

TRISTRAM SHANDY. VOL. IV. Ch. 33. P.  
Uncle Toby, offering assistance to Le  
Fever on his approaching dissolution.

THE  
LIFE AND OPINIONS  
OF  
TRISTRAM SHANDY,  
GENTLEMAN.

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Dixero si quid fortè jocosus, hoc mihi juris  
Cum venia dabis. —————

HOR.

—Si quis calumnietur levius esse quàm decet theologum,  
aut mordacius quàm deceat Christianum—non Ego, sed  
Digne puer dixit. —————

ERASMUS.

Sacerdos Clericus, aut Monachus, verba jocularia, visum  
non habet, sed anathema esto.

Second Council of CARTHAGE.

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VOL. IV.



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## 8 THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

of learning, as monks do the relicks of their saints—without working one—one single miracle with them?

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

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

### *Upon Whiskers*

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

### *The Fragment.*

\* \* \* \* \*

—You are half asleep, my good lady, said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
JOHN,  
LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER.

MY LORD,

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

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

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted and

Most humble Servant,

LAUR. STERNE.



A  
DEDICATION  
TO  
A GREAT MAN.

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

I should lament from my soul, if this expose  
met with the jealousy of their reverences; because,  
*à posteriori*, in Court-latin, signifies the kissing  
hands for payment—or any thing else—in or-  
der to get it.

My opinion of Lord \*\*\*\*\* is neither better  
nor worse, than it was of Mr. \*. Honours, like  
impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and  
local value to a bit of base metal; but Gold and  
Silver will pass all the world over without any  
other recommendation than their own weight.

The same good-will that made me think of  
offering up half an hour's amusement to Mr.  
\* \* \* when out of place—operates more forcibly

## DEDICATION.

at present, as half an hour's amusement will be more serviceable and refreshing after labour and sorrow, than after a philosophical repast.

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

Whose Thoughts proud Science never taught to stray  
Far as the Statesman's walk or Patriot-way;  
Yet *simple Nature* to his hopes had given  
Out of a cloud-capp'd head a humbler heaven;  
Some *untam'd* World in depth of woods embrac'd—  
Some happier Island in the watry-waste—  
And where, admitted to that equal sky,  
His *faithful Dogs* should bear him company.

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

I am

THE AUTHOR.

giving it a gentle squeeze, as he pronounced the word *Whiskers*—shall we change the subject? By no means, replied the old lady—I like your account of those matters: so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself—I desire, continued she, you will go on.

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

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

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

The excellency of the figure and mien of the young *Sieur de Croix*, was at that time beginning to draw the

attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace gate, where the guards was mounted. The lady *De Bauffiere* fell deeply in love with him—*La Battarelle* did the same—it was the finest weather for it that ever was remembered in *Navarre*—*La Guyol*, *La Maronette*, *La Sabatiere*, fell in love with the *Sieur De Croix* also—*La Rebours* and *La Fosseuse* knew better—*De Croix* had failed in an attempt to recommend himself to *La Rebours*; and *La Rebours* and *La Fosseuse* were inseparable.

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

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

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

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

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



## THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. 11

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

—The Lady *Baufsiere* rode on.

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

The Lady *Baufsiere* rode on.

A decayed kin'man bowed himself to the ground.

—The Lady *Baufsiere* rode on.

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

—The Lady *Baufsiere* rode on.

Take hold of my whiskers, said the Lady *Baufsiere*

—The page took hold of her palfrey. She dismounted at the end of the terrace.

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

Ha, ha! he, hee! cried *la Guyol* and *la Sabatiere*, looking close at each other's prints—Ho, ho! cried *la Battarelle* and *Maronette*, doing the same:—Whist! cried one—st, st,—said a second—hush, quoth a third—poo, poo, replied a fourth—gramercy! cried the Lady *Carnavallette*.—'Twas she who be-whisker'd St. Bridget.

*La Fosseuse* drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a small whisker,

with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into *la Rebours'* hand—*La Rebours* shook her head.

The Lady *Baussiere* cough'd thrice into the inside of her muff—*la Guyol* smiled—Fy, said the Lady *Baussiere*. The queen of *Navarre* touched her eye with the tip of her fore-finger—as much as to say, I understand you all.

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

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

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

The drift of the curate *d'Estella's* argument was not understood.—They ran the scent the wrong way.—The world bridled his ass at the tail.—And when the extremes of DELICACY, and the beginnings of CONCU-PISCENCE, hold their next provincial chapter together, they may decree that bawdy also.

## C H A P. II.

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

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

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

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of *San-son's*, and a book of the postroads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon *Newers*, the last stage he had paid for—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as *Obadiab* quitted the room: but this second attack of *Obadiab's*, in opening the door, and laying the whole country under water, was too much.—He let go his compasses—or rather with a

mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to *Calais* (like many others) as wise as he had set out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of *Nevers*.—By your leave, Mons. *Sanfon*, cried my father, striking the point of his compasses through *Nevers* into the table—and nodding to my uncle Toby, to see what was in the letter,—twice of one night is too much for an *English* gentleman and his son, Mons. *Sanfon*, to be turned back from so lousy a town as *Nevers*—What think'st thou, *Toby*? added my father in a sprightly-tone.—Unless it be a garrison town, said my uncle Toby—for then—I shall be a fool, said my father, smiling to himself, as long as I live.—So giving a second nod—and keeping his compasses still upon *Nevers* with one hand, and holding his book of the post-roads in the other—half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle Toby hummed over the letter.

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

When *Agrippina* was told of her son's death, Tacitus informs us, that not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work—My father



father struck his compasses into *Newers*, but so much the faster.—What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation! *Agrippina's* must have been quite a different affair; who else could pretend to reason from history?

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

## C H A P. III.

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

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

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

—He got rid of it, however.

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

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

my Tullia, I talk with my Tullia.—But as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion—no body upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"—To *die*, is the great debt and tribute due unto nature: tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth and science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon." (My father found he got great ease, and went on)—"Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? and when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several evolutions, they fall back."—Brother *Shandy*, said my uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions*—Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father;—by heaven! I meant revolutions, brother Toby—evolutions is nonsense.—'Tis not nonsense—said my uncle Toby.—But is it not nonsense to break the thread of such a discourse, upon such an occasion? cried my father—do

—do not—dear Toby, continued he, taking him by the hand, do not—do not, I beseech thee, interrupt me at this crisis.—My uncle Toby put his pipe into his mouth.

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

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

Now my uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius’s consolatory letter to Tully.—He had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole peices of antiquity. And as my father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had staid a whole year and a half at Zant, my uncle Toby naturally concluded, that in some one of these periods, he had taken a trip across the Archipelago into Asia; and that all this sailing affair with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Pyreus on the right hand, &c. &c. was nothing more than the true course of my father’s voyage, and reflection.



ons.—'Twas certainly in his manner, and many an undertaking critic would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations.—And pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption—but waiting till he finished the account—what year of our Lord was this?—'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.—That's impossible, cried my uncle Toby. Simpleton! said my father,—'twas forty years before Christ was born.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—’Twas to his wife—ſaid my father.

