travel by water—I am going down the Rhône this very afternoon—my baggage is in the boat—and I have actually paid nine livres for my paſſage—

C'eſt tout egal;—'tis all one; ſaid he.

Bon Dieu! what, pay for the way I go! and for the way I do not go!

—C'eſt tout egal; replied the commiſſary—

—The devil it is! ſaid I—but I will go to ten thouſand Baſtiles firſt—

O England! England! thou land of liberty, and climate of good ſenſe, thou tendereſt of mothers—and gentleſt of nurſes, cried I, kneeling upon one knee, as I was beginning my apoſtrophe—

When the director of Madam Le Blanc's conſcience coming in at that inſtant, and ſeeing a perſon in black, with a face as pale as aſhes, at his devotions—looking ſtill paler by the contraſt and diſtreſs of his drapery—aſk'd, if I ſtood in want of the aids of the Church—

I go by WATER—ſaid I—and here's another will be for making me pay for going by OYL.

CHAP. XXXV.

AS I perceived the commiſſary of the poſt-office would have his ſix livres four ſous, I had

had nothing elſe for it, but to ſay ſome ſmart thing upon the occaſion, worth the money:

And ſo I ſet off thus—

—And pray, Mr. Commiſſary, by what law of courteſy is a defenceleſs ſtranger to be uſed juſt the reverſe from what you uſe a Frenchman in this matter?

By no means; ſaid he.

Excuſe me; ſaid I—for you have begun, Sir, with firſt tearing off my breeches—and now you want my pocket—

Whereas—had you firſt taken my pocket as you do with your own people—and then left me bare a—'d after—I had been a beaſt to have complained—

As it is—

—'Tis contrary to the law of nature.

—'Tis contrary to reaſon.

—'Tis contrary to the GOSPEL.

But not to this—ſaid he—putting a printed paper into my hand.

PAR LE ROY.

——'Tis a pithy prolegomenon, quoth I—and ſo read on -
- -
- -
- -

—By all which it appears, quoth I, having read it over, a little too rapidly, that if a man ſets out in a poſt-chaiſe from Paris—he muſt go on travelling in one, all the days of his life—or pay for it——Excuſe me, ſaid the commiſſary, the ſpirit of the ordinance is this—That if you ſet out with an intention of running poſt from Paris to Avignon, &c. you ſhall not change that intention or mode of travelling, without firſt

ſatisfying

ſatisfying the fermiers for two poſts further than the place you repent at—and 'tis founded, continued he, upon this, that the REVENUES are not to fall ſhort through your fickleneſs—

—O by heavens! cried I—if fickleneſs is taxable in France—we have nothing to do but to make the beſt peace with you we can—

AND SO THE PEACE WAS MADE;

—And if it is a bad one—as Triſtram Shandy laid the corner ſtone of it—nobody but Triſtram Shandy ought to be hanged.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THOUGH I was ſenſible I had ſaid as many clever things to the commiſſary as came to ſix livres four ſous, yet I was determined to note down the impoſition amongſt my remarks before I retir'd from the place; ſo putting my hand into my coat pocket for my remarks—(which by the by, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of their remarks for the future) "my remarks were ſtolen"—Never did ſorry traveller make ſuch a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occaſion.

Heaven! earth! ſea! fire! cried I, calling in every thing to my aid but what I ſhould—My remarks are ſtolen!—what ſhall I do?—Mr. Commiſſary! pray did I drop any remarks as I ſtood beſide you?—

You dropp'd a good many very ſingular ones; replied he—Pugh! ſaid I, thoſe were but a few, not worth above ſix livres two ſous—but theſe are a large parcel—He ſhook his head—Monſieur Le Blanc! Madam Le Blanc! did you ſee

any papers of mine?—you maid of the houſe! run up ſtairs—Francois! run up after her—

—I muſt have my remarks—they were the beſt remarks, cried I, that ever were made—the wiſeſt—the wittieſt—What ſhall I do?—which way ſhall I turn myſelf?

Sancho Panca, when he loſt his aſs's FURNITURE, did not exclaim more bitterly.

CHAP. XXXVII.

WHEN the firſt tranſport was over, and the regiſters of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confuſion into which this jumble of croſs accidents had caſt them—it then preſently occurr'd to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of the chaiſe—and that in ſelling my chaiſe, I had ſold my remarks along with it, to the chaiſe vamper.

I leave this void ſpace that the reader may ſwear into it, any oath that he is moſt accuſtomed to—For my own part, if ever I ſwore a whole oath into a vacancy in my life, I think it was into that—*** ******, ſaid I—— and ſo my remarks through France, which were as full of wit, as an egg is full of meat, and as well worth four hundred guineas, as the ſaid egg is worth a penny—have I been ſelling here to a chaiſe vamper—for four Louis d'Ors——and giving him a poſt-chaiſe (by heaven) worth ſix into the bargain; had it been to Dodſley, or Becket, or any creditable bookſeller, who was either leaving off buſineſs, and wanted a poſt-chaiſe—or who was beginning it—and wanted my remarks, and two or three guineas along with

with them—I could have born it—but to a chaiſe-vamper!—ſhew me to him this moment, Francois—ſaid I—The valet de place put on his hat, and led the way—and I pull'd off mine, as I paſs'd the commiſſary, and followed him.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

WHEN we arrived at the chaiſe-vamper's houſe, both the houſe and the ſhop were ſhut up; it was the eighth of September, the nativity of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, mother of God--

—Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi—the whole world was going out a May-poling—friſking here—capering there—no body cared a button for me or my remarks; ſo I ſat me down upon a bench by the door, philoſophizing upon my condition: by a better fate than uſually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the miſtreſs came in, to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before ſhe went to the May-poles—

The French women, by the by, love May-poles, a la folie—that is, as much as their matins—give 'em but a May-pole, whether in May, June, July, or September—they never count the times—down it goes—'tis meat, drink, waſhing, and lodging to 'em—and had we but the policy, an' pleaſe your worſhips (as wood is a little ſcarce in France) to ſend them but plenty of May-poles—

The women would ſet them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaiſe-vamper ſtep'd in, I told you, to take the papilliotes from off her hair—

the toilette ſtands ſtill for no man—ſo ſhe jerk'd off her cap, to begin with them as ſhe open'd the door, in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground—I inſtantly ſaw it was my own writing

—

—O Seigneur! cried I—you have got all my remarks upon your head, Madam!—J'en ſuis bien mortifiée, ſaid ſhe—'tis well, thinks I, they have ſtuck there—for could they have gone deeper, they would have made ſuch confuſion in a French woman's noddle—ſhe had better have gone with it unfrizzled, to the day of eternity.

Tenez—ſaid ſhe—So without any idea of the nature of my ſuffering, ſhe took them from her curls, and put them gravely one by one into my hat—one was twiſted this way—another twiſted that—ay! by my faith, and when they are publiſhed, quoth I,—

They will be worſe twiſted ſtill.

CHAP. XXXIX.

AND now for Lippius's clock! ſaid I, with the air of a man, who had got thro' all his difficulties—nothing can prevent us ſeeing that and the Chineſe hiſtory, &c. except the time, ſaid Francois—for 'tis almoſt eleven—then we muſt ſpeed the faſter, ſaid I, ſtriding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot ſay, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the weſt door,—That Lippius's great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for ſome years—It will give me the more time, thought

thought I, to peruſe the Chineſe hiſtory; and beſides I ſhall be able to give the world a better account of the clock in its decay, than I could have done in its flouriſhing condition—

—And ſo away I poſted to the college of the Jeſuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the hiſtory of China in Chineſe characters—as with many others I could mention, which ſtrike the fancy only at a diſtance; for as I came nearer and nearer to the point—my blood cool'd—the freak gradually went off, till, at length I would not have given a cherry-ſtone to have it gratified—The truth was, my time was ſhort, and my heart was at the Tomb of the Lovers—I wiſh to God, ſaid I, as I got the rapper, in my hand, that the key of the library may be but loſt? it fell out as well—

For all the JESUITS had got the cholic—and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldeſt practitioner.

CHAP. XL.

AS I knew the geography of the Tomb of the Lovers, as well as if I had lived twenty years in Lyons, namely, that it was upon the turning of my right hand, juſt without the gate, leading to the Fauxbourg de Vaiſe—I diſpatch'd Francois to the boat, that I might pay the homage I ſo long ow'd it, without a witneſs of my weakneſs.—I walk'd with all imaginable joy towards the place—when I ſaw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me—

—Tender and faithful ſpirits! cried I, addreſſing myſelf to Amandus and Amanda—long—long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb—I come—I come—

When I came—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my uncle Toby to have whiſtled, Lillo bullero!

CHAP. XLI.

NO matter how, or in what mood—but I flew from the tomb of the lovers—or rather I did not fly from it—(for there was no ſuch thing exiſting) and juſt got time enough to the boat to ſave my paſſage;—and ere I had ſailed a hundred yards, the Rhône and the Saôn met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have deſcribed this voyage down the Rhône before I made it—

—So now I am at Avignon—and as there is nothing to ſee but the old houſe, in which the duke of Ormond reſided, and nothing to ſtop me but a ſhort remark upon the place, in three minutes you will ſee me croſſing the bridge upon a mule, with Francois upon a horſe with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both, ſtriding the way before us with a long gun upon his ſhoulder, and a ſword under his arm, leſt peradventure we ſhould run away with his cattle.. Had you ſeen my breeches in entering Avignon—though you'd have ſeen them better, I think, as I mounted—you would not have thought the precaution amiſs, or found in your heart to

have

have taken it in dudgeon: for my own part, I took it muſt kindly; and determined to make him a preſent of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himſelf at all points againſt them.

Before I go further, let me get rid of my remark upon Avignon, which is this; That I think it wrong, merely becauſe a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the firſt night he comes to Avignon,—that he ſhould therefore ſay, "Avignon is more ſubject to high "winds than any town in all France:" for which reaſon I laid no ſtreſs upon the accident, till I had inquired of the maſter of the inn about it, who telling me ſeriouſly it was ſo—and hearing moreover, the windyneſs of Avignon ſpoke of in the country about as a proverb—I ſet it down, merely to aſk the learned what can be the cauſe—the conſequence I ſaw—for they are all Dukes, Marquiſſes, and Counts, there———the deuce a Baron in all Avignon—ſo that there is ſcarce any talking to them on a windy day.

Prithee, friend, ſaid I, take hold of my mule for a moment—for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel——the man was ſtanding quite idle at the door of the inn, and as I had taken it into my head, he was ſome way concerned about the houſe or ſtable, I put the bridle into his hand—ſo began with my boot: ———when I had finiſhed the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him—

—But Monſieur le Marquis had walked in—

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

I HAD now the whole ſouth of France, from the banks of the Rhône to thoſe of the Garonne, to traverſe upon my mule at my own leiſure—at my own leiſure—for I had left Death, the Lord knows—and He only—how far behind me—"I have followed many a man thro' France, quoth he—but never at this mettleſome rate."—Still he followed,—and ſtill I fled him—but I fled him chearfully—ſtill he purſued—but like one who purſued his prey without hope—as he lagg'd, every ſtep he loſt, ſoftened his looks—why ſhould I fly him at this rate?

So notwithſtanding all the commiſſary of the poſt-office had ſaid, I changed the mode of my travelling once more; and after ſo precipitate and rattling a courſe as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I ſhould traverſe the rich plains of Lauguedoc upon his back, as ſlowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleaſing to a traveller—or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain; eſpecially if it is without great rivers or bridges; and preſents nothing to the eye, but one unvaried picture of plenty: for after they have once told you that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the caſe happens)—that the ſoil was grateful, and that nature pours out all her abundance, &c.—they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with—and which is of little or no uſe to them but to carry them to ſome town; and that town, perhaps little more, but a new place to ſtart from to the next plain—and ſo on.

—This

—This is moſt terrible work; judge if I don't manage my plains better.

CHAP. XLIII.

I HAD not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun, began to look at his priming.

I had three ſeveral times loitered terribly behind; half a mile at leaſt every time; once in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of Baucaira and Taraſcone—I did not underſtand the principles—

The ſecond time, I cannot ſo properly ſay, I ſtopp'd—for, meeting a couple of Franciſcans ſtraiten'd more for time than myſelf, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about—I had turned back with them—

The third, was an affair of trade with a goſſip, for a hand-baſket of Provence figs for four ſous; this would have been tranſacted at once, but for a caſe of conſcience at the cloſe of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turn'd out, that there were two dozen of eggs covered over with vine-leaves at the bottom of the baſket—as I had no intention of buying eggs—I made no ſort of claim of them—as for the ſpace they had occupied—what ſignified it? I had figs enow for my money———

——But it was my intention to have the baſket—it was the goſſip's intention to keep it, without which, ſhe could do nothing with her eggs—and, unleſs I had the baſket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and moſt of 'em burſt at the ſide: this brought on a

ſhort

ſhort contention, which terminated in ſundry propoſals, what we ſhould both do—

—How we diſpoſed of our eggs and figs, I defy you, or the devil himſelf, had he not been there (which I am perſuaded he was) to form the leaſt probable conjecture. You will read the whole of it—not this year, for I am haſtening to the ſtory of my uncle Toby's amours—but you will read it in the collection of thoſe which have aroſe out of the journey acroſs this plain—and which, therefore, I call my

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued like thoſe of other travellers, in this journey of it, over ſo barren a tract—the world muſt judge——but the traces of it, which are now all ſet o' vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the moſt fruitful and buſy period of my life; for as I had made no convention with my man with the gun as to time——by ſtopping and talking to every ſoul I met who was not in a full trot—joining all parties before me—waiting for every ſoul behind——hailing all thoſe who were coming through croſs roads—arreſting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars—not paſſing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into converſation with a pinch of ſnuff——In ſhort, by ſeizing every handle, of what ſize or ſhape ſoever, which chance held out to me in this journey—I turned my plain into a city—I was always in company, and with great variety too; and as my mule loved ſociety as much as myſelf, and had ſome propoſals always on his part to offer to every beaſt he met—I am confident we could have paſſed through Pall Mall or St. James's Street

Street for a month together, with fewer adventures—and ſeen leſs of human nature.

O! there is that ſprightly frankneſs which at once unpins every plate of a Languedocian's dreſs—that whatever is beneath it, it looks ſo like the ſimplicity which poets ſing of in better days—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is ſo.

'Twas in the road betwixt Niſmes and Lunel, where there is the beſt Muſcatto wine in all France, and which, by the by, belongs to the honeſt canons of MONTPELLIER—and foul befall the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

—The ſun was ſet—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afreſh——and the ſwains were preparing for a carouſal——My mule made a dead point—'Tis the fife and tabourin, ſaid I——I am frighten'd to death, quoth he——They are running at the ring of pleaſure, ſaid I, giving him a prick——By ſaint Boogar, and all the ſaints at the backſide of the door of purgatory, ſaid he—(making the ſame reſolution with the abbeſſe of Andouillets) I'll not go a ſtep further——'Tis very well, ſir, ſaid I—I will never argue a point with one of your family, as long as I live; ſo leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that—I'll take a dance, ſaid I—ſo ſtay you here.

A ſun-burnt daughter of Labour roſe up from the groupe to meet me as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was a dark cheſnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a ſingle treſs.

We want a cavalier, ſaid ſhe, holding out both her hands as if to offer them—And a cavalier

ye ſhall have, ſaid I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadſt thou, Nannette, been array'd like a ducheſſe!

——But that curſed ſlit in thy petticoat!

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you, ſaid ſhe, letting go one hand, with ſelf-taught politeneſs, leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompenſed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran ſweetly over the prelude as he ſat upon the bank—Tie me up this treſs inſtantly, ſaid Nannette, putting a piece of ſtring into my hand——It taught me to forget I was a ſtranger—The whole knot fell down——We had been ſeven years acquainted.

The youth ſtruck the note upon the tabourin ——his pipe followed, and off we bounded—"the deuce take that ſlit!"

The ſiſter of the youth who had ſtolen her voice from heaven, ſung alternately with her brother—'twas a Gaſcoigne roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA!

FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

The nymphs joined in uniſon, and their ſwains an octave below them—

I would have given a crown to have it ſew'd up—Nannette would not have given a ſous—Viva la joia! was in her lips—Viva la joia! was in her eyes. A tranſient ſpark of amity ſhot acroſs the ſpace betwixt us—She look'd amiable!—Why could I not live and end my days thus? Juſt diſpoſer of our joys and ſorrows, cried I, why could not a man ſit down in the lap of content here—and dance, and ſing, and ſay his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid?

maid? capriciouſly did ſhe bend her head on one ſide, and dance up inſidious——Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I; ſo changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpelier——from thence to Peſcnas, Beziers——I danced it along through Narbonne, Carcaſſon, and Caſtle Naudairy, till at laſt I danced myſelf into Perdrillo's pavilion, where, pulling a paper of black lines, that I might go on ſtraight forwards, without digreſſion or parentheſis, in my uncle Toby's amours——

I began thus——

END of the SEVENTH VOLUME.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.

Non enim excurſus hic ejus, ſed opus ipſum eſt.

PLIN. Lib. v. Epiſt. 6.

VOL. VIII.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gt.

CHAP. I.

—BUT ſoftly—for in theſe ſportive plains, and under this genial ſun, where, at this inſtant, all fleſh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every ſtep that's taken, the judgment is ſurpriſed by the imagination, I defy, notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid upon ſtraight lines * in ſundry pages of my book—I defy the beſt cabbage-planter that ever exiſted, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account

* *Vid. Vol. VI.*

(except that he will have more to anſwer for in the one caſe than the other)——I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in ſtraight lines, and ſtoical diſtances, eſpecially if ſlits in petticoats are unſew'd up——without ever and anon ſtraddling out, or fiddling into ſome baſtardly digreſſion——In Freeze-land, Fog-land, and ſome other lands I wot of——it may be done——

But in this clear climate of fantaſy and perſpiration, where every idea, ſenſible and inſenſible, gets vent——in this land, my dear Eugenius——in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now ſit, unſkrewing my inkhorn to write my uncle Toby's amours, and with all the meanders of JULIA's tract in queſt of her DIEGO, in full view of my ſtudy window——if thou comeſt not and takeſt me by the hand——

What a work is it likely to turn out!

Let us begin it.

CHAP. II.

IT is with LOVE as with CUCKOLDOM——

——But now I am talking of beginning a Book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live (whereas the COMPARISON may be imparted to him any hour in the day)——I'll juſt mention it, and begin in good earneſt.

The thing is this.

That of all the ſeveral ways of beginning a book, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing.

doing it is the beſt—I'm ſure it is the moſt religious—for I begin with writing the firſt ſentence—and truſting to Almighty God for the ſecond.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuſs and folly of opening his ſtreet-door, and calling in his neighbours and friends, and kinsfolk, with the devil and all his imps, with their hammers and engines, &c. only to obſerve how one ſentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wiſh you ſaw me half ſtarting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I graſp the elbow of it, I look up—catching the idea, even ſometimes before it half way reaches me——

I believe in my conſcience, I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man.

Pope and his Portrait * are fools to me—no martyr is ever ſo full of faith or fire—I wiſh I could ſay of good works too—but I have no

Zeal or Anger———or
Anger or Zeal———

And till gods and men agree together to call it by the ſame name—the erranteſt TARTUFFE, in ſcience—in politicks—or in religion, ſhall never kindle a ſpark within me, or have a worſe word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

——Bon jour!——good morrow!——ſo you have got your cloak on betimes!——but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly—'tis better to be well mounted, than go o'foot—and obſtructions in the glands are dangerous—

And

* *Vid. Pope's Portrait.*

And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife—and thy little ones o'both ſides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady—your ſiſter, aunt, uncle and couſins—I hope they have got the better of their colds, coughs, claps, tooth-aches, fevers, ſtranguries, ſciaticas, ſwellings, and ſore eyes.—What a devil of an apothecary! to take ſo much blood—-give ſuch a vile purge—puke—poultice—plaſter—night-draught—-gliſter—bliſter?—And why ſo many grains of calomel! ſanta Maria! and ſuch a doſe of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail—By my great aunt Dinah's old black velvet maſk! I think there was no occaſion for it.

