

~~Surgeon Royal. 1827~~
THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF 1296
RISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

Ταράσσει τες Ἀνθρώπους ἡ τὰ Πράγματα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δύματα.

VOL. I.



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ACCOUNT OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
MR. STERNE.

1294

LAURENCE Sterne was the son of an Irish officer, and born in the barracks of Dublin: but, though nurtured among soldiers, he was a son of the church; and, if we may take the opinion of a bishop on his sermons, not unworthy the title. His great grandfather was an archbishop, and his uncle a prebendary of one of our cathedrals.

From school he went to the university, where he spent the usual number of years; read a great deal, laughed more, and sometimes took the diversion of puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of an odd man, who had no harm in him, and who had parts, if he would use them.

On leaving the university, he seated himself quietly in the lap of the church, at Sutton on the Forest of Galtrees, a small vicarage in Yorkshire. Here he waited patiently, till time and chance (which now guide where judgment once presided) should raise him to what they pleased: and here an occasion offered, which made him first feel himself, and to which, perhaps, we owe the origin of *Tristram Shandy*.

There happened a dispute among some of the superiors of his order, in which Mr. Sterne's friend, one of the best men in the world, was concerned. A person, who filled a lucrative

benefice, was not satisfied with enjoying it during his own life-time, but exerted all his interest to have it entailed upon his wife and son after his decease. Mr. Sterne's friend, who expected the reversion of this living, had not, however, sufficient influence to prevent the success of his adversary. At this critical period Mr. Sterne attacked the monopolizer in joke, and wrote a pamphlet, intituled "The History of a good warm Watch-Coat, with which the present Possessor is not content to cover his own Shoulders, unless he can also cut out of it a Petticoat for his Wife, and a Pair of Breeches for his Son."

What all the serious arguments in the world could not have affected, Sterne's satirical pen brought about. The intended monopolizer sent him word, that if he would suppress the publication of this sarcasm, he would resign his pretensions to the next candidate. The pamphlet was suppressed, the reversion took place, and Mr. Sterne was requited, by the interest of his patron, with being appointed one of the prebendaries of York.

Soon after this an incident occurred, which contributed exceedingly to establish the reputation of Mr. Sterne's wit. It was this: He was sitting in the coffee-house at York, when a stranger came in, who gave much offence to the company, consisting chiefly of gentlemen of the gown, by descanting too freely upon religion, and the hypocrisy of the clergy. The young fellow at length addressed himself to Mr. Sterne, asking him, what were his sentiments upon the subject; when, instead of answering him directly, he told the witling, That "his dog was
"reckoned

“reckoned one of the most beautiful pointers in the whole county, and was very good-natured, but that he had an infernal trick, which destroyed all his good qualities. He never sees a clergyman,” continued Mr. Sterne, “but he immediately flies at him.”—“How long, Sir,” replied the witling, “may he have had that trick?”—“Ever since he was a puppy.” The young man felt the keenness of the satire, turned upon his heel, and left Sterne to triumph.

At this time Mr. Sterne was possessed of some good livings, having enjoyed, so early as the year 1745, the vicarage of Sutton on the Forest of Galtrees, where he usually performed divine service on Sunday mornings, and in the afternoon he preached at the rectory of Stillington, which he held as one of the prebends of York, in which capacity he also assisted regularly, in his turn, at the cathedral. Thus he decently lived a becoming ornament of the church, till his Rabelaisian spirit, which issued from the press, immersed him in the gaieties and frivolities of the world.

His wit and humour were already greatly admired within the circle of his acquaintance; but his genius had never yet reached the capital, when his two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* made their appearance. They were printed at York, and proposed to the booksellers there at a very moderate price: these gentlemen, however, were such judges of their value, that they scarce offered the price of paper and print; and the work made its way into the world without any of the artifices which are often practised to put off an edition. A large

impression being sold in a very short time, the booksellers were roused from their lethargy, and every one was eager to purchase the second edition of the copy. Mr. Sterne sold it for six hundred pounds, after being refused fifty pounds for the first impression and proprietorship.

The two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were now in the possession of most people. All read, the generality approved, but some few did not understand them. Those, indeed, who had not entered into the ludicrous manner of Rabelais, or the poignant satire of Swift, did not comprehend them; but they joined with the multitude, and pronounced *Tristram Shandy* very clever. Even the reviewers recommended Mr. Shandy as a writer infinitely more ingenious and entertaining than any other of the then race of novelists; adding, his characters were striking and singular, his observations shrewd and pertinent, and, making a few exceptions, that his humour was easy and genuine.

The publication of these two volumes brought Mr. Sterne into great repute. He was considered as the genius of the age: his company was equally courted by the great, the literati, the witty, and the gay; and it was considered as a kind of honour to have passed an evening with the author of *Tristram Shandy*. Though some of the over-rigid clergy condemned this singular performance, and judged it incompatible with that purity and morality which should ever accompany the writings of the gentlemen of the gown; these censures were far from being universal, even among the clergy; and the acquaintance he made by this publication were, in many respects, advantageous to him. Among others,

others, the earl of Faulconberg so particularly patronized the author of this work, that, to testify his approbation, he presented Mr. Sterne with the rectory of Cawood, which was an agreeable and convenient addition to his other livings, being all in the neighbourhood of York.

