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THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.

Ταράσσει τὺς Ἀνθρώπυς ὲ τὰ Πράγματα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δόγματα.

VOL. I.

A NEW EDITION.

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To the Right Honourable

Mr. PITT.

SIR,

NEVER poor Wight of a Dedicator had leſs hopes from his Dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye corner of the kingdom, and in a retir'd thatch'd houſe, where I live in conſtant endeavour to fence againſt the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly perſuaded that every time a man ſmiles,——but much more ſo, when he laughs, it adds ſomething to this Fragment of Life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book, by taking it——(not

under your Protection,——it must protect itself, but)——into the country with you; where, if I am ever told, it has made you smile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain——I shall think myself as happy as a minister of state;———perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

I am, great Sir,

(and what is more to your Honour)

I am, good Sir,

Your Well-wisher, and

most humble Fellow-subject,

THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

I Wiſh either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me; had they duly conſider'd how much depended upon what they were then doing;—that not only the production of a rational Being was concerned in it, but that poſſibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very caſt of his mind;—and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole

houſe might take their turn from the humours and diſpoſitions which were then uppermoſt;——Had they duly weighed and conſidered all this, and proceeded accordingly, ———I am verily perſuaded I ſhould have made a quite different figure in the world, from that in which the reader is likely to ſee me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not ſo inconſiderable a thing as many of you may think it;—you have all, I dare ſay, heard of the animal ſpirits, as how they are tranſfuſed from father to ſon, &c. &c.—and a great deal to that purpoſe:—Well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's ſenſe or his nonſenſe, his ſucceſſes and miſcarriages in this world, depend upon their motions and activity, and the different tracts and trains you put them into, ſo that when they are once ſet a-going, whether right or wrong, 'tis not a half-penny matter,—away they go cluttering like hey-go mad; and

by

by treading the ſame ſteps over and over again, they preſently make a road of it, as plain and as ſmooth as a garden walk, which, when they are once uſed to, the Devil himſelf ſometimes ſhall not be able to drive them off it.

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

CHAP. II.

——— Then, poſitively, there is nothing in the queſtion that I can ſee, either good or bad. —— Then, let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unſeaſonable queſtion at leaſt, —

because

becauſe it ſcattered and diſperſed the animal ſpirits, whoſe buſineſs it was to have eſcorted and gone hand in hand with the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted him ſafe to the place deſtined for his reception.

The HOMUNCULUS, Sir, in however low and ludicrous a light he may appear in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice;—to the eye of reaſon in ſcientific reſearch, he ſtands confeſs'd—a BEING guarded and circumſcribed with rights.——The minuteſt philoſophers, who, by the bye, have the moſt enlarged underſtandings (their ſouls being inverſely as their enquiries), ſhew us inconteſtably, that the HOMUNCULUS is created by the ſame hand,—engender'd in the ſame courſe of nature,—endow'd with the ſame loco-motive powers and faculties with us:—That he conſiſts as we do, of ſkin, hair, fat, fleſh, veins, arteries, ligaments,

ments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations;—is a Being of as much activity, ——and, in all ſenſes of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature as my Lord Chancellor of *England*.—He may be benefited,—he may be injured,—he may obtain redreſs;—in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which *Tully*, *Puffendorff*, or the beſt ethic writers allow to ariſe out of that ſtate and relation.

Now, dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone!—or that, thro' terror of it, natural to ſo young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey's end miſerably ſpent;—his muſcular ſtrength and virility worn down to a thread;—his own animal ſpirits ruffled beyond deſcription,—and that in this ſad diſordered ſtate of nerves, he had lain down a

prey

prey to ſudden ſtarts, or a ſeries of melancholy dreams and fancies, for nine long, long months together.—I tremble to think what a foundation had been laid for a thouſand weakneſſes both of body and mind, which no ſkill of the phyſician or the philoſopher could ever afterwards have ſet thoroughly to rights.

CHAP. III.

TO my uncle Mr. *Toby Shandy* do I ſtand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philoſopher, and much given to cloſe reaſoning upon the ſmalleſt matters, had oft, and heavily complained of the injury; but once more particularly, as my uncle *Toby* well remember'd, upon his obſerving a moſt unaccountable obliquity (as he call'd it), in my manner of ſetting up my top, and juſtifying the principles upon which I had done it,—

it,—the old gentleman ſhook his head, and in a tone more expreſſive by half of ſorrow than reproach,—he ſaid his heart all along foreboded, and he ſaw it verified in this, and from a thouſand other obſervations he had made upon me, That I ſhould neither think nor act like any other man's child:—*But alas!* continued he, ſhaking his head a ſecond time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, *My Triſtram's misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world.*

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

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

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

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardneſs in my nature to diſappoint any one ſoul living, that I have been ſo very particular already. As my life and opinions are likely to make ſome noiſe in the world, and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, profeſſions, and denominations of men whatever,—be no leſs read than the *Pilgrim's Progreſs* itſelf—and in the end, prove the very thing which *Montaigne* dreaded his Eſſays ſhould turn out, that is, a book for a parlour-window;—I find it neceſſary to conſult every one a little in his turn; and

and therefore muſt beg pardon for going on a little farther in the ſame way: For which cauſe, right glad I am, that I have begun the hiſtory of myſelf in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing every thing in it, as *Horace* ſays, *ab Ovo*.

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

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

—Shut the door.—I was begot in the night, betwixt the firſt *Sunday* and the firſt *Monday* in the month of *March*, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen. I am poſitive I was.—But how I came to be ſo very particular in my account of a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another ſmall anecdote known only in our family, but now made public for the better clearing up this point.

My father, you muſt know, who was originally a *Turkey* merchant, but had left off buſineſs for ſome years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal eſtate in the county of ——, was, I believe, one of the moſt regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of buſineſs, or matter of amuſement, that ever lived. As a ſmall ſpecimen of this extreme exactneſs of his, to which he

was

was in truth a ſlave,—he had made it a rule for many years of his life,—on the firſt *Sunday-night* of every month throughout the whole year,—as certain as ever the *Sunday-night* came,——to wind up a large houſe-clock, which we had ſtanding on the back ſtairs head, with his own hands:—And being ſomewhere between fifty and ſixty years of age at the time I have been ſpeaking of,—he had likewiſe gradually brought ſome other little family concernments to the ſame period, in order, as he would often ſay to my uncle *Toby*, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and peſtered with them the reſt of the month.

It was attended but with one misfortune, which, in a great meaſure, fell upon myſelf, and the effects of which I fear I ſhall carry with me to my grave; namely, that from an unhappy aſſociation of ideas, which

have no connection in nature, it ſo fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the ſaid clock wound up,——but the thoughts of ſome other things unavoidably popped into her head—& *vice verſâ*:—— Which ſtrange combination of ideas, the ſagacious *Locke*, who certainly underſtood the nature of theſe things better than moſt men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other ſources of prejudice whatſoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies upon the table, "That on *Lady-day*, which was on the 25th of the ſame month, in which I date my geniture,——my father ſet out upon his journey to *London* with my eldeſt brother *Bobby*, to fix him at *Weſtminſter* ſchool;" and, as it appears from the ſame

 authority,

authority, " That he did not get down to his wife and family till the *second week* in *May* following;"—it brings the thing almost to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter, puts it beyond all possibility of doubt.

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

CHAP. V.

ON the fifth day of *November*, 1718, which to the æra fixed on, was as near nine kalendar months as any husband could in reason have expected,—was I *Tristram Shandy*, Gentleman, brought forth into this scurvy and disasterous world of ours.—— I wish I had been born in the Moon, or in any of the planets (except *Jupiter* or *Saturn*,

turn, becauſe I never could bear cold weather), for it could not well have fared worſe with me in any of them (though I will not anſwer for *Venus)* than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours,—which, o' my conſcience, with reverence be it ſpoken, I take to be made up of the ſhreds and clippings of the reſt;——not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great eſtate; or could any how contrive to be called up to public charges, and employments of dignity or power;———but that is not my caſe;———and therefore every man will ſpeak of the fair as his own market has gone in it;———for which cauſe, I affirm it over again, to be one of the vileſt worlds that ever was made;—for I can truly ſay, that from the firſt hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now ſcarce draw it at all, for an aſthma I got in ſcating

againſt the wind in *Flanders*;—I have been the continual ſport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her by ſaying, She has ever made me feel the weight of any great or ſignal evil;——yet with all the good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that in every ſtage of my life, and at every turn and corner where ſhe could get fairly at me, the ungracious ducheſs has pelted me with a ſet of as pitiful miſadventures and croſs accidents as ever ſmall HERO ſuſtained.

CHAP. VI.

IN the beginning of the laſt chapter, I informed you exactly *when* I was born; but I did not inform you, *how*. *No*, that particular was reſerved entirely for a chapter by itſelf;—beſides, Sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect ſtrangers to each

other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumſtances relating to myſelf all at once.—You muſt have a little patience. I have undertaken, you ſee, to write not only my life, but my opinions alſo; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better reliſh for the other: As you proceed farther with me, the ſlight acquaintance, which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unleſs one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendſhip.—*O diem præclarum!*—then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in its nature, or tedious in its telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you ſhould think me ſomewhat ſparing of my narrative on my firſt ſetting out—bear with me,—and let me go on, and tell my ſtory my own way:

way:—Or, if I ſhould ſeem now and then to trifle upon the road,—or ſhould ſometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we paſs along,—don't fly off,—but rather courteouſly give me credit for a little more wiſdom than appears upon my outſide;—and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in ſhort, do any thing,—only keep your temper.

CHAP. VII.

IN the ſame village where my father and my mother dwelt, dwelt alſo a thin, upright, motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who with the help of a little plain good ſenſe, and ſome years full employment in her buſineſs, in which ſhe had all along truſted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to thoſe of dame Nature,—

had acquired, in her way, no ſmall degree of reputation in the world:——by which word *world*, need I in this place inform your worſhip, that I would be underſtood to mean no more of it, than a ſmall circle deſcribed upon the circle of the great world, of four *Engliſh* miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived, is ſuppoſed to be the centre.—She had been left, it ſeems, a widow in great diſtreſs, with three or four ſmall children, in her forty-ſeventh year; and as ſhe was at that time a perſon of decent carriage,—grave deportment,—a woman moreover of few words, and withal an object of compaſſion, whoſe diſtreſs, and ſilence under it, called out the louder for a friendly lift; the wife of the parſon of the pariſh was touched with pity: and having often lamented an inconvenience, to which her huſband's flock had for many years been ex-

poſed,

poſed, inaſmuch, as there was no ſuch thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree, to be got at, let the caſe have been never ſo urgent, within leſs than ſix or ſeven long miles riding; which ſaid ſeven long miles in dark nights and diſmal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but deep clay, was almoſt equal to fourteen; and that in effect was ſometimes next to having no midwife at all; it came into her head, that it would be doing as ſeaſonable a kindneſs to the whole pariſh, as to the poor creature herſelf, to get her a little inſtructed in ſome of the plain principles of the buſineſs, in order to ſet her up in it. As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan ſhe had formed than herſelf, the gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the pariſh, ſhe found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmoſt of her wiſhes. In truth,

truth, the parſon joined his intereſt with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they ſhould be, and give the poor ſoul as good a title by law to practiſe, as his wife had given by inſtitution,—he cheerfully paid the fees for the ordinary's licence himſelf, amounting in the whole, to the ſum of eighteen ſhillings and four-pence; ſo that betwixt them both, the good woman was fully inveſted in the real and corporal poſſeſſion of her office, together with all its *rights, members, and appurtenances whatſoever.*

Theſe laſt words, you muſt know, were not according to the old form in which ſuch licences, faculties, and powers uſually ran, which in like caſes had heretofore been granted to the ſiſterhood. But it was according to a neat *Formula* of *Didius* his own deviſing, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces, and new framing over again,

gain, all kind of inſtruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coaxed many of the old licenſed matrons in the neighbourhood, to open their faculties afreſh, in order to have this whim-wham of his inſerted.

I own I never could envy *Didius* in theſe kinds of fancies of his:—But every man to his own taſte.—Did not Dr. *Kunaſtrokius*, that great man, at his leiſure hours, take the greateſt delight imaginable in combing of aſſes tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wiſeſt of men in all ages, not excepting *Solomon* himſelf,—have they not had their HOBBY HORSES;—their running horſes,—their coins and their cockle-ſhells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallats,—their

maggots

maggots and their butterflies?—and ſo long as a man rides his HOBBY-HORSE peaceably and quietly along the King's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him,—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

CHAP. VIII.

—*De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*;—that is, there is no diſputing againſt HOBBY-HORSES; and for my part, I ſeldom do; nor could I with any ſort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fiddler and painter, according as the fly ſtings:—Be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myſelf, upon which, in their turns (nor do I care who knows it), I frequently ride out and take the air; though—ſometimes, to my

ſhame

ſhame be it ſpoken, I take ſomewhat longer journies than what a wiſe man would think altogether right.—But the truth is,—I am not a wiſe man;—and beſides am a mortal of ſo little conſequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do: So I ſeldom fret or fume at all about it: Nor does it much diſturb my reſt, when I ſee ſuch great Lords and tall Perſonages as hereafter follow;—ſuch, for inſtance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and ſo on, all of a row, mounted upon their ſeveral horſes;—ſome with large ſtirrups, getting on in a more grave and ſober pace; ——others on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips acroſs their mouths, ſcouring and ſcampering it away like ſo many little party-colouring devils aſtride a mortgage,—and as if ſome of them were reſolved to break their necks.——So much the better—ſay I to myſelf;—for in

caſe

caſe the worſt ſhould happen, the world will make a ſhift to do excellently well without them; and for the reſt,——why——God ſpeed them——e'en let them ride on without oppoſition from me; for were their lordſhips unhorſed this very night—'tis ten to one but that many of them would be worſe mounted by one half before to-morrow morning.

