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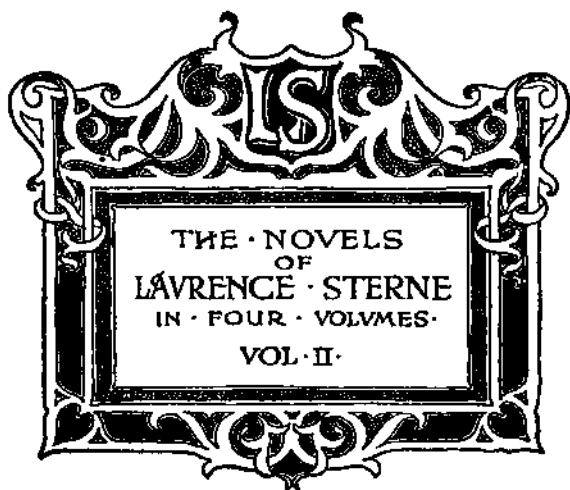
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TRISTRAM SHANDY

VOL. II.



The long nasal stranger at Strasburg

THE
LIFE & OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM
SHANDY
GENTLEMAN

BY
LAWRENCE
STERNE.
■■■■
ILLUSTRATED
BY
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

VOL. II.

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THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS

09

TEISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Multitudinis impentw non formido jndicia, meis tamen, rogo, paroant
opxiHculiH—in quibus fuit propositi gempcr, a jocis ad sen', in
Beriis vicissun "d jooc' transiro.

JOAN. SARFSBKRIENBIS,
Episcopus Ltiydun.

VOL. IV. OHIG. EDIT.

SLAWKENBERGII FABELLA.⁰

VESPER A quadam frigidula, posteriori in parte mensis Augusti, peregrinus, mulo fusco colore incidens, mantied, a tergo, panels indusiis, binis calceis, braccisque sericis coccineis repleta, Argentoratum ingressua est.

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

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

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahenp, & quo pependit acinaces: Loculo manum inseruit; et magnft cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactft manu sinistr&, ut extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit, et processit.

⁴ Aa Hafen Slawkenbcrgiua de Natis is extremely scarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to tee the specimen of a few pages of his original: I will make no reflection upon it,

THB

LIFE AND OPINIONS

or

TEISTEAM SHANDY, GENT.

SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE.

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

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

The sentinel looked up into the stranger's face:—he never saw such a Nose in his life!

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

but that his story-telling Latin is much more concise than his philosophic—and, \ think, has more of Latinity in it.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympanistam nanum et val-
gum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdi-
disse: itinerari baud poterit nuda acinaci; neque vagi-
nam toto Argentorato, habilem inveniet.—Nullam
unquam babui, respondit peregrinus respiciens—
seque comiter inclinans—hoc more gesto, nudam
acinacem elevans, mulo lente progrediente, ut nasum
tueri possim.

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, respondit miles.

Nihili rcstimo, ait ille tympanista, e pergamena fac-
titius cst.

Prout christianus sum, inquit miles, nasus ille, ni
sixties major sit, meo esset confonnis.

Grepitare audivi, ait tympanista.

Mchercule! sanguinem emisit, respondit miles.

Miseret me, inquit tympanista, qui non ambo
tetigimus!

Eodem tcmporis puncto, quo haec res ai'gumentata
fuit inter militcm et tympanistam, disceptabatur ibi-
dem tubicine et uxore sua, qui tune accesserunt, et,
peregrino preetereunte, restiterunt.

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

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut sternu-
tamento audias.

Tantuin abest, respondit ilia, quod fistulam dulcedine
vincit.

AEneusest, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, respondit uxor.

Rursum afHrmo, ait tubicen, quod aeneus est.

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

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

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

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

—I heard it crackle, said the drummer.

By Dunder! said the sentinel, I saw it bleed.

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

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

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

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

'Tis as soft as a flute, said she.

——'Tis brass, said the trumpeter.

——'Tis a pudding's end, said his wife.

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

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

Mulus peregrin! gradu lento progressus est, ut unumquodque verbum controversial, noa tantum inter militem et tympanistam, verum etiarn inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus, audiret

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

Peregrinus illi non respondit. Votum faciebat tune temporis Sancto Nicolao; quo facto, in sinum dextrum inserens, e qua negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu processit per plateam Argentorati latam quee ad diversoriuin templo ex adversum ducit.

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

Quod ubi peregrinus esset ingressus, uxorem tubi-

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

The stranger's mule moved on at so slow a rate, that he heard every word of the dispute, not only betwixt the sentinel and the drummer, but betwixt the trumpeter and the trumpeter's wife.

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

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

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

The stranger had just taken three turns upon the

cinis obviam euntem aspicit; illico, cursum flectit, metuens ne nasus suus exploraretur, atque ad diveraorium regressus eat—exuit se vestibus; braccas cocaineas sericas manticffi imposuit mulumque educi jussit.

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

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

Longa via est! respondit hospes, nisi plurimum esset negotii.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, a Nasorum promontorio redivi, et naaum speciosissiraum, egregiosissimumque quern unquam quisquam sortitus est, acquisivi.

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem de seipso reddit, hospes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini nasum contemplantur——Per sanctos sanctasque omnes, ait hospitis uxor, nasis duodecim maximis in toto Argeutorato major est!—estne, ait ilia mariti in aurem insusurrana, nonne est nasus praegrandis?

Bolus inest, anime mi, ait hospes—nasus est falsus.

Verus est, respondit uxor.

Ex abiete factus est, ait ille, terebinthinum olet.—

Carbunculus inest, ait uxor.

Mortuus est nasus, respondit hospes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Tis a true nose, said his wife.

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

There's a pimple on it, said she.

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

Vivus est ait ilia,—et si ipsa vivam, tangam.

Votum feei Sancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, nasum meum intactum fore usque ad——Quodnam tempus? illico respondit ilia.

Minime tangetur, inquit ille, (manibus in pectus compositis) usque ad illam horam——Quam horam? ait ilia.——Nullam, respondit peregrinus, donee pervenio ad——Quern locum,—obsecro? ait ilia.——Peregrinus nil respondens mulo consenso discessit.

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

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

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

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

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

Whilst all this confusion and disorder triumphed

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

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

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

——Banished from my country,—my friends,—from thee!——

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

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

——Stumbling! by Saint Nicholas, every step!—Why, at this rate, we shall be all night in getting in——

——To happiness;—or I am to be the sport of fortune and slander?—destined to be driven forth uncoixvicted,—unheard,—untouched;—if so, why did I not stay at Strasburg, where justice—but I had sworn! Come, thou shalt drink—to St. Nicholas——
O Julia!——What dost thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man! &c.

The stranger rode on, communing in this manner with his mule and Julia,—till he arrived at his inn, where, as soon as he arrived, he alighted;—saw his mule, as he had promised it, taken good care of,—took

off his cloak-bag, with his crimson-satin breeches, &c., in it;—called for an omelet for his supper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell fast asleep.

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

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

The penitentiaries of the third order of Saint Francis,—the nuns of Mount Calvary,—the Prsemonstratenses,—the Clunienses,'—the Carthusians,—and all the severer orders of nuns, who lay that night in blankets or haircloth, were still in a worse condition than the abbess of Quedlingberg,—by tumbling and tossing, and tossing and tumbling from one side of

' Hafon Slawkenbergius means the Benedictine Nuni of Olunj, founded in the year 940, by Odo, abbe de Cluny.

their beds to the other the whole night long;—the several sisterhoods had scratched and mauled themselves all to death;—they got out of their beds almost flay'd alive;—every body thought Saint Anthony had visited them, for probation, with his fire;—they had never once, in short, shut their eyes the whole night long, from vespers to matins.

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

The dean of Strasburg, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars, (capitularly assembled in the morning to consider the case of buttered buns) all wished they had followed the nuns of Saint Ursula's example.

In the hurry and confusion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven,—there were no buttered buns to be had for breakfast in all Strasburg;—the whole close of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion;—such a cause of restlessness and disquietude, and such a zealous inquiry into the cause of that restlessness, had never happened in Strasburg since Martin Luther, with his doctrines, had turned the city upside down.

If the stranger's nose took this liberty of thrusting himself thus into the dishes' of religious orders, &c. what a carnival did his nose make of it in those of the laity I—'tis more than my pen, worn to the stump as it is, has power to describe; though, I acknowledge, (*cries Slawkenbergius, with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from, him*) that

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

there is many a good simile now subsisting in the world which might give my countrymen some idea of it; but at the close of such a folio as this, wrote for their sakes, and in which I have spent the greatest part of my life,—tho' I own to them the simile is in being, yet would it not be unreasonable in them to expect I should have either time or inclination to search for it? Let it suffice to say, that the riot and disorder it occasioned in the Strasburgers' fantasies was so general,—such an overpowering mastership had it got of all the faculties of the Strasburgers' minds,—so many strange things, with equal confidence on all sides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were spoken and sworn to concerning it, that turned the whole stream of all discourse and wonder towards it; every soul, good and bad,—rich and poor,—learned and unlearned,—doctor and student,—mistress and maid,—gentle and simple,—nun's flesh and woman's flesh, in Strasburg, spent their time in hearing tidings about it;—every eye in Strasburg languished to see it;—every finger—every thumb in Strasburg—burned to touch it.

Now what might add, if any thing may be thought necessary to add, to so vehement a desire, was this,—that the sentinel, the bandy-legged drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgomaster's widow, the master of the inn, and the master of the inn's wife, how widely soever they all differed every one from another in their testimonies and descriptions of the stranger's nose,—they all agreed together in two points,—namely, that he was gone to Frankfort, and would not return to Strasburg till that day month; and, secondly, whether his nose was true or false, that the stranger himself was one of the most perfect paragons of beauty,—the finest-made

man,—the most genteel!—the most generous of his purse,—the most courteous in his carnage, that had ever entered the gates of Strasburg;—that as he rode, with his scymetar slung loosely to his wrist, through the streets,—and walked with his crimson-satin breeches across the parade,—'twas with so sweet an air of careless modesty, and so manly withal,—as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his nose not stood in his way) of every virgin who had cast her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a stranger to the throbs and yearnings of curiosity, so excited, to justify the abbess of Quedlingberg, the prioress, the deaness, the sub-chantress, for sending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: she went through the streets of Strasburg with her husband's trumpet in her hand,—the best apparatus the straitness of the time would allow her, for the illustration of her theory,—she staid no longer than three days.

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

The master of the inn, with his hostler on his left hand, read his also in the same style,—under the portico or gateway of his stable yard;—his wife, hers more privately in a back room. All flocked to their lectures; not promiscuously,—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marshalled them. In a word, each Strasburger came crowding for intelligence;—and every Strasburger had the intelligence he wanted.

Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonstrators in natural philosophy, &c. that as soon

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

Whilst the unlearned, through theſe conduits of intelligence, were all buſied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court,—were the learned in their way as buſy in pumping her up thro' the conduits of dialectic induction;—they concerned themſelves not with facts,—they reaſoned.—

No one profeſſion had thrown more light upon this ſubject than the Faculty,—had not all their diſputes about it run into the affair of *wens* and oedematous ſwellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and ſouls.—The ſtranger's noſe had nothing to do either with *wens* or oedematous ſwellings.

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

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

And if a ſuitable provision of veins, arteries, &c. ſaid they, was not laid in, for the due nourishment of ſuch a noſe, in the very firſt *ſtamina* and rudiments of its formation, before it came into the world

(bating the case of wens), it could not regularly grow and be sustained afterwards.

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

The respondents satisfied the world this event could never happen to them so long as a man had but one stomach and one pair of lungs:—for the stomach, said they, being the only organ destined ibr the reception of food, and turning it into chyle, and the lungs the only engine of sanguification,—it could possibly work off no more than what- the appetite brought it: or, admitting the possibility of a man's over-loading his stomach, nature had set bounds however to his lungs,—the engine^as of a determined size and strength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time;—that is, it could produce just as much blood as was sufficient for one single man, and no more; so that, if there was as much nose as man,—they proved a mortification must necessarily ensue; and forastpuch as there could not be a support for botff,.that the nose must either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from the nose.

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

He dies of a plethora, said they,—or must spit

blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a consumption.—

—• It happens otherwise,—replied the opponents.—

It ought not, said they.

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

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

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

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

I deny the definition:—death is the separation of the soul from the body, said his antagonist.—
Then we don't agree about our weapons, said the

logician.—Then there is an end of the dispute, replied the antagonist.—

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

Such a monstrous nose, said they, had it been a true nose, could not possibly have been suffered in civil society;—and if false, to impose upon society with such false signs and tokens, was a still greater violation of its rights, and must have had still less mercy shewn it.