His next publication consisted of two volumes of sermons, which the severest critics could not help applauding, for the purity and elegance of their style, and the excellence of their moral. The manner in which they were ushered to public notice was, by some, severely condemned; whilst others lamented that such excellent discourses should stand in need of such an introduction; and many were of opinion, that he had wrote *Tristram Shandy* purely to introduce them; as, in his preface to the sermons, he acquaints the reader, that, “the sermon which gave rise to the publication of these, having been offered to the public as a sermon of Yorick’s, he hoped the most serious reader would find nothing to offend him, in his continuing those two volumes under the same title. Lest it should be otherwise, I have added a second title page, with the real name of the author:—The first will serve the booksellers’ purpose, as Yorick’s name is possibly of the two the more known;—and the second will ease the minds of those who see a jest, and the danger which lurks under it, where no jest was meant.”

When the third and fourth volumes of *Tristram Shandy* made their appearance, the public was not quite so eager in purchasing and applauding them, as they had been with respect to the two first volumes. The novelty of the

style and manner no longer remained; his digressions were by many considered as tedious, and his allusions too obscure: nay, some invidious critics, who pretended to be able to point them out, insinuated, that they were too indelicate for the eye of chastity.*

He had, nevertheless, a great number of admirers; and he was encouraged to publish a fifth and sixth volume. Their satire was still poignant, spirited, and, in general, extremely just. The characters, though somewhat overcharged, were lively, and in nature. He constantly caught the *ridiculous* wherever he found it; and never failed to present it to his readers in the most agreeable point of light. Of his skill in delineating and supporting his characters, those of the father of his hero, of his uncle Toby, and of Corporal Trim (out of numberless others) afford ample proof. To his power in the pathetic, whoever reads the stories of *Le Fevre*, *Maria*, the *Monk*, and the *Dead Ass*, must, if

* It must be here observed, that such critics only prove, by their remarks, the deficiency of their own understanding, and a want of proper discernment to enter into the true meaning of the author. Mr. Sterne's mode of writing is so peculiarly ambiguous, that it requires more than general knowledge to discover its beauties. The sentences are short and broken, and, without a very attentive observance, may be construed, by different readers, into different senses from that meant by the author. Each will interpret them according to their own fancy; so that what some may consider as expressions offensive to a delicate ear, others may, with equal force of argument, point out as having the most pure tendency; so that if a wrong inference is drawn from them, it must arise from the vicious turn of mind of the reader, and not from any design in the writer.

he

he has feelings, bear sufficient testimony; and his sermons throughout (though sometimes, perhaps, chargeable with a levity not entirely becoming the pulpit) breathe the kindest spirit of *philanthropy*, and *good will towards men*.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth volumes have not yet completed Tristram Shandy; so that, what was said upon the publication of his first volumes has been verified: "Mr. Shandy seems so extremely fond of digressions, and of giving his historical readers the slip upon all occasions, that we are not a little apprehensive he may, some time or other, give them the slip in good earnest, and leave the work before the story be finished."

In the before-mentioned volumes Mr. Sterne carries his readers through France, and introduces some scenes and characters, which are afterwards taken up in the Sentimental Journey, particularly that of Maria; so that this may, in some measure, be considered as a Continuation of the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.

It is almost needless to observe, of a book so universally read as Shandy, that the story of the hero's life is the least part of the author's concern. It is, in reality, nothing more than a vehicle for satire on a great variety of subjects. Most of these satyrical strokes are introduced with little regard to any connection, either with the principal story, or with each other. The author, having no determined end in view, runs from object to object, as they happen to strike a very lively and very irregular imagination. In fact, the book is a perpetual series of disappointments; yet, with this, and other blemishes, the Life of Tristram Shandy has uncommon merit;

merit; and the freedom and sincerity of its author, perhaps, cannot be equalled by any other writer beside the incomparable Montaigne. The faults of an original work are always pardoned; and it is not surprising, that, at a time when a tame imitation makes almost the whole merit of so many books, so happy an attempt at novelty should have been so well received. His last work (the *Sentimental Journey*) however, may be considered as his greatest, since it contains a variety of agreeable pathetic descriptions, in an easy, simple style, cleared from much of the obscurity and levity which appear in the former volumes.

As Mr. Sterne advanced in literary fame, he left his livings to the care of his curates; and though he acquired some thousands by his productions, being a character very distant from an œconomist, his savings were no greater at the end of the year, than when he had no other support than the single vicarage of Sutton. Indeed, his travelling expences abroad, and the luxurious manner in which he lived with the gay and polite at home, greatly promoted the dissipation of a very considerable sum, which his writings had produced, and which might have been a future assistance to his family. This being the case, at his death his widow and daughter, an agreeable young lady about sixteen, who had both resided some years in a convent in France, having separated from Mr. Sterne through some pique, which was differently accounted for by the parties, finding that their pensions must discontinue, returned to England, in order to publish his posthumous works. Being at York during the races, some
humane

humane gentlemen, friends and admirers of the late prebend, took into consideration their disagreeable situation, and made them a present of a purse containing a thousand pounds. This unexpected and generous supply, added to a very extensive subscription of the nobility and gentry, to three additional volumes of sermons, afforded a sufficient provision to enable them to support themselves in their late recluse manner of life, to which they had determined to return.

As Mr. Sterne had drawn his own character (under the name of Yorick) with great happiness and skill, we shall take the liberty of introducing it here, the better to complete our account of the author and his works.

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

“ the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well
 “ how to steer his course in it, as a romping,
 “ unsuspicious girl of thirteen: so that, upon
 “ his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spi-
 “ rits, as you will imagine, ran him foul, ten
 “ times in a day, of somebody’s tackling; and
 “ as the grave and more slow-paced were often-
 “ est in his way,—you may likewise imagine,
 “ ’twas with such he generally had the ill luck to
 “ get the most entangled. For aught I know,
 “ there might be some mixture of unlucky wit
 “ at the bottom of such fracas——For, to speak
 “ the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and
 “ opposition in his nature to gravity:——not
 “ to gravity as such——for, where gravity
 “ was wanted, he would be the most grave and
 “ serious of mortal men for days and weeks
 “ together;——but he was an enemy to the af-
 “ fection of it, and declared open war against
 “ it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance,
 “ or for folly; and then, whenever it fell in his
 “ way, however sheltered and protected, he
 “ seldom gave it much quarter.

“ Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he
 would say, that gravity was an arrant scoundrel:
 “ and he would add—of the most dangerous
 “ kind too,—because a sly one; and that he
 “ verily believed, more honest, well-meaning
 “ people were bubbled out of their goods and mo-
 “ ney by it, in one twelvemonth, than by pick-
 “ pocketing and shoplifting in seven. In the
 “ naked temper which a merry heart discovered,
 “ he would say, There was no danger—but to
 “ itself;—whereas the very essence of gravity
 “ was design, and consequently deceit;—it was
 “ a taught trick, to gain credit of the world
 “ for

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

“ But, in plain truth, he was a man un-
 “ hackneyed and unpractised in the world,
 “ and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish
 “ on every other subject of discourse, where
 “ policy is wont to repress restraint. Yorick
 “ had no impression but one, and that was what
 “ arose from the nature of the deed spoken of,
 “ which impression he would usually translate
 “ into plain English, without any periphrasis,
 “ —and too oft without much distinction of
 “ either personage, time, or place;—so that when
 “ mention was made of a pitiful or an ungene-
 “ rous proceeding,—he never gave himself a mo-
 “ ment’s time to reflect who was the hero of the
 “ piece—what is station—or how far he had
 “ power to hurt him hereafter ;—but, if it was
 “ a dirty action,—without more ado,—the man
 “ was a dirty fellow—and so on :—And as his
 “ comments had usually the ill fate to be termi-
 “ nated in a bon mot, or to be enlivened through-
 “ out with some drollery or humour of expres-
 “ sion, it gave wings to Yorick’s indiscretion.
 “ In a word, though he never sought, yet, at
 “ the same time, as he seldom shunned occasions
 “ of saying what came uppermost, and without
 “ much ceremony,—he had but too many temp-
 “ tations in life, of scattering his wit and his
 “ humour—his gibes and his jests about him,—
 “ They

“They were not lost for want of gathering.”

Mr. Sterne died as he lived, the same indifferent, careless creature; as, a day or two before his death, he seemed not in the least affected with his approaching dissolution. He was buried privately in a new burial-ground belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, at twelve o'clock at noon, attended only by two gentlemen in a mourning coach, no bell tolling. His death was announced in the news-papers of March 22, 1768, by the following paragraph:

“Died at his lodgings in Bond-street, the
“Rev. Mr. Sterne.”

Alas! poor Yorick!——I knew him well; a fellow of infinite jest, most excellent fancy, &c.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
MR. PITT.

S I R,

NEVER poor Wight of a Dedicator had less Hopes from his Dedication than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye Corner of the Kingdom, and in a retired thatched House, where I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the Infirmities of ill Health, and other Evils of Life, by Mirth; being firmly persuaded, that every Time a Man smiles,—but much more so when he laughs,—it adds something to this Fragment of Life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this Book, by taking it—(not under your Protection—it must protect itself—but)—into the Country with you; where, if I am ever told, it has made you smile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's Pain—I shall think myself as happy as a Minister of State;—perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

*I am, great Sir,
(And what is more to your Honour)*

*I am, good Sir,
Your Well-wisher, and
most humble Fellow-subject,*

THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

CHAPTER I.

I WISH either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me. Had they duly considered how much depended upon what they were then doing,—that not only the production of a rational being was concerned in it, but that possibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very cast of his mind,—and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole house might take their turn from the humours and dispositions which were then uppermost,—had they duly weighed and considered all this, and proceeded accordingly,—I am verily persuaded I should have made a quite different figure in the world, from that in which the reader is likely to see me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not so inconsiderable a thing as many of you may think it:—you have all, I dare say, heard of the animal spirits, as how they are transfused from father to son, &c. &c.—and a great deal to that purpose:—well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's sense or his nonsense, his successes and miscarriages, in this world, depend upon their motions and activity, and the different tracts and trains you put them into; so that when they are once set a-going, whether right or wrong, 'tis not a half-penny matter,—away they go clattering like hey-go mad; and by treading the same steps over and over again, they presently make a road of it, as plain and as smooth as a garden walk, which, when they are once

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used to, the devil himself sometimes shall not be able to drive them off it.

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

C H A P. II.

——Then, positively, there is nothing in the question, that I can see, either good or bad.—Then, let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unseasonable question at least, because it scattered and dispersed the animal spirits, whose business it was to have escorted and gone hand in hand with the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted him safe to the place destined for his reception.

The Homunculus, Sir, in however low and ludicrous a light he may appear in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice:—to the eye of reason in scientific research, he stands confess'd—a Being guarded and circumscribed with rights.—The minutest philosophers (who, by the bye, have the most enlarged understandings, their souls being inversely as their enquiries) shew us incontestably, that the Homunculus is created by the same hand,—engendered in the same course of nature,—endowed with the same loco-motive powers and faculties with us:—That he consists, as we do, of skin, hair, flesh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations;—is a Being of as much activity,—and, in all senses of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature as my Lord Chancellor of England.—He may be benefited,—he may be injured,—he may obtain redress,—in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which Tully, Puffendorff, or the best ethic writers allow to arise out of that state and relation.