Not one of theſe inſtances therefore can be ſaid to break in upon my reſt.——But there is an inſtance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I ſee one born for great actions, and, what is ſtill more for his honour, whoſe nature ever inclines him to good ones;—when I behold ſuch a one, my Lord, like yourſelf, whoſe principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reaſon, a corrupt world cannot ſpare one moment;

ment;—when I ſee ſuch a one, my Lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has preſcribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wiſhes,—then, my Lord, I ceaſe to be a philoſopher, and in the firſt tranſport of an honeſt impatience, I wiſh the HOBBY-HORSE, with all his fraternity, at the Devil.

" My Lord,

" I Maintain this to be a dedication, not-
" withſtanding its ſingularity in the
" three great eſſentials of matter, form and
" place: I beg, therefore, you will accept
" it as ſuch, and that you will permit me
" to lay it, with the moſt reſpectful humi-
" lity, at your Lordſhip's feet,—when you
" are upon them,——which you can be
" when you pleaſe; and that is, my Lord,
" whenever there is occaſion for it, and I
" will

" will add, to the beſt purpoſes too. I
" have the honour to be,

" *My Lord,*

" *Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,*

" *and moſt devoted,*

" *and moſt humble ſervant,*

" TRISTRAM SHANDY."

CHAP. IX.

I Solemnly declare to all mankind, that the above dedication was made for no one Prince, Prelate, Pope, or Potentate,—Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viſcount, or Baron, of this, or any other Realm in Chriſtendom;——-nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one perſon or perſonage, great or ſmall; but is honeſtly a true Virgin Dedication untried on, upon any ſoul living.

I labour

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

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

If therefore there is any one Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viſcount, or Baron, in theſe his Majeſty's dominions, who ſtands in need of a tight, genteel dedication, and whom the above will ſuit (for by the bye, unleſs it ſuits in ſome degree, I will not part with

it),——it is much at his ſervice for fifty guineas;———which I am poſitive is twenty guineas leſs than it ought to be afforded for, by any man of genius.

My lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a groſs piece of daubing, as ſome dedications are. The deſign, your Lordſhip ſees, is good, the colouring tranſparent,——the drawing not amiſs——or to ſpeak more like a man of ſcience, and meaſure my piece in the painter's ſcale, divided into 20,——I believe, my Lord, the outlines will turn out as 12,—the compoſition as 9,——the colouring as 6——the expreſſion 13 and a half—and the deſign,—if I may be allowed, my Lord, to underſtand my own *deſign*, and ſuppoſing abſolute perfection in deſigning, to be as 20—I think it cannot well fall ſhort of 19. Beſides all this,——there is keeping in it, and the dark

ſtrokes in the HOBBY-HORSE (which is a ſecondary figure, and a kind of back-ground to the whole), give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully;—and beſides, there is an air of originality in the *tout enſemble*.

Be pleaſed, my good Lord, to order the ſum to be paid into the hands of Mr. *Dodſley*, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care ſhall be taken that this chapter be expunged, and your Lordſhip's titles, diſtinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter: All which, from the words, *De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*, and whatever elſe in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, ſhall ſtand dedicated to your Lordſhip, —The reſt I dedicate to the Moon, who, by the bye, of all the PATRONS or MA-

TRONS I can think of, has moſt power to ſet my book a-going, and make the world run mad after it.

Bright Goddeſs,

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

CHAP. X.

WHATEVER degree of ſmall merit the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might juſtly claim, or in whom that claim truly reſted,—at firſt ſight ſeems not very material to this hiſtory;—certain however it was, that the gentlewoman, the parſon's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: And yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking but that the parſon himſelf, though he had not the good fortune to

hit upon the design first,—yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to some share of it,——if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

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

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

Be it known then, that, for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had so circumstantial an account,——the parson we have to do with had made himself a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed against himself, his station, and his office;

——and that was in never appearing better, or otherwiſe mounted, than upon a lean, ſorry, jack-aſs of a horſe, value about one pound fifteen ſhillings; who, to ſhorten all deſcription of him, was full brother to *Roſinante*, as far as ſimilitude congenial could make him; for he anſwered his deſcription to a hair-breadth in every thing,—except that I do not remember 'tis any where ſaid, that *Roſinante* was broken winded; and that, moreover *Roſinante*, as is the happineſs of moſt *Spaniſh* horſes, fat or lean,—was undoubtedly a horſe at all points.

I know very well that the HERO's horſe was a horſe of chaſte deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion: But it is as certain at the ſame time, that *Roſinante*'s continency (as may be demonſtrated from the adventure of the *Yangueſian* carriers) proceeded from no bodily

defect

defect or cauſe whatſoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood. —And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chaſtity in the world, in behalf of which you could not ſay more for your life.

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

In the eſtimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parſon's power to have helped the figure of this horſe of his,—for he was maſter of a very

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

In the ſeveral ſallies about his pariſh, and in the neighbouring viſits to the gentry who lived around him,—you will eaſily comprehend,

hend, that the parſon, ſo appointed, would both hear and ſee enough to keep his philoſophy from ruſting. To ſpeak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young.—Labour ſtood ſtill as he paſs'd——the bucket hung ſuſpended in the middle of the well, ——the ſpinning-wheel forgot its round—even chuck-farthing and ſhuffle-cap themſelves ſtood gaping till he had got out of ſight; and as his movement was not of the quickeſt, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his obſervations,—to hear the groans of the ſerious,—and the laughter of the light-hearted;——all which he bore with excellent tranquillity.—His character was,—he loved a jeſt in his heart—and as he ſaw himſelf in the true point of ridicule, he would ſay, he could not be angry with others for ſeeing him in a light,

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in which he ſo ſtrongly ſaw himſelf: So that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the leſs ſcruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour, inſtead of giving the true cauſe,—he choſe rather to join in the laugh againſt himſelf; and as he never carried one ſingle ounce of fleſh upon his own bones, being altogether as ſpare a figure as his beaſt,—he would ſometimes inſiſt upon it, that the horſe was as good as the rider deſerved;——that they were, centaur-like,—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his ſpirits were above the temptation of falſe wit,—he would ſay, he found himſelf going off faſt in a conſumption; and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the ſight of a fat horſe, without a dejection of heart, and a ſenſible alteration in

his

his pulſe; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himſelf in countenance, but in ſpirits.

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

ſermon—

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

But the truth of the ſtory was as follows: In the firſt years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the ſuperb ſaddle and bridle were purchaſed by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will, to run into the oppoſite extreme.—In the language of the county where he dwelt, he was ſaid to have loved a good horſe, and generally had one of the beſt in the whole pariſh ſtanding in his ſtable always ready for ſaddling; and as the neareſt mid-wife, as I told you, did not live nearer to

the

the village than ſeven miles, and in a vile country,—it ſo fell out, that the poor gentleman was ſcare a whole week together without ſome piteous application for his beaſt; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every caſe was more preſſing and more diſtreſsful than the laſt,—as much as he loved his beaſt, he had never a heart to refuſe him; the upſhot of which was generally this, that his horſe was either clapp'd, or ſpavin'd, or greaz'd;—or he was twitterbon'd, or broken-winded, or ſomething, in ſhort, or other had befallen him, which would let him carry no fleſh;——ſo that he had every nine or ten months a bad horſe to get rid of,—and a good horſe to purchaſe in his ſtead.

What the loſs in ſuch a balance might amount to, *communibus annis*, I would leave to a ſpecial jury of ſufferers in the ſame traffick,

ſick, to determine;—but let it be what it would, the honeſt gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it neceſſary to take the thing under conſideration; and upon weighing the whole, and ſumming it up in his mind, he found it not only diſproportioned to his other expences, but withal ſo heavy an article in itſelf, as to diſable him from any other act of generoſity in his pariſh: Beſides this, he conſidered, that with half the ſum thus galloped away, he could do ten times as much good; —and what ſtill weighed more with him than all other conſiderations put together, was this, that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the leaſt wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his pariſh; reſerving nothing for the impotent,—nothing for the aged,—nothing for

the

the many comfortleſs ſcenes he was hourly called forth to viſit, where poverty and ſickneſs, and affliction dwelt together.

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

As he dreaded his own conſtancy in the firſt—he very cheerfully betook himſelf to the ſecond; and though he could very well have explained it, as I ſaid, to his honour, —yet, for that very reaſon, he had a ſpirit above it; chooſing rather to bear the contempt

tempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a ſtory, which might ſeem a panegyric upon himſelf.

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

But this is not the moral of my ſtory: The thing I had in view was to ſhew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair—For you muſt know, that ſo long as this explanation would have done the parſon credit,—the devil a ſoul could find it out,—

I ſuppoſe his enemies would not, and that, his friends could not.——But no ſooner did he beſtir himſelf in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to ſet her up,—but the whole ſecret came out; every horſe he had loſt, and two horſes more than ever he had loſt, with all the circumſtances of their deſtruction, were known and diſtinctly remembered.—The ſtory ran like wild-fire—" The parſon had " a returning fit of pride which had juſt " ſeized him; and he was going to be well " mounted once again in his life; and if it " was ſo, 'twas plain as the ſun at noon-day, " he would pocket the expence of the li- " cence, ten times told, the very firſt year: " —So that every body was left to judge what " were his views in this act of charity."

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life,——or rather what

were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it, was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his reſt, when he ſhould have been ſound aſleep.

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

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

Of

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

CHAP. XI.

YORICK was the parſon's name, and what is very remarkable in it (as appears from a moſt ancient account of the family, wrote upon ſtrong vellum, and now in perfect preſervation), it had been exactly ſo ſpelt for near,——I was within an ace of ſaying nine hundred years;——but I would not ſhake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indiſputable in itſelf;—

and therefore I ſhall content myſelf with only ſaying——It had been exactly ſo ſpelt, without the leaſt variation or tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to ſay of one half of the beſt ſurnames in the kingdom; which, in a courſe of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the ſhame of the reſpective proprietors?—In honeſt truth, I think, ſometimes to the one, and ſometimes to the other, juſt as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day ſo blend and confound us all together, that no one ſhall be able to ſtand up and ſwear, "That his own great grand-father was the "man who did either this or that."

This evil had been ſufficiently fenced againſt by the prudent care of the *Yorick*'s family,

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

It has often come into my head, that this poſt could be no other than that of the king's chief Jeſter;—and that *Hamlet*'s *Yorick*, in our *Shakeſpeare*, many of whoſe plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts, —was certainly the very man.

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

I had just time, in my travels through *Denmark* with Mr. *Noddy*'s eldest son, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate thro' most parts of *Europe*, and of which original journey, performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work. I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country;——namely, "That nature was "neither very lavish, nor was she very "stingy in her gifts of genius and capacity "to its inhabitants;—but, like a discreet "parent, was moderately kind to them all;

" obſerving ſuch an equal tenor in the diſ-
" tribution of her favours, as to bring
" them, in thoſe points, pretty near to a
" level with each other; ſo that you will
" meet with few inſtances in that kingdom
" of refined parts; but a great deal of
" good plain houſehold underſtanding amongſt
" all ranks of people, of which every body
" has a ſhare;" which is, I think, very right.

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

moſt whimſical and capricious; fortune herſelf not being more ſo in the bequeſt of her goods and chattels than ſhe.

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

gendered and put together: With all this ſail, poor *Yorick* carried not one ounce of ballaſt; he was utterly unpractiſed in the world; and, at the age of twenty-ſix, knew juſt about as well how to ſteer his courſe in it, as a romping, unſuſpicious girl of thirteen: So that upon his firſt ſetting out, the briſk gale of his ſpirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of ſomebody's tackling; and as the grave and more ſlow-paced were oftneſt in his way,—you may likewiſe imagine, 'twas with ſuch he had generally the ill-luck to get the moſt entangled. For aught I know there might be ſome mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of ſuch *Fracas*:——For, to ſpeak the truth, *Yorick* had an invincible diſlike and oppoſition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as ſuch;—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the moſt grave or ſerious of mortal men for days and weeks together;

but

but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly: and then, whenever it fell into his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, That gravity was an errant scoundrel, and he would add,—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that, he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelve-month, than by pocket picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger,——but to itself;——whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;——'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world

for

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

[But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractiſed in the world,] and was altogether as indiſcreet and fooliſh on every other ſubject of diſcourſe where policy is wont to impreſs reſtraint. *Yorick* had no impreſſion but one, and that was what aroſe from the nature of the deed ſpoken of; which impreſſion he would uſually tranſlate into plain *Engliſh* without any periphraſis,—and too oft without much diſtinction of either perſonage, time, or place;——ſo that when mention

mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding,——he never gave himſelf a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece,——what his ſtation,——or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;——but if it was a dirty action,—without more ado,—The man was a dirty fellow,—and ſo on. And as his comments had uſually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with ſome drollery or humour of expreſſion, it gave wings to *Yorick*'s indiſcretion. In a word, tho' he never ſought, yet at the ſame time, as he ſeldom ſhunned occaſions of ſaying what came uppermoſt, and without much ceremony;——he had but too many temptations in life, of ſcattering his wit and his humour,—his gibes and his jeſts about him.——They were not loſt for want of gathering.