C H A P. IV.

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

’Tis

'Tis of Cornelius Gallus, the prætor—which I dare say, brother Toby, you have read.—I dare say I have not, replied my uncle.—He died, said my father, as  
 \* \* \* \* \* And if it was with his wife, said my uncle Toby—there could be no hurt in it.—That's more than I know—replied my father.

## C H A P. V.

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

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

## C H A P. VI.

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

Amongst these there was one, I am going to speak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether so singular as

in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or dissertation was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another at the same time, and upon the same subject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

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

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

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

The corporal—with nothing—to remember—of no deeper reading than his muster-roll—or greater names at his finger's end than the contents of it.



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

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

## C H A P. VII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state—and possibly the preservation of the whole world—or, what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time come to depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the corporal's eloquence—I do demand your attention—your worships  
and

and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

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

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

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

Now—Ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect.—Had he slung it, or thrown it, or

cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven,——or in the best direction that could be given to it,——had he dropped it like a goose——like a puppy——like an ass——or in doing it, or even after he had done, had he looked like a fool——like a ninny——like a nincompoop——it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

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

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

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

#### C H A P. VIII.

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

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

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



## C H A P. IX.

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

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

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

## C H A P. X.

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

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

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

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

—Nature

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

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

was affected.—Do tell us this story of the poor lieutenant, said Susannah.—With all my heart, answered the corporal.

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

## C H A P. XI.

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

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

## C H A P. XII.

—**B**UT to return to my mother.

My uncle Toby's opinion, Madam, “that  
“there could be no harm in Cornelius Gallus, the Ro-  
“man prætor's lying with his wife;”—or rather the  
last word of that opinion (for it was all my mother  
heard.



heard of it,)—caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole sex:—You shall not mistake me,—I mean her curiosity,—she instantly concluded herself the subject of the conversation, and with that prepossession upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father said, was accommodated either to herself, or her family concerns.

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

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

By

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

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

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

#### C H A P. XIII.

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

Though, by-the-bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise æra in which so great a man lived;—whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived *at all*, is a little cruel,—'tis not doing as they would be done by—happen that as it may.—My father, I say, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first fall of his impatience,—of wondering why he was begot,—wishing himself dead;—sometimes worse:—And when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers,—Sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from Socrates himself.—Every word would breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all its issues: for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her.—She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so

to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won by working upon the passions of his judges,—“I have friends,—I have relations,—“I have three desolate children,”—says Socrates.

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

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

## C H A P. XIV.

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

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

## C H A P. XV.

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

Prr...r...ing---twing---twang---prut---trut--'tis a cursed bad fiddle.—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no? trut..prut—They should be fifths—'Tis wickedly strung---tr...a.e.i.o.u...twang.—The bridge is a mile too high, and the sound-post absolutely down,---else---trut..prut—hark! 'tis not so bad a tone.—Diddle, diddle, diddle diddle, diddle, diddle, dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges,—but there's a man there—no—not him with the bundle under his arm—the grave man in black.—S'death! not the

gentleman with the sword on——Sir, I had rather play a Caprichio to Calliope herself, than draw my bow across my fiddle before that very man; and yet I'll stake my Cremona to a Jew's trump, which is the greatest musical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment stop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without punishing one single nerve that belongs to him.——Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle,——twiddle diddle,——twoddle diddle,——twuddle diddle,——prut trut——krish—krash—krush.——I've undone you, Sir,——but you see he is no worse,——and was Apollo to take his fiddle after me, he could make him no better.

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

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

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

## CHAP. XVI.

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



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

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

My father gave himself up to it, however, with the most painful diligence, proceeding step by step in every line, with the same kind of caution and circumspection (though I cannot say upon quite so religious a principle) as was used by John de la Casa, the lord archbishop of Benevento, in compassing his Galateo; in which his grace of Benevento spent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the size of a Rider's Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unless he spent the greatest part of his time in combing his whiskers, or playing at primero with his chaplain,—would pose any mortal not let into the true secret; and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of those few in it, who write not so much to be read—as to be famous.

I own, had John de la Casa, the archbishop of Benevento, for whose memory (notwithstanding his Galateo) I retain the highest veneration,—had he been,

Sir, a slender clerk,—of dull wit—slow parts—costive head, and so forth,—he and his Galateo might have jogged on together to the age of Methuselah for me—the phenomenon had not been worth a parenthesis.—

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

My father was hugely pleased with this theory of John de la Casa, archbishop of Benevento; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the best acres in the Shandy estate to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be seen, when I come to speak of my father's religious notions, in the progress of this work:

work: 'tis enough to say here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal sense of the doctrine—he took up with the allegory of it; and would often say, especially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of John de la Casa's parabolical representation,—as was to be found in any one poetic fiction, or mystic record of antiquity.—Prejudice of education, he would say, is the devil—and the multitudes of them which we suck in with our mother's milk—are the devil and all.—We are haunted with them, brother Toby, in all our lucubrations and researches; and was a man fool enough to submit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,—what would this book be? Nothing;—he would add, throwing his pen away with vengeance, —nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurseries, and of the nonsense of the old women (of both sexes) throughout the kingdom.

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

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

In short, my father was so long in all his acts of resistance, or in other words,—he advanced so very slow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at such a rate, that if an event had not happened,—which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, shall not be concealed a moment from the reader—I verily

believe I had put by my father, and left him drawing a sun-dial, for no better purpose than to be buried under ground.

## C H A P. XVII.

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

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

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

## C H A P. XVIII.

WHEN Susannah told the corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances which attended the *murder* of me—(as she called it),—the blood forsook his cheeks; all accessaries in murder being principals,—Trim's conscience told him he was as much to blame as Susannah,—and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle Toby had as much of the bloodshed to answer for to heaven, as either of 'em;—so that neither reason or instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided Susannah's steps to so proper an asylum. It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination:—to form



form any kind of hypothesis that will render these propositions feasible, he must cudgel his brains sore;—and to do it without,—he must have such brains as no reader ever had before him.—Why should I put them either to trial or to torture? 'Tis my own affair; I'll explain it myself.

## C H A P. XIX.

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

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

It was the joy of Trim's heart,—nor was his fertile head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my uncle Toby in his campaigns with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his last crown, he would have fate down and hammered it into a paderero, to have prevented a single wish in his master. The corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle Toby's spouts—hacking and chiseling up the sides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter shaving-bason,—and going at last, like Lewis the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church for spare ends, &c.—he had that very campaign brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demiculverins, into the field: my uncle Toby's demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the corporal at work again; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nursery window: and as the fash pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had dismantled every fash window in my uncle Toby's house long before, in the very same way,—though not always in the same order; for sometimes the  
pullies

pullies had been wanted and not the lead,——so then he began with the pullies,——and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became useless,——and so the lead went to pot too.