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

This left room for the controversy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the ecclesiastic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, since the stranger *ex mero motu* had confessed lie had been at the Promontory of Noses, and had got one of the goodliest, &c., &c.—To this it was answered, it was impossible there should be such a place as the Promontory of Noses, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commissary of the Bishop of Strasburg undertook the advocates' part, explained this matter in a treatise upon proverbial phrases, showing them, that the Promontory of Noses was a mere allegoric expression, importing no more than that nature had given him a long nose: in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the under-written authorities,⁰ which had decided the point

⁰ Nonnulli ex nostratibus eadem loquendi formula utun. Quinimo & Logisto & Canonistae.—Vid. Parce Barne Jas in d. L. Provincial. Constitut. de Conjee. Vid. Vol. lib. 4. Titul. 1. n. 7. qua etiam in re conspir. Om. de Promontorio Nas. Tichmak. ff. d. tit. 3. fol. 189. pauim. Vid. Glos. de contraband, empt. &c. necnon J. Scrudr. in

incontestable had it not appeared that a dispute about some franchises of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

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

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

By inspection into his horoscope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio⁰ (*m* reading

cap. refut. per totaxn. Oam his cons. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. ft Prov. cap. 9. if. 11, 12, obiter. V. ft Librum, cui Tit. de Terns ft Phras. Belg. ad finena, cum comment. N. Bardy Belg. Yid. Scrip. Argentoratens. de Antiq. Eoc. in Episc. Archly, fid. coll. per Von Jacobum Koinshoven, Folio, Argent. 1583. pncip. ad finem. Quibui add. Bebuff in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom, ff. foL & de jure Gent, ft Civil, de protib. aliena fend, per federa, test Joha. Luxins in prolegom. quern velim ridea, de Analy. Gap. 1, 2, 3. Vid Idea.

' Hoc mira, satisqae horrenda. Planetarom coitio rob Scorpio Asterismo in nona cceli statione, qoam Arabes religion! deputabant efficit *Martinum Lutherum* saorilegium hereticum, Christiana reli-

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

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

[—I must break off my translation for a moment; for, if I did not, I know I should no more be able to shut my eyes in bed, than the abbess of Quedlingberg.—It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this passage of Slawkenbergius to my uncle Toby, but with triumph,—not over my uncle Toby, for he never opposed him in it,—but over the whole world.

—Now you see, brother Toby, he would say, looking up, 'that Christian names are not such indifferent things:'—had Luther here been called by any other name but Martin, he would have been damn'd to all eternity;—not that I look upon Martin, he would add,

gionis hoetem acerrimum atque prophannm, ex horoscopi directione ad Martin coitum, religiosissimus obiit, ejus Anima scelestissiina ad infernos narigavit,—ab Alecto, Tisiphone & Megara flagelhs igneis cruciata perenniter.

—Lucas Gaurieus in Tractatu astrologico de praeteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinafcu.

as a good name,—far from it,—'tis something better than a neutral, and but a little;—yet, little as it is, you see it was of some service to him.

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

The two universities of Strasburg were hard tugging at this affair of Luther's navigation. The Protestant doctors had demonstrated, that he had not sailed right before the wind, as the Popish doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no sailing full in the teeth of it,—they were going to settle, in case he had sailed, how many points he was off; whether Martin had doubled the Cape, or had fallen upon a lee-shore; and, no doubt, as it was an enquiry of much edification, at least to those who understood this sort of *navigation*, they had gone on with it in spite of the size of the stranger's nose, had not the size of the stranger's nose drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about:—it was their business to follow.

The abbess of Quedlingberg and her four dignitaries were no stop; for the enormity of the stranger's

nose running full as much in their fancies as their case of conscience,—the affair of their placket-holes kept cold:—in a word, the printers were ordered to distribute their types:—all controversies dropp'd.

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

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

'Tis below reason, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried one.

'Tis a fiddlestick, said the other.

'Tis possible, cried one.

'Tis impossible, said the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Nosarians; he can do anything.

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

He can make matter think, said the Nosarians.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controversy about the attributes, &c., instead of cooling, on the contrary, had inflamed the Strasburgers' imaginations to a most inordinate degree.—The less they understood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it;—they were left in all the distresses of desire unsatisfied,—saw their doctors, the *Parchmentarians*, the *Brassarians*, the *Turpentarians*, on one side,—the Popish doctors on the other, like Pantagruel and his companions in quest of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked out of sight.

—The poor Strasburgers left upon the beach!

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

Unfortunate Strasburgers!—was there in the store-house of nature,—was there in the lumber-rooms of learning,—was there in the great arsenal of chance, one single engine left undrawn forth to torture your curiosities, and stretch your desires, which was not pointed by the hand of Fate to play upon your hearts? —I dip not my pen into my ink to excuse the surrender of yourselves,—'tis to write your panegyric. Shew me a city so macerated with expectation,—who neither eat, nor drank, nor slept, nor prayed, nor hearkened to the calls either of religion or nature, for

seven-and-twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer!

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

Seven thousand coaches (Slawkenbergius must certainly have made some mistake in his numerical characters), 7000 coaches,—15,000 single-horse chairs,—20,000 waggons, crowded as full as they could all hold with senators, counsellors, syndics,—bcguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches:—The abbess of Quedlingberg, with the prioress, the deaness, and sub-chantress, leading the procession in one coach, and the dean of Strasburg, with the four great dignitaries of his chapter, on her left hand,—the rest following higglety-pigglety as they could ; some on horseback,—some on foot,—some led, some driven,—some down the Rhine,—some this way,—some that,—all set out at sun-rise to meet the courteous stranger on the road.

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

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

—From his first parley with the sentinel to his

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

The *Epitasis* wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its state or height,, called the *Catastasis*, and which usually takes up the 2nd and 3rd act, is included within that busy period of my tale, betwixt the first night's uproar about the nose, to the conclusion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade: and from the first embarking of the learned in the dispute—to the doctor's finally sailing away, and leaving the Strasburgers upon the beach in distress, is the *Catastasis*, or the ripening of the incidents and passions for their bursting forth in the 5th act.

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

This, says Hafen Slawkenbergius, constitutes the *Catastrophe* or *Peripetia* of my tale;—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

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

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

The traveller was hastening with all diligence to get to Strasburg that night. What a fool am I, said

the traveller to himself, when he had rode about a league farther, to think of getting into Strasburg this night!—Strasburg I—the great Strasburg I—Strasburg, the capital of all Alsatia! Strasburg, an imperial city! Strasburg, a sovereign state! Strasburg, garrisoned with five thousand of the best troops in all the world! —Alas! if I was at the gates of Strasburg this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat, —nay, a ducat and a half:—'tis too much,—better go back to the last inn I have passed,—than lie I know not where,—or give I know not what. The traveller, as he made these reflections in his mind, turned his horse's head about, and, three minutes after the stranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the same inn.

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

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

—The stranger, continued he, should have slept in it, for 'tis my best bed, but upon the score of his nose.—He has got a deflation, said the traveller. —Not that I know, cried the host.—But 'tis a camp-bed; and Jacinta, said he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his nose in.—Why so? cried the traveller, starting back.—It is so long a nose, replied the host. —The traveller fixed his eyes upon Jacinta, then upon the ground,—kneeled upon his right knee, had just got his hand laid upon his breast—Trifle not **with** my anxiety, said he, rising up again.—Tis

no trifle, said Jacinta, 'tis the most glorious nose!—The traveller fell upon his knee again,—laid his hand upon his breast,—then, said he, looking up to Heaven, thou hast conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage I—'Tis Diego.

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

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

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

The letter was as follows:

' Seig. DIEGO,

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

' How could I know so little of myself, when I
 ' sent my duenna to forbid your coming more under
 ' my lattice? or how could I know so little of you,
 ' Diego, as to imagine you would have staid one
 ' day in Valladolid to have given ease to my doubts?
 ' Was I to be abandoned, Diego, because I was de-
 ' ceived ! or was it kind to take me at my word,
 ' whether my suspicions were just or no, and leave
 ' me, as you did, a prey to much uncertainty and
 ' sorrow?

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

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

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

She could proceed no farther.

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

The heart of the courteous Diego overflowed as he read the letter:—he ordered his mule forthwith, and Fernandez's horse, to be saddled; and as no vent in prose is equal to that of poetry in such conflicts,—chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to *diseases*, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window,—Diego availed himself of it; and, whilst the ostler was getting ready his mule, he eased his mind against the wall as follows:

ODE.

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

24.

O Julia !

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

Diego, and his Julia, crossed the Pyrenean Mountains, and got safe to Valladolid.

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

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

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

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

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

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one historian.—The Strasburgers deemed 'it a diminution of their freedom to receive an Imperial garrison,—BO fell a prey to a French one.

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

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

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

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

THE END OF SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE.

CHAPTER I.

WITH all this learning upon Noses running perpetually in my father's fancy,—with so many family prejudices,—and ten decades of such tales running on for ever along with them,—how was it possible with such exquisite,—was it a true nose?—that a man with such

exquisite feelings as my father had, could bear the 'hock at all below stairs,—or indeed above stairs, in any other posture but the very posture I have described?

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

To tell that beforehand, Madam, would be to do injury to one of the best tales in the Christian world; and that is the tenth of the tenth decade, which immediately followed this.

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

—Tis a tale indeed!

This sets out with the first interview in the inn at Lyons, when Fernandez left the courteous stranger and his sister Julia alone in her chamber, and is overwritten

THE INTRICACIES

OP

DIEGO AND JULIA.

Heavens! thou art a strange creature, Slawkenbergius! what a whimsical view of the involutions of the heart of woman hast thou opened! How this can ever be translated, and yet if this specimen of Slawkenbergius's tales, and the exquisiteness of his moral, should please the world,—translated shall a

couple of volumes be.—Else, how this can ever be translated into good English, I have no sort of conception.—There seems, in some passages, to want a sixth sense to do it rightly.—What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of slow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone,—which you know, Madam, is little more than a whisper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the strings about the region of the heart.—The brain made no acknowledgment.—There's often no good understanding betwixt 'em:—I felt as if I understood it.—I had no ideas.—The movement could not be without cause.—I'm lost. I can make nothing of it,—unless, may it please your Worships, the voice, in that case being little more than a whisper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within six inches of each other,—but to look into the pupils.—Is not that dangerous?—But it can't be avoided;—for to look up to the ceiling, in that case the two chins unavoidably meet;—and, to look down into each other's lap, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference,—I mean to the sentimental part of it.—What is left, Madam, is not worth stooping for.

CHAPTER II.

MY father lay stretched across the bed as still as if the hand of Death had pushed him down, for a full hour and a half before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bedside. My uncle Toby's heart was a pound lighter

for it.—In a few moments, his left hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feeling;—he thrust it a little more within the valance, —drew up his hand, when he had done, into his bosom,—gave a hem! My good uncle Toby, with infinite pleasure, answered it; and full gladly would have ingrafted a sentence of consolation upon the opening it afforded: but having no talents, as I said, that way, and fearing, moreover, that he might set out with something which might make a bad matter worse, he contented himself with resting his chin placidly upon the cross of his crutch.

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

He broke silence as follows:—

CHAPTER III.

DID ever man, brother Toby, cried my father, raising himself upon his elbow, and turning himself round to the opposite side of the bed, where my uncle Toby was sitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin resting upon his crutch,—did ever a poor unfortunate

man, brother Toby, cried my father, receive so many lashes?—The most I ever saw given, quoth my uncle Toby (ringing the bell at the bed's head for Trim), was to a grenadier, I think, in Mackay's regiment.

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

Bless me! said my uncle Toby.



CHAPTER IV.

WAS it Mackay's regiment, quoth my uncle Toby, where the poor grenadier was so unmercifully whipp'd at Bruges, about the ducats?—O Christ! he was innocent! cried Trim, with a deep sigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it please your Honour, almost to Death's door.—They had better have shot him outright, as lie begg'd, and he had gone directly to Heaven; for he was as innocent as your Honour.—I thank thee, Trim! quoth my uncle Toby.—I never think of his, continued Trim, and my poor brother Tom's misfortunes, for we were all three school-fellows, but I cry like a coward.—Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim.—I drop them oft-times myself, cried my uncle Toby.—I know your Honour does, replied Trim, and so am not ashamed of it myself,—But to think, may it please your Honour, continued Trim,—a tear stealing into the corner of his eye as he spoke,—to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honest as God could make them,—the children of honest people, going forth with gallant

spirits to seek their fortunes in the world,—and fall into such evils I—poor Tom! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew's widow who sold sausages!—honest Dick Johnson's soul to be scourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapsack!—O!—these are misfortunes, cried Trim, pulling out his handkerchief,—these are misfortunes, may it please your Honour, worth lying down and crying over.

—My father could not help blushing.