What

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

CHAP. XII.

THE *Mortgager* and *Mortgageé* differ the one from the other, not more in length of purse, than the *Jester* and *Jesteé* do, in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four; which, by the by, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of *Homer*'s can pretend to;——— namely, That the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh, at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—— the periodical or accidental payments of it, just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour,——— pop comes

comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the ſpot, together with full intereſt to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

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

Eugenius

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

Truſt me, dear *Yorick*, this unwary pleaſantry of thine will ſooner or later bring thee

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

I cannot ſuſpect it in the man whom I eſteem, that there is the leaſt ſpur from ſpleen

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

Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right.———The fortunes of thy house shall totter,——thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it, thy faith questioned,———thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,——thy

learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and set on by MALICE in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes: —— The best of us, my dear lad, lie open there, —— and trust me, —— trust me, *Yorick, when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.*

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it, that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety. —— But, alas, too late! —— a grand confederacy, with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed be-

fore the firſt prediction of it.——The whole plan of the attack, juſt as *Eugenius* had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,——with ſo little mercy on the ſide of the allies,——and ſo little ſuſpicion in *Yorick*, of what was carrying on againſt him;—that when he thought, good eaſy man! full ſurely preferment was o'ripening, they had ſmote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

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

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

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

 heart.—

heart.—Come,—come, *Yorick*, quoth *Eugenius*, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him,——my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis, when thou moſt wants them; ——who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?——*Yorick* laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head;—For my part, continued *Eugenius*, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, *Yorick*, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added *Eugenius*, cheering up his voice, that there is ſtill enough left of thee to make a biſhop, and that I may live to ſee it.—I beſeech thee, *Eugenius*, quoth *Yorick*, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,———his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of *Eugenius*,——I beſeech thee to take a view of my head.—I ſee

nothing that ails it, replied *Eugenius*. Then, alas! my friend, ſaid *Yorick*, let me tell you, that 'tis ſo bruiſed and miſ-ſhapen with the blows which ***** and *****, and ſome others have ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with *Sancho Pança*, that ſhould I recover, and "Mitres there-"upon be ſuffered to rain down from hea-"ven as thick as hail, not one of them "would fit it."——*Yorick*'s laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;——yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a *Cervantick* tone;——and as he ſpoke it, *Eugenius* could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;——faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as *Shakeſpeare* ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

Eugenius

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

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

Alas, poor YORICK!

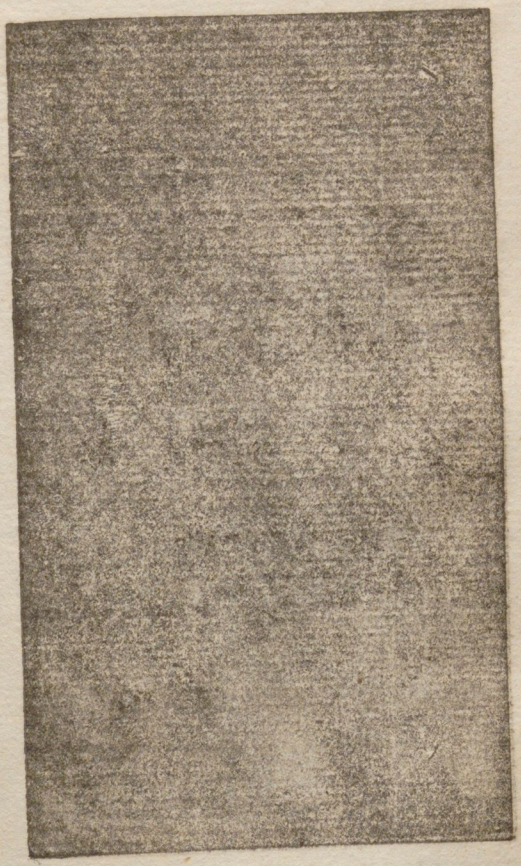
Ten times a day has *Yorick*'s ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcrip-

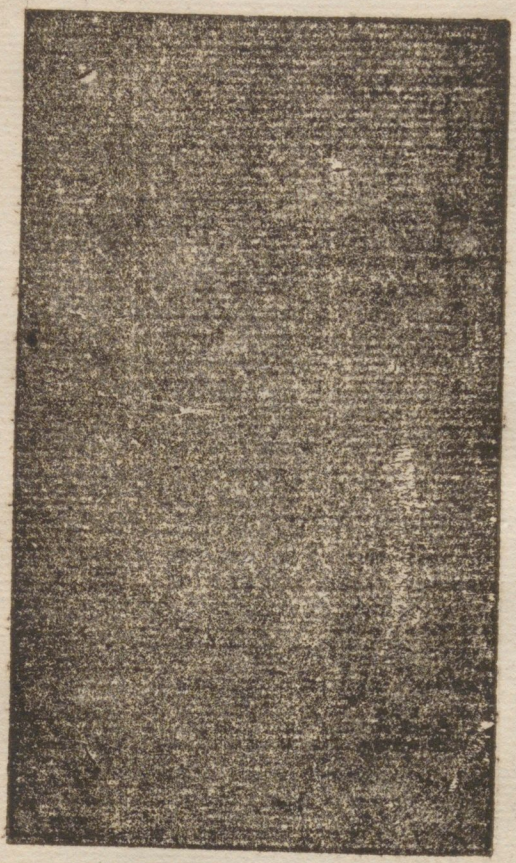
 tion

tion read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him;———a footway croſſing the church-yard, cloſe by the ſide of his grave, —not a paſſenger goes by without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it,—and ſighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

CHAP.





Schnurp

CHAP. XIII.

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

I think I told you that this good woman was a person of no small note and consequence

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

In the preſent caſe, if I remember, I fixed it at about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole pariſh, but extended itſelf to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the ſkirts of the next pariſh;

which

which made a conſiderable thing of it. I muſt add, That ſhe was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grange-houſe, and ſome other odd houſes and farms within two or three miles, as I ſaid, from the ſmoke of her own chimney :——But I muſt here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explain'd in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and developements to this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume,—not to ſwell the work,—I deteſt the thought of ſuch a thing;—but by way of commentary, ſcholium, illuſtration, and key to ſuch paſſages, incidents, or innuendos as ſhall be thought to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my life and my opinions ſhall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the *world*;——which, betwixt you and me,

me, and in ſpite of all the gentlemen-reviewers in *Great Britain*, and of all that their worſhips ſhall undertake to write or ſay to the contrary,—I am determined ſhall be the caſe.—I need not tell your worſhip, that all this is ſpoke in confidence.

CHAP. XIV.

UPON looking into my mother's marriage ſettlement, in order to ſatisfy myſelf and reader in a point neceſſary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any farther in this hiſtory;——I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half ſtraight forwards,——it might have taken me up a month;—which ſhews plainly, that when a man ſits down to write a hiſtory,—though it be but the hiſtory of *Jack Hickathrift* or *Tom Thumb*, he knows no more than his

heels

heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way,—— or what a dance he may be led, by one excurſion or another, before all is over. Could a hiſtoriographer drive on his hiſtory, as a muleteer drives on his mule,– ſtraight forward; ——for inſtance, from *Rome* all the way to *Loretto*, without ever once turning his head aſide either to the right hand or to the left, ——he might venture to foretell you to an hour when he ſhall get to his journey's end;—but the thing is, morally ſpeaking, impoſſible: For, if he is a man of the leaſt ſpirit, he will have fifty deviations from a ſtraight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and proſpects to himſelf perpetually ſoliciting his eye, which he can no more help ſtanding ſtill to look at than he can fly; he will moreover have various

Accounts

Accounts to reconcile :

Anecdotes to pick up :

Inſcriptions to make out :

Stories to weave in :

Traditions to ſift :

Perſonages to call upon :

Panegyricks to paſte up at this door :

Paſquinades at that :—All which both the man and his mule are quite exempt from. To ſum up all ; there are archives at every ſtage to be looked into, and rolls, records, documents, and endleſs genealogies, which juſtice ever and anon calls him back to ſtay the reading of :—In ſhort, there is no end of it ;—for my own part, I declare I have been at it theſe ſix weeks, making all the ſpeed I poſſibly could,—and am not yet born :—I have juſt been able, and that's all, to tell you *when* it happen'd, but not *how* ;—ſo that you ſee the thing is yet far from being accompliſhed.

Theſe

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

CHAP. XV.

THE article of my mother's marriage-ſettlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to ſearch for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him,—is ſo much more fully expreſs'd in the deed itſelf, than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be a barbarity to

take it out of the lawyer's hand :—It is as follows :

" And this Indenture further wit-
" nesseth, That the said *Walter Shan-*
" *dy*, merchant, in consideration of the
" said intended marriage to be had, and,
" by God's blessing, to be well and truly
" solemnized and consummated between
" the said *Walter Shandy* and *Elizabeth*
" *Mollineux* aforesaid, and divers other
" good and valuable causes and considera-
" tions him thereunto specially moving,—
" doth grant, covenant, condescend, con-
" sent, conclude, bargain, and fully agree
" to and with *John Dixon*, and *James Tur-*
" *ner*, Esqrs; the abovenamed trustees, *&c.*
" *&c.*—to wit,—That in case it should
" hereafter so fall out, chance, happen, or
" otherwise come to pass,—That the said
" *Walter Shandy*, merchant, shall have left
" off

" off buſineſs before the time or times, that
" the ſaid *Elizabeth Mollineux* ſhall accord-
" ing to the courſe of nature, or otherwiſe,
" have left off bearing and bringing forth
" children :—and that, in conſequence of
" the ſaid *Walter Shandy* having ſo left off
" buſineſs, he ſhall in deſpight, and a-
" gainſt the free will, conſent, and good-
" liking of the ſaid *Elizabeth Mollineux*,—
" make a departure from the city of *London*,
" in order to retire to, and dwell upon, his
" eſtate at *Shandy Hall*, in the county of
" ——, or at any other country-ſeat, caſtle,
" hall, manſion-houſe, meſſuage, or grainge-
" houſe, now purchaſed, or hereafter to be
" purchaſed, or upon any part or parcel
" thereof :—That then, and as often as the
" ſaid *Elizabeth Mollineux* ſhall happen to be
" enceint with child or children ſeverally and
" lawfully begot, or to be begotten, upon
" the body of the ſaid *Elizabeth Mollineux*,

" during her ſaid coverture,—he the ſaid
" *Walter Shandy* ſhall, at his own proper
" coſt and charges, and out of his own pro-
" per monies, upon good and reaſonable
" notice, which is hereby agreed to be
" within ſix weeks of her the ſaid *Elizabeth*
" *Mollineux*'s full reckoning, or time of
" ſuppoſing and computed delivery, pay, or
" cauſe to be paid, the ſum of one hundred
" and twenty pounds of good and lawful
" money, to *John Dixon* and *James Turner*,
" Eſqrs; or aſſigns,——upon TRUST and
" confidence, and for and unto the uſe and
" uſes, intent, end, and purpoſe following:
" —That is to ſay,—That the ſaid ſum
" of one hundred and twenty pounds ſhall
" be paid into the hands of the ſaid *Eli-*
" *zabeth Mollineux*, or to be otherwiſe ap-
" plied by them the ſaid Truſtees, for the
" well and truly hiring of one coach, with
" able and ſufficient horſes, to carry and
" convey

" convey the body of the ſaid *Elizabeth Mol-*
" *lineux*, and the child or children which ſhe
" ſhall be then and there enceint and preg-
" nant with,—unto the city of *London*; and
" for the further paying and defraying of all
" other incidental coſts, charges, and ex-
" pences whatſoever,—in and about, and
" for, and relating to, her ſaid intended de-
" livery and lying-in, in the ſaid city or ſub-
" urbs thereof. And that the ſaid *Elizabeth*
" *Mollineux* ſhall and may, from time to
" time, and at all ſuch time and times as
" are here covenanted and agreed upon,—
" peaceably and quietly hire the ſaid coach
" and horſes, and have free ingreſs, egreſs,
" and regreſs throughout her journey, in
" and from the ſaid coach, according to the
" tenor, true intent, and meaning of theſe
" preſents, without any let, ſuit, trouble,
" diſturbance, moleſtation, diſcharge, hin-
" derance, forfeiture, eviction, vexation, in-

" terruption, or incumberance whatſoever.
" —And that it ſhall moreover be lawful to
" and for the ſaid *Elizabeth Mollineux*, from
" time to time, and as oft or often as ſhe
" ſhall well and truly be advanced in her
" ſaid pregnancy, to the time heretofore ſti-
" pulated and agreed upon,—to live and re-
" ſide in ſuch place or places, and in ſuch
" family or families, and with ſuch relations,
" friends, and other perſons within the ſaid
" city of *London*, as ſhe at her own will
" and pleaſure, notwithſtanding her preſent
" coverture, and as if ſhe was a *femme ſole*
" and unmarried,——ſhall think fit.——
" And this Indenture further witneſſ-
" eth, That for the more effectually carry-
" ing of the ſaid covenant into execution,
" the ſaid *Walter Shandy*, merchant, doth
" hereby grant, bargain, ſell, releaſe, and
" confirm unto the ſaid *John Dixon*, and
" *James Turner*, Eſqrs; their heirs, execu-
" tors,

" tors, and assigns, in their actual possession
" now being, by virtue of an indenture of
" bargain and sale for a year to them the said
" *John Dixon*, and *James Turner*, Esqrs; by
" him the said *Walter Shandy*, merchant,
" thereof made; which said bargain and sale
" for a year, bears date the day next before
" the date of these presents, and by force and
" virtue of the statute for transferring of
" uses into possession,——All that the ma-
" nor and lordship of *Shandy* in the county
" of ——, with all the rights, members, and
" appurtenances thereof; and all and every
" the messuages, houses, buildings, barns,
" stables, orchards, gardens, backsides, tofts,
" crofts, garths, cottages, lands, meadows,
" feedings, pastures, marshes, commons,
" woods, underwoods, drains, fisheries, wa-
" ters, and water-courses;—together with
" all rents, reversions, services, annuities,
" fee-farms, knights fees, views of frank-

" pledge, eſcheats, reliefs, mines, quarries,
" goods and chattels of felons and fugitives,
" felons of themſelves, and put in exigent,
" deodands, free warrens, and all other
" royalties and ſeignories, rights and juriſ-
" dictions, privileges, and hereditaments
" whatſoever.—And alſo the advowſon,
" donation preſentation, and free diſpoſi-
" tion of the rectory or parſonage of *Shandy*
" aforeſaid, and all and every the tenths,
" tythes, glebe-lands."—In three words,
———" My mother was to lay in (if ſhe
" choſe it,) in *London*."