Now,

Now, dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone?—or that, through terror of it, natural to so young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey's end miserably spent;—his muscular strength and virility worn down to a thread;—his own animal spirits ruffled beyond description;—and that, in this sad disordered state of nerves, he had lain down a prey to sudden starts, or a series of melancholy dreams and fancies, for nine long, long months together?—I tremble to think what a foundation had been laid for a thousand weaknesses both of body and mind, which no skill of the physician or the philosopher could ever afterwards have set thoroughly to rights.

C H A P. III.

TO my uncle, Mr. Toby Shandy, do I stand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philosopher, and much given to close reasoning upon the smallest matters, had oft, and heavily complained of the injury; but once more particularly, as my uncle Toby well remembered, upon his observing a most unaccountable obliquity (as he called it) in my manner of setting up my top, and justifying the principles upon which I had done it.—The old gentleman shook his head, and, in a tone more expressive by half of sorrow than reproach,—he said, his heart all along foreboded, and he saw it verified in this, and from a thousand other observations he had made upon me, that I should neither think nor act like any other man's child:—"But alas!" continued he, shaking his head a second time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, "My Tristram's misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world."

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

C H A P. IV.

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

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardness in my nature to disappoint any one soul living, that I have been so very particular already. As my life and opinions are likely to make some noise in the world, and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, professions, and denominations of men whatever,—be no less read than the Pilgrim's Progress itself—and, in the end, prove the very thing which Montaigne dreaded his essays should turn out, that is, a book for a parlour window,—I find it necessary to consult every one a little in his turn; and therefore must beg pardon for going on a little farther in the same way: for which cause, right glad I am, that I have begun the history of myself in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing every thing in it, as Horace says, *ab ovo*.

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

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

—Shut the door—I was begot in the night, betwixt the first Sunday and the first Monday in the month of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighteen. I am positive I was.—But how I came to be so very particular in my account of a thing,

a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another small anecdote known only in our family, but now made public for the better clearing up this point.

My father, you must know, who was originally a Turkey merchant, but had left off business for some years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal estate in the county of —, was, I believe, one of the most regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of business, or matter of amusement, that ever lived. As a small specimen of this extreme exactness of his, to which he was in truth a slave,—he had made it a rule for many years of his life,—on the first Sunday night of every month throughout the whole year,—as certain as ever the Sunday night came,—to wind up a large house clock, which we had standing on the back-stairs head, with his own hands;—and being somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age, at the time I have been speaking of,—he had likewise gradually brought some other little family concerns to the same period, in order, as he would often say to my uncle Toby, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and pestered with them the rest of the month.

It was attended but with one misfortune, which in a great measure fell upon myself, and the effects of which I fear I shall carry with me to my grave; namely, that from an unhappy association of ideas which have no connection in nature, it so fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the said clock wound up,—but the thoughts of some other things unavoidably popped into her head—*& vice versa*:—Which strange combination of ideas, the sagacious Locke, who certainly understood the nature of these things better than most men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other sources of prejudice whatsoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears, by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies upon the table, "that
on

on Lady-day, which was on the 25th of the same month, in which I date my geniture,—my father set out upon his journey to London with my eldest brother Bobby, to fix him at Westminster school;” and, as it appears from the same authority, “That he did not get down to his wife and family till the second week in May following,”—it brings the thing almost to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter puts it beyond all possibility of doubt.

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

C H A P. V.

ON the fifth day of November, 1718, which, to the æra fixed on, was as near nine kalendar months as any husband could in reason have expected,—was I, Tristram Shandy, gentleman, brought forth into this scurvy and disastrous world of ours.—I wish I had been born in the moon, or in any of the planets, except Jupiter or Saturn, because I never could bear cold weather, for it could not well have fared worse with me in any of them (though I will not answer for Venus) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours,—which, o’ my conscience, with reverence be it spoken, I take to be made up of the shreds and clippings of the rest—Not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or a great estate; or could any how contrive to be called up to public charges, and employments of dignity or power;—but that is not my case;—and therefore every man will speak of the fair as his own market has gone in it;—for which cause I affirm it over again, to be one of the vilest worlds that ever was made;—for I can truly say, that from the first hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now scarce draw it at all, for an asthma I got in skaiting against the wind in Flanders,—I have been the continual sport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her by saying, she has ever made me feel the weight of any great or signal evil;—yet, with all the good

good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that in every stage of my life, and at every turn and corner where she could get fairly at me, the ungracious duchess has pelted me with a set of as pitiful misadventures and cross accidents as ever small hero sustained.

C H A P. VI.

IN the beginning of the last chapter, I informed you exactly when I was born; but I did not inform you how. No, that particular was reserved entirely for a chapter by itself:—besides, Sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect strangers to each other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumstances relating to myself all at once.—You must have a little patience. I have undertaken, you see, to write not only my life, but my opinions also; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better relish for the other. As you proceed farther with me, the slight acquaintance, which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unless one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendship.—*O diem præclarum!*—then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in its nature, or tedious in its telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative on my first setting out—bear with me,—and let me go on, and tell my story my own way:—or, if I should seem now and then to trifle upon the road,—or should sometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we pass along,—don't fly off,—but rather courteously give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outside;—and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me; or, in short, do any thing—only keep your temper.

C H A P. VII.