Now, this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, before ſhe was got with child by the coachman—not one of our family would wear it after—To cover the MASK afreſh, was more than the maſk was worth,—and to wear a maſk which was bald, or which could be half ſeen through, was as bad as having no maſk at all—

This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that in all our numerous family, for theſe four generations, we count no more than one archbiſhop, a Welch judge, ſome three or four aldermen, and a ſingle mountebank—

In the ſixteenth century, we boaſt of no leſs than a dozen alchymiſts.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

"IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom"——the ſuffering party is at leaſt the third, but generally the laſt in the houſe who knows any thing about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and ſo long, as what in this veſſel of the human frame, is Love—may be hatred in that——Sentiment half a yard higher——— and Nonſenſe——no, Madam,—not there——I mean at the part I am now pointing to with my forefinger—how can we help ourſelves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you pleaſe, who ever ſoliloquized upon this myſtick ſubject, my uncle Toby was the worſt fitted, to have puſh'd his reſearches, thro' ſuch a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worſe matters, to ſee what they would turn out——had not Bridget's prenotification of them to Suſannah, and Suſannah's repeated manifeſtos thereupon to all the world, made it neceſſary for my uncle Toby to look into the affair.

CHAP. V.

WHY weavers gardeners, and gladiators ———or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from ſome ailment in the foot)——ſhould ever have had ſome tender nymph breaking her heart in ſecret for them, are points well and duly ſettled and accounted for, by ancient and modern phyſiologiſts.

A water-

A water-drinker, provided he is a profeſs'd one, and does it without fraud or covin, is preciſely in the ſame predicament: not that, at firſt ſight, there is any conſequence, or ſhew of logick in it, "That a rill of cold water dribbling "through my inward parts, ſhould light up a "torch in my Jenny's ——"

———The propoſition does not ſtrike one; on the contrary it ſeems to run oppoſite to the natural workings of cauſes and effects——

But it ſhews the weakneſs and imbecility of human reaſon.

———"And in perfect good health with it?"

—The moſt perfect—Madam, that friendſhip herſelf could wiſh me——

——"And drink nothing!——nothing but "water?"

—Impetuous fluid! the moment thou preſſeſt againſt the flood-gates of the brain——ſee how they give way!——

In ſwims CURIOSITY, beckoning to her damſels to follow—they dive into the centre of the current——

FANCY ſits muſing upon the bank, and with her eyes following the ſtream, turns ſtraws and bulruſhes into maſts and bowſpirts—And DESIRE, with veſt held up to the knee in one hand, ſnatches at them, as they ſwim by her, with the other——

O ye water-drinkers! is it then by this deluſive fountain, that ye have ſo often governed and turn'd this world about like a mill-wheel—grinding the faces of the impotent—be-powdering their ribs—be-peppering their noſes, and changing ſometimes even the very frame and face of nature——

—If

—If I was you, quoth Yorick, I would drink more water, Eugenius—And if I was you, Yorick, replied Eugenius, ſo would I.

Which ſhews they had both read Longinus—

For my own part, I am reſolved never to read any book but own, as long as I live.

CHAP. VI.

I Wiſh my uncle Toby had been a water-drinker; for then the thing had been accounted for, That the firſt moment Widow Wadman ſaw him, ſhe felt ſomething ſtirring within her in his favour——Something!—ſomething.

—Something, perhaps more than friendſhip—leſs than love—ſomething—no matter what—no matter where—I would not give a ſingle hair of my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myſelf (indeed the villain has not many to ſpare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your worſhips into the ſecret—

But the truth is, my uncle Toby was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mix'd, or any how, or any where, except fortuitouſly upon ſome advanced poſts, where better liquor was not to be had—or during the time he was under cure, when the ſurgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them ſooner into contact—my uncle Toby drank it for quietneſs ſake.

Now, as all the world knows, that no effect in nature can be produced without a cauſe; and as it is as well known, that my uncle Toby was neither a weaver——a gardener, or a gladiator——

unleſs

unleſs as a captain, you will needs have him one —but then he was only a captain of foot—and beſides, the whole is an equivocation—There is nothing left for us to ſuppoſe, but that my uncle Toby's leg—but that will avail us little in the preſent hypotheſis, unleſs it had proceeded from ſome ailment in the foot—whereas his leg was not emaciated from any diſorder in his foot—for my uncle Toby's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little ſtiff and awkward, from a total diſuſe of it, for the three years he lay confined at my father's houſe in town; but it was plump and muſcular, and in all other reſpects, as good and promiſing a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one opinion or paſſage of my life, where my underſtanding was more at a loſs to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the ſervice of the chapter following it, than in the preſent caſe: one would think I took a pleaſure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make freſh experiments in getting out of 'em—Inconſiderate ſoul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable diſtreſſes with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemm'd in on every ſide of thee—are they, Triſtram, not ſufficient, but thou muſt entangle thyſelf ſtill more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou haſt ten cart-loads of thy fifth and ſixth volumes ſtill—ſtill unſold, and art almoſt at thy wit's end how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented with the vile aſthma thou gatteſt in ſkating againſt the wind in Flanders? and is it but two months ago, that, in a fit of laughter, on ſeeing a cardinal make water like a choiriſter (with both hands) thou

brakeſt a veſſel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou loſt as many quarts of blood; and hadſt thou loſt as much more, did not the faculty tell thee—it would have amounted to a gallon?——

CHAP. VII.

——But for heaven's ſake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons—let us take the ſtory ſtraight before us; it is ſo nice and intricate a one, it will ſcarce bear the tranſpoſition of a ſingle tittle; and ſome how or other, you have got me thruſt almoſt into the middle of it——

——I beg we may take more care.

CHAP. VIII.

MY uncle Toby and the corporal had poſted down with ſo much heat and precipitation, to take poſſeſſion of the ſpot of ground we have ſo often ſpoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the reſt of the allies; that they had forgot one of the moſt neceſſary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's ſpade, a pickaxe, or a ſhovel—

—It was a bed to ly on: ſo that as Shandy-Hall was at that time unfurniſhed; and the little inn where poor Le Fever died, not yet built; my uncle Toby was conſtrained to accept of a bed at Mrs. Wadman's, for a night or two, till corporal Trim (who, to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, ſempſter, ſurgeon and engineer, ſuperadded that of an excellent upholſterer too) with the help of a carpenter and a

couple of taylors, conſtructed one in my uncle Toby's houſe.

A daughter of Eve, for ſuch was widow Wadman, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her—

—" That ſhe was a perfect woman ;"

had better be fifty leagues off—or in her warm bed———or playing with a caſe-knife———or any thing you pleaſe———than make a man the object of her attention, when the houſe and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad day-light, where a woman has a power, phyſically ſpeaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one—but here, for her ſoul, ſhe can ſee him in no light without mixing ſomething of her own goods and chattles along with him—till by reiterated acts of ſuch combinations, he gets foiſted into her inventory—

———And then good night.

But this is not matter of SYSTEM ; for I have delivered that above—nor is it matter of BREVIARY———for I make no man's creed but my own———nor matter of FACT———at leaſt that I know of ; but 'tis matter copulative and introductory to what follows.

CHAP. IX.

I Do not ſpeak it with regard to the coarſeneſs or cleanneſs of them—or the ſtrength of their guſſets—but pray do not night-ſhifts differ from day-ſhifts as much in this particular, as in any thing elſe in the world ; That they ſo far exceed the others in length, that when you are laid down

in

in them, they fall almoſt as much below the feet, as the day-ſhifts fall ſhort of them?

Widow Wadman's night-ſhifts (as was the mode I ſuppoſe in King William's and Queen Anne's reigns) were cut, however, after this faſhion; and if the faſhion is changed (for in Italy they are come to nothing)—ſo much the worſe for the publick, they were two Flemiſh ells and a half in length; ſo that allowing a moderate woman two ells, ſhe had half an ell to ſpare, to do what ſhe would with.

Now, from one little indulgence gain'd after another, in the many bleak and decemberly nights of a ſeven years widowhood, things had inſenſibly come to this paſs, and for the two laſt years had got eſtabliſh'd into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber——That as ſoon as Mrs. Wadman was put to bed, and had got her legs ſtretched down to the bottom of it, of which ſhe always gave Bridget notice—Bridget with all ſuitable decorum, having firſt open'd the bed-clothes at the feet, took hold of the half ell of cloth we are ſpeaking of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to its furtheſt extenſion, and then contracted it again ſide-long, by four or five even plaits, ſhe took a large corking pin out of her ſleeve, and with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all faſt together, a little above the hem; which done, ſhe tuck'd all in tight at the feet, and wiſh'd her miſtreſs a good night.

This was conſtant, and without any other variation than this; that on ſhivering and tempeſtuous nights, when Bridget untuck'd the feet of the bed, &c. to do this—ſhe conſulted no thermometer but that of her own paſſions; and ſo

performed it ſtanding—kneeling—or ſquatting, according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, ſhe was in, and bore towards her miſtreſs that night. In every other reſpect, the etiquette was ſacred, and might have vied with the moſt mechanical one of the moſt inflexible bed-chamber in Chriſtendom.

The firſt night, as ſoon as the corporal had conducted my uncle Toby up ſtairs, which was about ten—Mrs. Wadman threw herſelf into her arm-chair, and croſſing her left knee with her right, which formed a reſting place for her elbow, ſhe reclined her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both ſides of the queſtion.

The ſecond night ſhe went to her bureau, and having ordered Bridget to bring her up a couple of freſh candles, and leave them upon the table, ſhe took out her marriage ſettlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the laſt of my uncle Toby's ſtay) when Bridget had pull'd down the night-ſhift, and was eſſaying to ſtick in the corking pin—

—With a kick of both heels at once, but at the ſame time the moſt natural kick that could be kick'd in her ſituation—for ſuppoſing * * * * * * * * * * to be the ſun in its meridian, it was a north-eaſt kick—ſhe kicked the pin out of her fingers—the etiquette which hung upon it, down—down it fell to the ground, and was ſhivered into a thouſand atoms.

From all which it was plain, that Widow Wadman was in love with my uncle Toby.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

MY uncle Toby's head at that time was full of other matters, ſo that it was not till the demolition of Dunkirk, when all the other civilities of Europe were ſettled, that he found leiſure to return this.

This made an armiſtice (that is, ſpeaking with regard to my uncle Toby—but with reſpect to Mrs. Wadman, a vacancy)—of almoſt eleven years. But in all caſes of this nature, as it is the ſecond blow, happen at what diſtance of time it will, which makes the fray—I chuſe, for that reaſon, to call theſe the amours of my uncle Toby with Mrs. Wadman, rather than the amours of Mrs. Wadman with my uncle Toby.

This is not a diſtinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of an old hat cock'd—and a cock'd old hat, about which your reverences have ſo often been at odds with one another—but there is a difference here in the nature of things—

And let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

CHAP. XI.

NOW as widow Wadman did love my uncle Toby—and my uncle Toby did not love widow Wadman, there was nothing for widow Wadman to do, but to go on and love my uncle Toby—or let it alone.

Widow Wadman would do neither the one or the other—

—Gracious heaven!—but I forgot I am a little of her temper myſelf; for whenever it ſo falls out, which it ſometimes does about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddeſs is ſo much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfaſt for her—and that ſhe careth not three halfpence, whether I eat my breakfaſt or no—

—Curſe on her! and ſo I ſend her to Tartary, and from Tartary to Terra del Fuego, and ſo on to the devil: in ſhort, there is not an infernal nich where I do not take her divinityſhip and ſtick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the paſſions in theſe tides ebb and flow ten times in a minute, I inſtantly bring her back again; and as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very centre of the milky way—

Brighteſt of ſtars! thou wilt ſhed thy influence upon ſome one—

—The deuce take her and her influence too—for at that word I loſe all patience—much good may it do him!—By all that is hirſute and ghaſtly! I cry, taking off my furr'd cap, and twiſting it round my finger—I would not give ſixpence for a dozen ſuch!

—But 'tis an excellent cap too (putting it upon my head, and preſſing it cloſe to my ears)—and warm—and ſoft; eſpecially if you ſtroke it the right way—but, alas! that will never be my luck—(ſo here my philoſophy is ſhipwreck'd again.)

—No; I ſhall never have a finger in the pie (ſo here I break my metaphor)—

Cruſt and crumb,
Inſide and out.

Top

Top and bottom—I deteſt it, I hate it, I repudiate it—I'm ſick at the ſight of it—

'Tis all pepper,
garlick,
ſtaragen,
ſalt, and
devil's dung—by the great archcook of cooks, who does nothing, I think, from morning to night, but ſit down by the fire-ſide, and invent inflammatory diſhes for us, I would not touch it for the world—

—O Triſtram! Triſtram! cried Jenny.

O Jenny! Jenny! replied I, and ſo went on with the twelfth chapter.

CHAP. XII.

—"Not touch it for the world" did I ſay—

Lord, how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor!

CHAP. XIII.

WHICH ſhews, let your reverences and worſhips ſay what you will of it (for as for thinking—all who do think—think pretty much alike, both upon it and other matters)—LOVE is certainly, at leaſt alphabetically ſpeaking, one of the moſt

A gitating
B ewitching
C onfounded
D eviliſh affairs of life—the moſt
E xtravagant
F utilitous
G alligaſkiniſh

H andy-

H andy-dandyiſh
I racundulous (there is no K to it) and
L yrical of all human paſſions: at the ſame time, the moſt
M iſgiving
N innyhammering
O bſtipating
P ragmatical
S tridulous
R idiculous—though by the by, the R ſhould have gone firſt—But, in ſhort, 'tis of ſuch a nature, as my father once told my uncle Toby upon the cloſe of a long diſſertation upon the ſubject—"You can ſcarce," ſaid he, "combine "two ideas together upon it, brother Toby, with- "out an hypallage"—What's that? cried my uncle Toby.

The cart before the horſe, replied my father—

—And what has he to do there? cried my uncle Toby—

Nothing, quoth my father, but to get in—or let it alone.

Now, widow Wadman, as I told you before, would do neither the one or the other.

She ſtood however ready harneſſed and capariſoned at all points, to watch accidents.

CHAP. XIV.

THE Fates, who certainly all foreknew of theſe amours of widow Wadman and my uncle Toby, had, from the firſt creation of matter and motion (and with more courteſy than they uſually do things of this kind) eſtabliſhed ſuch a chain of cauſes and effects hanging ſo faſt to one another, that it was ſcarce poſſible for my uncle Toby

Toby to have dwelt in any other houſe in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Chriſtendom, but the very houſe and garden which join'd and lay parallel to Mrs. Wadman's; this, with the advantage of a thickſet arbour in Mrs. Wadman's garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle Toby's, put all the occaſions into her hands, which Love-militancy wanted; ſhe could obſerve my uncle Toby's motions, and was miſtreſs likeways of his councils of war; and as his unſuſpecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker-gate of communication, to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the ſentry-box; and ſometimes out of gratitude, to make the attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle Toby up in the very ſentry-box itſelf.

CHAP. XV.

IT is a great pity—but 'tis certain from every day's obſervation of man, that he may be ſet on fire like a candle, at either end—provided there is a ſufficient wick ſtanding out; if there is not—there's an end of the affair; and if there is—by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame, in that caſe, has the misfortune generally to put out itſelf—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it, which way I would be burnt myſelf—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beaſt—I would oblige a houſe-wife conſtantly

ſtantly to light me at the top; for then I ſhould burn down decently to the ſocket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and ſo on by the meſeraick veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral inſertions of the inteſtines and their tunicles, to the blind gut—

—I beſeech you, Doctor Slop, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting him as he mentioned the blind gut, in a diſcourſe with my father the night my mother was brought to bed of me—I beſeech you, quoth my uncle Toby, to tell me which is the blind gut; for, old as I am, I vow I do not know to this day where it lies.

The blind gut, anſwered Doctor Slop, lies betwixt the Ilion and Colon—

—In a man? ſaid my father.

—'Tis preciſely the ſame, cried Doctor Slop, in a woman—

That's more than I know, quoth my father.

CHAP. XVI.

—And ſo to make ſure of both ſyſtems, Mrs. Wadman predetermined to light my uncle Toby, neither at this end or that; but like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if poſſible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber-rooms of military furniture, including both of horſe and foot, from the great arſenal of Venice, to the Tower of London (excluſive) if Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for ſeven years together, and with Bridget to help her, ſhe could not have found any one blind or mantelet ſo fit for her purpoſe,

as that which the expediency of my uncle Toby's affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you——but I don't know—poſſibly I have——be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of thoſe many things, which a man had better do over again, than diſpute about it—That whatever town or fortreſs the corporal was at work upon, during the courſe of their campaign, my uncle Toby always took care on the inſide of his ſentry-box, which was towards his left-hand, to have a plan of the place, faſten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but looſe at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occaſions required; ſo that when an attack was reſolved upon, Mrs. Wadman had nothing more to do, when ſhe had got advanced to the door of the ſentry-box, but to extend her right hand; and edging in her left foot at the ſame movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with outſtretched neck meeting it half way,—to advance it towards her; on which my uncle Toby's paſſions were ſure to catch fire—for he would inſtantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his pipe in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point; —the world will naturally enter into the reaſons of Mrs. Wadman's next ſtroke of generalſhip—which was to take my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe out of his hand as ſoon as ſhe poſſibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more diſtinctly at ſome redoubt or breaſt-work in the map, ſhe would effect before my uncle Toby (poor ſoul!) had well march'd above half a dozen toiſes with it.

—It

—It obliged my uncle Toby to make uſe of his forefinger.

The difference it made in the attack was this; That in going upon it, as in the firſt caſe, with the end of her forefinger againſt the end of my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe, ſhe might have travelled with it, along the lines, from Dan to Beerſheba, had my uncle Toby's lines reach'd ſo far, without any effect: For as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no ſentiment——it could neither give fire by pulſation——or receive it by ſympathy——'twas nothing but ſmoke.

Whereas, in following my uncle Toby's forefinger with hers, cloſe through all the little turns and indentings of his works—preſſing ſometimes againſt the ſide of it—then treading upon its nail—then tripping it up—then touching it here—then there, and ſo on—it ſet ſomething at leaſt in motion.

This, tho' ſlight ſkirmiſhing, and at a diſtance from the main body, yet drew on the reſt; for here, the map uſually falling with the back of it, cloſe to the ſide of the ſentry-box, my uncle Toby, in the ſimplicity of his ſoul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place hers cloſe beſide it; this at once opened a communication, large enough for any ſentiment to paſs or repaſs, which a perſon ſkill'd in the elementary and practical part of love-making, has occaſion for—

By bringing up her forefinger parallel (as before) to my uncle Toby's—it unavoidably brought the

the thumb into action——and the foreſinger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle Toby! was never now in its right place—Mrs. Wadman had it ever to take up, or, with the gentleſt puſhings, protruſions, and equivocal compreſſions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving—to get it preſs'd a hair breadth of one ſide out of her way.

Whilſt this was doing, how could ſhe forget to make him ſenſible, that it was her leg (and no one's elſe) at the bottom of the ſentry-box, which ſlightly preſs'd againſt me the calf of his——So that my uncle Toby, being thus attacked and ſore puſh'd on both his wings——was it a wonder, if now and then it put his centre into diſorder?—

—The deuce take it! ſaid my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVII.