'Twould be a pity, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, thou shouldst ever feel sorrow of thy own;—thou feelest it so tenderly for others.—Alack-a-day, replied the corporal, brightening up his face,—your Honour knows I have neither wife nor child;—I can have no sorrows in this world.—My father could not help smiling.—As few as any man, Trim, replied my uncle Toby; nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age, when thou art past all services, Trim,—and hast outlived thy friends.—An' please your Honour, never fear, replied Trim, cheerly.—But I would have thee never fear, Trim, replied my uncle Toby; and therefore, continued my uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*,—in recompence, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of,—whilst thy master is worth a shilling,—thou shalt never ask elsewhere, Trim, for a penny.—Trim attempted to thank my uncle Toby,—but had not power;—tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off.—He laid his hands upon his breast,—made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

—I have left Trim my bowling-green, cried my

uncle Toby.—My father smiled.—I have left him, moreover, a pension, continued my uncle Toby.—My father looked grave.

CHAPTER V.

IB this a fit time, said my father to himself, to talk of *pensions and grenadiers* 9

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN my uncle Toby first mentioned the grenadier, my father, I said, fell down with his nose flat to the quilt, and as suddenly as if my uncle Toby had shot him; but it was not added that every other limb and member of my father instantly relapsed, with his nose, into the same precise attitude in which he lay first described; so that when Corporal Trim left the room, and my father found himself disposed to rise off the bed,—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it. Attitudes are nothing, Madam,—'tis the transition from one attitude to another,—like the preparation and resolution of the discord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reason, my father played the same jig over again with his toe upon the floor,—pushed the chamber-pot still a little farther within the valance,—gave a hem,—raised himself upon his elbow,—and

was just beginning to address himself to my uncle Toby,—when recollecting the unsuccessfulness of his first effort in that attitude,—he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn across the room, he stopped short before my uncle Toby; and laying the three first fingers of his right hand in the, palm of his left, and stooping a little, he addressed himself to my uncle Toby as follows:—

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN I reflect, brother Toby, upon **MAN**; and take a view of that dark side of him which represents his life as open to so many causes of trouble;—when I consider, brother Toby, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance,—I was born to nothing, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting my father,—but my commission.—Zooks! said my father, did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a year?—What could I have done without it? replied my uncle Toby.—That's another concern, said my father, testily;—but I say, Toby, when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross-reckonings and sorrowful *items* with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up, as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature.—'Tis by the assistance of Almighty God! cried my uncle Toby, looking up, and pressing the palms of his hands close together,—'tis not from our own strength, brother Shandy; a sentinel in a wooden

sentry-box might as well pretend to stand it out against a detachment of fifty men.—We are upheld by the grace and assistance of the best of Beings.

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

With all my heart, replied my uncle Toby.

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

So stood my father, holding fast his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reasoning with my uncle Toby as he sat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worsted bobs. —O Garrick!—what a rich scene of this would thy exquisite powers make! and how gladly would I write such another to avail myself of thy immortality, and secure my own behind it!

CHAPTER VIII.

THOUGH man is of all others the most curious vehicle, said my father; yet, at the same time, 'tis of so slight a frame, and so tottering put together, that the

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

Now, my dear brother, said my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming closer to the point,—had my child arrived safe into the world, unmartyr'd in that precious part of him,—fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of Christian names, and of that magic bias which good or bad names irresistibly impress upon our characters and conducts,—Heaven is witness, that in the warmest transports of my wishes for the prosperity of my child, I never once wished to crown his head with more glory and honour than what George or Edward would have spread around it.

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

He shall be christened Trismegistus, brother.

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

CHAPTER IX.

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

The double success of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his shin at once:—it was well it so fell out—(chance! again)—or the world to this day had never known the subject of my father's calculation;—to guess it,—there was no chance.—What a lucky chapter of dhanceg has this turned out! for it has saved me the trouble of writing one express; and in truth I have enough already upon my hands without it.—Have not I promised the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and wrong end of woman? a chapter upon whiskers? a chapter upon wishes?—a chapter of noses?—No; I have done that:—a chapter upon my uncle Toby's modesty? to say nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finish before I sleep.—By my great

grandfather's whiskers! I shall never get half of 'em through this year.

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

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

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

—True, said he.

CHAPTER X.

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

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern

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

Now this, you must know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promised to write before I went to sleep, I thought it meet to ease my conscience entirely before I laid down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once. Is not this ten times better than to set out dogmatically with a sententious parade of wisdom, and telling the world a story of a roasted horse?—that chapters relieve the mind,—that they assist,—or impose upon the imagination,—and that in a work of this dramatic cast they are as necessary as the shifting of scenes,—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguish the fire which roasted him! O! but to understand this, which is a puff at the fire of Diana's temple,—you must read Longinus:—read away:—if you are not a jot the wiser for reading him the first time over,—never fear,—read him again.—Avicenna and Licetus read Aristotle's *Metaphysics* forty times through apiece, and never understood a single word!—But mark the consequence,—Avicenna turned out a desperate writer at all kinds of writing;—for he wrote books *de omni scribili*; and for Licetus (Fortunio)—though all the world knows he was born a *foetus*¹ of no more

¹ Ce foetus n'etoit paa plus grand quo le paume de la main; mais son pere l'ayant examine' en qualite' de Me'decin, & ayant trouve' que c'etoit quelque chose de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit transporter tout vivant & Rapallo, cm il le fit voir a Jerome Bardi & a d'autres Medecina du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'essenliol a la vie ; & son pere pour faire voir un essai de son experience, entrepit d'achevei

than five inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that astonishing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himself. The learned know I mean his *Gonopsychanthropologia*, upon the Origin of the Human Soul.

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

CHAPTER XL

WE shall bring all things to rights, said my father, setting his foot upon the first step from the land-

l'ouyrage de la Nature, & de travailcr a la formation de l'Enfant avec le meme artifice quo celui dont on se sert pour faire ecloro les Poulets an Egypte. Il instruisit une Noun-ice de tout ce qu'elle avoit a faire, et ayant fait mettre son fibs dan un four proprement accommode, il reussit a l'dlever & a lui faire prendre ses accroissemens necesaares, par l'unifonnitd d'une cbaleur etrange, mcsurce &actoment sur les degre's d'un Thermometre, ou d'un autre instrument equivalent. (Vide Mich. Giustinian, ne gli Bcriit Liguri a Cart. 223. 418.)

On auroit toujoun etc' tres satisfait de l'industrie d'un pere si experiment' dans l'Art de la Generation, quand il n'auroit pu prolonger la vie a son filfl quo pour quelques mois, ou pour peu d'annees.

Mais quand on se represent' que l'Enfant a ve9u pres de quatre-vingt ans, & qu'il a compose quatre-vingt Ouvrages differents tons fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut convenir que tout ce qui est incroyable n'est pas toujours faux, & que la 'Vraisemblance n'est pas ' toujours du cote" de la VeriteV

D n'avoit que dix-neuf ans lorsqu'il eomposa Qonopsychanthropologia De Origine Animaa Humann.

(Les Enfans celebres, revus & corriges par M. de la Monaoye de l'Academie FranCaise.)

ing.—This Trismegistus, continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my uncle Toby,—was the greatest (Toby) of all earthly beings;—he was the greatest king,—the greatest lawgiver,—the greatest philosopher,—and the greatest priest;—and engineer,—said my uncle Toby.—In course, said my father.

CHAPTER XII.

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

Of all the riddles of a married life, said my father, crossing the landing, in order to set his back against the wall whilst he propounded it to my uncle Toby,—of all the puzzling riddles, said he, in the marriage-state,—of which you may trust me, brother Toby, there are more asses' loads than all Job's stock of asses could have carried,—there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this:—that from the very moment that the mistress of the house is

brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and gives herself more airs upon that single inch, than all her other inches put together.

I think rather, replied my uncle Toby, that 'tis we who sink an inch lower.—If I meet but a woman with child,—I do it.—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby.—'Tis a piteous burden upon 'em, continued he, shaking his head.—Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing,—said my father, shaking his head too:—but certainly since shaking of heads came into fashion, never did two heads shake together in concert from two such different springs,

God bless 7,

Deuce take j em all!—said my uncle Toby and my father; each to himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

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

—'Tis even high time ; for, except a short nap, which they both got while Trim was boring the jack-boots,—and which, by the bye, did my father no sort of good, upon the score of the bad hinge,—they have not else shut their eyes since nine hours

before the time that Doctor Slop was led into the back parlour in that dirty pickle by Obadiah.

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

I will not finish that sentence till I have made an observation upon the strange state of affairs between the reader and myself, just as things stand at present:—an observation never applicable before to any one biographical writer since the creation of the world, but myself;—and, I believe, will never hold good to any other, until its final destruction;—and, therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it must be worth your Worships attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelvemonth; and having got, as you perceive, almost into the middle of my fourth volume,⁰—and no farther than to my first day's life,—'tis demonstrative that I have 364 days more life to write just now, than when I first set out; so that, instead of advancing as a common writer, in my work with what I have been doing at it;—on the contrary, I am just thrown so many volumes back.—Was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this,—And why not?—and the transactions and opinions of it to take up as much description,—And for what reason should they be cut short? as at this rate I should just live 364 times faster than I should write,—it must follow, an' please your Worships, that the more I write, the more I shall have to write,—and, consequently, the more your Worships read, the more your Worships will have to read.

Will this be good for your Worships' eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my *Opinions* will be the death of me, I perceive I

⁰ According to the original edition'.

shall lead a fine life of it out of this self-same *Life* of mine; or, in other words, shall lead a couple of fine lives together.

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

Heaven prosper the manufacturers of paper under this propitious reign, which is now opened to us!—as I trust its providence will prosper everything else in it that is taken in hand.

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

—THEN reach my breeches off the chair, said my father to Susannah.—There is not a moment's time to dress you, Sir, cried Susannah,—the child is as black in the face as my—As your what? said my father; for, like all orators, he was a dear searcher into comparisons.—Bless me, Sir, said Susannah, the

child's in a fit.—And where's Mr. Yorick?—Never where he should be, said Susannah; but his curate's in the dressing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name;—and my Mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him ?

Were one sure, said my father to himself, scratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not,—and it would be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him:—but he may recover.

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

Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery.

My father made all possible speed to find his breeches.

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

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

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

——She has not forgot the name? cried my father, half-opening the door.——No, no, said the curate, with a tone of intelligence.——And the child is better, cried Susannah.——And how does your Mistress?——As well, said Susannah, as can be expected.——Pish! said my father, the button of his breeches slipping out of the button-hole;—so that whether the interjection was levelled at Susannah, or the button-hole;—whether Pish was an interjection of contempt, or an interjection of modesty, is a doubt; and must be a doubt till I shall have time to write the three following favourite chapters; that is, My chapter of chamber maids, my chapter of pishes, and my chapter of button-holes.

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

CHAPTER XV.

I WISH I could write a chapter on sleep.

A fitter occasion could never have presented itself than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn,—the candles put out,—and no creature's eyes are open but a single one;

for the other has been shut these twenty years, of ray mother's nurse.

It is a fine subject.

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

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

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

' God's blessing/ said Sancho Panca, ' be upon the ' man who first invented this self-same thing called ' Sleep!—it covers a man all over like a cloke.'—Now there is more to me in this, and it speaks warmer to my heart rind affections, than all the dissertations squeezed out of the heads of the learned together upon the subject.

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

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

CHAPTER XVI.

Ip my wife will but venture him,—brother Toby, Trismegistus shall be dress'd and brought down to

us, whilst you and I are getting our breakfasts together.

Go, tell Susannah, Obadiah, to step here.

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

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

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

—Make tea for yourself, brother Toby, said my father, taking down his hat;—but how different from the sallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine!

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

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

CHAPTER XVIL

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

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

Instantly I snatched off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room:—indeed I caught it as it fell;—but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing else in Nature would have given such immediate ease. She, dear goddess, by an instantaneous impulse, in all *provoking cases*, determines us to a sally of this or that member,—or else she thrusts us into this or that place, or posture of body^ we know not why:—but mark, Madam, we live amongst riddles and mysteries:—the most obvious things which come in our way have dark sides, which the quickest sight cannot penetrate into; and even the clearest and most exalted understandings

amongst us find ourselves puzzled and at a loss in almost every cranny of Nature's works: so that this, like a thousand other things, falls out for us in a way, which tho' we cannot reason upon it, yet we find the good of it, may it please your Reverences and your Worships,—and that's enough for us.

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

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

YOUR Honour, said Trim, shutting the parlour-door before he began to speak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident.—O yes, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and it gives me great concern.—! am heartily concerned too; but I hope your Honour, replied Trim, will do me the justice to believe, that it was not in

the least owing to me.—To thee,—Trim?—cried my uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face,—'twas Susannah's and the curate's folly, betwixt them.—What business could they have together, an' please your Honour, in the garden?—In the gallery thou meanest, replied my uncle Toby.