IN the same village where my father and mother dwelt, dwelt also a thin, upright motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who, with the help of a little plain good sense, and some years full employment in her business,

business, in which she had all along trusted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to those of dame Nature,—had acquired, in her way, no small degree of reputation in the world;—by which word *world*, need I in this place inform your worship, that I would be understood to mean no more of it, than a small circle described upon the circle of the great world, of four English miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived, is supposed to be the centre?—She had been left, it seems, a widow in great distress, with three or four small children, in her forty-seventh year; and as she was at that time a person of decent carriage,—grave deportment,—a woman moreover of few words, and withal an object of compassion, whose distress, and silence under it, called out the louder for a friendly lift; the wife of the parson of the parish was touched with pity: and having often lamented an inconvenience, to which her husband's flock had for many years been exposed, inasmuch, as there was no such thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree, to be got at, let the case have been never so urgent, within less than six or seven long miles riding; which said seven long miles in dark nights and dismal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but deep clay, was almost equal to fourteen; and that in effect was sometimes next to having no midwife at all; it came into her head, that it would be doing as seasonable a kindness to the whole parish, as to the poor creature herself, to get her a little instructed in some of the plain principles of the business, in order to set her up in it. As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan she had formed than herself, the gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the parish, she found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmost of her wishes. In truth, the parson joined his interest with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they should be, and give the poor soul as good a title by law to practise, as his wife had given by institution,—he cheerfully paid the fees for the ordinary's licence himself, amounting in the whole, to the sum of eighteen shillings.

shillings and four-pence; so that betwixt them both, the good woman was fully invested in the real and corporal possession of her office, together with all its rights, members, and appurtenances whatsoever.

These last words, you must know, were not according to the old form in which such licences, faculties, and powers usually ran, which in like cases had heretofore been granted to the sifterhood,—but it was according to a neat *Formula* of *Didius* his own devising, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces, and new framing over again, all kinds of instruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coaxed many of the old licensed matrons in the neighbourhood to open their faculties afresh, in order to have this whimwham of his inserted.

I own I never could envy *Didius* in these kinds of fancies of his.—But every man to his own taste.—Did not *Kunastrokius*, that great man, at his leisure hours, take the greatest delight imaginable in combing of asses tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wisest of men in all ages, not excepting *Solomon* himself,—have they not had their Hobby Horses—their running horses, their coins, and their cockle-shells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallats,—their maggots, and their butterflies?—and so long as a man rides his Hobby Horse peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him,—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

C H A P. VIII.

—*De gustibus non est disputandum*;—that is, there is no disputing against Hobby Horses: and for my part, I seldom do: nor could I with any sort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fiddler and painter, according as the fly stings.—Be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myself, upon

which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it,) I frequently ride out and take the air; though—sometimes, to my shame be it spoken, I take somewhat longer journeys than what a wise man would think altogether right.—But the truth is,—I am not a wise man;—and besides am a mortal of so little consequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do; so I seldom fret or fume at all about it: nor does it much disturb my rest, when I see such great lords and tall personages as hereafter follow;—such, for instance, as my lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q and so on, all of a row, mounted upon their several horses;—some with large stirrups, getting on in a more grave and sober pace;—others, on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips across their mouths, scouring and scampering it away like so many little party-coloured devils astride a mortgage,—and as if some of them were resolved to break their necks.—So much the better, say I to myself; for in case the worst should happen, the world will make a shift to do excellently well without them; and for the rest,——why——God speed them,——e'en let them ride on without opposition from me; for were their lordships unhorsed this very night, 'tis ten to one but that many of them would be worse mounted by one half before to-morrow-morning.

Not one of these instances therefore can be said to break in upon my rest.—But there is an instance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I see one born for great actions, and, what is still more for his honour, whose nature ever inclines him to good ones; when I behold such a one, my lord, like yourself, whose principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reason, a corrupt world cannot spare one moment; when I see such a one, my lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has prescribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wishes,—then, my lord, I cease to be a philosopher, and for the transport of an honest impatience, I wish the Hobby-Horse, with all his fraternity, at the devil.

“ My

"My Lord,

I MAINTAIN this to be a dedication, notwithstanding its singularity in the three great essentials of matter, form, and place: I beg, therefore, you will accept it as such, and that you will permit me to lay it, with the most respectful humility, at your lordship's feet,—when you are upon them—which you can be when you please; and that is, my lord, whenever there is occasion for it; and, I will add, to the best purposes too. I have the honour to be,

My lord,
Your lordship's most obedient,
and most devoted,
and most humble servant,
TRISTRAM SHANDY."

C H A P. IX.

I SOLEMNLY declare to all mankind, that the above dedication was made for no one prince prelate, pope, or potentate,—duke, marquis, earl, viscount, or baron, of this, or any other realm in Christendom;—nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one person or personage, great or small; but is honestly a true virgin dedication untried on, upon any soul living.

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

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

If, therefore, there is any one duke, marquis, earl, viscount, or baron, in these his majesty's dominions, who stands in need of a tight genteel dedication, and whom

the above will suit, (for, by the bye, unless it suits in some degree, I will not part with it,)—it is much at his service for fifty guineas;—which I am positive is twenty guineas less than it ought to be afforded for by any man of genius.

My lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a gross piece of daubing, as some dedications are. The design, your lordship sees, is good, the colouring transparent,—the drawing not amiss—or, to speak more like a man of science, and measure my piece in the painter's scale, divided into 20—I believe, my lord, the outlines will turn out as 12,—the composition as 9,—the colouring as 6,—the expression 13 and a half—and the design,—if I may be allowed, my lord, to understand my own design, and supposing absolute perfection in designing, to be as 20,—I think it cannot well fall short of 19. Besides all this,—there is keeping in it, and the dark strokes in the hobby-horse, (which is a secondary figure, and a kind of back-ground to the whole,) give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully;—and besides, there is an air of originality in the *tout ensemble*.

Be pleased, my good lord, to order the sum to be paid into the hands of Mr. Doddsley, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care shall be taken that this chapter shall be expunged, and your lordship's titles, distinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter: all which, from the words, *De gustibus non est disputandum*, and whatever else in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, shall stand dedicated to your lordship.—The rest I dedicate to the MOON, who, by the bye, of all the patrons or matrons I can think of, has most power to set my book a-going, and make the world run mad after it.