THESE attacks of Mrs. Wadman, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which hiſtory is full of, and from the ſame reaſons. A general looker-on would ſcarce allow them to be attacks at all—or, if he did, would confound them all together——but I write not to them; it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my deſcriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for ſome chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings, which my father took care to roll up by themſelves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preſervation (and ſhall be kept ſo, whilſt I have power to preſerve any thing)

upon the lower part of which, on the right-hand ſide, there are ſtill remaining the marks of a ſnuffy finger and thumb, which there is all the reaſon in the world to imagine, were Mrs. Wadman's; for the oppoſite ſide of the margin, which I ſuppoſe to have been my uncle Toby's, is abſolutely clean: This ſeems an authenticated record of one of theſe attacks; for there are veſtigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but ſtill viſible on the oppoſite corner of the map, which are unqueſtionably the very holes through which it has been pricked up in the ſentry-box.—

By all that is prieſtly! I value this precious relick, with its ſtigmata and pricks, more than all the relicks of the Romiſh church——always excepting, when I am writing upon theſe matters, the pricks which enter'd the fleſh of St. Radagunda in the deſert, which in your road from FESSE to CLUNY, the nuns of that name will ſhew you for love.

CHAP. XVIII.

I THINK, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth Trim, the fortifications are quite deſtroyed——and the baſon is upon a level with the mole——I think ſo too, replied my uncle Toby, with a ſigh half ſuppreſs'd——but ſtep into the parlour, Trim, for the ſtipulation—it lies upon the table.

It has lain there theſe ſix weeks, replied the corporal, till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it.—

—Then, ſaid my uncle Toby, there is no further occaſion for our ſervices. The more, an' pleaſe your honour, the pity, ſaid the corporal; in uttering

uttering which, he caſt his ſpade into the wheel-barrow, which was beſide him, with an air the moſt expreſſive of diſconſolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pickaxe, his pioneer's ſhovel, his piquets, and other little military ſtores, in order to carry them off the field—when a heigh-ho! from the ſentry-box, which being made of thin ſlit deal, reverberated the ſound more ſorrowfully to his ear, forbade him.

——No, ſaid the corporal to himſelf, I'll do it before his honour riſes to-morrow morning; ſo taking his ſpade out of the wheel-barrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level ſomething at the foot of the glacis—but with a real intent to approach nearer to his maſter, in order to divert him—he looſen'd a ſod or two—pared their edges with his ſpade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he ſat himſelf down cloſe by my uncle Toby's feet, and began as follows:

CHAP. XIX.

IT was a thouſand pities—though I believe, an' pleaſe your honour, I am going to ſay but a fooliſh kind of a thing for a ſoldier——

A ſoldier, cried my uncle Toby, interrupting the corporal, is no more exempt from ſaying a fooliſh thing, Trim, than a man of letters.—But not ſo often, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal.—My uncle Toby gave a nod.

It was a thouſand pities then, ſaid the corporal, caſting his eye upon Dunkirk, and the mole, as Servius Sulpicius, in returning out of Aſia (when

he ſailed from Ægina toward Megara) did upon Corinth and Pyræus—

—" It was a thouſand pities, an' pleaſe your honour, to deſtroy theſe works—and a thouſand pities to have let them ſtand."

—Thou art right, Trim, in both caſes, ſaid my uncle Toby.——This, continued the corporal, is the reaſon, that, from the beginning of their demolition to the end—I have never once whiſtled, or ſung, or laugh'd, or cry'd, or talk'd of paſt done deeds, or told your honour one ſtory good or bad.—

—Thou haſt many excellencies, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and I hold it not the leaſt of them, as thou happeneſt to be a ſtory-teller, that of the number thou haſt told me, either to amuſe me in my painful hours, or divert me in my grave ones —thou haſt ſeldom told me a bad one—

—Becauſe, an' pleaſe your honour, except one of a King of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles—they are all true; for they are about myſelf.—

I do not like the ſubject the worſe, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, on that ſcore: But prithee, what is this ſtory? thou haſt excited my curioſity.

I'll tell it your honour, quoth the corporal, directly.——Provided, ſaid my uncle Toby, looking earneſtly towards Dunkirk and the mole again—provided it is not a merry one; to ſuch, Trim, a man ſhould ever bring one half of the entertainment along with him; and the diſpoſition I am in at preſent would wrong both thee, Trim, and thy ſtory.——It is not a merry one, by any means, replied the corporal.——Nor would I have it altogether a grave one, added my uncle Toby.——It is neither the one nor the other, replied the corporal, but will ſuit your honour exactly—

exactly—Then I'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle Toby, ſo prithee begin it, Trim.

The corporal made his reverence; and though it is not ſo eaſy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank Montero cap with grace—or a whit leſs difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is ſitting ſquat upon the ground, to make a bow ſo teeming with reſpect as the corporal was wont, yet by ſuffering the palm of his right hand, which was towards his maſter, to ſlip backwards upon the graſs, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater ſweep—and by an unforced compreſſion, at the ſame time, of his cap with the thumb and the two foreſingers of his left, by which the diameter of the cap became reduced, ſo that it might be ſaid, rather to be inſenſibly ſqueez'd—than pull'd off with a flatus—the corporal acquitted himſelf of both, in a better manner than the poſture of his affairs promiſed; and having hemmed twice to find in what key his ſtory would beſt go, and beſt ſuit his maſter's humour—he exchanged a ſingle look of kindneſs with him, and ſet off thus.

The Story of the king of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles.

THERE was a certain king of Bo---he—As the corporal was entering the confines of Bohemia, my uncle Toby obliged him to halt for a ſingle moment; he had ſet out bare-headed, having, ſince he pull'd off his Montero cap in the latter end of the laſt chapter, left it lying beſide him on the ground.

—The eye of Goodneſs eſpieth all things—ſo that before the corporal had well got through the firſt five words of his ſtory, had my uncle Toby twice touch'd his Montero cap with the end of his cane, interrogatively—as much as to ſay, Why don't you put it on, Trim? Trim took it up with the moſt reſpectful ſlowneſs, and caſting a glance of humiliation as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-part, which being diſmally tarniſh'd and fray'd moreover in ſome of the principal leaves and boldeſt parts of the pattern, he lay'd it down again betwixt his two feet, in order to moralize upon the ſubject.

—'Tis every word of it but too true, cried my uncle Toby, that thou art about to obſerve—

" Nothing in this world, Trim, is made to laſt " for ever."

But when tokens, dear Tom, of thy love and remembrance wear out, ſaid Trim, what ſhall we ſay?

There is no occaſion, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, to ſay any thing elſe; and was a man to puzzle his brains till Doom's-day, I believe, Trim, it would be impoſſibe.

The corporal perceiving my uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without further attempting it, he put it on; and paſſing his hand acroſs his forehead to rub out a penſive wrinkle, which the text and the doctrine between them had engender'd, he return'd, with the ſame look and tone of voice, to his ſtory of the king of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles.

The

The ſtory of the king of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles, continued.

THERE was a certain king of Bohemia, but in whoſe reign, except his own, I am not able to inform your honour—

I do not deſire it of thee, Trim, by any means, cried my uncle Toby.

—It was a little before the time, an' pleaſe your honour, when giants were beginning to leave off breeding:—but in what year of our Lord that was—

—I would not give a halfpenny to know, ſaid my uncle Toby.

—Only, an' pleaſe your honour, it makes a ſtory look the better in the face—

——'Tis thy own, Trim, ſo ornament it after thy own faſhion; and take any date, continued my uncle Toby, looking pleaſantly upon him—take any date in the whole world thou chuſeſt, and put it to—thou art heartily welcome.

The corporal bowed; for, of every century, and of every year of that century, from the firſt creation of the world down to Noah's flood; and from Noah's flood to the birth of Abraham; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the Iſraelites out of Egypt—and throughout all the Dynaſties, Olympiads, Urbecondita's, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Chriſt, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his ſtory—had my uncle Toby ſubjected this vaſt empire of time and all its abyſſes at his feet; but as MODESTY ſcarce touches with a finger what

LIBERALITY offers her with both hands open—the corporal contented himſelf with the very worſt year of the whole bunch; which, to prevent your honours of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very fleſh off your bones in conteſtation, 'Whether that year is not always the laſt caſt-year of the laſt caſt-almanack'—I tell you plainly it was; but from a different reaſon than you wot of——

—It was the year next him—which being the year of our Lord ſeventeen hundred and twelve, when the duke of Ormond was playing the devil in Flanders—the corporal took it, and ſet out with it afreſh on his expedition to Bohemia.

The ſtory of the king of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles, continued.

IN the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and twelve, there was, an' pleaſe your honour—

—To tell thee truly, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, any other date would have pleaſed me much better, not only on account of the ſad ſtain upon our hiſtory that year, in marching off our troops, and refuſing to cover the ſiege of Queſnoi, tho' Fagel was carrying on the works with ſuch incredible vigour——but likewiſe on the ſcore, Trim, of thy own ſtory; becauſe if there are—and which, from what thou haſt dropt, I partly ſuſpect to be the fact—if there are giants in it.—

—There is but one, an' pleaſe your honour—

—'Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle Toby——thou ſhould'ſt have carried him back ſome

ſome ſeven or eight hundred years out of harm's way, both of criticks and other people; and therefore I would adviſe thee, if ever thou telleſt it again—

—If I live, an' pleaſe your honour, but once to get through it, I will never tell it again, quoth Trim, either to man, woman, or child—Poo—poo! ſaid my uncle Toby—but with accents of ſuch ſweet encouragement did he utter it, that the corporal went on with his ſtory with more alacrity than ever.

The ſtory of the king of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles, continued.

THERE was, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, raiſing his voice, and rubbing the palms of his two hands cheerily together, as he began, a certain king of Bohemia—

—Leave out the date intirely, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaning forwards, and laying his hand gently upon the corporal's ſhoulder, to temper the interruption—leave it out intirely, Trim; a ſtory paſſes very well without theſe niceties, unleſs one is pretty ſure of 'em—Sure of 'em! ſaid the corporal, ſhaking his head—

Right, anſwered my uncle Toby, it is not eaſy, Trim, for one, bred up as thou and I have been to arms, who ſeldom looks further forward than to the end of his muſket, or backwards beyond his knapſack, to know much about this matter—God bleſs your honour! ſaid the corporal, won by the manner of my uncle Toby's reaſoning, as much as by the reaſoning itſelf, he has ſomething elſe to do; if not on action or a march, or upon duty in his garriſon—he has his

firelock,

firelock, an' pleaſe your honour, to furbiſh—his accoutrements to take care of—his regimentals to mend—himſelf to ſhave and keep clean, ſo as to appear always like what he is upon the parade; what buſineſs, added the corporal, triumphantly, has a ſoldier, an' pleaſe your honour, to know any thing at all of geography?

—Thou would'ſt have ſaid chronology, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby; for as for geography, 'tis of abſolute uſe to him; he muſt be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries, where his profeſſion carries him; he ſhould know every town and city, and village and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow ways which lead up to them; there is not a river or rivulet he paſſes, Trim, but he ſhould be able, at firſt ſight, to tell thee what is its name—in what mountains it takes its riſe—what is its courſe—how far it is navigable—where fordable—where not: he ſhould know the fertility of every valley, as well as the hind who ploughs it: and be able to deſcribe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map of all the plains, and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and moraſſes, thro', and by which his army is to march; he ſhould know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters, their animals, their ſeaſons, their climates, their heats and cold, their inhabitants, their cuſtoms, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

Is it elſe to be conceived, corporal, continued my uncle Toby, riſing up in his ſentry-box, as he began to warm in this part of his diſcourſe—how Marlborough could have marched his army from the banks of the Maes to Belburg; from Belburg to Kerpenord—(here the corporal could

ſit

ſit no longer) from Kerpenord, Trim, to Kalſaken; from Kalſaken to Newdorf; from Newdorf to Landenbourg; from Landenbourg to Mildenheim; from Mildenheim to Elchingen; from Elchingen to Gingen; from Gingen to Balmerchoffen, from Balmerchoffen to Skellenbourg, where he broke in upon the enemy's works; forced his paſſage over the Danube; croſs'd the Lech—puſhed on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through Friburg, Hokenwert, and Schonevelt, to the plains of Blenheim and Hochſtet?——Great as he was, corporal, he could not have advanced a ſtep, or made one ſingle day's march without the aids of Geography——As for Chronology——I own, Trim, continued my uncle Toby, ſitting down again coolly in his ſentry-box, that of all others, it ſeems a ſcience which a ſoldier might beſt ſpare, was it not for the lights which that ſcience muſt one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of which, renverſing every thing like thunder before it, has become a new æra to us of military improvements, changing ſo totally the nature of attacks and defences both by ſea and land, and awakening ſo much art and ſkill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in aſcertaining the preciſe time of its diſcovery, or too inquiſitive in knowing what great man was the diſcoverer, and what occaſions gave birth to it.

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle Toby, what hiſtorians agree in, that in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of Wencelaus ſon of Charles the fourth—a certain prieſt, whoſe name was Schwartz, ſhew'd the uſe of powder to the Venetians, in their wars againſt

againſt the Genoeſe; but 'tis certain he was not the firſt; becauſe if we are to believe Don Pedro the biſhop of Leon——How came prieſts and biſhops, an' pleaſe your honour, to trouble their heads ſo much about gun-powder? God knows, ſaid my uncle Toby——his providence brings good out of every thing—and he avers, in his chronicle of king Alphonſus, who reduced Toledo, that in the year 1343, which was full thirty-ſeven years before that time, the ſecret of powder was well known, and employed with ſucceſs, both by Moors and Chriſtians, not only in their ſea-combats, at that period, but in many of their moſt memorable ſieges in Spain and Barbary—— And all the world knows, that Friar Bacon had wrote expreſsly about it, and had generouſly given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even Schwartz was born—And that the Chineſe, added my uncle Toby, embarraſs us, and all accounts of it ſtill more, by boaſting of the invention ſome hundreds of years even before him——

—They are a pack of liars, I believe, cried Trim.

—They are ſome how or other deceived, ſaid my uncle Toby, in this matter, as is plain to me from the preſent miſerable ſtate of military architecture amongſt them; which conſiſts of nothing more than a foſſé with a brick wall without flanks—and for what they give us as a baſtion at each angle of it, 'tis ſo barbarouſly conſtructed, that it looks for all the world—Like one of my ſeven caſtles, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth Trim.

My uncle Toby, tho' in the utmoſt diſtreſs for a compariſon, moſt courteouſly refuſed Trim's offer—till Trim telling him, he had half a dozen more

more in Bohemia, which he knew not how to get off his hands—my uncle Toby was ſo touch'd with the pleaſantry of heart of the corporal—that he diſcontinued his diſſertation upon gunpowder—and begged the corporal forthwith to go on with his ſtory of the king of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles.

The ſtory of the king of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles, continued.

THIS unfortunate king of Bohemia, ſaid Trim—Was he unfortunate, then? cried my uncle Toby, for he had been ſo wrapt up in his diſſertation upon gun-powder, and other military affairs, that, tho' he had deſired the corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt not ſo ſtrong upon his fancy, as to account for the epithet—Was he unfortunate, then, Trim? ſaid my uncle Toby, pathetically—The corporal, wiſhing firſt the word and all its ſynonimas at the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind, the principal events in the king of Bohemia's ſtory; from every one of which it appearing, that he was the moſt fortunate man that ever exiſted in the world—it put the corporal to a ſtand: for, not caring to retract his epithet—and leſs, to explain it,—and leaſt of all, to twiſt his tale (like men of lore) to ſerve a ſyſtem—he looked up in my uncle Toby's face for aſſiſtance—but ſeeing it was the very thing my uncle Toby ſat in expectation of himſelf—after a hum and a haw, he went on—

The king of Bohemia, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal, was unfortunate, as thus—That, taking great pleaſure and delight in navi-

gation, and all ſort of ſea affairs—and there happening throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia, to be no ſea-port town whatever—

How the deuce ſhould there——Trim? cried my uncle Toby; for Bohemia being totally inland, it could have happen'd no otherwiſe—It might, ſaid Trim, if it had pleaſed God—

My uncle Toby never ſpoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and heſitation—

I believe, not, replied my uncle Toby, after ſome pauſe—for being inland, as I ſaid, and having Sileſia and Moravia to the eaſt; Luſatia and Upper Saxony to the north; Franconia to the weſt; and Bavaria to the ſouth: Bohemia could not have been propell'd to the ſea, without ceaſing to be Bohemia—nor could the ſea, on the other hand, have come up to Bohemia, without overflowing a great part of Germany, and deſtroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make no defence againſt it—Scandalous! cried Trim—Which would beſpeak, added my uncle Toby, mildly, ſuch a want of compaſſion in him who is the father of it—that, I think, Trim—the thing could have happen'd no way.

The corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction; and went on.

Now the king of Bohemia, with his queen and courtiers, happening one fine ſummer's evening to walk out—Aye! there the word happening is right, Trim, cried my uncle Toby; for the king of Bohemia and his queen might have walk'd out, or let it alone;—'twas a matter of contingency, which might happen or not, juſt as chance ordered it.

King William was of an opinion, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth Trim, that every thing was predeſtined

predeſtined for us in this world; inſomuch, that he would often ſay to his ſoldiers, that "every "ball had its billet." He was a great man, ſaid my uncle Toby—And I believe, continued Trim, to this day, that the ſhot which diſabled me at the battle of Landen, was pointed at my knee for no other purpoſe, but to take me out of his ſervice, and place me in your honour's, where I ſhould be taken ſo much better care of in my old age—— It ſhall never Trim, be conſtrued otherwiſe, ſaid my uncle Toby.

The heart, both of the maſter and the man, were alike ſubject to ſudden overflowings;—a ſhort ſilence enſued.

Beſides, ſaid the corporal, reſuming the diſcourſe —but in a gayer accent—if it had not been for that ſingle ſhot, I had never, an' pleaſe your honour, been in love——

So, thou waſt once in love, Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, ſmiling—

Souſe! replied the corporal—over head and ears! an' pleaſe your honour. Prithee, when? where?—and how came it to paſs?—I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle Toby:—I dare ſay, anſwered Trim, that every drummer and ſerjeant's ſon in the regiment knew of it—'Tis high time I ſhould—ſaid my uncle Toby.

Your honour remembers, with concern, ſaid the corporal, the total rout and confuſion of our camp and army, at the affair of Landen; every one was left to ſhift for himſelf; and if it had not been for the regiments of Wyndham, Lumley, and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neerſpeeken, the king himſelf could ſcarce have gain'd it—he was preſs'd hard, as your honour knows, on every ſide of him—

Gallant mortal! cried my uncle Toby, caught up with enthuſiaſm—this moment, now that all is loſt, I ſee him galloping acroſs me, corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the Engliſh horſe along with him to ſupport the right, and tear the laurel from Luxembourg's brows, if yet 'tis poſſible—I ſee him with the knot of his ſcarf juſt ſhot off, infuſing freſh ſpirits into poor Galway's regiment—riding along the line—then wheeling about, and charging Conti at the head of it—Brave! brave, by heaven! cried my uncle Toby—he deſerves a crown—As richly as a thief a halter, ſhouted Trim.

My uncle Toby knew the corporal's loyalty;—otherwiſe the compariſon was not at all to his mind—it did not altogether ſtrike the corporal's fancy when he had made it—but it could not be recall'd—ſo he had nothing to do but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing, but his own ſafety—Though Talmaſh, ſaid my uncle Toby, brought off the foot with great prudence—but I was left upon the field, ſaid the corporal. Thou waſt ſo; poor fellow! replied my uncle Toby——So that it was noon the next day, continued the corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be convey'd to our hoſpital.