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

## C H A P. XX.

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

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

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

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

## C H A P.

## C H A P. XXI.

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

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

Had Count Solmes, Trim, done the same at the battle of Steenkirk, said Yorick, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat,—he had saved thee.—Saved! cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finishing the sentence for him after his own fashion,—he had saved five battalions, an please your reverence, every soul of them:—There was Cutt's—continued the corporal, clapping the forefinger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand—there was Cutt's—Mackay's—Angus's—Graham's—and Leven's, all cut to pieces:—and so had the English lifeguards too, had it not been for some regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket.—They'll go to heaven for it,—added Trim.—Trim is right, said my uncle Toby, nodding to Yorick—he's perfectly right. What signified his marching the horse, continued the corporal, where the ground was so strait, and the French had such a nation of hedges, and copses, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and that to cover them? (as they always have.)—Count Solmes should have sent us—we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives.—There was nothing to be done for the horse:—He had his foot shot off however for his pains, continued the corporal, the very next campaign at Landen.—Poor Trim got his wound there, queth my uncle Toby.

Toby.—'Twas owing, an please your honour, entirely to Count Solmes—had we drub'd them soundly at Steenkirk, they would not have fought us at Landen.  
 —Possibly not,—Trim, said my uncle Toby; though if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you—There is no way but to march coolly up to them,—receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell—Ding dong, added Trim.—Horse and foot, said my uncle Toby.  
 —Helter skelter, said Trim.—Right and left, cried my uncle Toby.—Blood an' ounds, shouted the corporal;—the battle raged.—Yorick drew his chair a little to one side for safety, and after a moment's pause, my uncle Toby sinking his voice a note,—resumed the discourse as follows:

## C H A P. XXII.

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



## C H A P. XXIII.

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

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

## C H A P. XXIV.

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

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

## C H A P. XXV.

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

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

## C H A P. XXVI.

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

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

One would imagine from this—(though for my own part I somewhat question it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable chapter in the *Tristra-pedia*, which to me is the most original and entertaining one in the whole book;—and that is the  
chapter

\* Mr. Shandy is supposed to mean \*\*\*\*\*  
Esq. member for \*\*\*\*\*,—and not the Chinese legislator.

*chapter upon sash-windows*, with a bitter *Philippick* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulness of chamber-maids.—I have but two reasons for thinking otherwise.

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

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

## C H A P. XXVII.

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

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

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

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

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

## C H A P. XXVIII.

DEAR Yorick, said my father, smiling (for Yorick had broke his rank with my uncle Toby in coming through the narrow entry, and so had stept first into the parlour),—this Tristram of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites.—Never was the son of Jew, Christian, Turk, or Infidel initiated into them in so oblique and slovenly a manner.—But he is no worse, I trust, said Yorick.—There has been certainly, continued my father, the deuce and all to do in some part or other of the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed.—That you are a better judge of than I, replied Yorick.—Astrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both:—the trine and sextil aspects have jumped away,—or the opposite of their ascendants have not hit it as they should,—or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at *bo-peep*,—or something has been wrong above or below with us.

'Tis possible, answered Yorick.—But is the child, cried my uncle Toby, the worse?—The Troglodytes say not, replied my father.—And your theologists, Yorick, tell



tell us—Theologically? said Yorick,—or speaking after the manner of apothecaries \*?—statesmen †?—or washerwomen ‡?

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

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

—Ilus §, continued my father, circumcised his whole army one morning.—Not without a court-martial? cried my uncle Toby.—Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick,—are greatly divided still who Ilus was;—some say Saturn;—some the Supreme Being;—others, no more than a brigadier-general under Pharaoh-neco.—Let him be who he will, said my uncle Toby, I know not by what article of war he could justify it.

The controvertists, answered my father, assign two-and-twenty different reasons for it:—others, indeed, who have drawn their pens on the opposite side of the question, have shewn the world the fatality of the greatest part of them.—But then again, our best polemic divines—I wish there was not a polemic divine, said Yorick, in the kingdom;—one ounce of practical divinity is worth a painted ship-load of all their reverences have imported these fifty years.—Pray, Mr. Yorick, quoth

\* Χαλεπῆς νόσος, καὶ δυσίατε ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἣν αἰθερα καλῶσιν.  
PHILO.

† Τὰ τεμνόμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγωνώτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαριότητος εἶνεκεν.

BOCHART.

§ Ὁ Ἰλος, τὰ αἰδοῖα περιτέμνεται. ταῦτο ποιῆσαι καὶ τὸς ἄμ' αὐτῷ συμμάχους καταναγκάσας.

SANCHONIATHO.

quoth my uncle Toby,—do tell me what a polemic divine is.—The best description, Captain Shandy, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied Yorick, in the account of the battle fought single hands betwixt Gymnast and Captain Tripet; which I have in my pocket.—I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle Toby, earnestly.—You shall, said Yorick.—And as the corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the description of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his supper—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.—With all my soul, says my father.—Trim came in, erect and happy as an emperor; and having shut the door, Yorick took a book from his right hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows:

## C H A P. XXIX.

—“Which words being heard by all the soldiers  
 “which were there, divers of them being inwardly ter-  
 “rified, did shrink back and make room for the assail-  
 “ant: all this did Gymnast very well remark and con-  
 “sider; and therefore, making as if he would have  
 “alighted from off his horse, as he was poising himself  
 “on the mounting-side, he most nimbly (with his short  
 “sword by his thigh) shifting his feet in the stirrup, and  
 “performing the stirrup-leather feat, whereby, after the  
 “inclining his body downwards, he forthwith launched  
 “himself aloft into the air, and placed both his feet to-  
 “gether upon the saddle, standing upright, with his  
 “back turned towards his horse's head.—Now (said  
 “he) my case goes forward. Then suddenly in the  
 “same posture wherein he was, he fetched a gambol  
 “upon one foot, and turning to the left hand, failed not  
 “to carry his body perfectly round, just into his for-  
 “mer position, without missing one jot.—Ha! said  
 “Tripet, I will not do that at this time,—and not  
 “without cause. Well, said Gymnast, I have failed,  
 “—I will undo this leap; then with a marvellous  
 “strength and agility, turning towards the right hand,  
 “he fetched another frisking gambol as before; which  
 “done,

“done, he set his right-hand thumb upon the bow of  
 “the saddle, raised himself up, and sprung into the air,  
 “poising and upholding his whole weight upon the  
 “muscle and nerve of the said thumb, and so turned  
 “and whirled himself about three times; at the fourth,  
 “reversing his body, and overturning it upside-down,  
 “and fore-side back, without *touching any thing*, he  
 “brought himself betwixt the horse’s two ears, and  
 “then giving himself a jerking swing, he seated himself  
 “upon the crupper, —”

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

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

—I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

### C H A P. XXX.

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

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

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

## C H A P. XXXI.

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

The original of society, continued my father, I’m satisfied, is what Politian tells us, *i. e.* merely conjugal; and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman;——to which (according to Hesiod) the philosopher adds a servant:—but supposing in the first beginning there were no men-servants born——he lays the foundation of it, in a man,—a woman—and a bull.—



bull.—I believe it is an ox, quoth Yorick, quoting the passage (οἶκον μὲν πλώτιστα, γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν τ' ἀγορεύει).