Bright Goddess,

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

C H A P. X.

WHATEVER degree of small merit, the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might justly claim, or in whom that claim truly rested,—at first sight seems not very material to this history: certain however it was, that the gentlewoman, the parson's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: and yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking, but that the parson himself, though he had not the good fortune to hit upon the design first,—yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to some share of it,—if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

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

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

Be it known, then, that, for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had so circumstantial an account,—the parson we have to do with had made himself a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed against himself, his station, and his office;—and that was in never appearing better, or otherwise mounted, than upon a lean, sorry, jackass of a horse, value about one pound fifteen shillings; who, to shorten all description of him, was full brother to Rosinante, as far as similitude congenial could make him; for he answered his description to a hair-breadth in every thing,—except that I do not remember 'tis any where said, that Rosinante was broken-winded; and that, moreover Rosinante, as is the happiness of most Spanish horses, fat or lean,—was undoubtedly a horse at all points.

I know very well that the hero's horse was a horse of quite different deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion; but it is as certain at the same time, that Rosinante's continency (as may be demonstra-

ted from the adventure of the Yanguesian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cause whatsoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood.—And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chastity in the world, in behalf of which you could not say more for your life.

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

In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his,—for he was master of a very handsome demi-peak'd saddle, quilted on the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silver-headed studs, and a double pair of shining brass stirrups, with a housings altogether suitable, of grey superfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, silk fringe, *poudre d'or*,—all which he had purchased in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand embossed bridle, ornamented at all points as it should be.—But not caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these up behind his study door,—and in lieu of them had seriously befitted him with just such a bridle and such a saddle, as the figure and value of such a steed might well and truly deserve.

In the several sallies about this parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry who lived around him,—you will easily comprehend, that the parson, so appointed, would both hear and see enough to keep his philosophy from rusting. To speak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young.—Labour stood still as he passed—the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well,—the spinning-wheel forgot its round,—even chuck-farthing and shuffle-cap themselves stood gaping till he had got out of sight; and, as his movement was not of the quickest,

quickest, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his observations,—to hear the groans of the serious,—and the laughter of the light-hearted,—all which he bore with excellent tranquillity. His character was, he loved a jest in his heart—and as he saw himself in the true point of ridicule, he would say, he could not be angry with others for seeing him in a light, in which he so strongly saw himself: so that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the less scruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour, instead of giving the true cause,—he chose rather to join in the laugh against himself; and as he never carried one single ounce of flesh upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a figure as his beast,—he would sometimes insist upon it, that the horse was as good as the rider deserved;—that they were, centaur-like—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his spirits were above the temptation of false wit,—he would say, he found himself going off fast in a consumption, and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the sight of a fat horse without a dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits.

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

call that way, he could likewise compose himself to sleep. In short, the parson, upon such encounters, would assign any cause, but the true cause,—and he withheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, because he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the story was as follows: in the first years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the superb saddle and bridle were purchased by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or, call it what you will,—to run into the opposite extreme.—In the language of the county where he dwelt, he was said to have loved a good horse, and generally had one of the best in the whole parish standing in his stable always ready for faddling; and as the nearest midwife, as I told you, did not live nearer to the village than seven miles, and in a vile country,—it so fell out, that the poor gentleman was scarce a whole week together without some piteous application for his beast; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every case was more pressing and more distressful than the last,—as much as he loved his beast, he had never a heart to refuse him; the upshot of which was generally this, that his horse was either clapp'd, or spavm'd, or greas'd;—or he was twitter-bond'd, or broken-winded, or something, in short, or other had befallen him, which would let him carry no flesh;—so that he had every nine or ten months a bad horse to get rid of,—and a good horse to purchase in his stead.

What the loss in such a balance might amount to, *communibus annis*, I would leave to a special jury of sufferers in the same traffic to determine;—but let it be what it would, the honest gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it necessary to take the thing under consideration; and upon weighing the whole, and summing it up in his mind, he found it not only disproportioned to his other expences, but withal so heavy an article in itself, as to disable him from any other act of generosity in his parish: besides this, he considered, that with half the sum thus galloped away, he

he could do ten times as much good ;—and what still weighed more with him than all other considerations put together, was this, that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the least wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his parish ; reserving nothing for the impotent,—nothing for the aged,—nothing for the many comfortless scenes he was hourly called forth to visit, where poverty and sickness, and affliction dwelt together.

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

As he had dreaded his own constancy in the first—he very cheerfully betook himself to the second ; and though he could very well have explained it, as I said, to his honour,—yet, for that very reason, he had a spirit above it ; choosing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a story, which might seem a panegyric upon himself.

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

But this is not the moral of my story : the thing I had in view was to shew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair—For you must know, that so long as this explanation would have done the parson credit,—the devil a soul could find it out.—I suppose his enemies would not, and that, his friends could not—But no
sooner

sooner did he bestir himself in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to set her up,—but the whole secret came out; every horse he had lost, and two horses more than ever he had lost, with all the circumstances of their destruction, were known and distinctly remembered.—The story ran like wild-fire.—“The parson had a returning fit of pride which had just seized him; and he was going to be well mounted once again in his life; and if it was so, ’twas plain as the sun at noon-day, he would pocket the expence of the licence, ten times told, the very first year:—So that every body was left to judge what were his views in this act of charity.”

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life,—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it,—was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his rest, when he should have been found asleep.

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

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

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

C H A P. XI.