But in order to put a ſtop to the practice of any unfair play on the part of my mother, which a marriage-article of this nature too manifeſtly opened a door to, and which indeed had never been thought of at all, but for my uncle *Toby Shandy*;—a clauſe was added in ſecurity of my father, which

was

was this :—" That in caſe my mother here-
" after ſhould, at any time, put my father
" to the trouble and expence of a *London*
" journey, upon falſe cries and tokens ;—
" that for every ſuch inſtance, ſhe ſhould
" forfeit all the right and title which the
" covenant gave her to the next turn ;—
" but to no more,—and ſo on, *toties quoties*,
" in as effectual a manner, as if ſuch a co-
" venant betwixt them had not been made."
——This, by the way, was no more than what was reaſonable ;—and yet, as reaſonable as it was, I have ever thought it hard that the whole weight of the article ſhould have fallen entirely, as it did, upon myſelf.

But I was begot and born to misfortunes ;—for my own poor mother, whether it was wind or water—or a compound of both,—or neither ; or whether it was ſimply the mere ſwell of imagination and fancy in her ;

——or

——or how far a ſtrong wiſh and deſire to have it ſo, might miſlead her judgment;——in ſhort, whether ſhe was deceived or deceiving in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, That in the latter end of *September* 1717, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town much againſt the grain,—he peremptorily inſiſted upon the clauſe;—ſo that I was doom'd, by marriage articles, to have my noſe ſqueez'd as flat to my face, as if the deſtinies had actually ſpun me without one.

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

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

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

For

For the next two whole ſtages, no ſubject would go down, but the heavy blow he had ſuſtain'd from the loſs of a ſon, whom it ſeems he had fully reckoned upon in his mind, and regiſtered down in his pocket-book, as ſecond ſtaff for his old age, in caſe *Bobby* ſhould fail him. " The diſappoint-" ment of this, he ſaid, was ten times more " to a wiſe man, than all the money which " the journey, *&c.* had coſt him, put to-" gether, — rot the hundred and twenty " pounds, — he did not mind it a ruſh."

From *Stilton*, all the way to *Grantham*, nothing in the whole affair provoked him ſo much as the condolences of his friends, and the fooliſh figure they ſhould both make at church the firſt *Sunday*; — of which, in the ſatirical vehemence of his wit, now ſharpen'd a little by vexation, he would give ſo many humorous and provoking deſcriptions,

— and

—and place his rib and ſelf in ſo many tormenting lights and attitudes in the face of the whole congregation; that my mother declared, theſe two ſtages were ſo truly tragi-comical, that ſhe did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From *Grantham*, till they had croſſed the *Trent*, my father was out of all kind of patience at the vile trick and impoſition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair.—"Certainly," he would ſay to himſelf over and over again, "the woman could not be deceived herſelf;—if ſhe could,—what weakneſs!"—tormenting word!—which led his imagination a thorny dance, and, before all was over, play'd the deuce and all with him;—for ſure as ever the word *weakneſs* was uttered, and ſtuck full upon his brain,—ſo ſure it ſet him upon running

diviſions

diviſions upon how many kinds of weakneſſes there were; that there was ſuch a thing as weakneſs of the body,—as well as weakneſs of the mind,—and then he would do nothing but ſylogize within himſelf for a ſtage or two together, How far the cauſe of theſe vexations might, or might not, have ariſen out of himſelf.

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

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

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

made between them in their marriage deeds; which was to lye-in of her next child in the country, to balance the laſt year's journey.

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

CHAP. XVIII.

AS the point was that night agreed, or rather determined, that my mother ſhould lye-in of me in the country, ſhe took her meaſures accordingly; for which purpoſe,

purpoſe, when ſhe was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, ſhe began to caſt her eyes upon the midwife, whom you have ſo often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr. *Maningham* was not to be had, ſhe had come to a final determination in her mind, —notwithſtanding there was a ſcientifick operator within ſo near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expreſsly wrote a five ſhillings book upon the ſubject of midwifery, in which he had expoſed, not only the blunders of the ſiſterhood itſelf,—but had likewiſe ſuperadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the fœtus in croſs births, and ſome other caſes of danger, which belay us in getting into the world; notwithſtanding all this, my mother, I ſay, was abſolutely determined to truſt her life, and mine with it, into no ſoul's hand but this old woman's

only.—Now this I like;—when we cannot get at the very thing we wiſh,—never to take up with the next beſt in degree to it:—no; that's pitiful beyond deſcription;——it is no more than a week from this very day, in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world;——which is *March* 9, 1759,——that my dear, dear *Jenny*, obſerving I looked a little grave, as ſhe ſtood cheapening a ſilk of five-and-twenty ſhillings a yard,—told the mercer, ſhe was ſorry ſhe had given him ſo much trouble;—and immediately went and bought herſelf a yard-wide ſtuff of ten-pence a yard.—'Tis the duplication of one and the ſame greatneſs of ſoul; only what leſſened the honour of it ſomewhat, in my mother's caſe, was, that ſhe could not heroine it into ſo violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her ſituation might have wiſhed, becauſe the old midwife had really ſome little

claim

claim to be depended upon,——as much, at leaſt, as ſucceſs could give her; having, in the courſe of her practice of near twenty years in the pariſh, brought every mother's ſon of them into the world without any one ſlip or accident which could be fairly laid to her account.

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

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

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanſwerable;—and yet, it was not merely to ſhelter himſelf,——nor was it altogether for the care of his offſpring and wife that he ſeemed ſo extremely anxious about this point;——my father had extenſive views of

things,—and ſtood moreover, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the public good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uſes an ill-fated inſtance might be put to.

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

ways down ;—a ſtoppage of circulation muſt enſue, which was death in both caſes.

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

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

" Was I an abſolute prince," he would ſay, pulling up his breeches with both his hands,

hands, as he rose from his arm-chair, " I
" would appoint able judges, at every ave-
" nue of my metropolis, who should take
" cognizance of every fool's business who
" came there;——and if, upon a fair and
" candid hearing, it appeared not of weight
" sufficient to leave his own home, and come
" bag and baggage, with his wife and chil-
" dren, farmers' sons, &c. &c. at his back-
" side, they should be all sent back, from
" constable to constable, like vagrants as
" they were, to the place of their legal set-
" tlements. By this means I shall take care,
" that my metropolis totter'd not thro' its
" own weight;—that the head be no longer
" too big for the body;—that the extremes,
" now wasted and pinn'd in, be restored to
" their due share of nourishment, and re-
" gain with it their natural strength and
" beauty:——I would effectually provide,
" That the meadows and corn-fields of my

" dominions ſhall laugh and ſing;—that
" good cheer and hoſpitality flouriſh once
" more,—and that ſuch weight and influence
" be put thereby into the hands of the Squira-
" lity of my kingdom, as ſhould counter-
" poiſe what I perceive my Nobility are now
" taking from them."

" Why are there ſo few palaces and gen-
" tlemen's ſeats," he would aſk, with ſome
emotion, as he walked acroſs the room,
" throughout ſo many delicious provinces in
" *France!* Whence is it that the few remain-
" ing *Chateaus* amongſt them are ſo diſman-
" tled,—ſo unfurniſhed, and in ſo ruinous
" and deſolate a condition?—Becauſe, Sir,
" (he would ſay) in that kingdom no man
" has any country-intereſt to ſupport;——
" the little intereſt of any kind, which any
" man has any where in it, is concentrated
" in the court, and the looks of the Grand
" Monarch:

" Monarch: by the ſun-ſhine of whoſe
" countenance, or the clouds which paſs
" acroſs it, every *French* man lives or dies."

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

In this point he was entirely of Sir *Robert Filmer*'s opinion, That the plans and inſtitutions of the greateſt monarchies in the

eaſtern

eaſtern part of the world, were, originally, all ſtolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this houſehold and paternal power;——which, for a century, he ſaid, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mix'd government;—the form of which, however deſirable in great combinations of the ſpecies,—was very troubleſome in ſmall ones,—and ſeldom produced any thing, that he ſaw, but ſorrow and confuſion.

For all theſe reaſons, private and public, put together,——my father was for having the man-midwife by all means,—my mother by no means. My father begg'd and intreated, ſhe would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and ſuffer him to chuſe for her;—my mother, on the contrary, inſiſted upon her privilege in this matter, to chuſe for herſelf,——and have no mortal's

help

help but the old woman's—What could my father do? He was almoſt at his wit's end;—talked it over with her in all moods;—placed his arguments in all lights;—argued the matter with her like a chriſtian—like a heathen,—like a huſband——like a father,——like a patriot,——like a man:——My mother anſwered every thing only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her;—for as ſhe could not aſſume and fight it out behind ſuch a variety of characters,—'twas no fair match;—'twas ſeven to one.—What could my mother do?—She had the advantage (otherwiſe ſhe had been certainly overpowered) of a ſmall reinforcement of chagrine perſonal at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to diſpute the affair with my father with ſo equal an advantage,——that both ſides ſung *Te Deum*. In a word, my mother was to have the old woman,—and the operator was to have licence

to

to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my uncle *Toby Shandy* in the back parlour,—for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I muſt beg leave, before I finiſh this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breaſt of my fair reader;—and it is this,——Not to take it abſolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have dropp'd in it,——"That I am a married man."—I own the tender appellation of my dear, dear *Jenny*,——with ſome other ſtrokes of conjugal knowledge, interſperſed here and there, might, naturally enough, have miſled the moſt candid judge in the world into ſuch a determination againſt me.—All I plead for, in this caſe, Madam, is ſtrict juſtice, and that you do ſo much of it, to me as well as to yourſelf,—as not to prejudge, or receive ſuch an impreſſion of me, till you have better evidence, than, I am poſitive, at preſent

can

can be produced againſt me.——Not that I can be ſo vain or unreaſonable, Madam, as to deſire you ſhould therefore think, that my dear, dear *Jenny* is my kept miſtreſs;—no, —that would be flattering my character in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, perhaps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is, the utter impoſſibility, for ſome volumes, that you, or the moſt penetrating ſpirit upon earth, ſhould know how this matter really ſtands. —It is not impoſſible, but that my dear, dear *Jenny!* tender as the appellation is, may be my child.—Conſider,——I was born in the year eighteen.——Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the ſuppoſition, that my dear *Jenny* may be my friend.—— Friend!—My friend.—Surely, Madam, a friendſhip between the two ſexes may ſubſiſt, and be ſupported without—Fy! Mr. *Shandy:*——Without any thing, Madam, but

that

that tender and delicious ſentiment, which ever mixes in friendſhip, where there is a difference of ſex. Let me entreat you to ſtudy the pure and ſentimental parts of the beſt *French* Romances;——it will really, Madam, aſtoniſh you to ſee with what a variety of chaſte expreſſions this delicious ſentiment, which I have the honour to ſpeak of, is dreſs'd out.

CHAP. XIX.

I Would ſooner undertake to explain the hardeſt problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good ſenſe,——knowing, as the reader muſt have obſerved him, and curious, too, in philoſophy,—wiſe alſo in political reaſoning,—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant,——could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, ſo

out

out of the common track,—— that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the leaſt of a cholerick temper, will immediately throw the book by; if mercurial, he will laugh moſt heartily at it;—and if he is of a grave and ſaturnine caſt, he will, at firſt ſight, abſolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant; and that was in reſpect to the choice and impoſition of chriſtian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended than what ſuperficial minds were capable of conceiving.

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

The hero of *Cervantes* argued not the point with more ſerioufneſs,—nor had he more

more faith,—or more to ſay on the powers of necromancy in diſhonouring his deeds, or on DULCINEA's name, in ſhedding luſtre upon them, than my father had on thoſe of TRISMEGISTUS or ARCHIMEDES, on the one hand—or of NYKY and SIMPKIN on the other. How many CÆSARS and POMPEYS, he would ſay, by mere inſpiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? And how many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and ſpirits been totally depreſſed and NICOMEDUS'd into nothing?