—A bull might have given more trouble than his head was worth.—But there is a better reason still, said my father, (dipping his pen into his ink,) for the ox being the most patient of animals, and the most useful withal in tilling the ground for their nourishment,—was the properest instrument, and emblem too, for the new-joined couple, that the creation could have associated with them.—And there is a stronger reason, added my uncle Toby, than them all, for the ox.—My father had not power to take his pen out of his ink-horn, till he had heard my uncle Toby's reason. For when the ground was tilled, said my uncle Toby, and made worth inclosing, then they began to secure it by walls and ditches, which was the origin of fortification.—True, true, dear Toby, cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

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

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

1st, By marriage.

2d, By adoption.

3d, By legitimation.

And 4th, By procreation: all which I consider in their order.

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

I own, added my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not so under the power and jurisdiction of the mother.—But the reason, replied Yorick, equally holds

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

## C H A P. XXXII.

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

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

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

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

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

“*Rest your firelock*,”—one motion, an’ please your reverence, you see, leads into another.—If his honour will but begin with the first—

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

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

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

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

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

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

—SCIENCES MAY BE LEARNED BY ROTE, BUT WISDOM NOT.

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

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

## C H A P. XXXIII.

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

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

My father read as follows:

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

In saying this my father shut the book,—not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his forefinger in the chapter.—nor pettishly,—for he shut the book slowly; his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it, without the least compressive violence.—

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

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

“O thou



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

## C H A P. XXXIV.

WITH two strokes, the one at Hippocrates, the other at Lord Verulam, did my father achieve it. The stroke at the prince of physicians, with which he began, was no more than a short insult upon his sorrowful complaint of the *Ars longa*,—and *Vita brevis*,—the other short, cried my father,—and the art of healing tedious! And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves, and the stage-loads of chymical nostrums, and peripatetic balms, with which, in all ages, they have flattered the world, and at last deceived it.

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

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

## C H A P. XXXV.

THE two great causes which conspire with each other to shorten life, says Lord Verulam, are first—The internal spirit, which, like a gentle flame, warms the body down to death:—And secondly, the external air, that parches the body up to ashes:—  
"which

“ which two enemies attacking us on both sides of our  
 “ bodies together, at length destroy our organs, and  
 “ render them unfit to carry on the functions of life.”

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

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

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

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

#### C H A P. XXXVI.

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

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

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

## C H A P. XXXVII.

THE description of the siege of Jericho itself, could not have engaged the attention of my uncle Toby more powerfully than the last chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father throughout it;—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my uncle Toby took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question, —aside— \* \* \* \* \*. It was at the siege of Limerick, an' please your honour, replied the corporal, making a bow.

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

I believe, an' please your honour, quoth the corporal, that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with

which I plyed your honour off;—and the geneva, Trim, added my uncle Toby, which did us more good than all—I verily believe, continued the corporal, we had both, an' please your honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.

—The noblest grave, corporal! cried my uncle Toby, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, that a soldier could wish to lie down in.—But a pitiful death for him! an' please your honour, replied the corporal.

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

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

#### C H A P. XXXVIII.

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

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

Well—



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

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

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

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

## CH A P. XXXIX.

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

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

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

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

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

#### C H A P. XL.

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

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

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

I infer, an' please your worship, replied Trim, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water—

## THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. 61

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

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

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

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

### C H A P. XLI.

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

### C H A P. XLII.

—FIVE years with a bib under his chin;  
Four years in travelling from Christ-cross-row to Malachi;

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A year and a half in learning to write his own name;  
Seven long years and more *run*ling it, at Greek  
and Latin;

Four years at his probations and his negations—the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble block,—and nothing done, but his tools sharpened to hew it out!—’Tis a piteous delay!—Was not the great Julius Scaliger within an ace of never getting his tools sharpened at all?—Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek:—and Peter Damianus, lord Bishop of Ostia, as all the world knows, could not so much as read when he was of man’s estate.—And Baldus himself, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law so late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world. No wonder,——when Eudamidas, the son of Archidamus, heard Xenocrates at seventy-five disputing about wisdom, that he asked gravely, “If the old man be yet disputing and enquiring concerning wisdom,—what time will he have to make use of it?”

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

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

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

Had Yorick trod upon Virgil’s snake, he could not have looked more surprised.—I am surprised too, cried my father, observing it;—and I reckon it as one of the greatest calamities which ever betel the republic of letters,  
That



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

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

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

You excite my curiosity greatly, said Yorick.

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

—You do? said my father, rising up.

## C H A P. XLIII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

If

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

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

—Is the white bear worth seeing?—

—Is there no sin in it?—

—Is it better than a black one?

C H A P. XLIV.

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

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

Did you think the world itself, Sir, had contained such a number of Jack Asses?—How they viewed and reviewed us as we passed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!—and when we climbed over that hill, and were just getting out of sight—good God! what a braying did they all set up together!

——Prithee, shepherd! who keeps all those Jack Asses! \* \* \*

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

C H A P.

\* In the former editions the sixth volume began with this chapter.

## C H A P. XLV.

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages, he closed the book for good an' all,——and in a kind of triumph re-delivered it into Trim's hand, with a nod to lay it upon the serutoire where he found it.——Tristram, said he, shall be made to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the same way:—every word, Yorick, by this means, you see, is converted into a thesis or an hypothesis;——every thesis and hypothesis have an offspring of propositions;—and each proposition has its own consequences and conclusions; every one of which leads the mind on again, into fresh tracts of enquiries and doubtings.——The force of this engine, added my father, is incredible, in opening a child's head.——'Tis enough, brother Shandy, cried my uncle Toby, to burst it into a thousand splinters.——