There is no part of the body, an' pleaſe your honour, where a wound occaſions more intolerable anguiſh than upon the knee———

Except the groin; ſaid my uncle Toby. An' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal, the knee, in my opinion, muſt certainly be the moſt acute, there

there being ſo many tendons, and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.

It is for that reaſon, quoth my uncle Toby, that the groin is infinitely more ſenſible——there being not only as many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems (for I know their names as little as thou do'ſt)—about it—but moreover * * *

Mrs. Wadman, who had been all the time in her arbour—inſtantly ſtop'd her breath—unpin'd her mob at the chin, and ſtood up upon one leg—

The diſpute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim for ſome time; till Trim at length recollecting that he had often cried at his maſter's ſufferings, but never ſhed a tear at his own—was for giving up the point, which my uncle Toby would not allow——'Tis a proof of nothing, Trim, ſaid he, but the generoſity of thy temper——

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (cæteris paribus) is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee——or

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin—are points which to this day remain unſettled.

CHAP. XX.

The anguiſh of my knee, continued the corporal, was exceſſive in itſelf; and the uneaſineſs of the cart, with the roughneſs of the roads, which were terribly cut up—making bad ſtill worſe—every ſtep was death to me: ſo that, with the loſs of blood, and the want of care-taking of me, and a fever I felt coming on beſides—(Poor ſoul! ſaid my uncle Toby) all together,

an' pleaſe your honour, was more than I could ſuſtain.

I was telling my ſufferings to a young woman at a peaſant's houſe, where our cart, which was the laſt of the line, had halted; they had help'd me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket, and dropp'd it upon ſome ſugar, and ſeeing it had cheer'd me, ſhe had given it me a ſecond and a third time—So I was telling her, an' pleaſe your honour, the anguiſh I was in, and was ſaying it was ſo intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room——and die, than go on—when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms. She was a good ſoul! as your honour, ſaid the corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought love had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle Toby.

'Tis the moſt ſerious thing, an' pleaſe your honour (ſometimes) that is in the world.

By the perſuaſion of the young woman, continued the corporal, the cart with the wounded men ſet off without me: ſhe had aſſured them I ſhould expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myſelf—I found myſelf in a ſtill, quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peaſant and his wife. I was laid acroſs the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beſide me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipp'd in vinegar to my noſe with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at firſt for the daughter of the peaſant (for it was no inn)—ſo had offer'd her a little

little purſe with eighteen florins, which my poor brother Tom (here Trim wip'd his eyes) had ſent me as a token by a recruit, juſt before he ſet out for Liſbon——

—I never told your honour that piteous ſtory yet—here Trim wiped his eyes a third time.

The young woman call'd the old man and his wife into the room, to ſhew them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little neceſſaries I ſhould want, till I ſhould be in a condition to be got to the hoſpital—Come then! ſaid ſhe, tying up the little purſe—I'll be your banker—but as that office alone will not keep me employ'd, I'll be your nurſe too.

I thought by her manner of ſpeaking this, as well as by her dreſs, which I then began to conſider more attentively—that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peaſant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her hair conceal'd under a cambrick border, laid cloſe to her forehead: ſhe was one of thoſe kind of nuns, an' pleaſe your honour, of which your honour knows, there are a good many in Flanders which they let go looſe—By thy deſcription, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, I dare ſay ſhe was a young Beguine, of which there are none to be found any where but in the Spaniſh Netherlands—except at Amſterdam—they differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloiſter if they chuſe to marry; they viſit and take care of the ſick by profeſſion—I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

—She often told me, quoth Trim, ſhe did it for the love of Chriſt—I did not like it——I believe, Trim, we are both wrong, ſaid my uncle Toby—we'll aſk Mr. Yorick about it to-night at

my

my brother Shandy's—ſo put me in mind; added my uncle Toby.

The young Beguine, continued the corporal, had ſcarce given herſelf time to tell me, "ſhe would be my nurſe," when ſhe haſtily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare ſomething for me——and in a ſhort time——though I thought it a long one—ſhe came back with flannels, &c. &c. and having fomented my knee ſoundly for a couple of hours, &c. and made me a thin baſon of gruel for my ſupper——ſhe wiſh'd me reſt, and promiſed to be with me early in the morning—— She wiſh'd me, an' pleaſe your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night ——her figure made ſad diſturbance within me—— I was every moment cutting the world in two—— to give her half of it—and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapſack and eighteen florins to ſhare with her——The whole night long was the fair Beguine, like an angel, cloſe by my bed-ſide, holding back my curtain, and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream, by her coming there at the hour promiſed, and giving them in reality. In truth, ſhe was ſcarce ever from me, and ſo accuſtomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart ſickened, and I loſt colour when ſhe left the room: and yet, continued the corporal (making one of the ſtrangeſt reflections upon it in the world)——

—"It was not love"—for, during the three weeks ſhe was almoſt conſtantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day—I can honeſtly ſay, an' pleaſe your honour——that * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * once.

That was very odd, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.—

I think

I think ſo too—ſaid Mrs. Wadman.
It never did, ſaid the corporal.

CHAP. XXI.

——But 'tis no marvel, continued the corporal—ſeeing my uncle Toby muſing upon it—for Love, an' pleaſe your honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a ſoldier, though he has eſcaped three weeks complete o'Saturday-night,—may nevertheleſs be ſhot through his heart on Sunday morning—It happened ſo here, an' pleaſe your honour, with this difference only—that it was on Sunday in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a ſifferara—it burſt upon me, an' pleaſe your honour, like a bomb—ſcarce giving me time to ſay "God bleſs me."

I thought, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, a man never fell in love ſo very ſuddenly.

Yes, an' pleaſe your honour, if he is in the way of it—replied Trim.

I prithee, quoth my uncle Toby, inform me how this matter happened.

—With all pleaſure, ſaid the corporal, making a bow.

CHAP. XXII.

I Had eſcaped, continued the corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predeſtined otherwiſe——there is no reſiſting our fate.

It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your honour—

The

The old man and his wife had walked out—

Every thing was ſtill and huſh as midnight about the houſe———

There was not ſo much as a duck or a duckling about the yard——

When the fair Beguine came in to ſee me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—the inflammation had been gone off for ſome time, but it was ſucceeded with an itching both above and below my knee, ſo inſufferable, that I had not ſhut my eyes the whole night for it.

Let me ſee it, ſaid ſhe, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it—it only wants rubbing a little, ſaid the Beguine; ſo covering it with the bed clothes, ſhe began with the forefinger of her right-hand to rub under my knee, guiding her forefinger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dreſſing.

In five or ſix minutes I felt ſlightly the end of her ſecond finger—and preſently it was laid flat with the other, and ſhe continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head, that I ſhould fall in love—I bluſh'd when I ſaw how white a hand ſhe had ——I ſhall never, an' pleaſe your honour, behold another hand ſo white whilſt I live———

—Not in that place, ſaid my uncle Toby——

Though it was the moſt ſerious deſpair in nature to the corporal—he could not forbear ſmiling.

The young Beguine, continued the corporal, perceiving it was of great ſervice to me——— from rubbing, for ſome time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub at length with three—till by

little

little and little ſhe brought down the fourth, and then rubb'd with her whole hand: I will never ſay another word, an' pleaſe your honour, upon hands again——but it was ſofter than ſatin——

—Prithee, Trim, commend it as much as thou wilt, ſaid my uncle Toby; I ſhall hear thy ſtory with the more delight——The corporal thank'd his maſter moſt unfeignedly; but having nothing to ſay upon the Beguine's hand, but the ſame over again—he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair Beguine, ſaid the corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till I fear'd her zeal would weary her——"I "would do a thouſand times more," ſaid ſhe, "for the love of Chriſt."—In ſaying which, ſhe paſs'd her hand acroſs the flannel, to the part above my knee, which I had equally complained of, and rubb'd it alſo.

I perceived then I was beginning to be in love.

As ſhe continued rub-rub-rubbing——I felt it ſpread from under her hand, an' pleaſe your honour, to every part of my frame——

The more ſhe rubb'd, and the longer ſtrokes ſhe took——the more the fire kindled in my veins ——till at length, by two or three ſtrokes longer than the reſt—my paſſion roſe to the higheſt pitch —I ſeiz'd her hand——

——And then thou clapped'ſt it to thy lips, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby—and madeſt a ſpeech.

Whether the corporal's amour terminated preciſely in the way my uncle Toby deſcribed it, is not material; it is enough that it contained in it the eſſence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote ſince the beginning of the world.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

AS ſoon as the Corporal had finiſhed the ſtory of his amour—or rather my uncle Toby for him—Mrs. Wadman ſilently ſallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, paſs'd the wicker gate, and advanced ſlowly towards my uncle Toby's ſentry-box: the diſpoſition which Trim had made in my uncle Toby's mind, was too favourable a criſis to be let ſlip———

——The attack was determined upon: it was facilitated ſtill more by my uncle Toby's having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's ſhovel, the ſpade, the pickaxe, the piquets, and other military ſtores which lay ſcatter'd upon the ground where Dunkirk ſtood————The corporal had march'd————the field was clear.

Now conſider, ſir, what nonſenſe it is, either in fighting, or writing, or any thing elſe (whether in rhime to it, or not) which a man has occaſion to do—to act by plan: for if ever PLAN, independent of all circumſtances, deſerved regiſtering in letters of Gold (I mean in the archives of Gotham)—it was certainly the PLAN of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his ſentry-box, BY PLAN—Now the plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the plan of Dunkirk—and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it oppoſed every impreſſion ſhe could make: and beſides, could ſhe have gone upon it—the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the ſentry-box, was ſo

outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's ſtory—that juſt then, that particular attack, however ſucceſsful before——became the moſt heartleſs attack that could be made—

O! let woman alone for this. Mrs. Wadman had ſcarce opened the wicker-gate, when her genius ſported with the change of circumſtances.

———She formed a new attack in a moment.

CHAP. XXIV.

———I am half diſtracted, captain Shandy, ſaid Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambrick handkerchief to her left eye, as ſhe approach'd the door of my uncle Toby's ſentry-box——a mote——or ſand——or ſomething—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine—do look into it—it is not in the white—

In ſaying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herſelf cloſe in beſide my uncle Toby, and ſqueezing herſelf down upon the corner of his bench, ſhe gave him an opportunity of doing it without riſing up—Do look into it—ſaid ſhe.

Honeſt ſoul! thou didſt look into it with as much innocency of heart, as ever child look'd into a raree-ſhew-box; and 'twere as much a ſin to have hurt thee.

———If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature—I've nothing to ſay to it.

My uncle Toby never did: and I will anſwer for him, that he would have ſat quietly upon a ſopha from June to January, (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an

eye as fine as the Thracian * Rhodope's beſide him, without being able to tell, whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was, to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis ſurmounted. And

I ſee him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the aſhes falling out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo look'd for a ſpot in the ſun.

—In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ—Widow Wadman's left eye ſhines this moment as lucid as her right—there is neither mote, or ſand, or duſt, or chaff, or ſpeck, or particle of opaque matter floating in it—there is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively ſhooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine.—

—If thou lookeſt, uncle Toby, in ſearch of this mote one moment longer—thou art undone.

CHAP. XXV.

AN eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this reſpect; That it is not ſo much the eye or the cannon, in themſelves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do ſo much execution. I don't think the compariſon a bad one: However, as 'tis

* *Rhodope Thracia tam inevitabili faſcino inſtructa, tam exacte oculis intuens attraxit, ut ſi in illam quis incidiſſet, fieri non poſſet, quin caperetur.*——*I know not who.*

'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for uſe as ornament, all I deſire in return, is, that, whenever I ſpeak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

I proteſt, Madam, ſaid my uncle Toby, I can ſee nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white; ſaid Mrs. Wadman: my uncle Toby look'd with might and main into the pupil.

Now of all the eyes which ever were created —from your own, Madam, up to thoſe of Venus herſelf, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever ſtood in a head—there never was an eye of them all ſo fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repoſe, as the very eye, at which he was looking—it was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one—nor was it an eye ſparkling —petulant or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle Toby was made up—but 'twas an eye full of gentle ſalutations—and ſoft reſponſes—ſpeaking—not like the trumpet ſtop of ſome ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarſe converſe—but whiſpering ſoft—like the laſt low accents of an expiring faint—"How can you live "comfortleſs, captain Shandy, and alone, with- "out a boſom to lean your head on—or truſt "your cares to!"

It was an eye—

But I ſhall be in love with it myſelf, if I ſay another word about it.

—It did my uncle Toby's buſineſs.

CHAP. XXVI.

THERE is nothing ſhews the characters of my father and my uncle Toby, in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment under the ſame accident—for I call not love a misfortune, from a perſuaſion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it—Great God! what muſt my uncle Toby's have been, when 'twas all benignity without it.

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very ſubject to this paſſion, before he married—but from a little ſubacid kind of drolliſh impatience in his nature, whenever it befel him, he would never ſubmit to it like a Chriſtian, but would piſh, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the devil, and write the bitteriſt Philippicks againſt the eye that ever man wrote—There is one in verſe upon ſome body's eye or other, that for two or three nights together, had put him by his reſt; which in his firſt tranſport of reſentment againſt it, he begins thus:

"'A Devil 'tis—and miſchief ſuch doth work
"As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk." *

In ſhort, during the whole paroxyſm, my father was all abuſe and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction——only he did not do it with as much method as Ernulphus—he was too impetuous; nor with Ernulphus's policy—for tho' my father with the moſt intolerant

* *This will be printed with my father's life of Socrates, &c. &c.*

lerant ſpirit, would curſe both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love—yet never concluded his chapter of curſes upon it, without curſing himſelf in at the bargain, as one of the moſt egregious fools and coxcombs, he would ſay, that ever was let looſe in the world.

My uncle Toby, on the contrary, took it like a lamb—ſat ſtill and let the poiſon work in his veins without reſiſtance—in the ſharpeſt exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) never dropt one fretful or diſcontented word—he blamed neither heaven nor earth—or thought or ſpoke an injurious thing of any body, or any part of it; he ſat ſolitary and penſive with his pipe—looking at his lame leg—then whiffing out a ſentimental high ho! which mixing with the ſmoak, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb,—I ſay.

In truth he had miſtook it at firſt; for having taken a ride with my father, that very morning, to ſave if poſſible a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor,* which ſaid wood being in full view of my uncle Toby's houſe, and of ſingular ſervice to him in his deſcription of the battle of Wynnendale—by trotting on too haſtily to ſave it—upon an uneaſy ſaddle—worſe horſe, &c. &c... it had ſo happened, that the ſerous part of the blood had got betwixt the two ſkins, in the nethermoſt part of my uncle Toby—the firſt ſhootings of which (as my uncle Toby had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of

* *Mr. Shandy muſt mean the poor in ſpirit; inaſmuch as they divided the money amongſt themſelves.*

the paſſion—till the bliſter breaking in the one caſe—and the other remaining—my uncle Toby was preſently convinced, that his wound was not a ſkin-deep wound—but that it had gone to his heart.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE world is aſhamed of being virtuous—My uncle Toby knew little of the world; and therefore when he felt he was in love with the widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a myſtery of, than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gapp'd knife acroſs his finger: Had it been otherwiſe—yet as he ever look'd upon Trim as an humble friend; and ſaw freſh reaſons every day of his life, to treat him as ſuch—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, corporal!" quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXVIII.

IN love!—ſaid the corporal—your honour was very well the day before yeſterday, when I was telling your honour the ſtory of the king of Bohemia——Bohemia! ſaid my uncle Toby ——muſing a long time——What became of that ſtory, Trim?

—We loſt it, an' pleaſe your honour, ſomehow betwixt us——but your honour was as free from

from love then as I am—'twas juſt whilſt thou went'ſt off with the wheel-barrow—with Mrs. Wadman, quoth my uncle Toby—She has left a ball here—added my uncle Toby—pointing to his breaſt—

—She can no more, an' pleaſe your honour, ſtand a ſiege, than ſhe can fly—cried the corporal—

—But as we are neighbours, Trim,—the beſt way I think is to let her know it civilly firſt—quoth my uncle Toby.

Now if I might preſume, ſaid the corporal, to differ from your honour—

—Why elſe, do I talk to thee, Trim? ſaid my uncle Toby, mildly—

—'Then I would begin, an' pleaſe your honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return—and telling her civilly afterwards—for if ſhe knows any thing of your honour's being in love before-hand—L—d help her!—ſhe knows no more at preſent of it, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby—than the child unborn—

Precious ſouls!—

Mrs. Wadman had told it with all its circumſtances, to Mrs. Bridget twenty-four hours before, and was at that very moment ſitting in council with her touching ſome ſlight miſgivings with regard to the iſſue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head—before he would allow half time, to get quietly through her te Deum—

I am terribly afraid, ſaid widow Wadman, in caſe I ſhould marry him, Bridget—that the poor captain will not enjoy his health, with the monſtrous wound upon his groin—

It may not, Madam, be ſo very large, replied Bridget,

Bridget, as you think—and I believe beſides, added ſhe—that 'tis dried up—

—I could like to know—merely for his ſake, ſaid Mrs. Wadman—

—We'll know the long and the broad of it, in ten days—anſwered Mrs. Bridget, for whilſt the captain is paying his addreſſes to you—I'm confident Mr. Trim will be for making love to me—and I'll let him as much as he will—added Bridget—to get it all out of him—

The meaſures were taken at once—and my uncle Toby and the corporal went on with theirs.

Now, quoth the corporal, ſetting his left hand a kimbo, and giving ſuch a flouriſh with his right, as juſt promiſed ſucceſs—and no more—if your honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack—

—Thou wilt pleaſe me by it, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, exceedingly—and as I foreſee thou muſt act in it as my aid-de-camp, here's a crown, corporal, to begin with, to ſteep thy commiſſion.

Then, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal (making a bow firſt for his commiſſion)—we will begin with getting your honour's laced clothes out of the great campaign-trunk, to be well air'd, and have the blue and gold taken up at the ſleeve—and I'll put your white ramaillie-wig freſh into pipes—and ſend for a taylor to have your honour's thin ſcarlet breeches turn'd—

—I had better take the red pluſh ones, quoth my uncle Toby—They will be too clumſy—ſaid the corporal.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

—Thou wilt get a bruſh and a little chalk to my ſword—'Twill be only in your honour's way, replied Trim.

CHAP. XXX.

—But your honour's two razors ſhall be new ſet—and I will get my Montero cap furbiſh'd up, and put on poor lieutenant Le Fever's regimental coat, which your honour gave me to wear for his ſake—and as ſoon as your honour is clean ſhaved—and has got your clean ſhirt on, with your blue and gold, or your fine ſcarlet—ſometimes one and ſometimes t'other—and every thing is ready for the attack—we'll march up boldly, as if it 'twas to the face of a baſtion; and whilſt your honour engages Mrs. Wadman in the parlour, to the right—I'll attack Mrs. Bridget in the kitchen, to the left; and having ſeiz'd that paſs, I'll anſwer for it, ſaid the corporal, ſnapping his fingers over his head—that the day is your own.

I wiſh I may but manage it right, ſaid my uncle Toby—but I declare, corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench—

—A woman is quite a different thing—ſaid the corporal.

—I ſuppoſe ſo, quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXXI.

IF any thing in the world, which my father ſaid, could have provoked my uncle Toby, during the time he was in love, it was the perverſe uſe my father was always making of an expreſſion of Hilarion the hermit; who in ſpeaking of his abſtinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other inſtrumental parts of his religion—would ſay—tho' with more facetiouſneſs than became an hermit—"That they were the means he uſed, to make his aſs (meaning his body) leave off kicking."