I ſee plainly, Sir, by your looks (or as the caſe happened), my father would ſay,—that you do not heartily ſubſcribe to this opinion of mine,——which, to thoſe, he would add, who have not carefully ſifted it to the bottom,—I own has an air more of

fancy

fancy than of ſolid reaſoning in it;——and yet, my dear Sir, if I may preſume to know your character, I am morally aſſured, I ſhould hazard little in ſtating a caſe to you, not as a party in the diſpute,——but as a judge, and truſting my appeal upon it to your own good ſenſe and candid diſquiſition in this matter;——you are a perſon free from as many narrow prejudices of education as moſt men;——and, if I may preſume to penetrate farther into you,——of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely becauſe it wants friends. Your ſon,——your dear ſon,—from whoſe ſweet and open temper you have ſo much to expect.—Your BILLY, Sir!—would you, for the world, have called him JUDAS?—Would you, my dear Sir, he would ſay, laying his hand upon your breaſt, with the genteeleſt addreſs,——and in that ſoft and irreſiſtible *piano* of voice, which the nature

of the *argumentum ad hominem* abſolutely requires,—Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a godfather had propoſed the name for your child, and offered you his purſe along with it, would you have conſented to ſuch a deſecration of him?—O my God! he would ſay, looking up, if I know your temper right, Sir,—you are incapable of it;—you would have trampled upon the offer;—you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatneſs of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money, which you ſhew me in the whole tranſaction, is really noble;——and what renders it more ſo, is the principle of it;—the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypotheſis, namely, That was your ſon called JUDAS, the ſordid and treacherous idea, ſo

inſeparable

inſeparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his ſhadow, and, in the end, made a miſer and a raſcal of him, in ſpite, Sir, of your example.

I never knew a man able to anſwer this argument.——But, indeed, to ſpeak of my father as he was;—he was certainly irreſiſtible; both in his orations and diſputations;—he was born an orator;—Θεοδίδακτος. Perſuaſion hung upon his lips, and the elements of Logic and Rhetoric were ſo blended up in him,—and, withal, he had ſo ſhrewd a gueſs at the weakneſſes and paſſions of his reſpondent,——that NATURE might have ſtood up and ſaid,—"This man is elo-"quent."—In ſhort, whether he was on the weak or the ſtrong ſide of the queſtion, 'twas hazardous in either caſe to attack him.——And yet, 'twas ſtrange, he had never read

Cicero, nor *Quintilian de Oratore*, nor *Isocrates*, nor *Aristotle*, nor *Longinus* amongst the ancients; — nor *Vossius*, nor *Skioppius*, nor *Ramus*, nor *Farnaby* amongst the moderns; — and what is more astonishing, he had never in his whole life the least light or spark of subtilty struck into his mind, by one single lecture upon *Crackenthorp* or *Burgersdicius*, or any *Dutch* logician or commentator; — he knew not so much as in what the difference of an argument *ad ignorantiam*, and an argument *ad hominem* consisted; so that I well remember, when he went up along with me to enter my name at *Jesus College* in ****, — it was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society, — that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools, should be able to work after that fashion with them.

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

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

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

Whether this was the caſe of the ſingularity of my father's notions – or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit; or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be abſolutely right;—the reader, as he comes at them, ſhall decide. All that I maintain here, is, that in this one, of the influence of Chriſtian names, however it gained footing, he was ſerious; he was all uniformity;——he was ſyſtematical, and, like all ſyſtematic reaſoners; he would move both heaven and earth, and twiſt and torture every thing in nature, to ſupport his hypotheſis. In a word, I repeat it over again;—he was ſeri-

ous;—

ous;—and, in consequence of it, he would lose all kind of patience whenever he saw people, especially of condition, who should have known better,—— as careless and as indifferent about the name they imposed upon their child,—or more so, than in the choice of *Ponto* or *Cupid* for their puppy-dog.

This, he would say, look'd ill;——and had, moreover, this particular aggravation in it, *viz.* That when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciously given, 'twas not like the case of a man's character, which, when wrong'd, might hereafter be cleared;——and, possibly, some time or other, if not in the man's life, at least after his death,——be, some how or other, set to rights with the world: But the injury of this, he would say, could never be undone;——nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it:—He knew,

as well as you, that the legiſlature aſſumed a power over ſurnames;—— but for very ſtrong reaſons, which he could give, it had never yet adventured, he would ſay, to go a ſtep farther.

It was obſervable, that tho' my father, in conſequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the ſtrongeſt likings and diſlikings towards certain names;—that there were ſtill numbers of names which hung ſo equally in the balance before him, that they were abſolutely indifferent to him. *Jack*, *Dick*, and *Tom* were of this claſs: Theſe my father called neutral names!——affirming of them, without a ſatire, That there had been as many knaves and fools, at leaſt, as wiſe and good men, ſince the world began, who had indifferently borne them;—ſo that, like equal forces acting againſt each other in contrary directions, he thought they

mutually

mutually deſtroyed each other's effects; for which reaſon, he would often declare, He would not give a cherry-ſtone to chooſe amongſt them. *Bob*, which was my brother's name, was another of theſe neutral kinds of Chriſtian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happen'd to be at *Epſom*, when it was given him,—he would oft-times thank Heaven it was no worſe. *Andrew* was ſomething like a negative quantity in Algebra with him;—'twas worſe, he ſaid, than nothing—*William* ſtood pretty high:—*Numps* again was low with him:—and *Nick*, he ſaid was the DEVIL.

But, of all the names in the univerſe, he had the moſt unconquerable averſion for TRISTRAM;—he had the loweſt and moſt contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world—thinking it could poſſibly produce nothing *in rerum naturâ*, but what was

extremely

extremely mean and pitiful: So that in the midſt of a diſpute on the ſubject, in which, by the bye, he was frequently involved,— he would ſometimes break off in a ſudden and ſpirited EPIPHONEMA, or rather EROTESIS, raiſed a third, and ſometimes a full fifth above the key of the diſcourſe,—and demanded it categorically of his antagoniſt, Whether he would take upon him to ſay, he had ever remembered,—whether he had ever read,—— or even, whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called *Triſtram*, performing any thing great or worth recording?—No—, he would ſay,—TRISTRAM ——The thing is impoſſible.

What could be wanting in my father but to have wrote a book to publiſh this notion of his to the world? Little boots it to the ſubtle ſpeculatiſt to ſtand ſingle in his opinions,— unleſs he gives them proper vent:

—It

—It was the identical thing which my father did:—— for in the year ſixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an expreſs DISSERTATION ſimply upon the word *Triſtram*,—— ſhewing the world, with great candour and modeſty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When this ſtory is compared with the title-page,—Will not the gentle reader pity my father from his ſoul!—to ſee an orderly and well-diſpoſed gentleman, who tho' ſingular,—yet inoffenſive in his notions,—ſo played upon in them by croſs purpoſes;—to look down upon the ſtage, and ſee him baffled and overthrown in all his little ſyſtems and wiſhes; to behold a train of events perpetually falling out againſt him, and in ſo critical and cruel a way, as if they had propoſedly been plann'd and pointed againſt him, merely

merely to insult his speculations.——In a word, to behold such a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times in a day suffering sorrow; ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers TRISTRAM!—Melancholy bissyllable of sound! which, to his ears, was unison to *Nincompoop*, and every name vituperative under heaven.——By his ashes! I swear it,——if ever malignant spirit took pleasure, or busied itself by traversing the purposes of mortal man,——it must have been here;——and if it was not necessary I should be born before I was christened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

CHAP. XX.

——How could you, Madam, be so inattentive in reading the last chapter? I told you in it, *That my mother was not a papist.*

——Papist!

——Papiſt! You told me no ſuch thing, Sir.—Madam, I beg leave to repeat it over again, that I told you as plain, at leaſt, as words, by direct inference, could tell you ſuch a thing.——Then, Sir, I muſt have miſs'd a page.—No, Madam,——you have not miſs'd a word.——Then I was aſleep, Sir.——My pride, Madam, cannot allow you that refuge.——Then, I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter.——That, Madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and as a puniſhment for it, I do inſiſt upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is as ſoon as you get to the next full ſtop, and read the whole chapter over again. I have impoſed this penance upon the lady, neither out of wantonneſs nor cruelty; but from the beſt of motives; and therefore ſhall make her no apology for it when ſhe returns back:—'Tis to rebuke a vicious taſte which has crept into thouſands beſides herſelf,—of

reading

reading ſtraight forwards, more in queſt of the adventures, than of the deep erudition, and knowledge which a book of this caſt, if read over as it ſhould be, would infallibly impart with them.——The mind ſhould be accuſtomed to make wiſe reflections, and draw curious concluſions as it goes along; the habitude of which made *Pliny* the younger affirm, "That he never read a book ſo bad, but he drew ſome profit from it." The ſtories of *Greece* and *Rome*, run over without this turn and application,—do leſs ſervice, I affirm it, than the hiſtory of *Pariſmus* and *Pariſmenus*, or of the Seven Champions of *England*, read with it.

——But here comes my fair Lady. Have you read over again the chapter, Madam, as I deſired you?—You have: And did you not obſerve the paſſage, upon the ſecond reading, which admits the inference?—Not

a word

a word like it!—Then, Madam, be pleaſed to ponder well the laſt line but one of the chapter, where I take upon me to ſay, "It was *neceſſary* I ſhould be born before I was chriſten'd." Had my mother, Madam, been a Papiſt, that conſequence did not follow *.

It

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

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

in maternis uteris exiſtentes (quoth St. *Thomas!*) baptizari poſſunt *nullo modo*."———O *Thomas! Thomas!*

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

as

as much loſt to the world, as if they were ſtill left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

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

MEMOIRE preſenté à Meſſieurs les Docteurs de SORBONNE *.

UN Chirurgien Accoucheur, repreſente à Meſſieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne, *qu'il y a des cas, quoique très rares, où une mère ne ſçauroit accoucher, & même où l' enfant eſt tellement renfermé dans le ſein de ſa mère, qu'il*

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

ne fait paroître aucune partie de son corps, ce qui seroit un cas, suivant les Rituels, de lui conférer, du moins sous condition, le baptême. Le Chirurgien, qui consulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une petite canulle, *de pouvoir baptiser immediatement l'enfant, sans faire aucun tort à la mère.* —— *Il demand si ce moyen, qu'il vient de proposer, est permis & légitime, & s'il peut s'en servir dans le cas qu'il vient d'exposer.*

REPONSE.

LE Conseil estime, que la question proposée souffre de grandes difficultés. Les Théologiens posent d'un côté pour principe, que la baptême, que est une naissance spirituelle, suppose une premier naissance ; il faut être né dans le monde, pour renaître en Jesus Christ, *comme ils l'enseignent. S.* Thomas, 3 part, quæst. 88. artic. 11. *suit cette doctrine comme une*

verité

verité constante ; l'on ne peut, dit ce S. Docteur, baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs mères, & S. Thomas *est fondé sur ce, que les enfans ne sont point nés, & ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres hommes ; d'où il conclud, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objet d'une action extérieure, pour reçevoir par leur ministére, les sacramens nécessaires au salut :* Pueri in maternis uteris existentes nondum prodierunt in lucem ut cum aliis hominibus vitam ducant ; unde non possunt subjici actioni humanæ, ut per eorum ministerium sacramenta recipiant ad salutem. *Les rituels ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les théologiens ont établi sur les mêmes matiéres, & ils defendent tous d'une maniére uniforme, de baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs mères, s'ils ne font paroître quelque partie de leurs corps. Le concours des théologiens, & des rituels, qui sont les régles des diocéses, paroit former une autorité qui termine la*

question presente; cependant le conseil de conscience considerant d'un côté, que le raisonnement des théologiens est uniquement fondé sur une raison de convenance, et que la defense des rituels suppose que l'on ne peut baptiser immediatement les enfans ainsi renfermés dans le sein des leurs mères, ce qui est contre la supposition presente; & d'un autre côté, considerant que les mêmes théologiens enseignent, que l'on peut risquer les sacremens que Jesus Christ *a établis comme des moyens faciles, mais nécessaires pour sanctifier les hommes; & d'ailleurs estimant, que les enfans renfermés dans le sein de leurs mères, pourroient être capables de salut, parcequ'ils sont capables de damnation;—pour ces considerations, & en égard à l'exposé, suivant lequel on assure avoir trouvé un moyen certain de baptiser ces enfans ainsi renfermés, sans faire aucun tort à la mère, le Conseil estime que l'on pourroit se servir du moyen proposé, dans le confiance qu'il a, que Dieu n'a point laissé ces sortes d'enfans sans*

aucuns secours, & supposant, comme il est exposé, que le moyen dont il s'agit est propre à leur procurer le baptême; cependant comme il s'agiroit, en autorisant la pratique proposée, de changer une regle universellement établie, le Conseil croit que celui qui consulte doit s'addresser à son evêque, & à qui il appartient de juger de l'utilité, & du danger du moyen proposé, & comme, sous le bon plaisir de l'evêque, le conseil estime qu'il faudroit recourir au Pape, qui a le droit d'expliquer les régles de l'eglise, & d'y déroger dans le cas, ou la loi ne sçauroit obliger, quelque sage & quelque utile que paroisse la maniére de baptiser dont il s'agit, le conseil ne pourroit l'approuver sans le concours de ces deux autorités. On conseile au moins à celui qui consulte, de s'addresser à son evêque, & de lui faire part de la presente décision, afin que, si le prelat entre dans les raisons sur lesquelles les docteurs soussignés s'appuyent, il puisse être autorisé dans le cas de nécessité, ou il risqueroit

trop d' attendre que la permission fût demandée & accordée d' employer le moyen qu'il propose si avantageux au salut de l'enfant. Au reste, le conseil, en estimant, que l'on pourroit s'en servir, croit cependant, que si les enfans dont il s'agit, venoient au monde, contre l'esperance de ceux qui seroient servis du même moyen, il seroit nécessaire de les baptiser sous condition; *& en cela le conseil se conforme à tous les rituels, qui en autorisant le baptême d' un enfant qui fait paroître quelque partie de son corps, enjoignent néantmoins, & ordonnent de le baptiser* sous condition, *s'il vient heureusement au monde.*

Déliberé en *Sorbonne*, le 10 *Avril*, 1733.