I presume, said Yorick, smiling,—it must be owing to this,—(for let logicians say what they will, it is not to be accounted for sufficiently from the bare use of the ten predicaments)—That the famous Vincent Quirino, amongst the many other astonishing feats of his childhood, of which the Cardinal Bembo has given the world so exact a story,—should be able to paste up in the public schools of Rome, so early as in the eighth year of his age, no less than four thousand five hundred and sixty different theses, upon the most abstruse points of the most abstruse theology;—and to defend and maintain them in such sort, as to cramp and dumbfound his opponents.—What is that, cried my father, to what is told us of Alphonso Tostatus, who, almost in his nurse's arms, learned all the sciences and liberal arts without being taught any one of them?—What shall we say of the great Piereskus?—That's the very man, cried my uncle Toby, I once told you of, brother Shandy, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Schevling, and from Schevling back again,—merely to see Stevinus's flying chariot.—He was a very  
great



great man, added my uncle Toby (meaning Stevinus.)  
 —He was so, brother Toby, said my father (meaning Pierskious,)—and had multiplied his ideas so fast, and increased his knowledge to such a prodigious stock, that, if we may give credit to an anecdote concerning him, which we cannot withhold here, without shaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever—at seven years of age, his father committed entirely to his care the education of his younger brother, a boy of five years old, —with the sole management of all his concerns.—Was the father as wise as the son? quoth my uncle Toby.—I should think not, said Yorick.—But what are these, continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of enthusiasm)—what are these, to those prodigies of childhood in Grotius, Scioppius, Heinsius, Politian, Paschal, Joseph Scaliger, Ferdinand de Cordouë, and others—some of which left off their substantial forms at nine years old, or sooner, and went on reasoning without them;—others went through their classics at seven;—wrote tragedies at eight.—Ferdinand de Cordouë was so wise at nine—'twas thought the devil was in him;—and at Venice gave such proofs of his knowledge and goodness, that the monks imagined he was Antichrist, or nothing.—Others were masters of fourteen languages at ten, finished the course of their rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics, at eleven,—put forth their commentaries upon Servius and Martianus Capella at twelve,—and at thirteen received their degrees in philosophy, laws, and divinity.—But you forget the great Lipsius, quoth Yorick, who composed a work\* the day he was born.—They should

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

should have wiped it up, said my uncle Toby, and said no more about it.

## C H A P. XLVI.

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

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

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

Slop snatched up the cataplasm,—Susannah snatched up the candle.—A little this way, said Slop. Susannah, looking one way, and rowing another, instantly set fire to Slop's wig, which, being somewhat bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.—You impudent whore! cried Slop—(for what is passion but a wild beast)—you impudent whore! cried Slop, getting upright, with the cataplasm in his hand—I never was the destruction of any body's nose, said Susannah,—which is more than you can say.—Is it? cried Slop, throwing the cataplasm in her face.—Yes it is, cried Susannah, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.—

## C H A P. XLVII.

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

## C H A P. XLVIII.

YOU see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle Toby and Yorick, to take this young creature out of these women's hands, and put him into those of a private governor. Marcus Antoninus provided fourteen governors, all at once, to superintend his son Commodus's education,—and in six weeks he cashiered five of them.—I know very well, continued my father, that Commodus's mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception, which accounts for a great many of Commodus's cruelties when he became emperor;—but still I am of opinion, that those five whom Antoninus dismissed, did Commodus's temper, in that short time, more hurt than the other nine were able to rectify all their lives long.

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

—There is, continued my father, a certain mein and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argue a man *well within*: and I am not at all surpris'd that Gregory of Nazianzum, upon observing the hasty and untoward gestures of Julian, should foretel he would one day become an apostate;—or that St. Ambrose should turn his amanuensis out of doors, because of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail;—or that De-

mocritus should conceive Protagoras to be a scholar, from seeing him bind up a faggot, and thrusting, as he did it, the small twigs inwards.—There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul: and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room, or take it up in going out, but something escapes, which discovers him.

It is for these reasons, continued my father, that the governor I make choice of shall neither lisp \*, or squint, or wink, or talk loud, or look fierce, or foolish;—or bite his lips, or grind his teeth, or speak through his nose, or pick it, or blow it with his fingers.—

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

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

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

\* Vid. Pellegrina.



fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the proposition was made.—You will see why when you read Le Fever's story.—Fool that I was! nor can I recollect (not perhaps you,) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the corporal tell it in his own words;—but the occasion is lost,—I must tell it now in my own.

## C H A P. XLIX.

*The Story of LE FEVER.*

**I**T was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, I say, sitting—for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect: this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other cases for five-and-twenty years together.—But this is neither here nor there.—Why do I mention it?—Ask my pen,—it governs me,—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I

think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast—I *think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me*.

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

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too: there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby, —do Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again.—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not stirred from the bedside these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay

—Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby.

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoak'd about a dozen whiffs.—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bows.—My uncle Toby smoak'd on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby.—The corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landiord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it.—How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour an account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fever and his boy the whole time he smoaked it.

## C H A P. L.

*The Story of LE FEVER continued.*

**I**T was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired, at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learned it.—Then Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*Your honour is good:*—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing that was proper to be asked,—That's a right distinction Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was



I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of.—But I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse, for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, founded in his ears like the name of a friend.—I wish I had him here.

—I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company.—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?—Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it.—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour,) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast.—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth—I thought it wrong, added the corporal—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he

he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside; and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water;—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on—must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson,—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then,)—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that

that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling:—the book was laid upon the bed;—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side.—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me.—If he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's—But he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing—Possibly he may my story—added he—Pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiss'd it twice.—Here, Billy, said he.—The boy flew across

across the room to the bed-side,——and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,——then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,——I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned:——shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?——Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted:——and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forgot what,) was universally pitied by the whole regiment.——But finish the story thou art upon.——'Tis finished already, said the corporal,——for I could stay no longer,——so wished his honour a good night. Young Le Fever rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.——But alas! said the corporal,——the lieutenant's last day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

## CHAP. LI.

### *The Story of LE FEVER continued.*

IT was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,——though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves.——That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheless, he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterescarp;——and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered  
the



the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind *Being*, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fever,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too.—A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him again upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal.—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave.—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe

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shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'-day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die.—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in—and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

### C H A P. LII.

—MY uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

### C H A P. LIII.

#### *The Story of LE FEVER concluded.*

THE sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted son's: the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he

he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.——

——You shall go directly, Le Fever, said my uncle Toby, to my house——and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter;——and we'll have an apothecary,——and the corporal shall be your nurse;——and I'll be your servant, Le Fever.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,——not the effect of familiarity,——but the cause of it,——which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature: to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and spirits of Le Fever, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,——rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,——he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,——then cast a look upon his boy,——and that ligament, fine as it was,——was never broken.——

Nature instantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulse fluttered——stopp'd——went on——throb'd——stopp'd again——moved——stopp'd——shall I go on?——No:


#### CH A P. LIV.

**I** AM so impatient to return to my own story, that what remains of young Le Fever's, that is, from this turn of his fortune, to the time my uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor, shall be told in a very few words, in the next chapter.——All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows:

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fever in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That the governor of Dendermond paid his obsequies all military honours;—and that Yorick, not to be behind hand—paid him all ecclesiastic—for he buried him in his chancel:—And it appears likewise, he preached a funeral sermon over him—I say it appears,—for it was Yorick's custom, which I suppose a general one with those of his profession, on the first leaf of every sermon which he composed, to chronicle down the time, the place, and the occasion of its being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add some short comment or stricture upon the sermon itself, seldom indeed much to its credit:—For instance. This sermon upon the Jewish dispensation—I don't like it at all—Though I own there is a world of *Water-Landish* knowledge in it;—but 'tis all tritcal, and most tritically put together.—This is but a flimsy kind of composition: what was in my head when I made it?