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

—For my own part, Trim, though I can see little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called Tristram or Trismegistus;—yet as the thing sits so near my brother's heart, Trim,—I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it should have happened.—A hundred pounds, an' please your Honour! replied Trim,—I would not give a cherry-stone to boot.—Nor would I, Trim, upon my own account, quoth my uncle Toby;—but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this case,—maintains that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon christian-names than what ignorant people imagine;—for he says there never was a great or heroic action performed since the world began, by one called Tristram.—Nay, he will have it, Trim, that a man can neither be learned, nor wise, nor brave.—'Tis all fancy, an' please your Honour:—I fought just as well, replied the Corporal, when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Butler.—

And for my own part, said my uncle Toby, tho' I should blush to boast of myself, Trim;—yet, had my name been Alexander, I could have done no more at Namur than my duty.—Bless your Honour! cried Trim, advancing three steps as he spoke, does a man think of his christian-name when he goes upou the attack?—Or when he stands in the trench, Trim? cried my uncle Toby, looking firm.—Or, when he enters a breach? said Trim, pushing in between two chairs.—Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, rising up, and pushing his cratch like a pike.—Or facing a platoon? cried Trim, presenting his stick like a firelock.—Or when he marches up the glacis? cried my uncle Toby, looking warm, and setting his foot upon his stool.—

CHAPTER XIX.

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

My father hung up his hat with the same air he took it down; and, after giving a slight look at the disorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over against my uncle Toby, he sat down in it;

and as soon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door shut, he broke out into a lamentation as follows:

MY FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

IT is in vain longer, said my father, addressing himself as much to Ernulplms's curse, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece,—as to my uncle Toby, who sat under it;—it is in vain longer, said my father, in the most querulous monotony imaginable, to struggle as I have done against this most uncomfortable of human persuasions.—I see it plainly, that either for my own sins, brother Toby, or the sins and follies of the Shandy family, Heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heaviest of its artillery against me; and that the prosperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play.—Such a thing would batter the whole universe about our ears, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, if it was so.—Unhappy Tristram I child of wrath! child of decrepitude! interruption! mistake! and discontent! What one misfortune or disaster in the book of einbryotic evils, that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments, which has not fallen upon thy head, ere ever thou earnest into the world!—what evils in thy passage into it!—what evils since!—produced into being, in the decline of thy father's days,—when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble, —when radical heat and radical moisture, the elements which should have temper'd thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy stamina in, but negations!—'Tis pitiful—brother Toby, at the best, and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on

both sides could give it. But how were we defeated ! You know the event, brother Toby!—'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now,—when the few animal spirits I was worth in the world, and with which memory, fancy, and quick parts should have been conveyed,—were all dispersed, confused, confounded, and sent to the devil.—

Here then was the time to have put a stop to this persecution against him,—and tried an experiment at least,—whether calmness and serenity of mind in your sister, with a due attention, brother Toby, to her evacuation and repletions,—and the rest of her non-naturals, might not, in the course of nine months' gestation, have set all things to rights.—My child was bereft of these!—What a teasing life did she lead herself, and, consequently, her foetus too, with that nonsensical anxiety of hers about lying-in in town !—I thought my sister submitted with the greatest patience, replied my uncle Toby;—I never heard her utter one fretful word about it.—She fumed inwardly, cried my father, and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worse for the child,—and then, what battles did she fight with me! and what perpetual storms about the midwife!—There she gave vent, said my uncle Toby.—Vent! cried my father, looking up.

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

With all my precautions, how was my system turned topsy-turvy in the womb with my child! his head exposed to the hand of violence, and a pressure of 470 pounds avoirdupois weight acting so perpendicularly upon its apex,—that, at this hpur, 'tis ninety *per cent.*

insurance, that the fine net-work of the intellectual web be not rent and torn into a thousand tatters.

—Still we could have done!—Fool, Coxcomb, Puppy,—give him but a Nose;—Cripple, Dwarf, Driveller, Goosecap,—(shape him as you will) the door of fortune stands open,—O Licetus! Licetus! had I been blest with a foetus five inches long and a half, like thee,—Fate might have done her worst.

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

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

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

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and frisking it away, two up and two down, for three volumes,⁰ together, without looking once behind, or even on one side of me, to see whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one,—quoth I to myself, when I mounted;—I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the road.—So off I set,—up one lane,—down another,—through this turnpike,—over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now, ride at this rate with what good intention and resolution you may,—'tis a million to one you'll do some one a mischief, if not yourself.—He's flung,—he's off,—he's lost his seat,—he's down,—he'll break his neck!—see! if he has not galloped full among the scaf-

⁰ According to the original editions.

folding of the undertaking critics I—he'll knock his brains out against some of their posts!—he's bounced out!—look,—he's now riding like a mad-cap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, physicians, lawyers, logicians, players, schoolmen, churchmen, statesmen, soldiers, casuists, connoisseurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.—Don't fear, said I,—I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the king's highway.—But your horse throws dirt: see, you've splashed a bishop!—I hope in God 'twas only Ernulphus ! said I.—But you have squirted full in the faces of Messrs. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly, doctors of the Sorbonne.—That was last year, replied I.—But you have trod this moment upon a king.—Kings have bad times ou't, said I, to be trod upon by such people as me.

You have done it, replied my accuser.

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



CHAPTER XXL

As Francis the First, of France, was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things for the good of the state,—it would not be amiss, said the king, stirring up the embers with his cane, if this good understanding betwixt ourselves and Switzerland was a

little strengthened.—There is no end, Sire, replied the minister, in giving money to these people,—they would swallow up the treasury of France.—Poo I poo! answered the king,—there are more ways, Mons. le Premier, of bribing states, besides that of giving money;—I'll pay Switzerland the honour of standing god-father for my next child.—Your majesty, said the minister, in so doing, would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back;—Switzerland, as a republic, being a female, can in no construction be godfather.—She may be godmother, replied Francis hastily;—so, announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have lusted earnestly and endeavoured carefully (according to the measure of such a slender skill as God has vouchsafed me, and as convenient leisure from other occasions of needful profit and healthful pastime have permitted) that these little books, which I here put into thy hands, might stand instead of many bigger books,—yet have I earned myself towards thee in such fanciful guise of careless disport, that right sore am I ashamed now to intreat thy lenity seriously,—in beseeching thee to believe it of me, that, in the story of my father and his Christian names,—I have no thoughts of treading upon Francis the First,—nor, in the affair of the nose,—upon Francis the Ninth,—nor, in the character of my uncle Toby,—of characterizing the militiating spirits of my country;—the wound upon his groin is a wound to every comparison of that kind;—nor by Trim,—that I meant the Duke of Ormond,—or that my book is wrote against predes-

tion, or free-will, or taxes;—if 'tis wrote against any thing, — 'tis wrote, an' please your Worships, against the spleen! in order, by a more frequent and a more convulsive elevation and depression of the diaphragm, and the succussions of the intercostal and abdominal muscles in laughter, to drive the *gall* and other *litter juices* from the gall-bladder, liver, and sweet-bread of his majesty's subjects, with all the inimicitious passions which belong to them, down into their duodenum.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

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

father, clapping his two hands together, shall go with us.

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

o	q	o	o	o	q	o	o
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o

CHAPTER XXV.

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

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

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

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

—Has the *bend-sinister* been brush'd out, I say? said my father.—There has been nothing brush'd out, Sir, answered Obadiah, but the lining.—We'll go o'horaeback, said my father, turning to Yorick.—Of all things in the world, except politics, the clergy know the least of heraldry, said Yorick.—No matter for that, cried my father; I should be sorry to appear with a blot in my escutcheon before them.—Never mind the *bend-sinister*, said my uncle Toby, putting on his tie-wig.—No, indeed, said my father: you may go with my aunt Dinah to a Visitation with a *bend-sinister*, if you think fit.—My poor

uncle Toby blush'd. My father was vexed at himself.—No,—my dear brother Toby, said my father, changing his tone; but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins may give me the sciatica again, as it did December, January, and February, last winter; so, if you please, you shall ride my wife's pad:—and, as you are to preach, Yorick, you had better make the best of your way before, and leave me to take care of my brother Toby, and to follow at our own rates.

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

—But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be so much above the style and manner of anything else I could have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other scene, and destroying, at the same time, that necessary equipoise and balance (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the just proportions and harmony of the whole work results. For my own part, I am but just set up in the business, so know little about it;—but, in my opinion, to write a book, is for all the world like humming a song;—be but in tune with yourself, Madam, 'tis no matter how high or low you take it.

—This is the reason, may it please your Reverences, that some of the lowest and flattest compositions pass off very well—(as Yorick told my uncle Toby one

night) by siege.—My uncle Toby looked brisk at the sound of the word *siege*; but could make neither head nor tail of it.

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

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

CHAPTER XXVI

—SEE, if he is not cutting it all into slips, and giving them about him to light their pipes !——'Tis abominable ! answered Didius.——It should not go unnoticed, said Doctor Kysarcus:——SSF he was of the Kysarcii of the Low Countries.

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

Zounds! _____

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

One or two who had very nice ears, and could distinguish the expression and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a *third* or a *fifth*, or any other chord in music,—were the most puzzled and perplexed with it.—The concord was good itself;—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the subject started;—so that, with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

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

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

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

How finely we argue upon mistaken facts I

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

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

You must be informed then, that Gastripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to see how things went on,—observing a wicker-basket of fine chesnuts standing upon the dresser, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roasted and sent in as soon as dinner was

over;—Gastripheres enforcing his orders about them, that Didius, but Phutatorius especially, were particularly fond of 'em.

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

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

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

Accident I call it, in compliance to a received mode of speaking;—but in no opposition to the opinion either of Acrites or Mythogeras in this matter; I know they were both prepossessed and fully persuaded of it,—and arc so to this hour, That there was nothing of accident in the whole event,—but that the chesnut's taking that particular course, and in a manner of its own accord,—and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other,—was a

real judgment upon Phutatorius for that filthy and obscene treatise *de Concubinis retinendis*, which Phutatorius had published about twenty years ago,—and was that identical week going to give the world a second edition of.

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

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

With the best intelligence which all these messengers could bring him back, Phutatorius was not able to dive into the secret of what was going forward below ; nor could he make any kind of conjecture what the devil was the matter with it. However) as he

knew not what the true cause might turn out, he deemed it most prudent, in the situation he was in at present,—to bear it, if possible, like a Stoic; which, with the help of some wry faces and compunctions of the mouth, he had certainly accomplished, had his imagination continued neuter:—but the sallies of the imagination are ungovernable in all things of this kind;—a thought instantly darted into his mind, that tho' the anguish had the sensation of glowing heat,—it might, notwithstanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if so, that possibly a Newt or an Asker, or some such detested reptile, had crept up, and was fastening his teeth;—the horrid idea of which, with a fresh glow of pain arising that instant from the chesnut, seized Phutatorius with a sudden panic,—amid in the first terrifying disorder of the passion, it threw him, as it has done the best generals upon earth, quite off his guard:—the effect of which was this, that he leap'd incontinently up, uttering as he rose that interjection of surprise so much descanted upon, with the aposiopestic break after it marked thus, Z——ds !—which, though not strictly canonical, was still as little as any man could have said upon the occasion;—and which, by the bye, whether canonical or not, Phutatorius could no more help than he could the cause of it.

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

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind.—What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of

men and things!—that trifles, light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveably within it,—that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it!

Yorick, I said, picked up the chesnut which Phutatorius's wrath had flung down:—the action was trifling;—I am ashamed to account for it:—he did it,—for no reason, but that he thought the chesnut T'ot a jot worse for the adventure ;—and that he held a wood chesnut worth stooping for.—But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in Phutatorius's head: he considered this act of Yorick's, in getting off his chair and picking up the chesnut, as a plain acknowledgement in him, that the chesnut was originally his;—and, in course, that it must have been the owner of the chesnut, and no one else, who could have played him such a prank with it. What greatly confirmed him in this opinion, was this, That the table being parallelogramical, and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for Yorick, who sat directly over against Phutatorius, of slipping the chesnut in;—and consequently that he did it. The look of something more than suspicion, which Phutatorius cast full upon Yorick as these thoughts arose, too evidently spoke his opinion;—and as Phutatorius was naturally supposed to know more of the matter than any person besides, his opinion at once became the general one; and for a reason very different from any which have been yet given, in a little time it was put out of all manner of dispute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the stage of this sublunary world,—the mind of man, which is an inquisitive kind of a substance, naturally takes a flight behind the scenes, to see

what is the cause and first spring of them.—The search was not long in this instance.

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

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

This, as the reader has seen from one end to the other, was as groundless as the dreams of philosophy. Yorick, no doubt, as Shakspeare said of his ancestor,—'was a man of jest,' but it was tempered with something which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeservedly bore the blame;—but it was his misfortune, all his life long, to bear the imputation of saying and doing a thousand things, of which (unless my esteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for,—or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was that singularity of his temper, which would never suffer him to take pains to set a story right with the world, however in his power. In every ill-usage of that sort, he acted precisely as in the affair of his lean horse.—He could have explained it to his honour, but his spirit was above it; and besides, he ever looked upon the

inventor, the propagator, and believer of an illiberal report, alike BO injurious to him,—he could not stoop to tell his story to them;—and so trusted to time and truth to do it for him.