A. Le Moyne.
L. De Romigny.
De Marcilly.

Mr.

Mr. *Triſtram Shandy*'s compliments to Meſſrs. *Le Moyne*, *De Romigny*, and *De Marcilly*; hopes they all reſted well the night after ſo tireſome a conſultation.—He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of conſummation, the baptizing all the HOMUNCULI at once, ſlapdaſh, by *injection*, would not be a ſhorter and ſafer cut ſtill; on condition, as above, That if the HOMUNCULI do well, and come ſafe into the world after this, that each and every of them ſhall be baptized again (*ſous condition*).—And provided, in the ſecond place, That the thing can be done, which Mr. *Shandy* apprehends it may, *par le moyen d'une* petite canulle, and *ſans faire aucun tort à la mère*.

CHAP. XXI.

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

I think, replied my uncle *Toby*, taking his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of the left thumb, as he began his ſentence, ——I think, ſays he :—But to enter rightly into my uncle *Toby*'s ſentiments upon this matter,

matter, you muſt be made to enter firſt a little into his character, the out-lines of which I ſhall juſt give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

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

or

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

Thus —

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

When that happens, it is to be hoped, it will put an end to all kind of writings whatsoever;—the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading;

——— and

——and that in time, *As war begets poverty, poverty, peace*,—muſt, in courſe, put an end to all kind of knowledge, ——and then—— we ſhall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we ſtarted.

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

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

His humour was of that particular ſpecies, which does honour to our atmoſphere; and

I ſhould

I ſhould have made no ſcruple of ranking him amongſt one of the firſt-rate productions of it, had not there appeared too many ſtrong lines in it of a family-likeneſs, which ſhewed that he derived the ſingularity of his temper more from blood, than either wind or water, or any modifications or combinations of them whatever: And I have, therefore, oft-times wondered, that my father, tho' I believe he had his reaſons for it, upon his obſerving ſome tokens of eccentricity in my courſe, when I was a boy,—ſhould never once endeavour to account for them in this way; for all the SHANDY FAMILY were of an original character throughout: ———I mean the males,—the females had no character at all,—except, indeed, my great aunt DINAH, who, about ſixty years ago, was married and got with child by the coachman, for which my father, according to his hypotheſis of Chriſtian names, would often ſay,

She

She might thank her godfathers and godmothers.

It will ſeem very ſtrange—and I would as ſoon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my intereſt to do, as ſet him upon gueſſing how it would come to paſs, that an event of this kind, ſo many years after it had happened, ſhould be reſerved for the interruption of the peace and unity, which otherwiſe ſo cordially ſubſiſted between my father and my uncle *Toby*. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune ſhould have ſpent and waſted itſelf in the family at firſt,—as is generally the caſe.—But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Poſſibly, at the very time this happened, it might have ſomething elſe to afflict it; and as afflictions are ſent down for our good, and that as this had never done the SHANDY

FAMILY

FAMILY any good at all, it might lie waiting till apt times and circumſtances ſhould give it an opportunity to diſcharge its office. —— Obſerve, I determine nothing upon this. —— My way is ever to point out to the curious different tracks of inveſtigation, to come at the firſt ſprings of the events I tell; —— not with a pedantic *Feſcue*, —— or in the deciſive manner of *Tacitus*, who outwits himſelf and his reader; —— but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the aſſiſtance merely of the inquiſitive; —— to them I write, —— and by them I ſhall be read, — if any ſuch reading as this could be ſuppoſed to hold out ſo long, — to the very end of the world.

Why this cauſe of ſorrow, therefore, was thus reſerved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itſelf ſo as to be-

 come

come the cauſe of diſſatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactneſs, and is as follows :

My uncle Toby Shandy, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which uſually conſtitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude,——poſſeſſed one in a very eminent degree, which is ſeldom or never put into the catalogue ; and that was a moſt extreme and unparalleled modeſty of nature,——though I correct the word nature, for this reaſon, that I may not prejudge a point which muſt ſhortly come to a hearing, and that is, Whether this modeſty of his was natural or acquired. —Whichever way my uncle *Toby* came by it, 'twas nevertheleſs modeſty in the trueſt ſenſe of it ; and that is, Madam, not in regard to words, for he was ſo unhappy as to have

very

very little choice in them,—but to things; ——and this kind of modeſty ſo poſſeſſed him, and it aroſe to ſuch a height in him, as almoſt to equal, if ſuch a thing could be, even the modeſty of a woman: That female nicety, Madam, and inward cleanlineſs of mind and fancy, in your ſex, which makes you ſo much the awe of ours.

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

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

changed three words with the ſex in as many years;——no, he got it, Madam, by a blow.——A blow!——Yes, Madam, it was owing to a blow from a ſtone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the ſiege of *Namur*, which ſtruck full upon my uncle *Toby*'s groin——Which way could that effect it? The ſtory of that, Madam, is long and intereſting;—but it would be running my hiſtory all upon heaps to give it you here.——'Tis for an epiſode hereafter; and every circumſtance relating to it, in its proper place, ſhall be faithfully laid before you:——'Till then, it is not in my power to give farther light into this matter, or ſay more than what I have ſaid already,—That my uncle *Toby* was a gentleman of unparallel'd modeſty, which happening to be ſomewhat ſubtilized and rarified by the conſtant heat of a little family-pride,——they both ſo wrought together

within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my aunt DINAH touch'd upon, but with the greateſt emotion.—— The leaſt hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face; but when my father enlarged upon the ſtory in mixed companies, which the illuſtration of his hypotheſis frequently obliged him to do,— the unfortunate blight of one of the faireſt branches of the family, would ſet my uncle *Toby*'s honour and modeſty o'bleeding; and he would often take my father aſide, in the greateſt concern imaginable, to expoſtulate and tell him, he would give him any thing in the world, only to let the ſtory reſt.

My father, I believe, had the trueſt love and tenderneſs for my uncle *Toby*, that ever one brother bore towards another, and would have done any thing in nature, which one brother in reaſon could have deſir'd of ano-

ther, to have made my uncle *Toby*'s heart eaſy in this, or any other point. But this lay out of his power.

——My father, as I told you, was a philoſopher in grain,—ſpeculative,—ſyſtematical;——and my aunt *Dinah*'s affair was a matter of as much conſequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to *Copernicus*:——The backſlidings of *Venus* in her orbit fortified the *Copernican* ſyſtem, called ſo after his name; and the backſlidings of my aunt *Dinah* in her orbit, did the ſame ſervice in eſtabliſhing my father's ſyſtem, which, I truſt, will for ever hereafter be called the *Shandean Syſtem*, after his.

In any other family diſhonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a ſenſe of ſhame as any man whatever——and neither he, nor I dare ſay, *Copernicus*, would have divulged

vulged the affair in either caſe, or have taken the leaſt notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they owed, as they thought, to truth.—*Amicus Plato*, my father would ſay, conſtruing the words to my uncle *Toby*, as he went along, *Amicus Plato*; that is, DINAH was my aunt;—— *ſed magis amica veritas*—— but TRUTH is my ſiſter.

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

For God's ſake, my uncle *Toby* would cry,—— and for my ſake, and for all our ſakes, my dear brother *Shandy*,—— do let

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

ſuch

ſuch thing as MURDER,—'tis only DEATH, brother.

My uncle *Toby* would never offer to anſwer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whiſtling half a dozen bars of *Lillebullero*.——You muſt know it was the uſual channel thro' which his paſſions got vent, when any thing ſhocked or ſurprized him:——but eſpecially when any thing, which he deem'd very abſurd, was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the commentators upon them, that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular ſpecies of argument,—I here take the liberty to do it myſelf, for two reaſons. Firſt, That, in order to prevent all confuſion in diſputes, it may ſtand as much diſtinguiſhed for ever, from every other ſpecies of argument——as the *Argumentum ad Verecundiam*, *ex Abſurdo*, *ex*

Fortiori, or any other argument whatſoever: —And ſecondly, That it may be ſaid by my children's children, when my head is laid to reſt,—that their learn'd grand-father's head had been buſied to as much purpoſe once, as other people's;—That he had invented a name,—and generouſly thrown it into the TREASURY of the *Ars Logica*, for one of the moſt unanſwerable arguments in the whole ſcience. And if the end of diſputation is more to ſilence than convince,—they may add, of they pleaſe, to one of the beſt arguments too.

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

As

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

CHAP. XXII.

THE learned Biſhop *Hall*, I mean the famous Dr. *Joſeph Hall*, who was Biſhop of *Exeter*, in King *James* the Firſt's reign, tells us in one of his *Decads*, at the end of his divine art of meditation, imprinted at *London*, in the year 1610, by *John Beal* dwelling in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, "That "it is an abominable thing for a man to "commend himſelf;"—and I really think it is ſo.

And

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

This is precifely my fituation.

For in this long digreffion which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digreffions (one only excepted), there is a mafter-ftroke of digreffive fkill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader, —— not for want of penetration in him, —— but becaufe 'tis an excellence feldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digreffion; —and it is this: That tho' my digreffions are all fair, as you obferve, — and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as

often

often too, as any writer in *Great Britain*; yet I conſtantly take care to order affairs ſo, that my main buſineſs does not ſtand ſtill in my abſence.

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

By

By this contrivance the machinery of my work is of a ſpecies by itſelf; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which are thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digreſſive, and it is progreſſive too,—and at the ſame time.

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

Digreſſions, inconteſtably are the ſunſhine;—they are the life, the ſoul of reading!——take them out of this book, for inſtance,—you might as well take the book

along

along with them ;—one cold eternal winter would reign in every part of it; restore them to the writer;—— he steps forth like a bridegroom,—bids All-hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite the fail.

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

——This is vile work.—For which reason, from the beginning of this, you see, I have constructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with such intersections, and have so complicated and involved the digressive

digreſſive and progreſſive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going;—and, what's more, it ſhall be kept a-going theſe forty years, if it pleaſes the fountain of health to bleſs me ſo long with life and good ſpirits.

CHAP. XXIII.

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

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

And,

And, ſecondly, That had the ſaid glaſs been there ſet up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair and gone ſoftly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and look'd in,——view'd the ſoul ſtark naked;—obſerved all her motions,—her machinations;—traced all her maggots from their firſt engendering to their crawling forth;—watched her looſe in her friſks, her gambols, her capricios; and after ſome notice of her more ſolemn deportment, conſequent upon ſuch friſks, &c.—then taken your pen and ink and ſet down nothing but what you had ſeen, and could have ſworn to——But this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet; in the planet *Mercury* (belike) it may be ſo, if not better ſtill for him;——for there the intenſe heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from its vicinity to the ſun, to

be

be more than equal to that of red-hot iron, —must, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants (as the efficient cause), to suit them for the climate (which is the final cause); so that betwixt them both, all the tenements of their souls, from top to bottom, may be nothing else, for aught the soundest philosophy can shew to the contrary, but one fine transparent body of clear glass (bating the umbilical knot);—— so that, till the inhabitants grow old and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in passing through them, become so monstrously refracted,—or return reflected from their surfaces in such transverse lines to the eye, that a man cannot be seen through;— his soul might as well, unless for mere ceremony,— or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her,—might, upon all other accounts, I say, as well play the fool out o'doors as in her own house.

But

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

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

Some, for inſtance, draw all their characters with wind-inſtruments,—*Virgil* takes notice of that way in the affair of *Dido* and *Æneas*;—but it is as fallacious as the breath of fame;———and, moreover, beſpeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the *Italians* pretend to a mathematical exactneſs in their deſignations of one particular ſort of character among them, from the *forte* or

piano of a certain wind-inſtrument they uſe, ——which they ſay is infallible.—I dare not mention the name of the inſtrument in this place;—'tis ſufficient we have it amongſt us,—but never think of making a drawing by it;—this is ænigmatical, and intended to be ſo, at leaſt, *ad populum*:—And therefore I beg, Madam, when you come here, that you read on as faſt as you can, and never ſtop to make any enquiry about it.

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

I ſhould have no objection to this method, but that I think it muſt ſmell too ſtrong of

the lamp, and be render'd ſtill more operoſe, by forcing you to have an eye to the reſt of his *Non-naturals*.—Why the moſt natural actions of a man's life ſhould be call'd his Non-naturals,—is another queſtion.

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

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

* Pentagraph, an inſtrument to copy Prints and Pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

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

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

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

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

A man and his HOBBY-HORSE, tho' I cannot ſay that they act and re-act exactly after the ſame manner in which the ſoul and body do upon each other: Yet doubtleſs there is a communication between them of ſome kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is ſomething in it more of the manner of electrified bodies,—and that by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the HOBBY-HORSE.—By long journies and much fric-

tion, it ſo happens, that the body of the rider is at length fill'd as full of HOBBY-HORSICAL matter as it can hold;——ſo that if you are able to give but a clear deſcription of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the HOBBY-HORSE which my uncle *Toby* always rode upon, was in my opinion an HOBBY-HORSE well worth giving a deſcription of, if it was only upon the ſcore of his great ſingularity; for you might have travelled from *York* to *Dover*,—from *Dover* to *Penzance* in *Cornwall*, and from *Penzance* to *York* back again, and not have ſeen ſuch another upon the road; or if you had ſeen ſuch a one, whatever haſte you had been in, you muſt infallibly have ſtopp'd to have taken a view of him. Indeed, the gait and figure of him was ſo ſtrange, and ſo utterly unlike

was

was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole ſpecies, that it was now and then made a matter of diſpute,—whether he was really a HOBBY-HORSE or no. But as the Philoſopher would uſe no other argument to the Sceptic, who diſputed with him againſt the reality of motion, ſave that of riſing up upon his legs, and walking acroſs the room; ſo would my uncle *Toby* uſe no other argument to prove his HOBBY-HORSE was a HOBBY-HORSE indeed, but by getting upon his back and riding him about; ——leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

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

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

CHAP. XXV.