—N. B. The excellency of this text is, that it will suit any sermon,—and of this sermon,—that it will suit any text.—

—For this sermon I shall be hanged,—for I have stolen the greatest part of it. Doctor Pidigunes found me out.  Set a thief to catch a thief.—

On the back of half a dozen I find written, *So, so*, and no more—and upon a couple *Moderato*; by which, as far as one may gather from Altieri's Italian Dictionary—but mostly from the authority of a piece of green whipeord, which seemed to have been the unravelling of Yorick's whiplash, with which he has left us the two sermons marked *Moderato*, and the half dozen of *So, so*, tied fast together in one bundle by themselves,—one may safely suppose he meant pretty near the same thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this, that the *Moderato's* are five times better than the *So, so's*;—shew ten times more knowledge of the human heart;—have seventy times more wit and spirit in them;—(and, to rise properly into my climax)—discover a thousand times more genius;—and to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than those  
tied



tied up with them: for which reason, whenever Yorick's dramatic sermons are offered to the world, though I shall admit but one, out of the whole number of the *So, fô's*, I shall, nevertheless, adventure to print the two *Moderato's* without any sort of scruple.

What Yorick could mean by the words *lento*—*tenute*—*grave*,—and sometimes *adagio*,—as applied to the theological compositions, and with which he has characterized some of these sermons, I dare not venture to guess—I am more puzzled still upon finding a *l'octava alta*! upon one;—*Con strepito* upon the back of an another;—*Scicilliana* upon a third;—*Alla capella* upon a fourth;—*Con l'arco* upon this—*Senza l'arco* upon that.—All I know is, that they are musical terms, and have a meaning;—and as he was a musical man, I will make no doubt, but that by some quaint applications of such metaphors to the compositions in hand, they impressed very distinct ideas of their several characters upon his fancy—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongst these, there is that particular sermon which has unaccountably led me into this digression.—The funeral sermon upon poor Le Fever, wrote out very fairly, as if from a hasty copy.—I take notice of it the more, because it seems to have been his favourite composition.—It is upon mortality; and is tied length-ways and cross-ways with a yarn thrum, and then rolled up and twisted round with a half-sheet of dirty blue paper, which seems to have been once the cast cover of a general review, which to this day smells horribly of horse drugs.—Whether these marks of humiliation were designed,—I something doubt:—because at the end of the sermon, (and not at the beginning of it)—very different from his way of treating the rest, he had wrote—

Bravo!

—Though not very offensively,—for it is at two inches, at least, and a half's distance from and below the concluding line of the sermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right-hand corner of it, which you

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know, is generally covered with your thumb ; and, to do it justice, it is wrote besides with a crow's quill so faintly in a small Italian hand, as scarce to solicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not, —so that from the manner of it, it stands half excused ; and being wrote moreover with very pale ink diluted almost to nothing,—'tis more like *ritratto* of the shadow of vanity, than of VANITY herself—of the two ; resembling rather a faint thought of transient applause, secretly stirring up in the heart of the composer, than a gross mark of it, coarsely obtruded upon the world.

With all these extenuations, I am aware, that, in publishing this I do no service to Yorick's character as a modest man ; but all men have their failings ! and what lessens this still farther, and almost wipes it away, is this ; that the word was struck through sometime afterwards (as appears from a different tint of ink) with a line quite across in this manner, BRAVO—as if he had retracted, or was ashamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

These short characters of his sermons were always written, excepting in this one instance, upon the first leaf of his sermon, which served as a cover to it ; and usually upon the inside of it, which was turned towards the text ; but at the end of his discourse, where, perhaps, he had five or six pages, and sometimes, perhaps, a whole score to turn himself in, he took a larger circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettlesome one ; as if he had snatched the occasion of unlacing himself with a few more frolicksome strokes at vice, than the straightness of the pulpit allowed. These, tho', huffar-like, they skirmish lightly, and out of all order, are still auxiliaries on the side of virtue.—Tell me then, Mynheer Vander Blonderdondergewdenstronke, why they should not be printed together ?

### C H A P. LV.

WHEN my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fever, and betwixt Le Fever and all

all mankind—there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands than an old regimental coat and a sword; so that my uncle Toby found little or no opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my uncle Toby gave the corporal:—Wear it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor lieutenant.—And this,—said my uncle Toby, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke—and this, Le Fever, I'll save for thee—'Tis all the fortune, continued my uncle Toby, hanging it up upon a crook, and pointing to it—'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fever, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doest it like a man of honour,—'tis enough for us.

As soon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, and taught him to inscribe a regular polygon in a circle, he sent him to a public school, where, excepting Whitsuntide and Christmas, at which times the corporal was punctually dispatched for him,—he remained to the spring of the year seventeen; when the stories of the emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's sword, and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene.—Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, Le Fever! I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me—And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.—

My uncle Toby took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal, to brighten up;—and having detained Le Fever a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn,—he put the sword into his hand.—If thou art brave, Le Fever, said my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee—But Fortune, said he—(musing a little)—Fortune may—And if she does—added my uncle Toby,

embracing him, come back again to me, Le Fever, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of Le Fever more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindness;—he parted from my uncle Toby, as the best of sons from the best of fathers—both dropped tears—and as my uncle Toby gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,—and bid God bless him.

#### C H A P. LVI.

**L** E FEVER got up to the Imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together. He had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at Marseilles, from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and in short, every thing but his sword; and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.—As this letter came to hand about six weeks before Susannah's accident, Le Fever was hourly expected; and was uppermost in my uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a description of what kind of person he would chuse for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle Toby thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forbore mentioning Le Fever's name, till the character, by Yorick's interposition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who should be gentle tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of Le Fever, and his interest upon my uncle Toby so forcibly, he rose instantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands—I beg, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, I may recommend poor Le Fever's son to you—I beseech you do, added Yorick—He has a good heart, said my uncle Toby—And a brave one too, an' please your honour, said the corporal.

—The



—The best hearts, Trim, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle Toby.—

And the greatest cowards, an' please your honour, in our regiment, were the greatest rascals in it.—There was a serjeant Kumber, an ensign—

—We'll talk of them, said my father, another time.

CHAP. LVII.

WHAT a jovial and a merry world would this be, may it please your worships, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, discontent, melancholy, large jointures, impositions, and lies!

Doctor Slop, like a son of a w—, as my father called him for it,—to exalt himself,—debased me to death, and made ten thousand times more of Susanah's accident, than there was any grounds for; so that in a week's time, or less, it was in every body's mouth, That poor Master Shandy \* \* \* \* \*

Shandy \* \* \* \* \*  
entirely:—And FAME, who loves to double every thing,  
—in three days more, had sworn positively she saw it,  
——and all the world, as usual, gave credit to her evi-  
dence——“ That the nursery window had not only

dence——“That the nursery window has been  
 \* \* \* \* \*;  
 \* \* \* \* \*;——but that  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*’s also.”