It pleaſed my father well; it was not only a laconick way of expreſſing—but of libelling, at the ſame time, the deſires and appetites of the lower part of us; ſo that for many years of my father's life, 'twas his conſtant mode of expreſſion—he never uſed the word paſſions once—but aſs always inſtead of them—ſo that he might be ſaid truly, to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own aſs, or elſe of ſome other man's during all that time.

I muſt here obſerve to you, the difference betwixt

My father's aſs

and my hobby-horſe——in order to keep characters as ſeparate as may be in our fancies as we go along.

For my hobby-horſe, if you recollect a little, is no way a vicious beaſt; he has ſcarce one hair or lineament of the aſs about him——'tis the ſporting little filly-folly which carries you out for the preſent hour—a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddle-ſtick——an uncle Toby's ſiege——

or

or an any thing, which a man makes a ſhift to get aſtride on, to canter it away from the cares and ſolicitudes of life.—'Tis as uſeful a beaſt as is in the whole creation—nor do I really ſee how the world could do without it—

—But for my father's aſs—oh! mount him—mount him—mount him—(that's three times, is it not?)—mount him not:—'tis a beaſt concupiſcent—and foul befal the man, who does not hinder him from kicking.

CHAP. XXXII.

WELL! dear brother Toby, ſaid my father, upon his firſt ſeeing him after he fell in love—and how goes it with your Ass?—

Now my uncle Toby, thinking more of the part where he had had the bliſter, than of Hilarion's metaphor——and our preconceptions having (you know) as great a power over the ſounds of words as the ſhapes of things, he had imagined, that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, had inquired after the part by its proper name; ſo, notwithſtanding my mother, doctor Slop, and Mr. Yorick, were ſitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to conform to the term my father had made uſe of, than not. When a man is hemm'd in by two indecorums, and muſt commit one of 'em——I always obſerve, let him chuſe which he will, the world will blame him——ſo I ſhould not be aſtoniſhed if it blames my uncle Toby.

—My A——e, quoth my uncle Toby, is much better—brother Shandy.—My father had formed great expectations from his Aſs in this onſet; and would

would have brought him on again; but doctor Slop ſetting up an intemperate laugh—and my mother crying out, L— bleſs us!—it drove my father's Aſs off the field—and the laugh then becoming general—there was no bringing him back to the charge, for ſome time——

And ſo the diſcourſe went on without him.

Every body, ſaid my mother, ſays you are in love, brother Toby—and we hope it is true.

I am as much in love, ſiſter, I believe, replied my uncle Toby, as any man uſually is—Humph! ſaid my father——And when did you know it? quoth my mother—

—When the bliſter broke, replied my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby's reply put my father into good temper—ſo he charged o'foot.

CHAP. XXXIII.

AS the ancients agree, brother Toby, ſaid my father, that there are two different and diſtinct kinds of love, according to the different parts which are affected by it—the brain or liver—I think, when a man is in love, it behoves him a little to conſider which of the two he is fallen into.

What ſignifies it, brother Shandy, replied my uncle Toby, which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children?

—A few children! cried my father, riſing out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt hers and doctor Slop's—a few children! cried my father, repeating

ing my uncle Toby's words as he walk'd to and fro——

—Not, my dear brother Toby, cried my father, recovering himſelf all at once, and coming cloſe up to the back of my uncle Toby's chair—not that I ſhould be ſorry hadſt thou a ſcore—on the contrary, I ſhould rejoice—and be as kind, Toby, to every one of them as a father——

My uncle Toby ſtole his hand unperceived behind his chair, to give my father's a ſqueeze—

—Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of my uncle Toby's hand—ſo much doſt thou poſſeſs, my dear Toby, of the milk of human nature, and ſo little of its aſperities—'tis piteous the world is not peopled by creatures which reſemble thee; and was I an Aſiatick monarch, added my father, heating himſelf with his new project—I would oblige thee, provided it would not impair thy ſtrengh—or dry up thy radical moiſture too faſt—or weaken thy memory or fancy, brother Toby, which theſe gymnicks, inordinately taken, are apt to do—elſe, dear Toby, I would procure thee the moſt beautiful women in my empire, and I would oblige thee, nolens, volens, to beget for me one ſubject every month.—

As my father pronounced the laſt word of the ſentence—my mother took a pinch of ſnuff.

Now I would not, quoth my uncle Toby, get a child, nolens, volens, that is, whether I would or no, to pleaſe the greateſt prince upon earth—

—And 'twould be cruel in me, brother Toby, to compel thee, ſaid my father——but 'tis a caſe put, to ſhew thee, that it is not thy begetting a child—in caſe thou ſhould'ſt be able—but the ſyſtem of love and marriage thou goeſt upon, which I would ſet thee right in—

There is, at leaſt, ſaid Yorick, a great deal of reaſon and plain ſenſe in captain Shandy's opinion of love; and 'tis amongſt the ill ſpent hours of my life, which I have to anſwer for, that I have read ſo many flouriſhing poets and rhetoricians in my time, from whom I never could extract ſo much—

I wiſh, Yorick, ſaid my father, you had read Plato; for there you would have learnt, that there are two LOVES——I know there were two RELIGIONS, replied Yorick, amongſt the ancients —one--for the vulgar, and another for the learned; but I think ONE LOVE might have ſerved both of them very well—

It could not, replied my father——and for the ſame reaſons: for of theſe Loves, according to Ficinus's comment upon Velaſius, the one is rational—

—the other is natural—

the firſt ancient—without mother—where Venus had nothing to do: the ſecond, begotten of Jupiter and Dione—

—Pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, what has a man who believes in God to do with this? My father could not ſtop, to anſwer, for fear of breaking the thread of his diſcourſe—

This latter, continued he, partakes wholly of the nature of Venus.

The firſt, which is the golden chain let down from heaven, excites to love heroick, which comprehends in it, and excites to the deſire of philoſophy and truth—-the ſecond, excites to deſire, ſimply—

—I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world, ſaid Yorick, as the finding out the longitude—

—To

—To be ſure, ſaid my mother, love keeps peace in the world.—

—In the houſe—my dear, I own—It repleniſhes the earth, ſaid my mother—

But it keeps heaven empty—my dear, replied my father.

—'Tis Virginity, cried Slop, triumphantly, which fills paradiſe.

Well puſh'd, nun! quoth my father.

CHAP. XXXIV.

MY father had ſuch a ſkirmiſhing, cutting kind of a ſlaſhing way with him in his diſputations, thruſting and ripping, and giving every one a ſtroke to remember him by, in his turn—that if there were twenty people in company—in leſs than half an hour, he was ſure to have every one of 'em againſt him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without an ally, was, that if there was any one poſt more untenible than the reſt, he would be ſure to throw himſelf into it? and to do him juſtice, when he was once there, he would defend it ſo gallantly, that 'twould have been a concern, either to a brave man, or a good-natured one, to have ſeen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reaſon, though he would often attack him—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor Slop's VIRGINITY, in the cloſe of the laſt chapter, had got him for once on the right ſide of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in Chriſtendom about Slop's ears, when Corporal Trim came into the parlour to inform my uncle Toby, that his thin

ſcarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. Wadman, would not do; for, that the taylor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turn'd before—Then turn them again, brother, ſaid my father rapidly, for there will be many a turning of 'em yet, before all's done in the affair—They are as rotten as dirt, ſaid the corporal—Then, by all means, ſaid my father, beſpeak a new pair, brother—for though I know, continued my father, turning himſelf to the company, that widow Wadman has been deeply in love with my brother Toby for many years, and has uſed every art and circumvention of woman, to outwit him into the ſame paſſion, yet now, that ſhe has caught him—her fever will be paſs'd its height—She has gain'd her point.—

In this caſe, continued my father, which Plato, I am perſuaded, never thought of—Love, you ſee, is not ſo much a SENTIMENT as a SITUATION, into which a man enters, as my brother Toby would do, into a corps—no matter whether he loves the ſervice or no—being once in it—he acts as if he did; and takes every ſtep to ſhew himſelf a man of proweſſe.

The hypotheſis, like the reſt of my father's, was plauſible enough, and my uncle Toby had but a ſingle word to object to it—in which Trim ſtood ready to ſecond him—but my father had not drawn his concluſion—

For this reaſon, continued my father (ſtating the caſe over again) notwithſtanding all the world knows, that Mrs. Wadman affects my brother Toby—and my brother Toby contrariwiſe affects Mrs. Wadman, and no obſtacle in nature to forbid the muſick ſtriking up this very night,

night, yet will I anſwer for it, that this ſelf-ſame tune will not be played this twelvemonth.

We have taken our meaſures badly, quoth my uncle Toby, looking up interrogatively in Trim's face.

I would lay my Montero-cap, ſaid Trim—Now Trim's Montero-cap, as I once told you, was his conſtant wager; and having furbiſh'd it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack—it made the odds look more conſiderable—I would lay, an' pleaſe your honour, my Montero-cap to a ſhilling——was it proper, continued Trim (making a bow) to offer a wager before your honours—

—There is nothing improper in it, ſaid my father—'tis a mode of expreſſion; for in ſaying thou would'ſt lay thy Montero-cap to a ſhilling—all thou meaneſt is this—that thou believeſt—

—Now, what do'ſt thou believe?

That widow Wadman, an' pleaſe your worſhip, cannot hold it out ten days—

And whence, cried Slop, jeeringly, haſt thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?

By falling in love with a popiſh clergywoman; ſaid Trim.

'Twas a Beguine, ſaid my uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop was too much in wrath, to liſten to the diſtinction; and my father taking that very criſis to fall in helter-ſkelter upon the whole order of Nuns and Beguines, a ſet of ſilly, fuſty baggages——Slop could not ſtand it——and my uncle Toby having ſome meaſures to take about his breeches—and Yorick about his fourth general diviſion—in order for their ſeveral attacks next day—the company broke up: and my father being left alone, and having half an hour

upon his hands, betwixt that and bed-time: he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote my uncle Toby the following letter of inſtructions.

My dear brother Toby,

WHAT I am going to ſay to thee, is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them: and perhaps it is as well for thee—tho' not ſo well for me—that thou haſt occaſion for a letter of inſtructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleaſure of him who diſpoſes of our lots—and thou no ſufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou ſhould'ſt have dipp'd the pen this moment into the ink, inſtead of myſelf: but that not being the caſe—Mrs. Shandy being now cloſe beſide me, preparing for bed—I have thrown together without order, and juſt as they have come into my mind, ſuch hints and documents as I deem may be of uſe to thee: intending in this to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear Toby, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

In the firſt place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair—though I perceive, from a glow in my cheek, that I bluſh as I begin to ſpeak to thee upon the ſubject, as well knowing, notwithſtanding thy unaffected ſecrecy, how few of its offices thou neglecteſt—yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtſhip) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprize, whether it be in the morning or the afternoon, without firſt recommending thyſelf to the protection of Almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean, once, at leaſt, every four or five days, but oftener, if convenient; leſt in taking off thy wig before her, thro' abſence of mind, ſhe ſhould be able to diſcover how much has been cut away by Time—how much by Trim.

—'Twere better to keep ideas of baldneſs out of her fancy:

Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it, as a ſure maxim, Toby—

"That women are timid." And 'tis well they are—elſe there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too looſe about thy thighs, like the trunk-hoſe of our anceſtors.

—A juſt medium prevents all concluſions.

Whatever thou haſt to ſay, be it more or leſs, forget not to utter it in a low ſoft tone of voice. Silence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight ſecrecy into the brain: For this cauſe, if thou canſt help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleaſantry and facetiouſneſs in thy diſcourſe with her, and do whatever lies in thy power at the ſame time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto: there are ſome devotional tracts, which if thou canſt entice her to read over—it will be well: but ſuffer her not to look into Rabelais, or Scarron, or Don Quixote—

—They are all books which excite laughter: and thou knoweſt, dear Toby, that there is no paſſion ſo ſerious, as luſt.

Stick a pin in the boſom of thy ſhirt, before thou entereſt her parlour.

And

And if thou art permitted to ſit upon the ſame ſopha with her, and ſhe gives thee occaſion to lay thy hand upon hers—beware of taking it—thou canſt not lay thy hand on hers, but ſhe will feel the temper of thine. Leave that and as many other things as thou can'ſt, quite undetermined; by ſo doing, thou wilt have her curioſity on thy ſide; and if ſhe is not conquer'd by that, and thy Ass continues ſtill kicking, which there is great reaſon to ſuppoſe—thou muſt begin with firſt loſing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient Scythians, who cured the moſt intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

Avicenna, after this, is for having the part anointed with the ſirup of hellebore, uſing proper evacuations and purges—and I believe, rightly. But thou muſt eat little or no goats fleſh, nor red deer—nor even foal's fleſh, by any means; and carefully abſtain—that is, as much as thou canſt, from peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens—

As for thy drink—I need not tell thee, it muſt be the infuſion of VERVAIN, and the herb HANEA, of which Ælian relates ſuch effects—but if thy ſtomach palls with it—diſcontinue it from time to time, taking cucumbers, melons, purſlane, water-lilies, woodbine, and lettuce, in the ſtead of them.

There is nothing further for thee, which occurs to me at preſent—

—Unleſs the breaking out of a freſh war—So wiſhing every thing, dear Toby, for the beſt,

I reſt thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

WHILST my father was writing his letter of inſtructions, my uncle Toby and the corporal were buſy in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin ſcarlet breeches was laid aſide (at leaſt for the preſent) there was nothing which ſhould put it off beyond the next morning; ſo accordingly it was reſolved upon, for 11 o'clock.

Come, my dear, ſaid my father to my mother —'twill be but like a brother and ſiſter, if you and I take a walk down to my brother Toby's— to countenance him in this attack of his.

My uncle Toby and the corporal had been accoutred both ſome time, when my father and mother entered, and the clock ſtriking eleven, were that moment in motion to ſally forth—But the account of this is worth more than to be wove into the fag-end of the eighth volume of ſuch a work as this.—My father had no time but to put the letter of inſtructions into my uncle Toby's coat-pocket—and join with my mother in wiſhing his attack proſperous.

I could like, ſaid my mother, to look through the key-hole out of curioſity—

Call it by its right name, my dear, quoth my father—

And look through the key-hole as long as you will.

END of the EIGHTH VOLUME.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.

Si quid urbaniuſcule luſum a nobis, per Muſas et Charitatem et omnium poetarum Numina, Oro te, ne me male capias.

VOL. IX.

A

DEDICATION

TO A

GREAT MAN.

HAVING, *a priori*, intended to dedicate *The Amours of my uncle Toby* to Mr. ***—I ſee more reaſons, *a poſteriori*, for doing it to Lord ******.

I SHOULD lament from my ſoul, if this expoſed me to the jealouſy of their Reverences, becauſe, *a poſteriori*, in Court-latin, ſignifies the kiſſing hands for preferment—or any thing elſe—in order to get it.

MY opinion of Lord ****** is neither better nor worſe, than it was of Mr. ***. Honours, like impreſſions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of baſe metal; but Gold and Silver will paſs,

all the world over, without any other recommendation than their own weight.

THE ſame good-will that made me think of offering up half an hour's amuſement to Mr. *** when out of place—operates more forcibly at preſent, as half an hour's amuſement will be more ſerviceable and refreſhing, after labour and ſorrow, than after a philoſophical repaſt.

NOTHING is ſo perfectly *amuſement* as a total change of ideas; no ideas are ſo totally different as thoſe of Miniſters, and innocent Lovers: for which reaſon, when I come to talk of Stateſmen and Patriots, and ſet ſuch marks upon them as will prevent confuſion and miſtakes concerning them for the future—I propoſe to dedicate that Volume to ſome gentle Shepherd,

Whoſe Thoughts proud Science never taught to ſtray,
Far as the Stateſman's walk, or Patriot-way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hopes had given
Out of a cloud-capt hill an humbler heaven;
Some untam'd World in depth of woods embrac'd—
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte—
And where admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful Dog ſhould bear him company.

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new ſet of objects to his Imagination, I ſhall unavoidably give a *Diverſion* to his paſſionate and love-ſick Contemplations. In the mean time,

I am,

The AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gt.

CHAP. I.

I CALL all the powers of time and chance, which ſeverally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witneſs, that I could never yet get fairly to my uncle Toby's amours, till this very moment, that my mother's curioſity, as ſhe ſtated the affair,—or a different impulſe in her, as my father would have it—wiſhed her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

"Call it, my dear, by its right name, quoth my father, and look through the key-hole as long as you will."

Nothing but the fermentation of that little ſub-

acid humour, which I have often ſpoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented ſuch an inſinuation—he was, however, frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; ſo that he had ſcarce got to the laſt word of this ungracious retort, when his conſcience ſmote him.

My mother was then conjugally ſwinging with her left arm twiſted under his right, in ſuch wiſe, that the inſide of her hand reſted upon the back of his—ſhe raiſed her fingers, and let them fall—it could ſcarce be called a tap; or if it was a tap—'twould have puzzled a caſuiſt to ſay, whether 'twas a tap of remonſtrance or a tap of confeſſion: my father, who was all ſenſibilities from head to foot, claſs'd it right—Conſcience redoubled her blow—he turn'd his face ſuddenly the other way, and my mother ſuppoſing his body was about to turn with it, in order to move homewards, by a croſs movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its centre, brought herſelf ſo far in front, that, as he turn'd his head, he met her eye——Confuſion again! he ſaw a thouſand reaſons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himſelf——a thin, blue, chill, pellucid cryſtal with all its humours ſo at reſt, the leaſt mote or ſpeck of deſire might have been ſeen at the bottom of it, had it exiſted—it did not—and how I happen to be ſo lewd myſelf, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes—Heaven above knows—My mother—madam—was ſo at no time, either by nature, by inſtitution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did ſhe ſuperinduce the leaſt heat into her humours, from the manual effervеſcencies of devotional

devotional tracts, which having little or no meaning in them, nature is oft-times obliged to find one—and as for my father's example! 'twas ſo far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole buſineſs of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head—Nature had done her part, to have ſpared him this trouble; and what was not a little inconſiſtent, my father knew it—and here am I ſitting this 12th day of Auguſt, 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of ſlippers, without either wig or cap on, a moſt tragicomical completion of his prediction, "That I ſhould neither think nor "act like any other man's child, upon that very "account."

The miſtake of my father, was in attacking my mother's motive inſtead of the act itſelf: for certainly key-holes were made for other purpoſes; and conſidering the act, as an act which interfered with a true propoſition, and denied a key-hole to be what it was—it became a violation of nature; and was ſo far, you ſee, criminal.

It is for this reaſon, an' pleaſe your Reverences, That key-holes are the occaſions of more ſin and wickedneſs, than all other holes in this world put together.

—Which leads me to my uncle Toby's amours.

CHAP. II.

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle Toby's great ramillie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too ſhort to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years ſqueezed up in the corner of

of his old campaign trunk; and as bad forms are not ſo eaſy to be got the better of, and the uſe of candle-ends not ſo well underſtood, it was not ſo pliable a buſineſs as one would have wiſhed. The corporal with cheary eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a ſcore times, to inſpire it, if poſſible, with a better air—Had SPLEEN given a look at it, 'twould have coſt her ladyſhip a ſmile—It curled every where but where the corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as ſoon have raiſed the dead.