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

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

—The smile was for the company;

—The threat was for Yorick.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

—CAN you tell me, quoth Phutatorius, speaking to Gastripheres, who sat next to him,—for one would not apply to a surgeon in so foolish an affair,—Can you tell me, Gastripheres, what is best to take out the fire ?—Ask Eugenius, said Gastripheres.—That greatly depends, said Eugenius, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part.—If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapt up,—It is both the one and the other, replied Phutatorius, laying his hand as he spoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in question, and lifting up his right leg at the same time, to ease and ventilate it.—If that is the case, said Eugenius, I would advise you, Phuta-

torius, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will send to the next printer, and trust your cure to such a simple thing as a soft sheet of paper just come off the press,—you need do nothing more than twist it round.—The damp paper, quoth Yorick (who sat next to his friend Eugenius), though I know it has a refreshing coolness in it,—yet, I presume, is no more than the vehicle;—and that the oil and lamp-black, with which the paper is so strongly impregnated, does the business.—Right, said Eugenius; and Is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the most anodyne and safe.

Was it my case, said Gastripheres, as the main thing is the oil and lamp-black, I should spread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly.—That would make a very devil of it, replied Yorick.—And besides, added Eugenius, it would not answer the intention, which is the extreme neatness and elegance of the prescription; which the faculty hold to be half in half:—for consider, if the type is a very small one (which it should be), the sanative particles, which come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being spread so infinitely thin, and with such a mathematical equality (fresh paragraphs and large capitals excepted), as no art or management of the spatula can come up to.—It falls out very luckily, replied Phutatorius, that the second edition of my Treatise, *De Concupinis retmendis*, is at this instant in the press.—You may take any leaf out of it, said Eugenius;—no matter which.—Provided, quoth Yorick, there is no bawdry in it.—

They are just now, replied Phutatorius, printing off the ninth chapter;—which is the last chapter

but one in the book.—Pray, what is the title of that chapter? said Yorick; making a respectful bow to Phatatorius as he spoke.—! think, answered Phutatorius, 'tis that de *Re Conculinari*A.

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

—By all means,—added Eugenius.

CHAPTER XXIX.

—Now, quoth Didius, rising up, and laying his right harul, with his fingers spread, upon his breast,—had such a blunder about a christian-name happened before the .Reformation,—[It happened the day before yesterday, quoth my uncle Toby to himself]—and when baptism was administered in Latin,—[’Twas all in English, said my uncle]—many things might have coincided with it; and upon the authority of sundry decreed cases, to have pronounced the baptism null, with a power of giving the child a new name.—Had a priest, for instance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the Latin tongue, baptized a child of Tom-o’Stiles, *id nomine patrice & filia & spmtum sanctos*,—the baptism was held null.—! beg your pardon, replied Kysarcius;—in that case, as the mistake was only the terminations, the baptism was valid;—and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the priest should have fallen upon the first syllable of each noun;—and not, as in your case, upon the last.

My father delighted in subtleties of this kind, and listen’d with infinite attention.

Gastripheres, for example, continued Kysarcus, baptizes a child of John Stradling's *in gomine Oatris*, &c. &c. instead of *in nomine Patris*, &c.—Is this a baptism?—No,—say the ablest canonists; inasmuch as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the sense and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object; for *gomine* does not signify a name, nor *Gatris* a father.—What do they signify? said my uncle Toby.—Nothing at all,—quoth Yorick.—Ergo, such a baptism is null, said Kysarcus.—

In course! answered Yorick,—in a tone two parts jest and one part earnest.

But in the case cited, continued Kysarcus, where *patrice* is put for *patris*, *filia* for *fili*, and so on;—as it is a fault only in the declension, and the roots of the word continue untouch'd, the inflections of their branches, either this way or that, does not in any sort hinder the baptism, inasmuch as the same sense continues in the words as before.—But then, said Didius, the intention of the priest's pronouncing them grammatically must have been proved to have gone along with it.—Right, answered Kysarcus; and of this, brother Didius, we have an instance in a decree of the decretals of Pope Leo the Third.—But my brother's child, cried my uncle Toby, has nothing to do with the Pope;—'tis the plain child of a Protestant gentleman christened Tristram against the wills and wishes both of his father and mother, and all who are akin to it.—

If the wills and wishes, said Kysarcus, interrupting my uncle Toby, of those only who stand related to Mr. Shandy's child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. Shandy, of all people, has the least to do in it.—My uncle Toby laid down his pipe, and

my father drew his chair still closer to the table, to hear the conclusion of so strange an introduction.

—It has not only been a question, Captain Shandy, amongst the best lawyers^o and civilians in this land, continued Kysarcus, 'Whether the mother 'be of kin to her child;'—but, after much dispassionate enquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all sides,—it has been adjudged for the negative;—namely, 'That the mother is not of kin to her child.'^f My father instantly clapp'd his hand upon my uncle Toby's mouth, under colour of whispering in his ear;—the truth was, he was alarmed for *Lillibullero*,—and having a great desire to hear more of so curious an argument,—he begg'd my uncle Toby, for Heaven's sake, not to disappoint him in it.—My uncle Toby gave a nod,—resumed his pipe, and contenting himself with whistling *Lillibullero* inwardly,—Kysarcus, Didius, and Triptoleinus went on with the discourse as follows:—

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

The case, Mr. Shandy, was this:—

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Charles Duke of Suffolk having issue a son by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his last will, wherein he devised goods to his son, and died; after

^f Vide Swinburne on Testament, Part 7. § 8.

^f Vide Brooke's Abridg. Tit. Adminiatr. N. 47.

whose death the son died also;—but without will, without wife, and without child;—his mother and his sister by the father's side (for she was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the administration of her son's goods, according to the statute of the 2¹st of Harry the Eighth; whereby it is enacted, That in case any person die intestate, the administration of his goods shall be committed to the next of kin.

The administration being thus (surreptitiously) granted to the mother,—the sister, by the father's side, commenced a suit before the Ecclesiastical Judge, alleging, 1st, That she herself was next of kin; and, 2ndly, That the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceased; and therefore prayed the court, that the administration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as next of kin to the deceased, by force of the said statute.

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

¹ Mater non numerator inter consanguineos, Bald, in ult. 0. de Verb, significo.

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

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

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

——But this, Triptolemus, cried Didius, proves too much;—for, from this authority cited, it would follow, not only what indeed is granted on all sides, that the mother is not of kin to her child,—but the father likewise.—It is held, said Triptolemus, the better opinion; because the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three persons, yet are they but (*una caro* °) one flesh; and consequently no degree of kindred,—or any method of acquiring one *in nature*.—There you push the argument again too far, cried Didius,—for there is no prohibition *in nature*, though there is in the Levitical law,—but that a man may beget a child upon his grandmother;—in which case, supposing the issue a daughter, she would stand in relation both of——But who ever thought, cried

° Vide Brooke'. Abridg. Tit. Adminiatr. K. 47.

Kysarcius, of lying with his grandmother?—The young gentleman, replied Yorick, whom Selden speaks of,—who not only thought of it, but justified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation:—'You lay, Sir, with my mother,' said the lad; 'why may I not lie with yours?'——'"Tis the *argumentum commune*, added Yorick.——'"Tis as good, replied Eugenius, taking down his hat, as they deserve.

The company broke up.

CHAPTER XXX.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXXI.

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

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

But as the sum was *finite*, and consequently could

not do every thing;—and, in truth, very few of these to any purpose,—of all the projects which offered themselves upon this occasion, the two last seemed to make the deepest impression; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the small inconvenience hinted at above, which absolutely put him under a necessity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

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

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

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

It had ever been the custom of the family, and by length of time had almost become a matter of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nobody but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn asunder by two projects of equal strength, both obstinately pulling in a contrary direction at the same time; for, to say nothing of the havoc, which by a certain consequence is unavoidably made by it all over the finer system of the nerves, which you know convey the animal spirits and more subtle

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

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

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

OHAPTEK XXXII.

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

chapter of THINGS,—and my next chapter to it, that is, the first chapter of my next volume, if I live, shall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up some sort of connexion in my works.

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

No wonder I itch so much as I do to get at these amours:—they are the choicest morsel of my whole story! and when I do get at 'em,—assure yourselves, good folks—(nor do I value whose squeamish stomach takes offence at it) I shall not be at all nice in the choice of my words!—and that's the thing I have to *declare*.—I shall never get all through in five minutes, that I *fear*.:—and the thing I *hope* is, that your Worships and Reverences are not offended:—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you something, my good gentry, next year to be offended at;—that's my dear Jenny's way;—but who my Jenny is,—and which is the right

and which is the wrong end of a woman,—is the thing to be *concealed*:—it shall be told you in the next chapter but one to my chapter of Button-holes;—and not one chapter before.

And now that you have just got to the end of these four volumes,⁰—the thing I have to *ask* is, how you feel your heads? my own aches dismally.—As for your healths, I know they are much better.—True Shandeism, think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs; and, like all those affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through their channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and cheerfully round.

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

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

⁰ According to the original editions.

THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
or
TEISTEAM SHANDY, GENT

Dixero si quid forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabia.——HOB.

Si quis calumniatur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut mordacia
quam deceat Christianum—non Ego, sed Democritus dicit.

ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba jocularia, riam moventia,
sciebat, anathema esto. SECOND COUNCIL OF OABTHAOK.

VOL. V. ORIG. EDIT.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN,
LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER.

MY LORD,

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

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this Work to you, I join Lady SPENCER; in the liberty I take of inscribing the Story of Le Fevre, in the sixth volume, to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

I am,

MT LOBD,

Your Lordship's most devoted
and most humble Servant,

LAUB. STERNE.

' Volumes V. and VI. in the Original Edition.

THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
or
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAPTER I.

IF it had not been for these two mettlesome tits, and that mad-cap of a postillion who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning:—there was a slope of three miles and a half;—we scarce touched the ground, — the motion was most rapid, — most impetuous;—'twas communicated to my brain,—my heart partook of it.—' By the great God of day/—said I, looking towards the Sun, and thrusting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaise, as I made my vow, 'I will lock up my study-door the moment ' I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet ' below the surface of the earth, into the draw-well ' at the back of my house/

The London waggon confirmed me in my resolution; it hung tottering upon the hill, scarce progressive, dragg'd,—dragged up by eight *heavy beasts*, —'by ' main strength !'—quoth I, nodding; ¹ but your betters draw the same way,—and something of every 'body's!—Orare!

Tell me, ye learned, shall we for ever be adding as much to the *bulk*,—so little to the *stock*?

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

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

Shall we be destined to the days of eternity; on holydays as well as working days, to be shewing the *relics of learning*, as monks do the relics of their saints,—without working one,—one single miracle with them? \

Who made Man, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment;—that great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the world,—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaster, in his book *vtpl* <M<rawc, called him;—the *Sheltinah* of the Divine Presence, as Chrysostom;—the *image* of God, as Moses;—the *ray* of Divinity, as Plato;—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Aristotle,—to go sneaking on at this pitiful,—pimping,—pettifogging rate?

I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion; but if there is no catachresis in the wish, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a farcical house, large enough to hold,—aye,—and sublimate them, *tag-rag and bob-tail*, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *whiskers*;—but by what chain of ideas,—I leave as a legacy in *mort-main* to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the most of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I'm sorry I made it;—'twas as inconsiderate a promise as ever entered a man's head.—A chapter upon whiskers! alas! the world will not bear it!—'tis a delicate world; but I knew not of what mettle it was made,—noi had I ever seen the under-written fragment; otherwise, as surely as noses are noses, arid whiskers are whiskers still (let the world say what it will to the contrary), so surely would I have steered clear of this dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT.

o o " u o c o o o

—You are half asleep, my good lady, said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze as he pronounced the word *whiskers*.—Shall we change the subject?—By no means, replied the old lady;—I like your account of those matters: so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair, with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself,—I desire, continued she, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows:—Whiskers! cried the Queen of Navarre, dropping her knotting-ball as La Fosseuse uttered the word.—Whiskers, Madam! said La Fosseuse, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courtesy as she repeated it.

La Fosseuse's voice was naturally soft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice; and every letter of the word

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

The word *whiskers* still stood its ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of Navarre, notwithstanding the indiscreet use which La Fosseuse had made of it: the truth was, La Fosseuse had pronounced the word not only before the queen, but upon sundry other occasions at court, with an accent which always implied something of a mystery.—And as the court of Margaret, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion,—and whiskers being as applicable to the one as the other, the word naturally stood its ground:—it gained full as much as it lost; that is, the clergy were for it,—the laity were against it, and for the women,—*they* were divided.

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

attempt to recommend himself to La Rebours; and La Rebours and La Fosseuse were inseparable.

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

The queen went directly to her oratory, musing all the way, as she walked through the gallery upon the subject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy.—Ave Maria! 4—what can La Fosseuse mean? said she, kneeling down upon the cushion.