Could the world have been fued like a BODY CORPORATE,—my father had brought an action upon the case, and trounced it sufficiently; but to fall foul of individuals about it—as every soul who had mentioned the affair, did it with the greatest pity imaginable;—’twas like flying in the very face of his best friends:—And yet to acquiesce under the report, in silence—was to acknowledge it openly,—at least in the opinion of one half of the world; and to make a bustle again in contradicting it,—was to confirm it as strongly in the opinion of the other half.—

—Was

—Was ever poor devil of a country-gentleman so hampered? said my father.

I would shew him publicly, said my uncle Toby, at the market-cross.

—'Twill have no effect, said my father.

### C H A P. LVIII.

—I'll put him, however, in breeches, said my father, —let the world say what it will.

### C H A P. LIX.

THERE are a thousand resolutions, Sir, both in church and state, as well as in matter, Madam, of a more private concern; —which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of being taken, and entered upon in a hasty, hare-brained, and unadvised manner, were, notwithstanding this, (and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or stood behind the curtain, we should have found it was so,) been weighed, poised, and perpended —argued upon —canvassed through —entered into, and examined on all sides with so much coolness, that the GODDESS of COOLNESS herself (I do not take upon me to prove her existence) could neither have wished it, or done it better.

Of the number of these was my father's resolution of putting me into breeches; which though determined at once, —in a kind of huff, and a defiance of all mankind, had, nevertheless, been pro'd and con'd, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother about a month before in two several beds of justice, which my father had held for that purpose. I shall explain the nature of these beds of justice in my next chapter; and in the chapter following that, you shall step with me, Madam, behind the curtain, only to hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated between themselves, this affair of the breeches, —from which you may form an idea how they debated all lesser matters.

## C H A P. LX.

THE ancient Goths of Germany, who (the learned Cluverius is positive) were first seated in the country between the Vistula and the Oder, and who afterwards incorporated the Heruli, the Bugians, and some other Vandalick clans to 'em,—had all of them a wise custom of debating every thing of importance to their state, twice; that is,—once drunk, and once sober:—Drunk—, that their counsels might not want vigour;—and sober—that they might not want discretion.

Now my father being entirely a water-drinker,—was a long time gravelled almost to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing,—which the ancients did or said; and it was not till the seventh year of his marriage, after a thousand fruitless experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which answered the purpose;—and that was when any difficult and momentous point was to be settled in the family, which required great sobriety, and great spirit too, in its determination,—he fixed and set apart the first Sunday night in the month, and the Saturday night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over, in bed with my mother: By which contrivance, if you consider, Sir,

with yourself, \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

These my father, humourously enough, called his *beds of justice*;—for from the two different counsels taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out, which touched the point of wisdom as well, as if he had got drunk and sober a hundred times.

It must not be made a secret of to the world, that this answers full as well in literary discussions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the Goths and Vandals did it—or if he can, may it be always for his body's health; and to do it, as my father did it,—am I sure it would be always for his soul's.

My

My way is this:—

In all nice and ticklish discussions—(of which, heaven knows, there are but too many in my book,)—where I find I cannot take a step without the danger of having either their worships or their reverences upon my back—I write one half *full*,—and t'other *fasting*;—or write it all *full*—and correct it *fasting*;—or write it *fasting*,—and correct it *full*; for they all come to the same thing:—So that with a less variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the Gothick—I feel myself upon a par with him in his first bed of justice,—and no way inferior to him in his second.——These different and almost irreconcilable effects, flow uniformly from the wise and wonderful mechanism of nature, of which—be her's the honour.—All that we can do is to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the arts and sciences.——

Now, when I write *full*,—I write as if I was never to write *fasting* again as long as I live;—that is, I write free from the cares as well as the terrors of the world.—I count not the number of my scars,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and bye-corners to antedate my stabs.—In a word, my pen takes its courie; and I write on as much from the fulness of my heart as my stomach.

But when, an' please your honours, I indite *fasting*, 'tis a different history.—I pay the world all possible attention and respect,—and have as great a share (whilst it lasts) of that understrapping virtue of discretion, as the best of you.—So that betwixt both, I write a careless kind of a civil, nonsensical, good-humoured Shandean book, which will do all your hearts good.——

—And all your heads too,—provided you understand it.

#### C H A P. LXI.

WE should begin, said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate.—We should



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should begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.

We should so,—said my mother.—We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, shamefully.—

I think we do, Mr. Shandy,—said my mother.

—Not but the child looks extremely well, said my father, in his vests and tunicks.—

—He does look very well in them—replied my mother.

—And for that reason it would be almost a sin, added my father, to take him out of 'em.

—It would so,—said my mother.—

But indeed he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoind my father.

—He is very tall for his age, indeed,—said my mother.—

—I can not (making two syllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after.—

I cannot conceive, for my life,—said my mother.—

Humph!—said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

—I am very short myself,—continued my father, gravely.

You are very short, Mr. Shandy—said my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himself, a second time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little farther from my mother's, and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

—When he gets these breeches made, cried my father in a higher tone, he'll look like a beast in 'em

He will be very awkward in them at first, replied my mother.

—And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worst on't, added my father.

It will be very lucky, answered my mother.

I suppose, replied my father,—making some pause first, he'll be exactly like other people's children.

Exactly, said my mother.—

—Though

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—Though I should be sorry for that, added my father:—and so the debate stopped again.

—They should be of leather, said my father, turning him about again—

They will last him, said my mother, the longest.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.

He cannot, said my mother.

'Twere better to have them of fustian, quoth my father.

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.—

—Except dimity,—replied my father.

'Tis best of all,—replied my mother.

—One must not give him his death, however,—interrupted my father.

By no means, said my mother:—and so the dialogue stood still again.

I am resolved, however, quoth my father, breaking silence the fourth time,—he shall have no pockets in them.—

—There is no occasion for any, said my mother.—

I mean in his coat and waistcoat,—cried my father.

—I mean so too,—replied my mother.

—Though if he gets a gig or a top—Poor souls! it is a crown and a scepter to them,—they should have where to secure it.—

Order it as you please, Mr. Shandy, replied my mother.

—But don't you think it right? added my father,—pressing the point home to her.

Perfectly, said my mother, if it pleases you, Mr. Shandy.

—There's for you! cried my father, losing temper.—Pleases me!—You never will distinguish, Mrs. Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience.—This was on the Sunday night;—and farther this chapter sayeth not.

## C H A P. LXII.

AFTER my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother,—he consulted Albertus Rubenius upon it; and Albertus Rubenius used my father ten times worse in the consultation (if possible) than even my father had used my mother: For as Rubenius had wrote a quarto *express*, *De Re Vestiaria Veterum*,—it was Rubenius's business to have given my father some lights.—On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the seven cardinal virtues out of a long beard, as of extracting a single word out of Rubenius upon the subject.

Upon every other article of ancient dress, Rubenius was very communicative to my father;—gave him a full and satisfactory account of

The Toga, or loose gown.