Such it was—or rather ſuch would it have ſeem'd upon any other brow; but the ſweet look of goodneſs which ſat upon my uncle Toby's, aſſimilated every thing around it ſo ſovereignly to itſelf, and Nature had moreover wrote GENTLEMAN with ſo fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarniſh'd gold laced hat and huge cockade of flimſy taffeta became him; and though not worth a button in themſelves, yet the moment my uncle Toby put them on, they became ſerious objects, and altogether ſeem'd to have been picked up by the hand of Science to ſet him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this, than my uncle Toby's blue and gold—had not Quantity in ſome meaſure been neceſſary to Grace: in a period of fifteen or ſixteen years ſince they had been made, by a total inactivity in my uncle Toby's life, for he ſeldom went further than the bowling-green—his blue and gold had become ſo miſerably too ſtrait for him, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty the corporal was able to get him into

into them: the taking them up at the ſleeves, was of no advantage—They were laced however down the back, and at the ſeams of the ſides, &c. in the mode of King William's reign; and to ſhorten all deſcription, they ſhone ſo bright againſt the ſun that morning, and had ſo metallick, and doughty an air with them, that had my uncle Toby thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have ſo well impoſed upon his imagination.

As for the thin ſcarlet breeches, they had been unripp'd by the taylor between the legs, and left at ſixes and ſevens—

Yes, Madam,—but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before; and as there was no alternative in my uncle Toby's wardrobe, he ſallied forth in the red pluſh.

The Corporal had array'd himſelf in poor Le Fever's regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his Montero cap, which he had furbiſh'd up for the occaſion, march'd three paces diſtant from his Maſter: a whiff of military pride had puffed out his ſhirt at the wriſt; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipp'd into a taſſel beyond the knot, hung the Corporal's ſtick—My uncle Toby carried his cane like a pike.—

—It looks well at leaſt, quoth my father to himſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

MY uncle Toby turn'd his head more than once behind him, to ſee how he was ſupported by the corporal; and the corporal, as oft as he did it, gave a ſlight flouriſh with his ſtick —but not vapouringly; and with the ſweeteſt accent of moſt reſpectful encouragement, bid his honour, "never fear."

Now my uncle Toby did fear; and grievouſly too: he knew not (as my father had reproach'd him) ſo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong, and therefore was never altogether at his eaſe near any one of them—unleſs in ſorrow or diſtreſs: then infinite was his pity; nor would the moſt courteous knight of romance have gone further, at leaſt upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye; and yet excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. Wadman, he had never looked ſtedfaſtly into one; and would often tell my father in the ſimplicity of his heart, that it was almoſt (if not about) as bad as talking bawdy.—

—And ſuppoſe it is? my father would ſay.

CHAP. IV.

SHE cannot, quoth my uncle Toby, halting, when they had marched up to within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door—ſhe cannot, corporal, take it amiſs—

—She will take it, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, juſt as the Jew's widow at Liſbon took it of my brother Tom.—

—And how was that? quoth my uncle Toby, facing quite about to the corporal.

Your

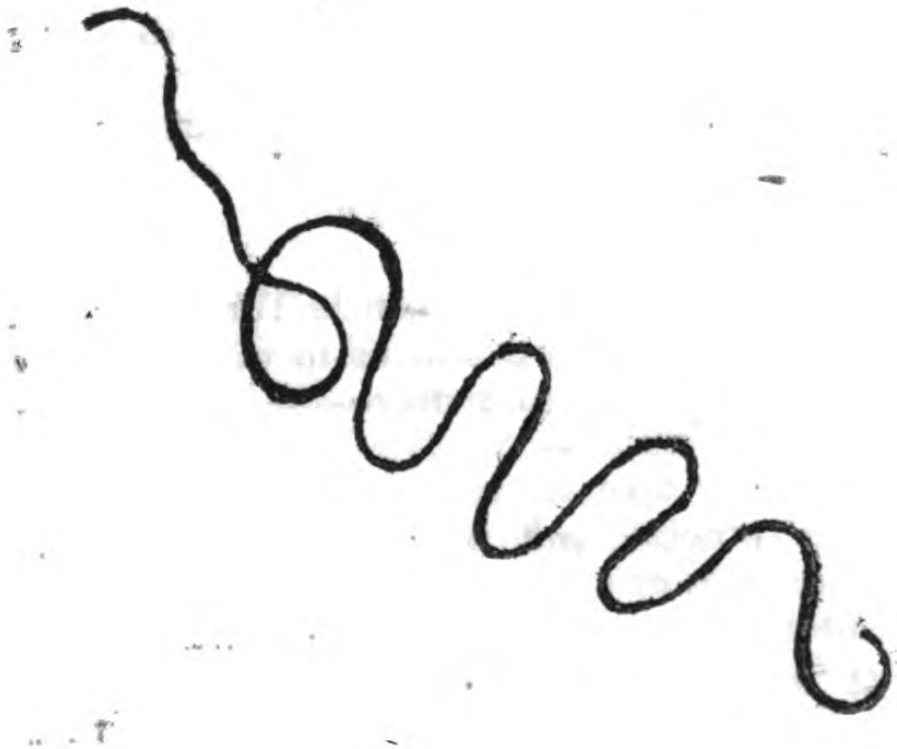
Your honour, replied the corporal, knows of Tom's misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them any further than this, That if Tom had not married the widow—or had it pleaſed God, after their marriage, that they had but put pork into their ſauſages, the honeſt ſoul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragg'd to the inquiſition—'Tis a curſed place—added the corporal, ſhaking his head,—when once a poor creature is in, he is in, an' pleaſe your honour, for ever.

'Tis very true, ſaid my uncle Toby, looking gravely at Mrs. Wadman's houſe, as he ſpoke.

Nothing, continued the corporal, can be ſo ſad as confinement for life—or ſo ſweet, an' pleaſe your honour, as liberty.

Nothing, Trim—ſaid my uncle Toby, muſing—

Whilſt a man is free—cried the corporal, giving a flouriſh with his ſtick thus—



A thouſand of my father's moſt ſubtle ſyllogiſms could not have ſaid more for celibacy.

My uncle Toby looked earneſtly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the ſpirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do, but to conjure him down again with his ſtory; and in this form of exorciſm, moſt unecclefiaſtically did the corporal do it.

CHAP. V.

AS Tom's place, an' pleaſe your honour, was eaſy—and the weather warm—it put him upon thinking ſeriouſly of ſettling himſelf in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a Jew, who kept a ſauſage ſhop in the ſame ſtreet, had the ill luck to die of a ſtrangury, and leave his widow in poſſeſſion of a rouſing trade—Tom thought (as every body in Liſbon was doing the beſt he could deviſe for himſelf) there could be no harm in offering her his ſervice to carry it on: ſo, without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of ſauſages at her ſhop—Tom ſet out—counting the matter thus within himſelf, as he walked along; that, let the worſt come of it that could, he ſhould at leaſt get a pound of ſauſages for their worth—but, if things went well, he ſhould be ſet up; inaſmuch as he ſhould get not only a pound of ſauſages—but a wife—and a ſauſage ſhop, an' pleaſe your honour, into the bargain.

Every ſervant in the family, from high to low, wiſhed Tom ſucceſs; and I can fancy, an' pleaſe

your honour, I ſee him this moment with his white dimity waiſtcoat and breeches, and hat a little o' one ſide, paſſing jollily along the ſtreet, ſwinging his ſtick, with a ſmile and a chearful word for every body he met:—But, alas! Tom! thou ſmileſt no more, cried the Corporal, looking on one ſide of him upon the ground, as if he apoſtrophized him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! ſaid my uncle Toby, feelingly.

He was an honeſt, light-hearted lad, an' pleaſe your honour, as ever blood warm'd——

—Then he reſembled thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, rapidly.

The Corporal bluſhed down to his fingers ends—a tear of ſentimental baſhfulneſs—another of gratitude to my uncle Toby—and a tear of ſorrow for his brother's misfortunes, ſtarted into his eye; and ran ſweetly down his cheek together; my uncle Toby's kindled, as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breaſt of Trim's coat (which had been that of Le Fevre's) as if to eaſe his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling—he ſtood ſilent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the Corporal making a bow, went on with his ſtory of his brother and the Jew's widow.

CHAP. VI.

WHEN Tom, an' pleaſe your honour, got to the ſhop, there was nobody in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers ſlightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies———not killing them.———'Tis a pretty picture! ſaid my uncle Toby———

ſhe had ſuffered perſecution, Trim, and had learned mercy—

—She was good, an' pleaſe your honour, from nature as well as from hardſhips; and there are circumſtances in the ſtory of that poor friendleſs ſlut, that would melt a heart of ſtone, ſaid Trim; and ſome diſmal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they ſhall be told you with the reſt of Tom's ſtory, for it makes a part of it——

Then do not forget, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

A negro has a ſoul? an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the Corporal (doubtingly.)

I am not much verſed, Corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I ſuppoſe, God would not leave him without one, any more then thee or me——

It would be putting one ſadly over the head of another, quoth the Corporal.

It would ſo; ſaid my uncle Toby. Why then, an' pleaſe your honour, is a black wench to be uſed worſe than a white one?

I can give no reaſon, ſaid my uncle Toby—

———Only, cried the Corporal, ſhaking his head, becauſe ſhe has no one to ſtand up for her.——

—'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby,—which recommends her to protection —and her brethern with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands now —where it may be hereafter, heaven knows!— but be it where it will, the brave, Trim! will not uſe it unkindly.

God forbid, ſaid the Corporal.

Amen, reſponded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

The Corporal returned to his ſtory, and went on—but with an embarraſſment in doing it, which here and there a reader, in this world, will not be able to comprehend; for by the many ſudden tranſitions all along, from one kind and cordial paſſion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had loſt the ſportable key of his voice which gave ſenſe and ſpirit to his tale: he attempted twice to reſume it, but could not pleaſe himſelf; ſo giving a ſtout hem! to rally back the retreating ſpirits, and aiding Nature at the ſame time with his left arm a-kimbo on one ſide, and with his right a little extended, ſupporting her on the other—the Corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude, continued his ſtory.

CHAP. VII.

AS Tom, an' pleaſe your honour, had no buſineſs at that time with the Mooriſh girl, he paſſed on into the room beyond, to talk to the Jew's widow about love—and his pound of ſauſages; and being, as I had told your honour, an open, cheery-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the ſame time, placed it cloſe to her at the table, and ſat down.

There is nothing ſo awkward, as courting a woman, an' pleaſe your honour, whilſt ſhe is making ſauſages—So Tom began a diſcourſe upon them; firſt gravely—as, "How they were made "—with what meats, herbs, and ſpices"—Then a little gaily—as, "With what ſkins—and if

" they never burſt—Whether the largeſt were " not the beſt "—and ſo on—taking care only, as he went along, to ſeaſon what he had to ſay upon ſauſages, rather under, than over;—that he might have room to act in—

It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution ſaid my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon Trim's ſhoulder, that Count de la Motte loſt the battle of Wynendale: he preſſed too ſpeedily into the wood; which if he had not done, Liſle had not fallen into our hands, nor Ghent and Bruges, which both followed her example; it was ſo late in the year, continued my uncle Toby, and ſo terrible a ſeaſon came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops muſt have periſhed in the open field.—

—Why therefore, may not battles, an' pleaſe your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven?—My uncle Toby muſed.—

Religion inclined him to ſay one thing, and his high idea of military ſkill tempted him to ſay another; ſo not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind—my uncle Toby ſaid nothing at all, and the Corporal finiſhed his ſtory.

As Tom perceived, an' pleaſe your honour, that he gained ground, and that all he had ſaid upon the ſubject of ſauſages was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little in making them.—Firſt, by taking hold of the ring of the ſauſage, whilſt ſhe ſtroaked the forced meat down with her hand—then by cutting the ſtrings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whilſt ſhe took them out, one by one—then, by putting them acroſs her mouth, that ſhe might take them out as ſhe wanted them—and ſo on from little

little to more, till at laſt he adventured to tie the ſauſage himſelf, whilſt ſhe held the ſnout.—

—Now, a widow, an' pleaſe your honour, always chuſes a ſecond huſband as unlike the firſt as ſhe can: ſo the affair was more than half ſettled in her mind before Tom mentioned it.

She made a feint, however, of defending herſelf, by ſnatching up a ſauſage:—Tom inſtantly laid hold of another—

But ſeeing Tom's had more griſtle in it—

She ſigned the capitulation—and Tom ſealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

CHAP. VIII.

ALL womankind, continued Trim, (commenting upon his ſtory) from the higheſt to the loweſt, an' pleaſe your honour, love jokes; the difficulty is to know how they chuſe to have them cut; and there is no knowing that, but by trying, as we do with our artillery in the field, by raiſing or letting down their breaches, till we hit the mark.—

—I like the compariſon, ſaid my uncle Toby, better than the thing itſelf.—

—Becauſe your honour, quoth the corporal, loves glory, more than pleaſure.

—I hope, Trim, anſwered my uncle Toby, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends ſo apparently to the good and quiet of the world—and particularly that branch of it which we have practiſed together in our bowling-green, has no object but to ſhorten the ſtrides of AMBITION, and intrench the lives and fortunes of the FEW, from the plunderings of the MANY—whenever that drum beats in our

ears, I truſt, corporal, we ſhall neither of us want ſo much humanity and fellow-feeling as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, my uncle Toby faced about, and marched firmly, as at the head of his company—and the faithful corporal, ſhouldering his ſtick, and ſtriking his hand upon his coat-ſkirt, as he took his firſt ſtep—marched cloſe behind him down the avenue.

—Now, what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother—by all that's ſtrange, they are beſieging Mrs. Wadman in form, and are marching round her houſe to mark out the lines of circumvallation.

I dare ſay, quoth my mother—But ſtop, dear Sir—for what my mother dared to ſay upon the occaſion—and what my father did ſay upon it—with her replies and his rejoinders, ſhall be read, peruſed, paraphraſed, commented and deſcanted upon—or, to ſay it all in a word, ſhall be thumb'd over by Poſterity in a chapter apart—I ſay, by Poſterity—and care not, if I repeat the word again—for what has this book done more than the Legation of Moſes, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not ſwim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: Time waſtes too faſt: every letter I trace, tells me with what rapidity Life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear Jenny! than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads, like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing preſſes on—whilſt thou art twiſting that lock,—ſee! it grows grey; and every time I kiſs thy hand, to bid adieu, and every abſence which follows it, are preludes to

that

that eternal ſeparation which we are ſhortly to make.—

—Heaven have mercy upon us both!

CHAP. IX.

NOW, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation—I would not give a groat.

CHAP. X.

MY mother had gone with her left arm twiſted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden wall, where Doctor Slop was overthrown by Obadiah on the coach-horſe; as this was directly oppoſite to the front of Mrs. Wadman's houſe, when my father came to it, he gave a look acroſs; and ſeeing my uncle Toby and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turn'd about—"Let "us juſt ſtop a moment, quoth my father, and "ſee with what ceremonies my brother Toby "and his man Trim make their firſt entry——it "will not detain us, added my father, a ſingle "minute:"—No matter, if it be ten minutes, quoth my mother.

--It will not detain us half a one, ſaid my father.

The corporal was juſt then ſetting in with the ſtory of his brother Tom and the Jew's widow: the ſtory went on—and on—it had epiſodes in it—it came back, and went on—and on again; there was no end of it—the reader found it very long—

—G— help my father! he piſh'd fifty times at every new attitude, and gave the corporal's ſtick, with all its flouriſhings and danglings, to as many devils as choſe to accept of them.

When iſſues of events like theſe my father is waiting for, are hanging in the ſcales of fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to ſee it out.

Curioſity governs the firſt moment; and the ſecond moment is all œconomy, to juſtify the expence of the firſt——and for the third, fourth, fifth, and ſixth moments, and ſo on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of HONOUR.

I need not be told, that the ethick writers have aſſigned this all to Patience; but that VIRTUE, methinks, has extent of dominion ſufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few diſmantled caſtles which HONOUR has left him upon the earth.

My father ſtood it out as well as he could with theſe three auxiliaries to the end of Trim's ſtory; and from thence to the end of my uncle Toby's panegyrick upon arms, in the chapter following it; when ſeeing, that, inſtead of marching up to Mrs. Wadman's door, they both faced about, and marched down the avenue, diametrically oppoſite to his expectation—he broke out at once with that little ſubacid ſourneſs of humour, which, in certain ſituations, diſtinguiſhed his character from that of all other men.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

—"NOW what can their two noddles be "about?" cried my father—&c.—

I dare ſay, ſaid my mother, they are making fortifications.—

—Not on Mrs. Wadman's premiſes! cried my father, ſtepping back—

I ſuppoſe not, quoth my mother.

I wiſh, ſaid my father, raiſing his voice, the whole ſcience of fortification at the devil, with all its trumpery of ſaps, mines, blinds, gabions, ſauſſe-brays and cuvettes.—

—They are fooliſh things—ſaid my mother.

Now ſhe had a way, which, by the by, I would this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yellow ſlippers into the bargain, if ſome of your reverences would imitate—and that was, never to refuſe her aſſent and conſent to any propoſition my father laid before her, merely becauſe ſhe did not underſtand it, or had no ideas to the principal word or term of art, upon which the tenet or propoſition rolled. She contented herſelf with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promiſed for her—but no more; and ſo would go on uſing a hard word twenty years together—and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all its moods and tenſes, without giving herſelf any trouble to inquire about it.

This was an eternal ſource of miſery to my father, and broke the neck, at the firſt ſetting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done the moſt petulant contradiction—the few which ſurvived were the better for the *cuvettes*.—

—"They

—" They are fooliſh things," ſaid my mother.

—Particularly the cuvettes, replied my father.

'Twas enough—he taſted the ſweet of triumph —and went on.

—Not that they are, properly ſpeaking, Mrs. Wadman's premiſes, ſaid my father, partly correcting himſelf—becauſe ſhe is but tenant for life—

—That makes a great difference—ſaid my mother—

—In a fool's head, replied my father—

—Unleſs ſhe ſhould happen to have a child—ſaid my mother—

—But ſhe muſt perſuade my brother Toby firſt to get her one—

—To be ſure, Mr. Shandy, quoth my mother.

—Though, if it comes to perſuaſion—ſaid my father—Lord have mercy upon them.

Amen: ſaid my mother, piano.

Amen: cried my father, fortiſſime.

Amen: ſaid my mother again—but with ſuch a ſighing cadence of perſonal pity at the end of it, as diſcomfited every fibre about my father—he inſtantly took out his almanack: but before he could untie it, Yorick's congregation coming out of church, became a full anſwer to one half of his buſineſs with it—and my mother telling him it was a ſacrament day—left him as little in doubt, as to the other part—He put his almanack into his pocket.

The firſt Lord of the Treaſury, thinking of ways and means, could not have returned home, with a more embarraſſed look.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

UPON looking back from the end of the laſt chapter, and ſurveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is neceſſary, that upon this page and the five following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inſerted, to keep up that juſt balance betwixt wiſdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a ſingle year: nor is it a poor creeping digreſſion (which, but for the name of, a man might continue as well going on in the king's highway) which will do the buſineſs——no; if it is to be a digreſſion, it muſt be a good friſky one, and upon a friſky ſubject too, where neither the horſe or his rider are to be caught, but by rebound.

The only difficulty, is raiſing powers ſuitable to the nature of the ſervice: FANCY is capricious —WIT muſt not be ſearched for—and PLEASANTRY (good-natured ſlut as ſhe is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

—The beſt way for a man, is to ſay his prayers—

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghoſtly as bodily—for that purpoſe, he will find himſelf rather worſe after he has ſaid them than before—for other purpoſes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical under heaven, that I could think of, which I have not taken with myſelf in this caſe; ſometimes by addreſſing myſelf directly to the ſoul herſelf, and arguing the point over

and

and over again with her, upon the extent of her own faculties—

—I never could make them an inch the wider—

Then, by changing my ſyſtem, and trying what could be made of it upon the body, by temperance, ſoberneſs and chaſtity: Theſe are good, quoth I, in themſelves—they are good, abſolutely;—they are good relatively—they are good for health—they are good for happineſs in this world—they are good for happineſs in the next—

In ſhort, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the ſoul juſt as heaven made it: as for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage; but then that ſnivelling virtue of Meekneſs (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again, ſo you are exactly where you ſtarted.