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

The Lady Camavallette was counting her beads with both hands, unsuspected, under her farthingale.—From St. Anthony down to St. Ursula, inclusive, not a saint passed through her fingers without whiskers; St. Francis, St. Dominick, St. Bene't, St. Basil, St. Bridget, had all whiskers.

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

One denier, cried the Order of Mercy,—one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives,

whose eyes look towards Heaven and you for their redemption!

——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

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

The Lady Baussiere rode on.

A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

——The Lady Baussier rode on.

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

——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

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

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

Ha, ha! he, hee I cried La Guyol and La Sabatiere, looking close at each other's prints. Ho, ho! cried La Battarelle and Maronette, doing the same.—Whist! cried one;—st, st, said a second;—hush, quoth a third; poo, poo, replied a fourth;—gramercy! cried

the Lady Camavellette;—'twas she who bewhisker'd St. Bridget.

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

The Lady Baussiere coughed thrice into the inside of her muff.—La Guyol smiled.—Fy! said the Lady Baussiere. The Queen of Navarre touched her eye with the tip of her fore-finger,—as much as to say, I understand you all.

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

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

Does not all the world know, said the Curate d'Estella, at the conclusion of his work, that Noses ran the same fate, some centuries ago, in most parts of Europe, which whiskers have now done in the kingdom of Navarre?—The evil, indeed, spread no farther 'then; but have not beds and bolsters, and night-capp, and chamber-pots, stood upon the brink of destruction ever since? Are not trouse, and placket-holes, and pump-handles,—and spigots and faucets, in danger still from the same association?—Chastity,

by nature, the gentlest of all affections,—give it but its head,—'tis like a ramping and roaring lion.

The drift of the Curate d'Estella's argument was not understood: they ran the scent the wrong way. The world bridled his ass at the tail.—And when the *extremes* of *Delicacy*, and the *beginnings* of *Concupiscence*, hold their next provincial chapter, they may decree *that* bawdy also.

CHAPTER II.

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

Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast,—and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning, and ride in search of some.—With all my heart, Obadiah, said my father (pursuing his journey);—take the coach-horse, and welcome.—But he wants a shoe, poor creature I said Obadiah.—Poor creature I said my uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison.—Then ride the Scotch horse, quoth my father, h«ostily.—He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth Gbadiah, for the whole world.—The Devil's in that horse! then take Patriot,

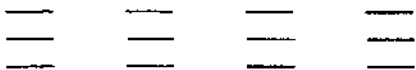
cried my father, and shut the door.—Patriot is sold, said Obadiah.—Here's for you! cried my father, making a pause, and looking into my uncle Toby's face as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.—Your Worship ordered me to sell him last April, said Obadiah.—Then go on toot for your pains, cried my father.—! had much rather walk than ride, said Obadiah, shutting the door.

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

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

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of Nevers.—By your leave, Mons. Sanson, cried my father, striking the point of his compasses through Nevers into the table,—and nodding to my uncle Toby, to see what was in the letter,—twice in one night is too much for an Engli-li gentleman and his son, Mons. Sauson, to be turned

back upon so lousy a town as Nevers. What think'st thou, Toby? added my father in a sprightly tone.—Unless it be a garrison-town, said my uncle Toby; for then—! shall be a fool, said my father, smiling to himself, as long as I live.—So giving a second nod, and keeping his compasses still upon Nevers with one hand, and holding his book of the pest-roads in the other,—half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle Toby hummed over the letter.



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

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

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

CHAPTER III.

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

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

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

—He got rid of it, however.

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

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart,—he listened' to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—O my Tullia! my daughter! my child !—still, still, still,—'twas O my Tullia!—my Tullia! Methinks I see my

Tullia, I hear my Tullia, I talk with my Tullia.—But, as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion,—nobody upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at present, with as much reason: it was, indeed, his strength—and his weakness too.—His strength, for he was by nature eloquent; and his weakness, for he was hourly a dupe to it; and, provided an occasion in life would but permit him to shew his talents, or say either a wise thing, a witty, or a shrewd one—(bating the case of a systematic misfortune)—he had all he wanted.—A blessing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which set it loose with a good grace, were pretty equal: sometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two 5 for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the pain of the misfortune but as *five*,—my father gained half in half; and, consequently, was as well again off as if it had never befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwise would seem very inconsistent in my father's domestic character;—and it is this, that, in the provocations arising from the neglects and blunders of servants, or other mishaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding. He was sanguine in all his projects; BO talked about his pad every day, with as absolute security as if it had

been reared, broke,—and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in Obadiah, it so fell out that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us.

—*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due unto nature: tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which Wealth and Science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon.'——
(My father found he got great ease, and went on)——

' Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods ? and when those principles and powers, • which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several evolutions, they fall back/——Brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions*,——Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father;—by Heaven I I meant revolutions, brother Toby,—evolutions is nonsense.——'Tis not nonsense,—said my uncle Toby.——But is it not nonsense to break the thread of such a discourse upon such an occasion ? cried my father:—do not, dear Toby, continued he, taking him by the hand,—do not—do not, I beseech thee, interrupt me at this crisis.——My uncle Toby put his pipe into his mouth.

' Where is Troy and Mycenae, and Thebes and Delos, and Persepolis and Agrigentum ? ' continued my father, taking up his book of post-roads, which he had laid down.—What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cyzicum and Mitylena' ? The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no more } the names only are left; and those (for many of them are wrong spelt) are falling themselves by piece-meal to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with everything in a perpetual night. The world itself, brother Toby, must,—must come to an end.

Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from -Egina towards Megara/ (when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby) ' I began to view the country round about.—Egina was behind me, Megara was before, Piraeus on the right hand, Corinth on the left.—What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the

'loss of a child, when so much as this lies aw'
'fully buried in his presence!—Remember, said I
'to myself again, remember thou art a man.'

Now, my uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's consolatory letter to Tally:—he had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity:—and as my father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had staid a whole year and a half at Zante, my uncle Toby naturally concluded, that, in some one of these periods, he had taken a trip across the Archipelago into Asia; and that all this sailing affair, with ..Egina behind, and Megara before; and Piraeus on the right hand, &c., &c., was nothing more than the true course of my father's voyage and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his *manner*; and many an undertaking critic would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations.—And pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption,—but waiting till he finished the account,—What year of bur Lord was this?—'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.—That's impossible, cried my uncle Toby.—Simpleton! said my father,—'twas forty years before Christ was born.

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

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

'There is not such great odds, brother Toby, betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines.'—(This way of setting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle Toby's suspicions.)—Labour, 'sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the sauces of life.'—Much good may it do them!—said my uncle Toby to himself.—

'My son is dead I—so much the better;—'tis a shame, in such a tempest to have but one anchor.

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

The Thracians wept when a child was born,'—(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle Toby)—and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason. Death opens the gfcete of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after it:—it unlooses the chain of the captive,—and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hands.

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

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

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues,—from love and melancholy,—and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller,

who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh.

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

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

'Twas to his wife,—said my father.



CHAPTER IV.

—AND lastly,—for of all the choice anecdotes which history can produce of this matter, continued

my father,—this, like the gilded dome which covers
ia the fabric,—crowns all.—

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

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

CHAPTER V.

MY mother was going very gingerly in the dark
along the passage which led to the parlour, as my
uncle Toby pronounced the word *\oife*.—"Tis a
shrill penetrating sound of itself, and Obadiah had
helped it by leaving the door a little ajar, so that
my mother heard enough of it to imagine herself
the subject of the conversation; so laying the edge
of her finger across her two lips,—holding in her
breath, and bending her head a little downwards,
with a twist of her neck—(not towards the door,
but from it, by which means her ear was brought
to the chink)—she listened with all her powers:—
the listening slave, with the Goddess of Silence at
his back, could not have given a finer thought for
an intaglio.

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

CHAPTER VI.

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

Amongst these there was one, I am going to speak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether so singular as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or dissertation, was going forward in the parlour, there was generally another at the same time, and upon 'the same subject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary message, or letter, was delivered in the parlour,—or a discourse suspended till a servant went out,—or the lines of discontent were observed to hang upon the brows of my father or mother;—or, in short, when any thing was supposed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or listening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not absolutely shut, but somewhat a-jar,—as it stands just now;—which, under covert of the bad hinge (and that possibly might be one of the many reasons why it was never mended), it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all these cases, a passage was generally left, not indeed so wide as the

Dardanelles, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on a0 much of this windward trade as was sufficient to save my father the trouble of governing his house:—my mother at this moment stands profiting by it.—Obadiah did the same thing, as soon as he had left the letter upon the table which brought the news of my brother's death; so that before my father had well got over his surprise, and entered upon his harangue,—had Trim got upon his legs, to speak his sentiments upon the subject'

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII.

—MY young master in London is dead! said Obadiah.

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

—O! 'twill be the death of my poor Mistress, cried Susannah.—My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a possession! her red damask,—her orange-tawny,—her white and yellow lustrings,—her brown taffeta,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats. — Not a rag was left behind.—' *No ; — ak& will never look up again I'* said Susannah.

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

—Here is sad news, Trim, cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepp'd into the kitchen;—Master Bobby !9 dead and *burwi!*—the funeral was an in-

terpolation of Susannah's;—we shall have all to go into mourning, said Susannah.

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

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

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

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state,—and possibly the preservation of the whole world,—or, what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of

its property and power, may, in time to come, depend upon the right understanding of this stroke, of the Corporal's eloquence,—I do demand your attention:—your Worships and Reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your **ease.**

I said, 'We are not stocks and stones :—'tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels,—I wish we were!—but men clothed with • bodies, and governed by our imaginations;—and what a junket'ing piece of work of it there is betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them; for my own part, I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye (for I absolutely deny the touch, tho' most of your *Barbati*, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul,—gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy than word can either convey,—or sometimes get rid of.

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

——'Are we not here now?' continued the Corporal; 'and are we not——' (dropping his hat plump upon the ground,—and pausing, before he pronounced the word)—'gone! in a moment?' The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—No-

thing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it;—his hand seemed to vanish from under it;—it fell dead;—the Corporal's eye fixed upon it as upon a corpse;—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

Now,—ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground without any effect.—Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven,—or in the best direction that could be given to it;—had he dropped it like a goose,—like a puppy,—like an ass;—or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool,—like a ninny,—like a nincompoop,—it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

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

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

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

CHAPTER VIII.

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

Amongst many other hook-debts, all of which I shall discharge in due time,—I own myself a debtor to the world for two items,—a chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes; which, in the former part of my work, I promised and fully intended to pay off this year: but some of your Worships and Reverences telling me that the two subjects, especially so connected together, might endanger the morals of the world,—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me,—and that they will accept of the last chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't please your Reverences, but a chapter of chamber-maids, green gowns, and old hats.

Trim took his hat off the ground,—put it upon his head,—and then went on with his oration upon death, in a manner and form following:—

CHAPTER IX.

—To us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is,—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating, in my own case, his Majesty King William the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in Ireland and Flanders)—I

own it; that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas,—'tis not long,—'tis like nothing; but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havoc and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about,—'tis like a whole age.—O Jonathan!—'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to consider, continued the Corporal (standing perpendicularly), how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time!—And trust me, Susy, added the Corporal, turning to Susannah, whose eyes were swimming in water,—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.—Susannah placed it to the right side of the page;—she wept,—but she court'sied too.—Are we not, continued Trim, looking still at Susannah,—are we not like a flower of the field?—A tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation,—else no tongue could have described Susannah's affliction.—Is not all flesh grass?—'tis clay,—'tis dirt—They all looked directly at the scullion;—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle.—It was not fair.—

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

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

CHAPTER X.

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

Or whether the Corporal began to be suspicious he had got into the Doctor's, quarters, and was talking more like the Chaplain than himself,—

Or whether,

Or whether,—for in all such cases a man of invention and parts may, with pleasure, fill a couple of pages with suppositions,—which of all these was the cause, let the curious physiologist, or the curious anybody determine,—'tis certain, at least, the Corporal went on thus with his harangue:—

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:—not this . . . added the Corporal, snapping his fingers;—but with an air which no one but the Corporal could have given to the sentiment.—In battle, I value not death this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor Joe Gibbons, in scouring his gun.—What is he?—A pull of a trigger,—a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that,—makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right,—see! Jack's down! Well,—'tis worth a regiment of horse to him.—No;—'tis Dick.—Then Jack's no worse.—Never mind which;—we pass on,—in hot pursuit: the wound itself which brings, him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him;—the man who flies is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've looked him, added the Corporal,

an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.—He's nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field.—— But he's very frightful in a house, quoth Obadiah.——! never minded it myself, said Jonathan, upon a coach-box.——It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed, replied Susannah.——And could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf's skin that ever was made into a knapsack, I would do it there,—said Trim;—but that is nature.