THE wounds in my uncle *Toby*'s groin, which he received at the ſiege of *Namur*, rendering him unfit for the ſervice, it was thought expedient he ſhould return to *England*, in order, if poſſible, to be ſet to rights.

He was four years totally confined,—part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room ; and in the courſe of his cure, which was all that time in hand, ſuffer'd unſpeakable miſeries,—owing to a ſucceſſion of exfoliation from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix* called the *os ilium*,——

both

both which bones were dismally crush'd, as much by the irregularity of the stone, which I told you was broke off the parapet,—as by its size (tho' it was pretty large),—which inclined the surgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my uncle *Toby*'s groin, was more owing to the gravity of the stone itself, than to the projectile force of it,—which he would often tell him was a great happiness.

My father at that time was just beginning business in *London*, and had taken a house; —and as the truest friendship and cordiality subsisted between the two brothers,——and that my father thought my uncle *Toby* could no where be so well nursed and taken care of as in his own house,——he assign'd him the very best apartment in it. And what was a much more sincere mark of his affections still, he would never suffer a friend or an ac-

quaintance

quaintance to ſtep into the houſe on any occaſion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up ſtairs to ſee his brother *Toby*, and chat an hour by his bed-ſide.

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

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

himſelf

himſelf out of them, I verily believe they would have laid him in his grave.

What theſe perplexities of my uncle *Toby* were,—'tis impoſſible for you to gueſs;—if you could,—I ſhould bluſh; not as a relation,—not as a man,—nor even as a woman,—but I ſhould bluſh as an author; inaſmuch as I ſet no ſmall ſtore by myſelf upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to gueſs at any thing. And in this, Sir, I am of ſo nice and ſingular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the leaſt judgment or probable conjecture to yourſelf, of what was to come in the next page,—I would tear it out of my book.

CHAP. XXVI.

I Have begun a new book, on purpoſe that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle

Toby

Toby was involved, from the many discourses and interrogations about the siege of *Namur*, where he received his wound.

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

expoſed themſelves upon the glacis ſword in hand.

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

Writers themſelves are too apt to confound theſe terms; ſo that you will the leſs wonder,

if

if in his endeavours to explain them, and in oppoſition to many miſconceptions, that my uncle *Toby* did oft-times puzzle his viſitors, and ſometimes himſelf too.

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

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle *Toby*, was this,—that in the attack of the counterſcarp, before the gate of *St. Nicolas*, extending itſelf from the bank of the *Maes*, quite up to the great water-ſtop,—the ground was cut and croſs cut with ſuch a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and ſluices, on all ſides,—and he would get ſo ſadly bewildered, and ſet

faſt

faſt amongſt them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to ſave his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

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

No doubt my uncle *Toby* had great command of himſelf,—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as moſt men;—yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or get out of the covered-way without falling down the counterſcarp, nor croſs the dyke without danger of ſlipping into the ditch, but that he muſt have fretted

and

and fumed inwardly :—He did ſo ;—and the little and hourly vexations, which may ſeem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read *Hippocrates*, yet, whoever has read *Hippocrates*, or Dr. *James Mackenzie*, and has conſidered well the effects which the paſſions and affections of the mind have upon the digeſtion—(why not of a wound as well as of a dinner ?)—may eaſily conceive what ſharp paroxiſms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle *Toby* muſt have undergone upon that ſcore only.

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

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguiſh and nature of the wound

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

All this ſucceeded to his wiſhes, and not only freed him from a world of ſad explanations, but, in the end, it proved the happy

 means,

means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle *Toby* his HOBBY-HORSE.

CHAP. XXVII.

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

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

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

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

———How, in the name of wonder! could your uncle *Toby*, who, it ſeems, was a military man, and whom you have repreſented as no fool,——be at the ſame time

ſuch a confuſed, pudding-headed, muddle-headed, fellow, as—Go look.

So, Sir Critic, I could have replied; but I ſcorn it.—'Tis language unurbane,—and only befitting the man who cannot give clear and ſatisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the firſt cauſes of human ignorance and confuſion. It is moreover the reply valiant—and therefore I reject it; for tho' it might have ſuited my uncle *Toby*'s character as a ſoldier excellently well,—and had he not accuſtomed himſelf, in ſuch attacks, to whiſtle the *Lillabullero*, as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very anſwer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You ſee as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition;—that even my ſimilies, my alluſions, my illuſtrations, my metaphors, are erudite,—and that I muſt ſuſtain my character properly, and contraſt

contraſt it properly too,—elſe what would become of me? Why, Sir, I ſhould be undone;—at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place againſt a critic,—I ſhould have made an opening for a couple.

——Therefore I anſwer thus:

Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read ſuch a book as *Locke*'s Eſſay upon the Human Underſtanding?——Don't anſwer me raſhly,—becauſe many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it—and many have read it who underſtand it not:—If either of theſe is your caſe, as I write to inſtruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is.—It is a hiſtory.—A hiſtory! of who? what? where? when? Don't hurry yourſelf——It is a hiſtory-book, Sir (which may poſſibly recommend it to the world), of what paſſes in a

man's own mind; and if you will ſay ſo much of the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphyſic circle.

But this by the way.

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

Dull organs, dear Sir, in the firſt place. Secondly, ſlight and tranſient impreſſions made by the objects when the ſaid organs are not dull. And thirdly, a memory like unto a ſieve, not able to retain what it has received. —Call down *Dolly* your chamber-maid, and I will give you my cap and bell along with it, if I make not this matter ſo plain, that

Dolly

Dolly herſelf ſhould underſtand it as well as *Malbranch*.——When *Dolly* has indited her epiſtle to *Robin*, and has thruſt her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right ſide;—take that opportunity to recollect that the organs and faculties of perception can, by nothing in this world, be ſo aptly typified and explained as by that one thing which *Dolly*'s hand is in ſearch of.—Your organs are not ſo dull that I ſhould inform you,—'tis an inch, Sir, of red ſeal-wax.

When this is melted and dropped upon the letter, if *Dolly* fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over hardened, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the uſual impulſe which was wont to imprint it. Very well. If *Dolly*'s wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too ſoft,—tho' it may receive,—it will not hold the impreſſion, how hard ſoever *Dolly* thruſts

againſt it; and laſt of all, ſuppoſing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in careleſs haſte, as her Miſtreſs rings the bell;—— in any one of theſe three caſes the print left by the thimble will be as unlike the prototype as a braſs-jack.

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

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

It

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

Gentle critic! when thou haſt weighed all this, and conſider'd within thyſelf how much of thy own knowledge, diſcourſe, and converſation has been peſtered and diſordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only:—What a pudder and racket in COUNCILS about οὐσία and ὑπόςασις; and in the SCHOOLS of the learned about power and about ſpirit;—about eſſences, and about quinteſſences;——about ſubſtances, and about ſpace.—— What confuſion in greater THEATRES from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate

nate a ſenſe! when thou conſidereſt this, thou wilt not wonder at my uncle *Toby*'s perplexities,—thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his ſcarp and his counterſcarp; his glacis and his covered-way;—his ravelin and his half-moon: 'Twas not by ideas,—by Heaven; his life was put in jeopardy by words.

CHAP. XXVIII.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* got his map of *Namur* to his mind, he began immediately to apply himſelf, and with the utmoſt diligence, to the ſtudy of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the paſſions and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the niceſt care to make himſelf ſo far maſter of his ſubject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In

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

But

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

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

new

new works, all which he would read with that intenſe application and delight, that he would forget himſelf, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

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

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in *Auguſt*, ninety-nine, my uncle *Toby* found it neceſſary to underſtand a little of projectiles:—and having judged it beſt to draw his knowledge from the fountain-head, he began with *N. Tartaglia*, who

it ſeems was the firſt man who detected the impoſition of a cannon ball's doing all that miſchief under the notion of a right line— This *N. Tartaglia* proved to my uncle *Toby* to be an impoſſible thing.

——Endleſs is the Search of Truth.

No ſooner was my uncle *Toby* ſatisfied which road the cannon-ball did not go, but he was inſenſibly led on, and reſolved in his mind to enquire and find out which road the ball did go: For which purpoſe he was obliged to ſet off afreſh with old *Malius*, and ſtudied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to *Gallileo* and *Torricellius*, wherein, by certain Geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the preciſe Path to be a PARABOLA —or elſe an HYPERBOLA,—and that the parameter, or *latus rectum*, of the conic ſection of the ſaid path, was to the quantity

and amplitude in a direct *ratio*, as the whole line to the ſine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breech upon an horizontal plane;—and that the ſemiparameter, ——ſtop! my dear uncle *Toby*——ſtop!—go not one foot farther into this thorny and bewildered track,—intricate are the ſteps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the purſuit of this bewitching phantom KNOWLEDGE will bring upon thee.—O my uncle;—fly—fly, fly from it as from a ſerpent.———Is it fit ——good-natured man! thou ſhould'ſt ſit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights baking thy blood with hectic watchings?——Alas! 'twill exaſperate thy ſymptoms,—check thy perſpirations—evaporate thy ſpirits—waſte thy animal ſtrength, —dry up thy radical moiſture—bring thee into a coſtive habit of body,——impair thy health,——and haſten all the infirmities

of

of thy old age.——O my uncle! my uncle *Toby!*

CHAP. XXIX.

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

——Writers of my ſtamp have one principle in common with painters. Where an exact copying makes our pictures leſs ſtriking, we chooſe the leſs evil; deeming it even more pardonable to treſpaſs againſt truth, than beauty. This is to be under-

ſtood

ſtood *cum grano ſalis*;—but be it as it will, —as the parallel is made more for the ſake of letting the apoſtrophe cool, than any thing elſe,—'tis not very material whether upon any other ſcore the reader approves of it or not.

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

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean ſhirt,——to diſmiſs his barber unſhaven,——and to allow his ſurgeon ſcarce

time ſufficient to dreſs his wound, concerning himſelf ſo little about it, as not to aſk him once in ſeven times dreſſing, how it went on: when, lo!—all of a ſudden, for the change was quick as lightning, he began to ſigh heavily for his recovery,—— complained to my father, grew impatient with the ſurgeon;——and one morning, as he heard his foot coming up ſtairs, he ſhut up his books, and thruſt aſide his inſtruments, in order to expoſtulate with him upon the protraction of the cure, which, he told him, might ſurely have been accompliſhed at leaſt by that time:—He dwelt long upon the miſeries he had undergone, and the ſorrows of his four years melancholy impriſonment;——adding, that had it not been for the kind looks and fraternal cheerings of the beſt of brothers,—he had long ſince ſunk under his misfortunes.—— My father was by: My uncle *Toby*'s elo-

quence brought tears into his eyes:——— 'twas unexpected;—My uncle *Toby*, by nature was not eloquent;———it had the greater effect—The ſurgeon was confounded;——not that there wanted grounds for ſuch, or greater, marks of impatience,——but 'twas unexpected too; in the four years he had attended him, he had never ſeen any thing like it in my uncle *Toby*'s carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or diſcontented word;—he had been all patience,——all ſubmiſſion.

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

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

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

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

My uncle *Toby*'s wound was near well, and as ſoon as the ſurgeon recovered his ſurprize, and could get leave to ſay as much ——he told him, 'twas juſt beginning to incarnate; and that if no freſh exfoliation happened, which there was no ſign of,—it would be dried up in five or ſix weeks. The ſound of as many Olympiads, twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of ſhorter duration to my uncle *Toby*'s mind. ——The ſucceſſion of his ideas was now rapid,—he broiled with impatience to put

his design in execution;——and so, without consulting farther with any soul living,—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice,——he privately ordered *Trim*, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot-and-four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change.——So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's—he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, *&c.* and by the help of a crutch on one side, and *Trim* on the other,——my uncle *Toby* embarked for *Shandy-Hall.*

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

The

The table in my uncle *Toby*'s room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was ſitting with his maps, *&c.* about him—being ſomewhat of the ſmalleſt, for that infinity of great and ſmall inſtruments of knowledge which uſually lay crowded upon it—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco box, to throw down his compaſſes, and in ſtooping to take the compaſſes up, with his ſleeve he threw down his caſe of inſtruments and ſnuffers;—and as the dice took a run againſt him, in his endeavouring to catch the ſnuffers in falling, —he thruſt Monſieur *Blondel* off the table, and Count *de Pagan* o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpoſe for a man, lame as my uncle *Toby* was, to think of redreſſing all theſe evils by himſelf,—he rung his bell for his man *Trim*; ——*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, prithee ſee what confuſion I have here

been making—I muſt have ſome better contrivance, *Trim.*—— Can'ſt not thou take my rule, and meaſure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and beſpeak me one as big again?——Yes an' pleaſe your Honour, replied *Trim*, making a bow; but I hope your honour will be ſoon well enough to get down to your country-ſeat, where,—as your Honour takes ſo much pleaſure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

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

The

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

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

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

I have but one more ſtroke to give to finiſh Corporal *Trim*'s character,——and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to adviſe,—or rather to hear himſelf talk; his carriage, however, was ſo perfectly reſpectful, 'twas eaſy to keep him ſilent when you had him ſo; but ſet his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him—he was voluble;—the eternal interlardings of *your Honour*, with the reſpectfulneſs of Corporal *Trim*'s manner, interceding ſo ſtrong in behalf of his elocution,—that though you might have

been

been incommoded,——you could not well be angry. My uncle *Toby* was ſeldom either the one or the other with him,—or at leaſt this fault, in *Trim*, broke no ſquares with them. My uncle *Toby*, as I ſaid, loved the man;——and beſides, as he ever looked upon a faithful ſervant,—but as an humble friend,—he could not bear to ſtop his mouth. ——Such was Corporal *Trim*.