YORICK was the parson's name, and, what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation,) it had been exactly so spelt for near,——I was within an ace of saying nine hundred years:——but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indisputable in itself;—and therefore I shall content myself with only saying—It had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.——Has this been owing to the pride or to the shame of the respective proprietors?—In honest truth, I think, sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us altogether, that no one shall be able to stand up and swear, “That his own great-grandfather was the man who did either this or that.”

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

It has often come into my head, that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief jester;

jesters;—and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakespear, many of whose plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts,——was certainly the very man.

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

I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldest son, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work;—I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country;—namely, “that nature was
“neither very lavish, nor was she very stingy, in her
“gifts of genius and capacity to its inhabitants;—
“but, like a discreet parent, was moderately kind to
“them all; observing such an equal tenor in the distribution of her favours, as to bring them, in those
“points, pretty near to a level with each other; so that
“you will meet with few instances in that kingdom of
“refined parts; but a great deal of good plain household understanding amongst all ranks of people, of
“which every body has a share;” which is, I think, very right.

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

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis; in nine hundred years, it might possibly have all run out:—I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for, happen how it would, the fact was this:—that instead of that cold phlegm, and exact regularity of sense and humours, you would have looked for, in one so extracted;—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition,—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions;—with as much life and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this fail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast: he was utterly unpractised in the world; and at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping, unsuspecting girl of thirteen: so that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling? and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way,—you may likewise imagine, 'twas with such he had generally the ill-luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such fracas:—For, to speak truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity:—not to gravity as such;—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together; but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly: and then, whenever it fell into his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, that gravity was an arrant scoundrel, and he would add,—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that, he verily believed more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and

money by it in one twelve-month, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger,—but to itself;—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—’twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,—it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it,—viz. A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind;—which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence would say, deserved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impose restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any periphrasis,—and too oft without much distinction of either personage, time, or place;—so that when mention was made of a pitiful or ungenerous proceeding,—he never gave himself a moment’s time to reflect who was the hero of the piece,—what his station,—or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;—but if it was a dirty action,—without more ado,—the man was a dirty fellow,—and so on.—And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a bon-mot, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick’s indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet at the same time, as he seldom shunned, occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony,—he had but too many temptations in life, of scattering his wit and his humour,—his gibes and his jests about him.—They were not lost for want of gathering.

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

C H A P. XII.

THE Mortgager and Mortgagée differ the one from the other, not more in length of purse, than the Jester and Jestée do, in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four; which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than some of Homer's can pretend to;—namely, that the one raises a fum, and the other a laugh, at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payment of it just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour,—pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

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

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

with his lecture upon discretion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together.

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

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

“Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right.—The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes:—The best of us, my dear lad, lie open there,—and trust me,—trust me, Yorick, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved

resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with."

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it, that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more propriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.—The whole plan of the attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with so little mercy on the side of the allies,—and so little suspicion in Yorick, of what was carrying on against him,—that when he thought, good easy man! full surely preferment was o'ripening, they had smote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

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

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

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

said he.—Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come,—come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted;—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wants them:—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head.—For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop,—and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left-hand,—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,—I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius.—Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that 'tis so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which ***** and ***** and some others have so unhandisomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panca, that should I recover, and “Mitres thereupon be suffered to “rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of “them would fit it.”—Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespear said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

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

THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. 31.

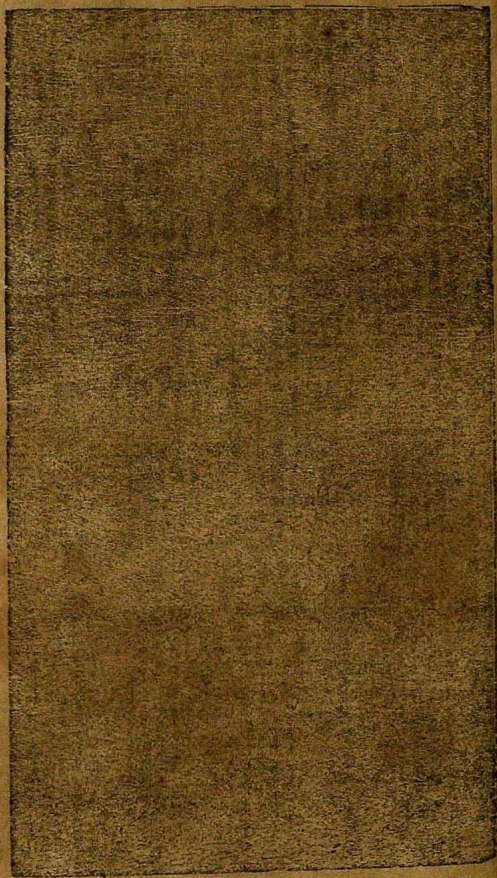
He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, in the parish of —, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy :

ALAS, POOR YORICK !

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him :—a footway crossing the church-yard close by the side of his grave,—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor Yorick !





C H A P. XIII.

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

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

In the present case, if I remember, I fixed it at about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole parish, but extended itself to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the skirts of the next parish; which made a considerable thing of it. I must add, that she was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grange-house, and some other odd houses and farms within two or three miles, as I said, from the smoke of her own chimney:—but I must here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explained in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and developements to this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume;—not
to

to swell the work,—I detest the thought of such a thing,—but by way of commentary, scholium, illustration, and key to such passages, incidents, or inuendos, as shall be thought to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my life and my opinions shall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the world ;—which, betwixt you and me, and in spite of all the gentlemen-reviewers in Great Britain, and of all that their worships shall undertake to write or say to the contrary,—I am determined shall be the case.—I need not tell your worship, that all this is spoke in confidence.