——Nature is nature, said Jonathan.——And that is the reason, cried Susannah, I so much pity my Mistress.—She will never get the better of it.——Now I pity the Captain the most of any one in the family, answered Trim.—Madam will get ease of heart in weeping,—and the Squire in talking about it,—but my poor Master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant Le Fevre. An' please your Honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him, as I lay beside him.—I cannot help it, Trim, my Master would say;—'tis so melancholy an accident,—I cannot get it off my heart.——Your Honour fears not death yourself.——! hope, Trim, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.—Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fevre's boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his Honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear Trim's stories about the Captain, said Susannah.—He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said Obadiah, as ever lived.——Aye, and as brave a one too, said the Corporal, as ever stept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the King's army,—or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole;—

and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people:—he would not hurt a chicken.—I would sooner, quoth Jonathan, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year, than some for eight.—Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty shillings, ~~—as~~ much, Jonathan, said the Corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me; and could I be sure my poor brother Tom was dead, —continued the Corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—waa I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the Captain.—Trim could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his Master.—The whole kitchen was affected.—Do tell us the story of the poor Lieutenant, said Susannah.—With all my heart, answered the Corporal.

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



CHAPTER XL

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

For my own part I never wonder at any thing;—and so often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always suspect it, right or wrong;—at least, I am seldom hot upon cold subjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have both lost, and can neither of us do well without,—I'll go to the world's end with him.—But I hate disputes,—and therefore (bating religious points, or such as touch society) i would almost subscribe to any thing which docs not choke me in the first passage, rather than be drawn into one.—But I cannot bear suffocation;—and bad smells worst of all.—For which reasons, I resolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of Martyrs was to be augmented,—or a new one raised,—i would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

CHAPTER XII.

—BUT to return to my mother.

My uncle Toby's opinion, Madam, 'That there ' could be no harm in Cornelius Gallus, the Roman ' praetor's lying with his wife;'—or rather the last word of that opinion,—(for it was all my mother heard of it)—caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole sex:—you shall not mistake me,—I mean her curiosity;—she instantly concluded herself the subject of the conversation; and with that pre-

possession upon her fancy, you will readily conceive, every word my father said was accommodated either to herself or her family-concerns.

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

From the strange mode of Cornelius's death, my father had made a transition to that of Socrates, and was giving my uncle Toby an abstract of his pleading before his judges ;—'twas irresistible:—not the oration of Socrates,—but my father's temptation to it.—He had wrote the *Life of Socrates*⁰ himself the year before he left off trade; which, I fear, was the means of hastening him out of it;—so that no one was able f<> set out with so full a sail, and in so swelling a tide of heroic loftiness upon the occasion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates's oration which closed with a shorter word than transmigration, or annihilation,—or a worse thought in the middle of it than *to be,—or not to be*,—the entering upon a new and untried state of things,—or upon a long, a profound and peaceful sleep, without dreams, without disturbance!—*That we and our children were born to die,—but neither of us born to be slaves.*—No, there I mistake; that was part of Eleazer's oration, as recorded by Josephus (de Bell. Judaic). Eleazer owns he had it from the philosophers of India. In all likelihood, Alexander the Great, in his irruption into India, after he had overrun Persia, amongst the many tilings he stole,—stole that sentiment also; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself (for we all know he died at Babylon), at least by some of

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

his marauders, into Greece,—from Greece it got to Rome,—from Rome to France,—and from France to England.—So things come round :—

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

By water, the sentiment might easily have come down the Ganges into the Sinus Gangeticus, or Bay of Bengal, and so into the Indian Sea; and, following the course of trade (the way from India by the Cape of Good Hope being then unknown), might be carried, with other drugs and spices, up the Red Sea to Joddah, the port of Mecca, or else to Tor or Suez, towns at the bottom of the Gulf; and from thence by caravans to Coptos, but three days' journey distant, so down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the *sentiment* would be landed at the very foot of the great staircase of the Alexandrian library;—and from that storehouse it would be fetched.—Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

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CHAPTER XIII.

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

Though, by the bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise {era in which so great a man lived;—whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived at all, is a little cruel;—'tis not doing as they would be done by.—Happen that as it may,—my father, I say, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first sally of his

impatience,—of wondering why he was begot;—wishing himself dead;—sometimes worse:—and when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers,—Sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from Socrates himself.—Every word would breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all its issues; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her.—She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won, by working upon the passions of his judges.—[!] have 'friends, — I have relations,—I have three desolate ' children.'—says Socrates.—

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

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

CHAPTER XIV,

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

My uncle Toby was no chronologer;—so not caring to advance one step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up, and

taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the eclairsissement himself.

CHAPTER XV.

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

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

you, Sir,—but you see he's no \orsu;—and was Apollo to take his fiddle after me, lie can make him no better.

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

—Your Worships and your Reverences love music,—and God has made you all with good ears,—and some of you play delightfully yourselves;—trut-prut, prut-trut.

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

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CHAPTER XVI.

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

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

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

My father gave himself up to it, however, with the most painful diligence, proceeding step by step in every line with the same kind of caution and circumspection (though I cannot say upon quite so religious a principle) as was used by John de la Casse, the Lord Archbishop of Benevento, in compassing his Galatea; in which his Grace of Benevento spent forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the size or the thickness of a Eider's Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unless he spent the greatest part of his time in combing his whiskers, or playing at *prrtmero* with his chaplain,—would pose any mortal not let into the true secret;—and therefore His worth explaining to the world) was it only for the encour-

agement of those few in it, who write not so much to be fed,—as to be famous.

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

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

fancy to the contrary, was not so much a state of *composition*, as a state of *warfare*; and his probation in it, precisely that of any other man militant upon earth,—both depending alike, not half so much upon the degrees of his *wk*,—as his *resistance*.

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

This is the best account I am determined to give of the slow progress my father made in his *Tristrapadia*; at which (as I said) he was three years, and

something more, indefatigably at work, and, at last, had scarce completed, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother; and, what was almost as bad, by the very delay, the first part of the work, upon which my father had spent the most of his pains, was rendered entirely useless;—every day a page or two became of no consequence.

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

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



CHAPTER XVII.

—'Twas nothing:—I did not lose two drops of blood by it:—'twas not worth calling in a surgeon, had he lived next door to us.—Thousands suffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor Slop made ten times more of it than there was occasion.—Some men rise by the art of hanging great weights upon small wires:—and I am this day (August the 10th,

1461) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.—O 'twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world!—The chamber-maid had left no under the bed,—Cannot you contrive, master, quoth Susannah, lifting up the sash with one hand, as she spoke, and helping me up into the window-seat with the other,—cannot you manage, my dear, for a single time, to.....

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Susannah told the Corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances which attended the *murder* of me,—(as she called it)—the blood forsook his cheeks:—all accessories in murder being principals,—Trim's conscience told him he was as much to blame as Susannah;—and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle Toby had as much of the bloodshed to answer for to Heaven as either of 'em;—so that neither reason nor instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided Susannah's steps to so proper an asylum.—It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination:—to form any kind of hypothesis that will render these propositions feasible, he must cudgel his brains sore;—and to do it without,—he must have such brains as no reader ever

had before him.—Why should I put them either to trial or to torture?—Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myself.

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CHAPTER XIX.

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

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

It was the joy of Trim's heart; nor was his fertile head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my uncle Toby in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for: had it been his last crown, he would have sat down and hammered it into a padcuro, to have prevented a single wish in his master.—The Corporal had already, — what with cutting off the ends of my uncle Toby's spouts,—hacking and chiselling up the sides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter shaving-bason; — and going at last, like Lewis the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church for spare ends, &c. — he had that very campaign brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demi-culverins, into the field. My uncle Toby's demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the Corporal at work again; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights

from the nursery-window; and as the sash pulleys, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

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

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

CHAPTER XX.

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

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

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

Trim, by the help of his fore-finger laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand striking across it at right angles, made a shift to tell his story so, that priests and virgins might have listened to it!—and the story being told, the dialogue went on as follows:—

CHAPTER XXI.

——! WOULD be piquetted to death, cried the Corporal, as he concluded Susannah's story, before I would suffer the woman to come to any harm:—'twas my fault, an' please your Honour,—not her's.

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

Had Count Solmes, Trim, done the same at the battle of Steiukirk, said Yorick, drolling a little upon the Corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in

the retreat,—he had saved thee——Saved! cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finishing the sentence for him after his own fashion,—he had saved five battalions, an' please your Reverence, every soul of them.—There was Cutts's, continued the Corporal, clapping the forefinger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,—there was Cutts's,—Mackay's,—Angus's,—Graham's,—and Leven's, all cut to pieces;—and so had the English Life-guards, too, had it not been for some regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket.—They'll go to Heaven for it, added Trim.—Trim is right, said my uncle Toby, nodding to Yorick;—he's perfectly right.—What signified his marching the horse, continued. the Corporal, where the ground was so strait, that the French had such a nation of hedges, and copses, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and tluxt, to cover them (as they always have).—Count ftolmet' should have sent us;—we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives.—There was nothing to be done for the horse:—he had his foot shot off, however, for his pains, continued the Corporal, the very next campaign, at Landen.—Poor Trim gut his wound there, quoth my uncle Toby.—Twas owing, an' please your Honour, entirely to Count Solmcs; had he drubbed them soundly at Steinkirk, they would not have fought us at Landen.—Possibly not, Trim, said my uncle Toby; though, if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you. There is no way but to march coolly up to them, receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell;—Ding-dong, added Trim;

—Horse and foot, said my uncle Toby;—Helter skelter, said Trim;—Right and left, cried my uncle Toby.—Blood an' ounds! shouted the Corporal:—the battle raged; Yorick drew his chair a little to one side for safety; and, after a moment's pause, my uncle Toby sinking his voice a note, resumed the discourse as follows:—

CHAPTER XXII.

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

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CHAPTER XXIII.

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

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

As many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes, —not one, nor all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion, or occurrence of life. — There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations. The truth was, his road lay so very far on one side, jfrom that wherein most men travelled, that every object before him presented a face and section of itself, to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of man-

kind.—In other words, 'twas a different object, and, in course, was differently considered.

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

CHAPTER XXV.

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

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

CHAPTER XXVI.

FIFTY thousand pannier-loads of Devils — (not of the Archbishop of Benevento's, — I mean of Babelais's Devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it as I did — when the accident befell me : it summoned

' Mr. Shandy it supposed to mean '•'• • • • •, Esq.
~~member for~~ • • • • V-nd not the Chinese Legislator.

up my mother instantly into the nursery;—so that Susannah had but just time to make her escape down the back-stairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the story myself,—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity,—yet Susannah, in passing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in short-hand with the cook; the cook had told it, with a commentary, to Jonathan; and Jonathan to Obadiah: so that, by the time my father had rung the bell half-a-dozen times, to know what was the matter above,—was Obadiah enabled to give him a particular account of it, just as it had happened.—! thought as much, said my father, tucking up his night-gown;—and so walked up stairs.

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

First, had the matter been taken into consideration before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the sash-window for good an' all; which, considering with what difficulty he composed books, he might have done with ten times less trouble than he could have wrote the chapter. This argument, I foresee, holds good against his writing a chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the second reason, which I have the honour to offer to the world in support of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon sash-windows

and chamber-pots at the time supposed,—and it is this:—

—That, in order to render the *Tristorpcedia* complete, I wrote the chapter myself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

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

—If it be but right done, said my father, turning to the section—*de sedevel subjecto circumcmonis*,—for he had brought up *Spenser de Legibus Hebrceorum Ritualibus*,—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us altogether;—

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

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

o	o	o	o	o	o
o	o	o	o	o	o

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

o °—nay, if it has that convenience, — and so without stopping a moment to settle it first in his mind, whether the Jews had it from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from the Jews,—he rose up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times across with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footsteps of care, when evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded,—he shut the book, and walked clown stairs.—Nay, said he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every step as he set his foot upon it,—if the Egyptians, 'the Syrians,—the Phoenicians,—the Arabians,—the Cappadocians,—if the Golchi and Troglodytes did it, —if Solon and Pythagoras submitted,—what is Tristram?—Who am I, that I should fret or fume one moment about the matter?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DEAR Yorick, said my father, smiling, (for Yorick had broke his rank with my uncle Toby in coming through the narrow entry, and so had stept first into the parlour) this Tristram of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites. Never was the son of Jew, Christian, Gentile, Turk, or Infidel, initiated into them in so oblique and slovenly a manner. —But he is no worse, I trust, said Yorick.—There has been certainly, continued my father, the deuce and all to do in some part or other of the

ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed'—*That* you are a better judge of than I, replied Yorick.—Astrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both: the time and sextile aspects have jumped awry,—or the opposite of their ascendants have not hit it as they should,—or the lords of the gcniturcs (as they call them) have been at *bo-peep*,—or something has been wrong above, or below, with us.

Tis possible, answered Yorick.—But is the child, cried my uncle Toby, the worse?—The Troglo-dytes say not, replied my father. And your theologists, Yorick, tell us—Theologically, said Yorick;—or speaking after the manner of 'apothecaries'?—f statesmen?—or |washerwomen?