If I durſt preſume, continued *Trim*, to give your honour my advice, and ſpeak my opinion in this matter.—Thou art welcome, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,——ſpeak,——ſpeak what thou thinkeſt upon the ſubject, man, without fear. Why then, replied *Trim* (not hanging his ears and ſcratching his head like a country-lout, but) ſtroking his hair back from his forehead, and ſtanding erect as before his diviſion,—I think, quoth *Trim*, advancing his left, which was his lame leg,

leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of *Dunkirk*, which was pinned against the hangings, ——I think, quoth Corporal *Trim*, with humble ſubmiſſion to your Honour's better judgment,——that theſe ravelins, baſtions, curtins, and hornworks, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it, were we in the country by ourſelves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleaſed with: As ſummer is coming on, continued *Trim*, your Honour might ſit out of doors, and give me the nography—(Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle,) ——of the town or citadel, your Honour was pleaſed to ſit down before,—and I will be ſhot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind——I dare ſay thou would'ſt, *Trim*, quoth my uncle.—

For

For if your Honour, continued the Corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—That I could do very well, quoth my uncle.—I would begin with the foſſé, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—I can to a hair's breadth, *Trim*, replied my uncle.—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the ſcarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counterſcarp. —very right, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*; ——And when I had ſloped them to your mind,——an' pleaſe your Honour; I would face the glacis, as the fineſt fortifications are done in *Flanders*, with ſods,——and as your Honour knows they ſhould be,—and I would make the walls and parapets with ſods too.—The beſt engineers call them gazons, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——Whether they are gazons or ſods, is not much matter, replied *Trim*; your Honour knows

they

they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or ſtone.——I know they are, *Trim*, in ſome reſpects,——quoth my uncle *Toby*, nodding his head;—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbiſh down with it, which might fill the foſſé (as was the caſe at *St. Nicholas*'s gate), and facilitate the paſſage over it.

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

My

My uncle *Toby* blushed as red as scarlet, as *Trim* went on;—but it was not a blush of guilt,—of modesty,—or of anger,—it was a blush of joy;—he was fired with Corporal *Trim*'s project and description.——*Trim!* said my uncle *Toby*, thou hast said enough.—We might begin the campaign, continued *Trim*, on the very day that his Majesty and the Allies take the field, and demolish them town by town as fast as—*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, say no more. Your Honour, continued *Trim*, might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would——Say no more, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*——Besides, your Honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime,—but good air, and good exercise, and good health,—and your Honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou hast said enough, *Trim*,—quoth my uncle *Toby* (putting his hand into his

his breeches-pocket)——I like thy project mightily.—And if your Honour pleaſes, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's ſpade to take down with us, and I'll beſpeak a ſhovel and a pick-axe, and a couple of——Say no more *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture,—and thruſting a guinea into *Trim*'s hand,—*Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſay no more;—but go down, *Trim*, this moment, my lad, and bring up my ſupper this inſtant.

Trim ran down and brought up his maſter's ſupper,——to no purpoſe:—*Trim*'s plan of operation ran ſo in my uncle *Toby*'s head, he could not taſte it.—*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, get me to bed.—'Twas all one.—Corporal *Trim*'s deſcription had fired his imagination,—my uncle *Toby* could not ſhut his eyes.—The more he conſidered it, the more bewitching the ſcene appeared to

him;

him;—ſo that, two full hours before day-light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal *Trim*'s decampment.

My uncle *Toby* had a little neat country-houſe of his own, in the village where my father's eſtate lay at *Shandy*, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a ſmall eſtate of about one hundred pounds a-year. Behind this houſe, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing juſt about as much ground as Corporal *Trim* wiſhed for;—ſo that as *Trim* uttered the words, "A rood and a half of "ground to do what they would with,"—this identical bowling-green inſtantly preſented itſelf, and became curiouſly painted all at once, upon the retina of my uncle

Toby's fancy ;—which was the phyſical cauſe of making him change colour, or at leaſt of heightening his bluſh, to that immoderate degree I ſpoke of.

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

How

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

CHAP. XXXI.

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

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

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

It is very ſtrange, ſays my father, addreſſing himſelf to my uncle *Toby*, as *Obadiah* ſhut the door,——as there is ſo expert an operator as Dr. *Slop* ſo near,—that my wife ſhould perſiſt to the very laſt in this obſtinate humour of hers, in truſting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already,

ready, to the ignorance of an old woman; ——and not ony the life of my child, brother,——but her own life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

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

——Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in the ſimplicity of his heart,—but MODESTY.—My ſiſter, I dare ſay, added he, does not care to let a man come ſo near her ****. I will not ſay whether my uncle *Toby* had completed the ſentence or not;——'tis for his advantage to ſuppoſe he had,——as,

 I think,

I think, he could have added no ONE WORD which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my uncle *Toby* had not fully arrived at the period's end,—then the world ſtands indebted to the ſudden ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe for one of the neateſt examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which Rhetoricians ſtile the *Apoſiopeſis*.——Juſt Heaven! how does the *Poco piu* and the *Poco meno* of the *Italian* artiſts;—the inſenſible MORE or LESS, determine the preciſe line of beauty in the ſentence, as well as in the ſtatue! How do the ſlight touches of the chiſel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-ſtick, *et cætera*,—give the true ſwell, which gives the true pleaſure!—O my countrymen;—be nice;—be cautious of your language;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what ſmall particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

——" My

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

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

CHAP. XXXII.

THO' my father was a good natural philoſopher,—yet he was ſomething of a moral philoſopher too; for which rea-

ſon, when his tobacco-pipe ſnapp'd ſhort in the middle,—he had nothing to do, as ſuch, but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.——He did no ſuch thing;——he threw them with all the violence in the world;—and, to give the action ſtill more emphaſis,——he ſtarted upon both his legs to do it.

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

—"Not chooſe," quoth my father (repeating my uncle *Toby*'s words), "to let a "man come ſo near her!"——By Heaven, brother *Toby!* you would try the patience of *Job*;—and I think I have the plagues of one already without it.——Why?——Where?——Wherein?——Wherefore?——Upon

what

what account? replied my uncle *Toby*, in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment.—To think, ſaid my father, of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing ſo little about women!——I know nothing at all about them,—replied my uncle *Toby*; and I think, continued he, that the ſhock I received the year after the demolition of *Dunkirk*, in my affair with widow *Wadman*;—which ſhock you know I ſhould not have received, but from my total ignorance of the ſex,—has given me juſt cauſe to ſay, That I neither know, nor do pretend to know, any thing about 'em or their concerns either.——Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at leaſt, know ſo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

It is ſaid in *Ariſtotle's Maſter Piece*, " That " when a man doth think of any thing which " is paſt,—— he looketh down upon the " ground;

" ground ;—but that when he thinketh of
" ſomething that is to come, he looketh up
" towards the heavens."

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

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

Every

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

ANALOGY, replied my father, is the certain relation and agreement, which different ——Here a devil of a rap at the door ſnapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two,—and, at the ſame time, cruſhed the head of as notable and curious a diſ-

ſertation

ſertation as ever was engendered in the womb of ſpeculation;—it was ſome months before my father could get an opportunity to be ſafely delivered of it:—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the ſubject of the diſſertation itſelf—(conſidering the confuſion and diſtreſſes of our domeſtic miſadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another), whether I ſhall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

CHAP. XXXIII.

IT is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading ſince my uncle *Toby* rung the bell, when *Obadiah* was ordered to ſaddle a horſe, and go for Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife;—ſo that no one can ſay, with reaſon, that I have not allowed *Obadiah* time enough, poetically ſpeaking, and conſidering the emergency

emergency too, both to go and come;—— though, morally and truly ſpeaking, the man perhaps has ſcarce had time to get on his boots.

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

I would

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

If my hypercritic is intractable, alledging, that two minutes and thirteen seconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen seconds, ——when I have said all I can about them; and

and that this plea, though it might ſave me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book from this very moment, a profeſſed ROMANCE, which, before, was a book apocryphal :——If I am thus preſſed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controverſy about it all at once, ——by acquainting him, that *Obadiah* had not got above threeſcore yards from the ſtable-yard before he met with Dr. *Slop*;—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him, and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

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

CHAP. XXXIV.

IMagine to yourſelf a little ſquat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor *Slop*, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth

a breadth of back, and a ſuſquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a ſerjeant in the horſe-guards.

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

Imagine ſuch a one,——for ſuch, I ſay, were the out-lines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, coming ſlowly along, foot by foot, waddling thro' the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour——but of ſtrength,——alack!——ſcarce able to have made an amble of it, under ſuch a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition. ——They were not.——Imagine to yourſelf, *Obadiah* mounted upon a ſtrong mon-

ſter of a coach-horſe, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable ſpeed the adverſe way.

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

Had Dr. *Slop* beheld *Obadiah* a mile off, poſting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monſtrous rate,—ſplaſhing and plunging like a devil thro' thick and thin, as he approached, would not ſuch a phænomenon, with ſuch a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis,—have been a ſubject of juſter apprehenſion to Dr. *Slop* in his ſituation, than the *worſt* of *Whiſton*'s comets?—To ſay nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of *Obadiah* and the coach-horſe.—In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at leaſt the doctor's pony,

quite away with it. What then do you think muſt the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. *Slop* have been, when you read (which you are juſt going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards *Shandy-Hall*, and had approached to within ſixty yards of it, and within five yards of a ſudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden wall,—and in the dirtieſt part of a dirty lane,—when *Obadiah* and his coach-horſe turned the corner, rapid, furious—pop,—full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature, can be ſuppoſed more terrible than ſuch a rencounter,—ſo impromptu! ſo ill prepared to ſtand the ſhock of it as Dr. *Slop* was.

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

nothing

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

Obadiah pull'd off his cap twice to Dr. *Slop*;—once as he was falling,—and then again when he ſaw him ſeated,——Ill-timed complaiſance;—had not the fellow better

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

CHAP. XXXV.

WHEN Dr. *Slop* entered the back parlour, where my father and my uncle *Toby* were diſcourſing upon the nature of women,—— it was heard to determine whether Dr. *Slop*'s figure, or Dr. *Slop*'s preſence, occaſioned more ſurprize to them; for as the

accident happened ſo near the houſe, as not to make it worth while for *Obadiah* to remount him,—— *Obadiah* had led him in as he was, *unwiped*, *unappointed*, *unanealed*, with all his ſtains and blotches on him.—He ſtood like *Hamlet*'s ghoſt, motionleſs and ſpeechleſs, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour door (*Obadiah* ſtill holding his hand) with all the majeſty of mud. His hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally beſmeared,——and in every other part of him, blotched over in ſuch a manner with *Obadiah*'s exploſion, that you would have ſworn (without mental reſervation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle *Toby* to have triumphed over my father in his turn;—for no mortal, who had beheld Dr. *Slop* in that pickle, could have diſſented from ſo much, at leaſt, of my uncle *Toby*'s opinion,

" That

" That may-hap his ſiſter might not care to " let ſuch a Dr. *Slop* come ſo near her " * * * *." But it was the *Argumentum ad hominem*; and if my uncle *Toby* was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to uſe it.—— No; the reaſon was,— 'twas not his nature to inſult.

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

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the inveſtigation; running,

like

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

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

CHAP. XXXVI.

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

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

'Tis

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

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

Truce!—truce, good Dr. *Slop!*—ſtay thy obſtetric hand;——return it ſafe into thy boſom to keep it warm;——little doſt thou know what obſtacles,———little doſt thou think what hidden cauſes retard its operation!——Haſt thou, Dr. *Slop*,—haſt thou been intruſted with the ſecret articles of this ſolemn treaty which has brought thee into this place?—Art thou aware that at this inſtant, a daughter of *Lucina* is put obſtetrically over thy head? Alas!—'tis too true.—Beſides, great ſon of *Pilumnus!* what canſt thou do?—Thou haſt come forth unarm'd;—thou haſt left thy *tire-tête*,—thy new-invented *forceps*—thy *crotchet*,—thy *ſquirt*, and all thy inſtruments of ſalvation and deliverance, behind thee.—By Heaven! at this moment thay are hanging up in a green bays bag, betwixt thy two piſtols, at the bed's head!—Ring;—call;—ſend *Obadiah* back upon the coach-horſe to bring them with all ſpeed.

——Make

——Make great haſte, *Obadiah*, quoth my father, and I'll give thee a crown;—and quoth my uncle *Toby*, I'll give him another.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

FRONTISPEICE. VOL. I.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.

Ταράσσει τὺς Ἀνθρώπυς ὲ τὰ Πράγματα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δόγματα.

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