The Chlamys.

The Ephod.

The Tunica, or Jacket.

The Synthetis.

The Pænula.

The Lacema, with its Cucullus.

The Paludamentum.

The Prætexta.

The Sagum, or soldier's jerkin.

The Trabea: of which, according to Suetonius, there were three kinds.—

—But what are all these to the breeches? said my father.

Rubenius threw him down upon the counter all kinds of shoes which had been in fashion with the Romans.

—There was,

The open shoe.

The close shoe.

The slip shoe.

The wooden shoe.

The soc.

The buskin.

And The military shoe with hob-nails in it,  
which Juvenal takes notice of.

There were, The clogs.  
The patins.  
The pantouffles.  
The brogues.  
The sandals, with latchets to them.

There was, The felt shoe.  
The linen shoe.  
The laced shoe.  
The braided shoe.  
The calceus incisus.

And The calceus rostratus.

Rubenius shewed my father how well they all fitted,—in what manner they laced on,—with what points, straps, thongs, latchets, ribbands, jaggs, and ends.—But it I want to be informed about is the breeches, said my father.

Albertus Rubenius informed my father, that the Romans manufactured stuffs of various fabricks,—some plain,—some striped,—others diapered throughout the whole contexture of the wool, with silk and gold.—That linen did not begin to be in common use till towards the declension of the empire, when the Egyptians coming to settle amongst them brought it into vogue.

—That persons of quality and fortune distinguished themselves by the fineness and whiteness of their clothes; which colour (next to purple, which was appropriated to the great offices) they most affected, and wore on their birth-days and public rejoicings.—That it appeared from the best historians of those times, that they frequently sent their clothes to the fuller, to be cleaned and whitened:—but that the inferior people, to avoid that expence, generally wore brown clothes, and of a something coarser texture,—till towards the beginning of Augustus's reign, when the slave dressed like his master, and almost every distinction of habiliment was lost, but the *Latus Clavus*.

And



And what was the *Latus Clavus*? said my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was still litigating amongst the learned:—That Egnatius, Sigonius, Boffius Ticinenses, Baysius, Budæus, Salmasius, Lipsius, Lazius, Isaac Casaubon, and Joseph Scaliger, all differed from each other,——and he from them:—That some took it to be the button,——some the coat itself,——others only the colour of it:—That the great Baysius, in his *Wardrobe of the Ancients*, chap. 12.——honestly said, he knew not what it was,——whether a *tibula*,——a stud,——a button,——a loop,——a buckle,——or clasps and keepers.

——My father lost the horse, but not the saddle——They are hooks and eyes, said my father——and with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made.

### C H A P. LXIII.

WE are now going to enter upon a new scene of events.——

——Leave we then the breeches in the taylor's hands, with my father standing over him with his cane, reading him as he sat at work a lecture upon the *Latus Clavus*, and pointing to the precise part of the waistband where he was determined to have it sewed on.——

Leave we my mother——(truest of all the *Poco curantes* of her sex!)——careless about it, as about every thing else in the world which concerned her;——that is,——indifferent whether it was done this way or that,——provided it was but done at all.

Leave we Slop likewise to the full profits of all my dishonours.——

Leave we poor Le Fever to recover, and get home from Marseilles as he can.——And last of all,——because the hardest of all——

Let us leave, if possible, *myself*.——But 'tis impossible,——I must go along with you to the end of the work.

## C H A P. LXIV.

**I**F the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and a half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle Toby's kitchen-garden, and which was the scene of so many of his delicious hours,—the fault is not in me,—but in his imagination;—for I am sure I gave him so minute a description, I was almost ashamed of it.

When Fate was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great transactions of future times,——and recollected for what purposes this little plot, by a decree fast bound down in iron, had been destined,——she gave a nod to Nature—'Twas enough——Nature threw half a spade full of her kindest compost upon it, with just so much clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles and indentings;—and so little of it too, as not to cling to the spade, and render works of so much glory nasty in foul weather.

My uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; so let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have set down before what town they pleased, my uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this; as soon as ever a town was invested—(but sooner, when the design was known,)—to take the plan of it, (let it be what town it would,) and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large roll of packthread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper: then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches,——the talus of the glacis, and the precise height of the several banquets, parapets, &c.——he set the corporal to work——and sweetly went it on.——The nature of the soil,——the nature of the work itself,——and above all, the good-nature of my uncle Toby sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal.

corporal upon past-done deeds,—left Labour little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner, and put into a proper posture of defence,—it was invested, and my uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their first parallel.—I beg I may not be interrupted in my story, by being told, That the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises distant from the main body of the place,—and that I have not left a single inch for it:—For my uncle Toby took the liberty of incroaching upon his kitchen-garden for the sake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green, and for that reason generally ran his first and second parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be considered at large in the history of my uncle Toby's and the corporal's campaigns, of which this I'm now writing is but a sketch, and will be finished, if I conjecture right, in three pages—(but there is no guessing.)—The campaigns themselves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in so flimsy a performance as this, to rhapsodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work—Surely they had better be printed apart.—We'll consider the affair—so take the following sketch of them in the mean time.

#### • C H A P. LXV.

WHEN the town, with its works, was finished, my uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their first parallel—not at random, or any how—but from the same points and distances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks by the accounts my uncle Toby received from the daily papers,—they went on, during the whole siege, step by step with the allies.

When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment,—my uncle Toby made a lodgment too.—And when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined,

—the corporal took his mattock, and did as much,—and so on;—gaining ground, and making themselves masters of the works, one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others,—there could not have been a greater sight in the world, than, on a post morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough, in the main body of the place,—to have stood behind the horn-beam hedge, and observed the spirit with which my uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, sallied forth;—the one with the Gazette in his hand,—the other with a spade on his shoulder to execute the contents.—What an honest triumph in my uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! What intense pleasure swimming in his eye as he stood over the corporal, reading a paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, lest, peradventure, he should make the breach an inch too wide, or leave it an inch too narrow!—But when the chamade was beat, and the corporal helped my uncle Toby up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts—Heaven! Earth! Sea!—but what avails apostrophes?—with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded so intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happiness for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then, when the wind continued to blow due west for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them so long in torture,—but still 'twas the torture of the happy—In this track, I say, did my uncle Toby and Trim move for many years, every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding some new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened fresh springs of delight in carrying them on.

The first year's campaign was carried on from beginning to end, in the plain and simple method I've related.

In



In the second year, in which my uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expence of four handsome draw-bridges, two of which I have given an exact description of in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the same year he added a couple of gates with port-cullises:—These last were converted afterwards into orgues, as the better thing; and during the winter of the same year, my uncle Toby, instead of a new suit of clothes, which he always had at Christmas, treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an esplanade, for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

—The sentry-box was in case of rain.

All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my uncle Toby to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing, except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner, in which Lewis XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field—But 'tis not my brother Toby's nature, kind soul! my father would add, to insult any one.

—But let us go on.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