Now, in all common and ordinary caſes, there is nothing which I have found to anſwer ſo well as this—

—Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logick, and that I am not blinded by ſelf-love, there muſt be ſomething of true genius about me, merely upon this ſymptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I inſtantly make it public; willing that all mankind ſhould write as well as myſelf.

—Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

NOW, in ordinary caſes, that is, when I am only ſtupid, and the thoughts riſe heavily and paſs gummous through my pen—

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb-lift out of it for my ſoul; ſo muſt be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch commentator to the end of the chapter, unleſs ſomething be done—

—I never ſtand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of ſnuff, or a ſtride or two acroſs the room, will not do the buſineſs for me—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without further ceremony, except that of firſt lathering my beard, I ſhave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one: this done, I change my ſhirt—put on a better coat—ſend for my laſt wig—put my topaz ring upon my finger; and in a word, dreſs myſelf from one end to the other of me, after my beſt faſhion.

Now the devil in hell muſt be in it, if this does not do: for conſider, Sir, as every man chuſes to be preſent at the ſhaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception) and unavoidably ſits over againſt himſelf the whole time it is doing, in caſe he has a hand in it—the ſituation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.—

—I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man, are ſeven years more terſe and juvenile for one ſingle operation; and if they did not run

a riſk of being quite ſhaved away, might be carried up by continual ſhavings, to the higheſt pitch of ſublimity——How Homer could write with ſo long a beard, I don't know—and as it makes againſt my hypotheſis, I as little care——But let us return to the toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonenſis makes this entirely an affair of the body (ἐξωτερικη πραξις) as he calls it—but he is deceived; the ſoul and body are joint-ſharers in every thing they get: a man cannot dreſs, but his ideas get clothed at the ſame time; and if he dreſſes like a gentleman, every one of them ſtands preſented to his imagination, genteelized along with him—ſo that he has nothing to do, but take his pen, and write like himſelf.

For this cauſe, when your honours and reverences would know whether I writ clean and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my Laundreſs's bill as my book: there was one ſingle month in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one and thirty ſhirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abuſed, curſed, criticiſed and confounded, and had more myſtic heads ſhaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than in all the other months of that year put together.

——But their honours and reverences had not ſeen my bills.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

AS I never had any intention of beginning the Digreſſion I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the 15th chapter——I have this chapter to put to whatever uſe I think proper——I have twenty this moment ready for it—I could write my chapter of Button-holes in it—

Or my chapter of Piſhes, which ſhould follow them—

Or my chapter of Knots, in caſe their reverences have done with them—they might lead me into miſchief: the ſafeſt way is to follow the track of the learned, and raiſe objections againſt what I have been writing, tho' I declare beforehand, I know no more than my heels how to anſwer them.

And firſt, it may be ſaid, there is a pelting kind of therſitical ſatire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with—(and by the by, whoever ſays ſo, is indebted to the muſter-maſter general of the Grecian army, for ſuffering the name of ſo ugly and foul-mouth'd a man as Therſites to continue upon his roll—for it has furniſhed him with an epithet)—in theſe productions he will urge, all the perſonal waſhings and ſcrubbings upon earth do a ſinking genius no ſort of good—but juſt the contrary, inaſmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he ſucceeds in it.

To this, I have no other anſwer——at leaſt ready——but that the Archbiſhop of Benevento wrote his naſty Romance of the Galatea, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waiſtcoat, and

purple pair of breeches; and that the penance ſet him, of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelations, as ſevere as it was looked upon by one part of the world, was far from being deemed ſo by the other, upon the ſingle account of that inveſtment.

Another objection to all this remedy, is its want of univerſality; foraſmuch as the ſhaving part of it, upon which ſo much ſtreſs is laid, by an unalterable law of nature, excludes one half of the ſpecies entirely from its uſe: all I can ſay is, that female writers, whether of England, or of France, muſt e'en go without it—

As for the Spaniſh ladies——I am in no ſort of diſtreſs.—

CHAP. XV.

THE fifteenth chapter is come at laſt; and brings nothing with it but a ſad ſignature of "How our pleaſures ſlip from under us in this "world!"

For in talking of my digreſſion—I declare before heaven I have made it! What a ſtrange creature is mortal man! ſaid ſhe.

'Tis very true, ſaid I—but 'twere better to get all theſe things out of our heads, and return to my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVI.

WHEN my uncle Toby and the Corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their buſineſs lay the other way;

way; ſo they faced about, and marched up ſtraight to Mrs. Wadman's door.

I warrant your honour, ſaid the Corporal, touching his Montero-cap with his hand, as he paſſed him in order to give a knock at the door—My uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful ſervant, ſaid nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marſhalled his ideas; he wiſhed for another conference, and as the Corporal was mounting up the three ſteps before the door---he hem'd twice—a portion of my uncle Toby's moſt modeſt ſpirits fled, at each expulſion, towards the Corporal; he ſtood with the rapper of the door ſuſpended for a full minute in his hand, he ſcarce knew why. Bridget ſtood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumbed with expectation; and Mrs. Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, ſat breathleſs behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, watching their approach.

Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby—but as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the rapper.

My uncle Toby, perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it—whiſtled Lillabullero.

CHAP. XVII.

AS Mrs. Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the Corporal did not knock as oft as perchance your honour's taylor—I might have taken my example ſomething nearer home;

for I owe mine ſome five and twenty pounds at leaſt, and wonder at the man's patience—

—But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a curſed thing to be in debt; and there ſeems to be a fatality in the exchequers of ſome poor princes, particularly thoſe of our houſe, which no œconomy can bind down in irons: for my own part, I am perſuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or ſmall, upon earth, more deſirous in his heart of keeping ſtraight with the world than I am—or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea—or walk with boots—or cheapen tooth-picks—or lay out a ſhilling upon a band-box the year round; and for the ſix months I am in the country, I am upon ſo ſmall a ſcale, that with all the good temper in the world, I outdo Rouſſeau a bar length—for I keep neither man, or boy, or horſe, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a veſtal (to keep my fire in) and who has generally as bad an appetite as myſelf—but if you think this makes a philoſopher of me—I would not, my good people! give a ruſh for your judgments.

True philoſophy—But there is no treating the ſubject whilſt my uncle is whiſtling Lillabullero.

—Let us go into the houſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

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——You ſhall ſee the very place, Madam; ſaid my uncle Toby.

Mrs. Wadman bluſh'd———look'd towards the door——turn'd pale—bluſh'd ſlightly again——recovered her natural colour——bluſhed worſe than ever; which, for the ſake of the unlearned reader, I tranſlate thus:

" *L—d! I cannot look at it—*
" *What would the world ſay if I look'd at it?*
" *I ſhould drop down if I look'd at it—*
" *I wiſh I could look at it—*
" *There can be no ſin in looking at it.*
——" *I will look at it.*"

Whilſt all this was running through Mrs. Wadman's imagination, my uncle Toby had riſen from the ſopha, and got to the other ſide of the parlour-door, to give Trim an order about it in the paſſage—

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * *——I believe it is in the garret, ſaid my uncle Toby—I ſaw it there, an' pleaſe your honour, this morning, anſwered Trim—Then prithee, ſtep directly for it, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and bring it into the parlour.

The Corporal did not approve of the orders, but moſt cheerfully obeyed them. The firſt was

not

not an act of his will—the ſecond was; ſo he put on his Montero-cap, and went as faſt as his lame knee would let him. My uncle Toby returned into the parlour, and ſat himſelf down again upon the ſopha.

—You ſhall lay your finger upon the place—ſaid my uncle Toby.——I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs. Wadman to herſelf.

This requires a ſecond tranſlation:—it ſhews what little knowledge is got by mere words—we muſt go up to the firſt ſprings.

Now in order to clear up the miſt which hangs upon theſe three pages, I muſt endeavour to be as clear as poſſible myſelf.

Rub your hands thrice acroſs your foreheads—blow your noſes——cleanſe your emunctories—ſneeze, my good people!—God bleſs you—

Now give me all the help you can.

CHAP. XXI.

AS there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in—as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a huſband, ſhe firſt ſets about and carefully weighs, then ſeparates and diſtinguiſhes in her mind, which of all that number of ends is hers: then by diſcourſe, inquiry, argumentation and inference, ſhe inveſtigates and finds out whether ſhe has got hold of the right one—and if ſhe has—then, by pulling it gently this way and that way, ſhe further forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which *Slawkenbergius* impreſſes this upon his reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decad, is ſo ludicrous, that the honour

honour I bear the ſex, will not ſuffer me to quote it—otherwiſe 'tis not deſtitute of humour.

" She firſt, ſaith *Slawkenbergius*, ſtops the aſs, and holding his halter in her left hand (leſt he ſhould get away) ſhe thruſts her right hand into the very bottom of his pannier to ſearch for it—For what!——you'll not know the ſooner, quoth Slawkenbergius, for interrupting me—

" I have nothing, good Lady, but empty bot-" tles;" ſays the aſs.

" I am loaded with tripes;" ſays the ſecond.

—And thou art little better, quoth ſhe, to the third; for nothing is there in thy panniers, but trunk-hoſe and pantoffles—and ſo to the fourth and fifth, going on one by one through the whole ſtring, till coming to the aſs which carries it, ſhe turns the pannier upſide down, looks at it—conſiders it—ſamples it—meaſures it—ſtretches it—wets it—dries it—then takes her teeth both to the warp and weft of it—

—Of what? for the love of Chriſt!

I am determined, anſwered *Slawkenbergius*, that all the powers upon earth ſhall never wring that ſecret from my breaſt.

CHAP. XXII.

WE live in a world beſet on all ſides with myſteries and riddles———and ſo 'tis no matter———elſe it ſeems ſtrange, that Nature, who makes every thing ſo well to anſwer its deſtination, and ſeldom or never errs, unleſs for paſtime, in giving ſuch forms and aptitudes to whatever paſſes through her hands, that whether ſhe deſigns for the plough, the caravan, the cart—or whatever other creature ſhe models, be it but an

aſs's

ass's foal, you are sure to have the thing you wanted; and yet at the same time should so eternally bungle it as she does, in making so simple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay—or that it is frequently spoiled in the baking; by an excess of which a husband may turn out too crusty (you know) on one hand—or not enough so, through defect of heat, on the other—or whether this great Artificer is not so attentive to the little Platonic exigencies *of that part* of the species, for whose use she is fabricating *this*—or that her Ladyship sometimes scarce knows what sort of a husband will do—I know not: we will discourse about it after supper.

It is enough, that neither the observation itself, or the reasoning upon it, are at all to the purpose—but rather against it; since, with regard to my uncle Toby's fitness for the marriage state, nothing was ever better: she had formed him of the best and kindliest clay—had temper'd it with her own milk, and breathed into it the sweetest spirit—she had made him all gentle, generous and humane—she had fill'd his heart with trust and confidence, and disposed every passage which led to it, for the communication of the tenderest offices—she had moreover considered the other causes for which matrimony was ordained—

And accordingly *.

The DONATION was not defeated by my uncle Toby's wound.

Now this last article was somewhat apocryphal; and the Devil, who is the great disturber of our

faiths in this world, had raiſed ſcruples in Mrs. Wadman's brain about it; and like a true devil as he was, had done his own work at the ſame time, by turning my uncle Toby's Virtue thereupon into nothing but *empty bottles*, *tripes*, *trunk-hoſe*, and *pantofles*.

CHAP. XXIII.

MRS. Bridget had pawn'd all the little ſtock of honour a poor chambermaid was worth in the world, that ſhe would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the moſt conceſſible *poſtulatum* in nature: namely, that whilſt my uncle Toby was making love to her miſtreſs, the corporal could find nothing better to do, than make love to her—"*And I'll let him as much as he will*," ſaid Bridget, "*to get it out of him.*"

Friendſhip has two garments; an outer, and an under one. Bridget was ſerving her miſtreſs's intereſts in the one—and doing the thing which moſt pleaſed herſelf in the other; ſo had as many ſtakes depending upon my uncle Toby's wound, as the Devil himſelf—Mrs. Wadman had but one—and as it poſſibly might be her laſt (without diſcouraging Mrs. Bridget, or diſcrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herſelf.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have look'd into his hand—there was ſuch a plainneſs and ſimplicity in his playing out what trumps he had—with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the *ten-ace*—and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſit upon the ſame ſopha with widow Wadman, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game off him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

CHAP. XXIV.

—AND the ſtory too——if you pleaſe: for though I have all along been haſtening towards this part of it, with ſo much earneſt deſire, as well knowing it to be the choiceſt morſel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen, and go on with the ſtory for me that will—I ſee the difficulties of the deſcriptions I am going to give—and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at leaſt to me, that I loſt ſome fourſcore ounces of blood this week, in a moſt uncritical fever, which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; ſo that I have ſtill ſome hopes remaining, it may be more in the ſerous or globular parts of the blood, than in the ſubtile *aura* of the brain—be it which it will—an Invocation can do no hurt—and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inſpire or to inject me according as he ſees good.

THE INVOCATION.

GENTLE Spirit of ſweeteſt humour, who erſt didſt ſit upon the eaſy pen of my beloved CERVANTES; Thou who glided'ſt daily through his lattice, and turned'ſt the twilight of his priſon into noon-day brightneſs by thy preſence——tinged'ſt his little urn of water with heaven-ſent Nectar, and all the time he wrote of Sancho and his maſter, didſt caſt thy myſtic mantle

mantle o'er his wither'd * ſtump, and wide extended it to all the evils of his life—

—Turn in hither, I beſeech thee!—behold theſe breeches!—they are all I have in the world—that piteous rent was given them at Lyons—

My ſhirts! ſee what a deadly ſchiſm has happened amongſt 'em—for the laps are in Lombardy, and the reſt of 'em here—I never had but ſix, and a cunning gipſy of a laundreſs at Milan, cut me off the *fore*-laps of five—To do her juſtice, ſhe did it with ſome conſideration—for I was returning *out* of Italy.

And yet, notwithſtanding all this, and a piſtol tinder-box which was moreover filch'd from me at Sienna, and twice that I payed five Pauls for two hard eggs, once at Raddicoffini, and a ſecond time at Capua—I do not think a journey through France and Italy, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, ſo bad a thing as ſome people would make you believe: there muſt be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce ſhould we get into valies where Nature ſpreads ſo many tables of entertainment.—'Tis nonſenſe to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be ſhaken to pieces for nothing; and unleſs you pay twelve ſous for greaſing your wheels, how ſhould the poor peaſant get butter to his bread?—We really expect too much—and for the livre or two above par for your ſuppers and bed—at the moſt, they are but one ſhilling and ninepence halfpenny—who would embroil their philoſophy for it? for heaven's and for your own ſake, pay it—pay it with both hands open, rather than leave *Diſappointment* ſitting drooping upon the eye of your fair Hoſteſs and her Damſels in the gate-way, at your depar-

 ture—

* *He loſt his hand at the battle of Lepanto.*

ture—and beſides, my dear Sir, you get a ſiſterly kiſs of each of 'em worth a pound—at leaſt I did—

—For my uncle Toby's amours running all the way in my head, they had the ſame effect upon me as if they had been my own—I was in the moſt perfect ſtate of bounty and good-will; and felt the kindlieſt harmony vibrating within me, with every oſcillation of the chaiſe alike; ſo that whether the roads were rough or ſmooth, it made no difference; every thing I ſaw, or had to do with, touch'd upon ſome ſecret ſpring, either of ſentiment or rapture.

—They were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the fore-glaſs to hear them more diſtinctly—'Tis Maria; ſaid the poſtilion, obſerving I was liſtening—Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one ſide, to let me ſee her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is ſitting upon a bank, playing her veſpers upon her pipe, with her little goat beſide her.

The young fellow utter'd this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty ſous piece, when I got to *Moulins*—

—And who is *poor Maria?* ſaid I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us; ſaid the poſtilion—it is but three years ago, that the ſun did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did *Maria* deſerve, than to have her Banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the pariſh who publiſhed them—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the ſame notes,—

yet

yet were ten times ſweeter: It is the evening ſervice to the Virgin, ſaid the young man——but who has taught her to play it—or how ſhe came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has aſſiſted her in both; for ever ſince ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, it ſeems her only conſolation—ſhe has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that ſervice upon it almoſt night and day.

The poſtilion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering ſomething in his face above his condition, and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor Maria's taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me.

We had got up by this time almoſt to the bank where Maria was ſitting: ſhe was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up into a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide—ſhe was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ache, it was the moment I ſaw her—

—God help her! poor damſel: above a hundred maſſes, ſaid the poſtilion, have been ſaid in the ſeveral pariſh churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect; we have ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible for ſhort intervals, that the Virgin at laſt will reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are loſt for ever.

As the poſtilion ſpoke this, MARIA made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender and querulous, that I ſprung out of the chaiſe to help her, and found myſelf ſitting betwixt her and her goat, before I relapſed from my enthuſiaſm.

MARIA looked wiſtfully for ſome time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—

and then at her goat again, and ſo on, alternately—

—Well, Maria, ſaid I ſoftly——What reſemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a *Beaſt* man is,—that I aſk'd the queſtion; and that I would not have let fallen an unſeaſonable pleaſantry in the venerable preſence of Miſery, to be intitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais ſcatter'd—and yet I own my heart ſmote me, and that I ſo ſmarted at the very idea of it, that I ſwore I would ſet up for Wiſdom, and utter grave ſentences the reſt of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longeſt day I had to live.

As for writing nonſenſe to them——I believe, there was a reſerve——but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapleſs damſel!——ſometime, but not now, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment ſhe took her pipe, and told me ſuch a tale of wo with it, that I roſe up, and with broken and irregular ſteps, walk'd ſoftly to my chaiſe.

—What an excellent inn at Moulins!

CHAP. XXV.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we muſt all turn back to the two blank chapters, on the account of which, my honour has lain bleeding this half hour———I ſtop it, by pulling off one of my

my yellow ſlippers and throwing it with all my violence to the oppoſite ſide of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it—

——That whatever reſemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world, or, for aught I know, may be now writing in it—that it was as caſual as the foam of Zeuxis his horſe: beſides, I look upon a chapter which has only nothing in it, with reſpect; and conſidering what worſe things there are in the world——That it is no way a proper ſubject for ſatire——

Why then was it left ſo? And here, without ſtaying for my reply, ſhall I be called as many blockheads, numſkulls, doddypoles, dunderheads, ninnyhammers, gooſecaps, joltheads, nincompoops, and ſh--t-a-beds—and other unſavory appellations, as ever the cake-bakers of Lerne, caſt in the teeth of King Garagantua's ſhepherds—And I'll let them do it, as Bridget ſaid, as much as they pleaſe; for how was it poſſible they ſhould foreſee the neceſſity I was under of writing the 25th chapter of my book, before the 18th, *&c.*

—So I don't take it amiſs—All I wiſh is, that it may be a leſſon to the world, " to let people tell their ſtories their own way."

The Eighteenth Chapter.

AS Mrs. Bridget open'd the door before the Corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my uncle Toby's introduction into the parlour, was ſo ſhort, that Mrs. Wadman had but juſt time to get from behind the curtain——lay a Bible upon the table, and advance

advance a ſtep or two towards the door to receive him.