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

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

—§Hus, continued my father, circumcised his whole army one morning.—Not without a court-martial? cried my Uncle Toby.—Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick—are greatly divided still, who Ilus was;—aome say Saturn;—

* Χαλεπῆς νόσος, καὶ θανάτου ἀπαιτοῦσα, ἢ ἀνθρώποις καλοῦσιν.—
PHELLO.

† Τὰ γεμύματα τῶν ὀνείων πολυγονίαται, καὶ πολυκαθαρσιμότητα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαριότητος εἶρεται.—BOCHART.

§ 'Ο Ἰλος τὰ αἰετὰ περιτρέφεται* τανὺ ποσὺν καὶ τὸν ἐκ' αὐτῆς
συμμέχου καταναγκάζουσι.—ΣΑΚΟΝΟΚΙΑΤΙΣ.

some the Supreme Being;—others, no more than a brigadier-general under Pharaoh-Necho.—Let him be who he will, said my uncle Toby, I know not by what article of war he could justify it.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

——¹ which words being heard by all the soldiers who were there, divers of them being inwardly terrified, did shrink back and make room for the assailant. All this did Gymnast very well remark and consider; and, therefore, making as if he would have alighted from off his horse, as he was poising himself on the mounting side, he most nimbly (with his short sword by his thigh) shifting his feet in the stirrup, and performing the stirrup-leather feat, whereby, after the reclining of his body downwards, he forthwith launched himself aloft in the air, and placed both his feet together upon the saddle, standing upright, with his back turned towards his horse's head.—Now (said he) my case goes forward. Then suddenly, in the same posture wherein he was, he fetched a gambol upon one foot, and turning to his left hand, failed not to carry his body perfectly round, just into his former position, without missing one jot.—Ha! said Tripet, I will not do that at this time; and not without cause.—Well, said Gymnast, I have failed,—I will undo this leap; then, with a marvellous strength and agility, turning towards the right hand, he fetched another frisking gambol as before; which done, he set his right-hand thumb upon the bow of the saddle, raised himself up, and sprang into the air, poising and upholding his own weight upon the muscle and nerve of the said thumb, and so turned and whirled himself about three times: at the fourth, reversing his body, and overturning it upside down, and foreside back, without *touching any tiring*, he brought himself be-

'twixt the horse's two ears; and then giving himself a jerking swing, he seated himself upon the crupper——"

(This can't be fighting, said my uncle Toby.——The Corporal shook his head at it——Have patience, said Yorick.)

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

I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

CHAPTER XXX.

——No;—I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making no answer to a question which Yorick had taken the liberty to put to him,—I have advanced nothing in the *Tristra-pcedia*, but what is as clear as any one proposition in Euclid.—Reach me, Trim, that book from off the scrutoire.—It has oftentimes been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over both to you, Yorick, and to my brother Toby; and I think it a little unfriendly in myself, in

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

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

CHAPTER XXXI.

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

first conjunction betwixt male and female, for procreation of the species,—I was insensibly led into it.—Twas natural, said Yorick.

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

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

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

First, By marriage;
 Secondly, By adoption;
 Thirdly, By legitimation;"

And fourthly, By procreation; all which I consider in their order.

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

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 o o o o o o o o o o

—I own, added my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not so under the power and jurisdiction of the mother.—But the reason, replied Yorick, equally holds good for her.—She is under authority herself, said my father:—and besides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger on the side of his nose as he assigned his reason,—*she is not the principal agent*, Yorick.—In what? quoth my uncle Toby, stopping his pipe.—Though by all means, added my father (not attending to my uncle Toby), *The son ought to pay her respect;*¹ as you may read, Yorick, at large in the first book of the Institutes of Justinian, at the eleventh title and the tenth section.—! can read it as well, replied Yorick, in the Catechism.

CHAPTER XXXII.

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

—The Fifth Commandment, Trim ?—said Yorick, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest catechumen.—The Corporal stood silent.—You don't ask him right, said my uncle Toby, raising his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command:—The fifth?—cried my uncle Toby.—! must begin with the first, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal.—

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

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

' Poise your firelock] cried the Corporal; doing the duty still both of adjutant and private man.

Best your firelock]—One motion, an' please your Reverence, you see leads into another.—If his Honour will begin but with the first.—

The First?—cried my uncle Toby, setting his hand upon his side,—

o o o o o
o o o o o

The Skcondf—cried my uncle Toby, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his sword at the

head of a regiment.—The Corporal went through his *manual* with exactness; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow, and fell back to the side of the room.

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

—Here is the *scaffold-work of Instruction*; its true point of, folly, without the *building* behind it.

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

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

—*Sciences may be learned by rote, but Wisdom not.*

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

Allowing them, an' please your Honour, three half-pence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.—He did indeed, replied 'my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

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

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

My father read as follows:—

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

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

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

Now could the man in the moon be told that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter sufficiently demonstrating, That the secret of all health depended upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the *radical heat*

and the *radical moisture*;—and that he had managed the point so well, that there was not one single word, wet or dry, upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout the whole chapter,—or a single syllable in it, *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal economy,—

' O thou eternal Maker of all things!'—he would cry, striking his breast with his right hand (in case he had one)—' Thou whose power and goodness can ' enlarge the faculties of thy creatures to this infinite ' degree of excellence and perfection!—What have we ' *Moonites* done ?'

CHAPTER XXXIV.

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

The stroke at the Prince of Physicians, with which he began, was no more than a short insult upon his sorrowful complaint of the *ars longa*,—and *vita brevis*.—Life short, cried my father, and the art of healing tedious I And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves, —and the stage-loads of chymical nostrums, and peripatetic lumber, with which, in all ages, they have first flatter'd the world, and at last deceived it ?

—O my Lord Verulam! cried my father, turning from Hippocrates, and making his second stroke at him, as the principal of nostrum-mongers, and the fittest to be made an example of to the rest,—What shall I say to thee, my great Lord Verulam ? What

shall I say to thy internal spirit,—thy opium,—thy saltpetre,—thy greasy unctions,—thy daily purges,—thy nightly clysters, and succedaneums?

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

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CHAPTER XXXV.

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

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

This being the state of the case, the road to longevity was plain: nothing more being required, says his Lordship, but to repair the waste committed by the internal spirit, by making the substance of it more thick and dense, by a regular course of opiates on one side, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of saltpetre every morning before you got up.—

Still this frame of ours was left exposed to the inimical assaults of the air without;—but this was fenced off again by a course of greasy unctions, which

so fully saturated the pores of the skin, that no spicula could enter;—nor could any one get out.—This put a stop to all perspiration, sensible and insensible; which being the cause of so many scurvy distempers, —a course of clysters was requisite to carry off redundant humours,—and render the system complete.

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

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

CHAPTER XXXVL

THE whole secret of health, said my father, beginning the sentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moisture within us;—the least imaginable skill had been sufficient to have maintained it, had not the schoolmen confounded the task, merely (as Van Helmont, the famous chemist, has proved) by all along mistaking the radical moisture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moisture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and bakamous substance; for the fat or tallow, as also the phlegm or watery parts, are cold; whereas the oily and balsamous parts are

of a lively heat and spirit; which accounts for the observation of Aristotle, *Qadd omne animal post centum est triste*.

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

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE description of the siege of Jericho itself could not have engaged the attention of my uncle Teby more powerfully than the last chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father throughout it;—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my uncle Toby took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the Corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question,—*aside*:—

o o o o a o o
o o o o .—I t w a s a t t h e s i e g e
of Limerick, 'an please your Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow.....:

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to my father, were scarce able to crawl out of our tents at the time the siege oi

Limerick was raised, upon the very account you mention.—Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother Toby? cried my father, mentally.—By Heaven! continued he, communing still with himself, it would puzzle an (Edipus to bring it in point.—

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

All this was as much Arabic to my father as the rites of the Colchi and Troglodytes had been before to my uncle Toby: my father could not determine whether he was to frown or to smile.

My uncle Toby, turning to Yorick, resumed the case at Limerick more intelligibly than he had begun it,—and so settled the point for my father at once.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IT was undoubtedly, said my trade Toby, a great happiness for myself and the Corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a most raging

thirst,, during the whole five-and-twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwise, what my brother calls the radical moisture, must, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.—My father drew in his lungs topfull of air, and, looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could.—

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

Well,—said my father, with a full aspiration, and pausing awhile after the word,'—was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one permitted it, I would condemn some of the worst malefactors, provided they had had their clergy,——

—Yorick, foreseeing the sentence was likely to end wi'h no sort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breast, and begged he would respite it for a few minutes, till he asked the Corporal a question.—Prithee, Trim, said Yorick, without staying for my father's leave,—tell us honestly,—what is thy opinion concerning this self-same radical heat and radical moisture?—

With humble submission to his Honour's better judgment, quoth the Corporal, making a bow to my uncle Toby,——Speak thy opinion freely, Corporal, •aid my uncle Toby.—The,poor fellow is my ser-

vant,—not ray slave,—added my uncle Toby, turning to my father.—

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

CHAPTER XXXIX.

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

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

Had my father been asking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy dog,—he could not have done it in a more careless air: the system which Dr. Slop had kid down to treat the accident by, no way allowed of buch a mode of enquiry—He sat down.—•—

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

I am no wiser than I was, quoth my uncle Toby, returning his pipe into his mouth.—Then let the

Corporal go on, said my father, with his medical lecture.—The Corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr. Slop, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat and radical moisture, in the following words:—

CHAPTER XL.

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

I think this is a new fashion, quoth Dr. Slop, of beginning a medical lecture.—'Tis all true, answered Trim.—Then I wish the faculty would follow the cut of it, said Yorick.—'Tis all cut through, an' please your Reverence, said the Corporal, with drains and bogs; and besides, there was such a quantity of rain fell during the siege, the whole country was like a puddle;—'twas that, and nothing else, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his Honour and myself. Now there was no such thing, after the first ten days, continued the Corporal, for a soldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water;—nor was that enough for those who could afford it, as his Honour could, without setting fire every night to a pewter-dish-full of brandy

which took off the damp of the air, and made the inside of the tent as warm as a stove.—

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

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

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

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

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Dr. Slop, turning to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being,—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways; but principally, in my opinion, by *consuibstantiah*, *tmprtntenfe*, and *occlufents*.—Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. Slop, pointing to the Corporal' has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point—That he has,—said my father. —Very likely, said my uncle.—I'm sure of it, —quoth Yorick.—

CHAPTER XLI.

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

CHAPTER XLT.

—FIVE years with a bib under his chin;

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

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

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

Four years at his *probations* and his *negations*;—the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble block,—and nothing done, but his tools sharpened to hew it out!—"Tis a piteous delay!—Was not the great Julius Scaliger within an ace of never gfetting his tools sharpened at all?—r-Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek;—and Peter Damianus, Lord Bishop of Ostia, as all the world knows, could not so much as read when he was of man's estate;—and Baldus himself, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the

law so late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world. No wonder, when Eudamidas, the son of Archidamus, heard Xenocrates at seventy-five disputing about *wisdom*, that he asked gravely,—If the old man be yet disputing and enquiring concerning wisdom,—what time 'will he have to make use of it?'

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

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

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

Had Yorick trod upon Virgil's snake, he could not have looked more surprised'—I am surprised too, cried my father, observing it;—and I reckon it as one of the greatest calamities which ever befell the republic of letters, that those who have been entrusted with the education of children, and whose business it was to open their minds and stock them early with ideas, in order to set the imagination loose upon them, have made so little use of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done;—so that, except Baymond Lullius, and the elder Pelegrini, the

last of whom arrived to such perfection in the use of 'em, with his topics, that, in a few lessons, he could teach a young gentleman to discourse with plausibility upon any subject, *pro* and *con*, and to say and write all that could be spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.—! should be glad, said Yorick, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter.—You shall, said my father.

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

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

You excite my curiosity greatly, said Yorick.

For my own part, quoth my uncle Toby, I have given it up.—The Danes, an' please your Honour, quoth the Corporal, who were on the left at the siege of Limerick, were all auxiliaries.—And very good ones, said my-uncle Toby. And your Honour rould with them,—captains with captains,—very well, said the Corporal.—But the auxiliaries, Trim, my brother is talking about, answered my uncle Toby,—I conceive to be different things.

—You do? said my father, rising up.

CHAPTER XLII.

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

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

Now, by the right use and application of these, continued my father, in which a child's memory should be exercised, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren soever, but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth *from* it—Didst thou ever see a white bear ? cried my father, turning his head round to Trim, who stood at the back of his chair.—No, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal.—But thou couldst discourse about one, Trim, said my father, in case of need ?—How is it possible, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, if the Corporal never saw one? "KB the fact I want, replied my father;—and the possibility of it is as follows:—

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

one? Ought I ever to have seen one? Or can I ever see one?

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

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

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

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

—Is the white bear worth seeing?

—Is there no sin in it?

—Is it better than a *black one*?