My uncle Toby ſaluted Mrs. Wadman, after the manner in which women were ſaluted by men in the year of our Lord God one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirteen—then facing about, he marched up abreaſt with her to the ſopha, and in three plain words—though not before he was ſat down—nor after he was ſat down—but as he was ſitting down, told her, "he was in love"—ſo that my uncle Toby ſtrained himſelf more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs. Wadman naturally looked down upon a ſlit ſhe had been darning up in her apron, in expectation, every moment, that my uncle Toby would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and Love moreover of all others being a ſubject of which he was the leaſt a maſter—when he had told Mrs. Wadman once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after its own way.

My father was always in raptures with this ſyſtem of my uncle Toby's, as he falſly called it, and would often ſay, that could his brother Toby to his proceſſe have added but a pipe of tobacco—he had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a Spaniſh proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My uncle Toby never underſtood what my father meant; nor will I preſume to extract more from it, than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under—but the French, every one of 'em to a man, who believe in it, almoſt as much as the REAL PRESENCE, "That talking of love, is making it."

——I would

—I would as ſoon ſet about making a black pudding by the ſame receipt.

Let us go on: Mrs. Wadman ſat in expectation my uncle Toby would do ſo, to almoſt the firſt pulſation of that minute, wherein ſilence on one ſide or the other, generally becomes indecent; ſo edging herſelf a little more towards him, and raiſing up her eyes, ſubbluſhing, as ſhe did it —ſhe took up the gauntlet—or the diſcourſe (if you like it better) and communed with my uncle Toby, thus:

The cares and diſquietudes of the marriage ſtate, quoth Mrs. Wadman, are very great. I ſuppoſe ſo—ſaid my uncle Toby: and therefore when a perſon, continued Mrs. Wadman, is ſo much at his eaſe as you are—ſo happy, captain Shandy, in yourſelf, your friends and your amuſements——I wonder, what reaſons can incline you to the ſtate.—

—They are written, quoth my uncle Toby, in the Common Prayer Book.

Thus far my uncle Toby went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs. Wadman to ſail upon the gulph as ſhe pleaſed.

————As for children—ſaid Mrs. Wadman —though a principal end perhaps of the inſtitution, and the natural wiſh, I ſuppoſe, of every parent—yet do not we all find, they are certain ſorrows, and very uncertain comforts? and what is there, dear ſir, to pay one for the heart-aches—what compenſation for the many tender and diſquieting apprehenſions of a ſuffering and defenceleſs mother who brings them into life? I declare, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſmit with pity, I know of none: unleſs it be the pleaſure which it has pleaſed God—

—A fiddleſtick! quoth ſhe.

Chapter the Nineteenth.

NOW there are ſuch an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks, and accents with which the word *fiddleſtick* may be pronounced in all ſuch cauſes as this, every one of 'em impreſſing a ſenſe and meaning as different from the other, as *dirt* from *cleanlineſs*——That caſuiſts (for it is an affair of conſcience on that ſcore) reckon up no leſs than fourteen thouſand, in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs. Wadman hit upon the *fiddleſtick*, which ſummoned up all my uncle Toby's modeſt blood into his cheeks—ſo feeling within himſelf that he had, ſomehow or other, got beyond his depth, he ſtopt ſhort; and, without entering further, either into the pains or pleaſures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and ſhare them along with her.

When my uncle Toby had ſaid this, he did not care to ſay it again; ſo caſting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs. Wadman had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear ſoul! upon a paſſage in it, of all others the moſt intereſting to him——which was the ſiege of Jericho—— he ſet himſelf to read it over——leaving his propoſal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now, it wrought neither as an aſtringent or a looſener; nor like opium, or bark, or mercury, or buckthorn, or any one drug which nature had beſtowed upon the world—in ſhort, it work'd not at all in her; and the cauſe of that was, that there was ſomething working there before——

Babbler

Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times; but there is fire ſtill in the ſubject——allons.

CHAP. XXVI.

IT is natural for a perfect ſtranger, who is going from London to Edinburgh, to inquire, before he ſets out, how many miles to York, which is about the half way—nor does any body wonder, if he goes on and aſks about the Corporation, &c. - -

It was juſt as natural for Mrs. Wadman, whoſe firſt huſband was all his time afflicted with a ſciatica, to wiſh to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far ſhe was likely to ſuffer more or leſs in her feelings, in the one caſe than in the other.

She had accordingly read *Drake's* anatomy, from one end to the other. She had peeped into *Wharton* upon the brain, and borrowed * *Graaf* upon the bones and muſcles; but could make nothing of it.

She had reaſon'd likeways from her own powers—laid down theorems—drawn conſequences, and come to no concluſion.

To clear up all, ſhe had twice aſked Doctor Slop, "if poor Captain Shandy was ever likely "to recover of his wound?"—

—He is recovered, Doctor Slop would ſay.

What! quite?

—Quite,

* *This muſt be a miſtake in Mr. Shandy, for Graaf wrote upon the pancreatick juice, and the parts of generation.*

—Quite, Madam—

But what do you mean by a recovery? Mrs. Wadman would ſay.

Doctor Slop was the worſt man alive at definitions; and ſo Mrs. Wadman could get no knowledge: in ſhort, there was no way to extract it, but from my uncle Toby himſelf.

There is an accent of humanity in an inquiry of this kind, which lulls SUSPICION to reſt—and I am half perſuaded the ſerpent got pretty near it, in his diſcourſe with Eve; for the propenſity in the ſex to be deceived could not be ſo great, that ſhe ſhould have boldneſs to hold chat with the devil, without it—But there is an accent of humanity—how ſhall I deſcribe it?—'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the inquirer a right to be as particular with it, as your body-ſurgeon.

" —Was it without remiſſion?—

" —Was it more tolerable in bed?

" —Could he ly on both ſides alike with it?

" —Was he able to mount a horſe?

" —Was motion bad for it?" et cætera, were ſo tenderly ſpoke to, and ſo directed towards my uncle Toby's heart, that every item of them ſunk ten times deeper into it than the evils themſelves——but when Mrs. Wadman went round about by Namur, to get at my uncle Toby's groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterſcarp, and *pêle mêle* with the Dutch to take the counter-guard of St. Roch ſword in hand—and then with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him all bleeding by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye, as he was carried to his tent—Heaven! Earth! Sea!—all was lifted up—the ſprings of nature roſe above their levels—an angel of mercy ſat beſide him

him on the ſopha—his heart glow'd with fire, and had he been worth a thouſand, he had loſt every heart of them to Mrs. Wadman.

——And whereabouts, dear Sir, quoth Mrs. Wadman, a little categorically, did you receive this ſad blow?—In aſking this queſtion, Mrs. Wadman gave a ſlight glance towards the waiſt-band of my uncle Toby's red pluſh breeches, expecting naturally, as the ſhorteſt reply to it, that my uncle Toby would lay his fore-finger upon the place—it fell out otherwiſe—for my uncle Toby having got his wound before the gate of St. Nicolas, in one of the traverſes of the trench, oppoſite to the ſalient angle of the demi-baſtion of St. Roch; he could at any time ſtick a pin upon the identical ſpot of ground where he was ſtanding when the ſtone ſtruck him: this ſtruck inſtantly upon my uncle Toby's ſenſorium—and with it, ſtruck his large map of the town and citadel of Namur and its environs, which he had purchaſed and paſted down upon a board by the corporal's aid, during his long illneſs—it had lain with other military lumber in the garret ever ſince, and accordingly, the corporal was detached into the garret to fetch it.

My uncle Toby meaſured off thirty toiſes, with Mrs. Wadman's ſciſſars, from the returning angle before the gate of St. Nicolas; and with ſuch a virgin modeſty, laid her finger upon the place, that the goddeſs of Decency, if then in being—if not, 'twas her ſhade——ſhook her head, and with a finger wavering acroſs her eyes—forbid her to explain the miſtake.

Unhappy Mrs. Wadman!—

—For nothing can make this chapter go off with ſpirit but an apoſtrophe to thee—but my

heart tells me, that, in ſuch a criſis, an apoſtrophe is but an inſult in diſguiſe, and ere I would offer one to a woman in diſtreſs—let the chapter go to the devil; provided any damn'd critick in keeping will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

CHAP. XXVII.

MY uncle Toby's map is carried down into the kitchen.

CHAP. XXVIII.

—AND here is the Maes—and this is the Sambre, ſaid the corporal, pointing with his right hand extended a little towards the map, and his left upon Mrs. Bridget's ſhoulder—but not the ſhoulder next him—and this, ſaid he, is the town of Namur—and this the citadel—and there lay the French—and here lay his honour and myſelf—and in this curſed trench, Mrs. Bridget, quoth the corporal, taking her by the hand, did he receive the wound which cruſh'd him ſo miſerably *here*—In pronouncing which, he ſlightly preſs'd the back of her hand towards the part he felt for—and let it fall.

We thought, Mr. Trim, it had been more in the middle—ſaid Mrs. Bridget—

That would have undone us for ever—ſaid the corporal.

—And left my poor miſtreſs undone too—ſaid Bridget.

The Corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. Bridget a kiſs.

Come—

Come—come—ſaid Bridget—holding the palm of her left hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and ſliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done, had there been the leaſt wart or portuberance—'Tis every ſyllable of it falſe, cried the corporal, before ſhe had half finiſhed the ſentence—

—I know it to be fact, ſaid Bridget, from credible witneſſes.

—Upon my honour, ſaid the corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and bluſhing as he ſpoke with honeſt reſentment—'tis a ſtory, Mrs. Bridget, as falſe as hell—Not, ſaid Bridget, interrupting him, that either I or my miſtreſs care a halfpenny about it, whether 'tis ſo or no—only that when one is married, one would chuſe to have ſuch a thing by one at leaſt—

It was ſomewhat unfortunate for Mrs. Bridget, that ſhe had begun the attack with her manual exerciſe; for the corporal inſtantly * * * *
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CHAP. XXIX.

IT was like the momentary conteſt in the moiſt eye-lids of an April morning, "Whether Bridget ſhould laugh or cry."

She ſnatch'd up a rolling-pin——'twas ten to one, ſhe had laugh'd—

She laid it down——ſhe cried; and had one ſingle tear of 'em but taſted of bitterneſs, full ſorrowful would the corporal's heart have been that he had uſed the argument; but the corpo-

ral underſtood the ſex, a quart major to a terce at leaſt, better than my uncle Toby; and accordingly he aſſailed Mrs. Bridget after this manner.

I know, Mrs. Bridget, ſaid the corporal, giving her a moſt reſpectful kiſs, that thou art good and modeſt by nature, and art withal ſo generous a girl in thyſelf, that if I know thee rightly, thou wouldſt not wound an inſect, much leſs the honour of ſo gallant and worthy a ſoul as my maſter, waſt thou ſure to be made a counteſs of—but thou haſt been ſet on, and deluded, dear Bridget, as is often a woman's caſe, "to pleaſe others "more than themſelves—"

Bridget's eyes poured down at the ſenſations the corporal excited.

——Tell me——tell me then, my dear Bridget, continued the corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down dead by her ſide,—and giving a ſecond kiſs—whoſe ſuſpicion has miſled thee?

Bridget ſobb'd a ſob or two—then opened her eyes—the corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron—ſhe then open'd her heart and told him all.

CHAP. XXX.

MY uncle Toby and the corporal had gone on ſeparately with their operations, the greateſt part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been ſeparated from each other by the Maes or the Sambre.

My uncle Toby, on his ſide, had preſented himſelf

himſelf every afternoon in his red and ſilver, and blue and gold alternately, and ſuſtained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks—and ſo had nothing to communicate.—

The corporal, on his ſide, in taking Bridget, by it had gained conſiderable advantages—and conſequently had much to communicate—but what were the advantages—as well as what was the manner by which he had ſeized them, required ſo nice an hiſtorian, that the corporal durſt not venture upon it, and as ſenſible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bare-headed, and without laurels for ever, than torture his maſter's modeſty for a ſingle moment—

—Beſt of honeſt and gallant ſervants!—But I have apoſtrophiz'd thee, Trim! once before—and could I apotheoſize thee alſo (that is to ſay) with good company—I would do it without ceremony in the very next page.

CHAP. XXXI.

NOW my uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himſelf, upon his finger ends, (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs. Wadman's perfections, one by one; and happening two or three times together, either by omitting ſome, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himſelf ſadly before he could get beyond his middle finger—Prithee, Trim! ſaid he, taking up his pipe again, —bring me a pen and ink: Trim brought paper alſo.

Take a full ſheet—Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, making a ſign with his pipe at the ſame time, to take a chair and ſit down cloſe by him at the table. The corporal obeyed—placed the paper directly before him—took a pen and dipp'd it in the ink.

—She has a thouſand virtues, Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby—

Am I to ſet them down, an' pleaſe your honour? quoth the corporal.

—But they muſt be taken in their ranks, replied my uncle Toby; for of them all, Trim, that which wins me moſt, and which is a ſecurity for all the reſt, is the compaſſionate turn, and ſingular humanity of her character—I proteſt, added my uncle Toby, looking up, as he proteſted it, towards the top of the ceiling—That was I her brother, Trim, a thouſand fold, ſhe could not make more conſtant or more tender inquiries after my ſufferings—though now no more.

The corporal made no reply to my uncle Toby's proteſtation, but by a ſhort cough—he dipp'd the pen a ſecond time into the ink-horn; and my uncle Toby, pointing with the end of his pipe as cloſe to the top of the ſheet, at the left hand corner of it, as he could get it—the corporal wrote down the word HUMANITY ---- thus.

Prithee, corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby, as ſoon as Trim had done it—how often does Mrs. Bridget inquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou received'ſt at the battle of Landen?

She never, an' pleaſe your honour, inquires after it at all.

That,

That, corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodneſs of his nature would permit—that ſhews the difference in the character of the miſtreſs and maid—Had the fortune of war allotted the ſame miſchance to me, Mrs. Wadman would have inquired into every circumſtance relating to it a hundred times—She would have inquired, an' pleaſe your honour, ten times as often about your honour's groin—The pain, Trim, is equally excruciating,—and Compaſſion has as much to do with the one as the other—

—God bleſs your honour! cried the corporal—what has a woman's compaſſion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man's knee? had your honour's been ſhot into ten thouſand ſplinters at the affair of Landen, Mrs. Wadman would have troubled her head as little about it as Bridget; becauſe, added the corporal, lowering his voice, and ſpeaking very diſtinctly, as he aſſigned his reaſon—

" The knee is ſuch a diſtance from the main " body—whereas the groin, your honour knows, " is upon the very curtin of the *place*."

My uncle Toby gave a long whiſtle—but in a note which could ſcarce be heard acroſs the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire—in three words he told the reſt—

My uncle Toby laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender, as if it had been ſpun from the unravellings of a ſpider's web—

—Let us go to my brother Shandy's, ſaid he.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

THERE will be juſt time, whilſt my uncle Toby and Trim are walking to my father's, to inform you, that Mrs. Wadman had, ſome moons before this, made a confident of my mother; and that Mrs. Bridget, who had the burden of her own, as well as her miſtreſs's ſecret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to Suſannah behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, ſhe ſaw nothing at all in it, to make the leaſt buſtle about——but Suſannah was ſufficient, by herſelf, for all the ends and purpoſes you could poſſibly have, in exporting a family ſecret; for ſhe inſtantly imparted it by ſigns to Jonathan—and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as ſhe was baſting a loin of mutton; the cook ſold it with ſome kitchen-fat, to the poſtilion, for a groat, who truck'd it with the dairy-maid for ſomething of about the ſame value——and though whiſper'd in the hay-loft, Fame caught the notes with her brazen-trumpet, and ſounded them upon the houſe-top—In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles round, who did not underſtand the difficulties of my uncle Toby's ſiege, and what were the ſecret articles which had delayed the ſurrender.—

My father, whoſe way was to force every event in nature into an hypotheſis, by which means never man crucified Truth at the rate he did—had but juſt heard of the report as my uncle Toby ſet out; and catching fire ſuddenly at the treſpaſs done his brother by it, was demonſtrating to Yorick, notwithſtanding my mother was ſitting by—

not

not only "That the devil was in women, and "that the whole of the affair was luſt;" but that every evil and diſorder in the world, of what kind or nature ſoever, from the firſt fall of Adam, down to my uncle Toby's (incluſive) was owing one way or other to the ſame unruly appetite.

Yorick was juſt bringing my father's hypotheſis to ſome temper, when my uncle Toby entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveneſs in his looks, my father's eloquence rekindled againſt the paſſion—and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth—as ſoon as my uncle Toby was ſeated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

CHAP. XXXIII.

—THAT proviſion ſhould be made for continuing the race of ſo great, ſo exalted and godlike a Being as man—I am far from denying——but philoſophy ſpeaks freely of every thing; and therefore I ſtill think, and do maintain it to be a pity, that it ſhould be done by means of a paſſion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wiſdom, contemplations, and operations of the ſoul backwards—a paſſion, my dear, continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to my mother, which couples and equals wiſe men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like ſatyrs and four-footed beaſts than men.

I know it will be ſaid, continued my father, (availing himſelf of the Prolepſis) that in itſelf, and ſimply taken—like hunger, or thirſt, or ſleep, —'tis

—'tis an affair neither good or bad—or ſhameful, or otherwiſe——Why then did the delicacy of Diogenes and Plato ſo recalcitrate againſt it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reaſon is it, that all the parts thereof—the congredients——the preparations—the inſtruments, and whatever ſerves thereto, are ſo held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, tranſlation, or periphraſis whatever?

—The act of killing and deſtroying a man, continued my father, raiſing his voice—and turning to my uncle Toby—you ſee, is glorious——and the weapons by which we do it, are honourable—We march with them upon our ſhoulders——We ſtrut with them by our ſides—We gild them——We carve them——We inlay them—We enrich them—Nay, if it be but a ſcoundrel cannon, we caſt an ornament upon the breach of it.—

—My uncle Toby laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet—and Yorick was riſing up to batter the whole hypotheſis to pieces—

—When Obadiah broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The caſe was this:

My father, whether by ancient cuſtom of the manor, or as improprietor of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a Bull for the ſervice of the Pariſh, and Obadiah had led his cow upon a *popviſit* to him one day or other the preceding ſummer—I ſay, one day or other—becauſe as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's houſemaid——ſo one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore, when Obadiah's

Obadiah's wife was brought to bed—Obadiah thanked God—

—Now, ſaid Obadiah, I ſhall have a calf: ſo Obadiah went daily to viſit his cow.

She'll calve on Monday—or Tueſday—or Wedneſday at the fartheſt—

The cow did not calve—no—ſhe'll not calve till next week—the cow put it off terribly—till at the end of the ſixth week, Obadiah's ſuſpicions (like a good man's) fell upon the Bull.

Now the pariſh being very large, my father's Bull, to ſpeak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department; he had, however, got himſelf, ſomehow or other, thruſt into employment ——and as he went through the buſineſs with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

—Moſt of the townſmen, an' pleaſe your worſhip, quoth Obadiah, believe that 'tis all the Bull's fault—

—But may not a cow be barren? replied my father, turning to Dr. Slop.

It never happens: ſaid Dr. Slop, but the man's wife may have come before her time naturally enough——Prithee has the child hair upon his head?—added Dr. Slop—

—It is hairy as I am; ſaid Obadiah.——Obadiah had not been ſhaved for three weeks ——Wheu - - u - - - u - - - - - - - - cried my father; beginning the ſentence with an exclamatory whiſtle———and ſo, brother Toby, this poor Bull of mine, who is as good a Bull as ever p—ſs'd, and might have done for Europa herſelf in purer times——had he but two legs leſs, might have been driven into Doctors Commons

mons and loſt his character—which to a Town Bull, brother Toby, is the very ſame thing as his life—

L--d! ſaid my mother, what is all this ſtory about?—

A COCK and a BULL, ſaid Yorick—And one of the beſt of its kind, I ever heard.

END of the NINTH VOLUME.