C H A P. XIV.

UPON looking into my mother's marriage settlement, in order to satisfy myself and reader in a point necessary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any farther in this history ;—I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half straight forwards :—it might have taken me up a month ;—which shews plainly, that when a man sits down to write a history,—though it be but the history of Jack Hickathrift or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way,—or what a dance he may be led, by one excursion or another, before all is over. Could a historiographer drive on his history, as a muleteer drives on his mule—straight forward,—for instance, from Rome all the way to Loretto, without ever once turning his head aside either to the right hand or to the left,—he might venture to foretel you to an hour when he shall get to his journey's end ;—but the thing is, morally speaking, impossible : for, if he is a man of the least spirit, he will have fifty deviations from a straight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and prospects to himself perpetually soliciting his eye, which he can no more help franding still to look at than he can fly : he will moreover have various

Accounts to reconcile :

Anecdotes to pick up :

Inscriptions to make out :

Stories to weave in :

Traditions to sift :

Personages to call upon :

Panegyrics to paste up at this door :

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

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

C H A P. XV.

THE article of my mother's marriage-settlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to search for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him,—is so much more fully expressed in the deed itself, than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to take it out of the lawyer's hand :—It is as follows.

“ AND THIS INDENTURE FURTHER WITNESSETH, That the said Walter Shandy, merchant, in consideration of the said intended marriage to be had, and, by God's blessing, to be well and truly solemnized

“ solemnized and consummated between the said Walter
 “ Shandy and Elizabeth Mollineux aforesaid, and divers
 “ other good and valuable causes and considerations him
 “ thereunto specially moving,—doth grant, covenant,
 “ condescend, consent, conclude, bargain, and fully
 “ agree to and with John Dixon and James Turner,
 “ Esqrs. the above-named trustees, &c. &c.—TO
 “ WIT,—That in case it should hereafter so fall out,
 “ chance, happen, or otherwise come to pass,—That
 “ the said Walter Shandy, merchant, shall have left off
 “ business before the time or times that the said Eliza-
 “ beth Mollineux shall, according to the course of nature,
 “ or otherwise, have left off bearing and bringing forth
 “ children;—and that, in consequence of the said Walter
 “ Shandy having so left off business, he shall in despite,
 “ and against the free will, consent, and good liking of
 “ the said Elizabeth Mollineux,—make a departure
 “ from the city of London, in order to retire to, and
 “ dwell upon, his estate at Shandy Hall, in the county
 “ of———, or at any other country-seat, castle, hall,
 “ mansion-house, messuage or grange-house, now pur-
 “ chased, or hereafter to be purchased, or upon any
 “ part or parcel thereof;—that then, and as often as
 “ the said Elizabeth Mollineux shall happen to be en-
 “ ceint with child or children, severally and lawfully
 “ begot, or to be begotten, upon the body of the said
 “ Elizabeth Mollineux, during her said coverture;—he
 “ the said Walter Shandy shall, at his own proper col-
 “ and charges, and out of his own proper monies, upon
 “ good and reasonable notice, which is hereby agreed
 “ to be within six weeks of her the said Elizabeth Mol-
 “ lineux’s full reckoning, or time of supposing and
 “ computed delivery, pay, or cause to be paid, the sum
 “ of one hundred and twenty pounds of good and lawful
 “ money, to John Dixon and James Turner, Esqrs. or
 “ assigns,—upon TRUST and confidence, and for and
 “ unto the use and uses, intent, end, and purpose fol-
 “ lowing:—THAT IS TO SAY,—That the said sum
 “ of one hundred and twenty pounds shall be paid into
 “ the hands of the said Elizabeth Mollineux, or to be
 otherwise

" otherwise applied by them the said trustees, for the
 " well and truly hiring of one coach, with able and
 " sufficient horses, to carry and convey the body of the
 " said Elizabeth Mollineux, and the child or children
 " which she shall be then and there enceint and pregnant
 " with,—unto the city of London; and for the further
 " paying and defraying of all other incidental costs,
 " charges, and expences whatsoever,—in and about, and
 " for, and relating to, her said intended delivery and
 " lying-in, in the said city or suburbs thereof. And
 " that the said Elizabeth Mollineux shall and may, from
 " time to time, and at all such time and times as are
 " here covenanted and agreed upon,—peaceably and quiet-
 " ly hire the said coach and horses, and have free ingress,
 " egress, and regress throughout her journey, in and
 " from the said coach, according to the tenor, true intent,
 " and meaning of these presents, without any let, suit,
 " trouble, disturbance, molestation, discharge, hinde-
 " rance, forfeiture, eviction, vexation, interruption, or
 " incumbrance whatsoever.—And that it shall moreover
 " be lawful to and for the said Elizabeth Mollineux,
 " from time to time, and as oft or often as she shall well
 " and truly be advanced in her said pregnancy, to the
 " time heretofore stipulated and agreed upon,—to live
 " and reside in such place or places, and in such family
 " or families, and with such relations, friends, and other
 " persons within the said city of London, as she at her
 " own will and pleasure, notwithstanding her present co-
 " verture, and as if she was a *femme sole*, and unmar-
 " ried.—shall think fit.—AND THIS INDENTURE
 " FURTHER WITNESSETH, That for the more
 " effectually carrying of the said covenant into execu-
 " tion, the said Walter Shandy, merchant, doth hereby
 " grant, bargain, sell, release, and confirm unto the said
 " John Dixon and James Turner, Esqrs. their heirs,
 " executors, and assigns, in their actual possession now
 " being, by virtue of an indenture of bargain and sale
 " for a year to them the said John Dixon and James
 " Turner, Esqrs. by him the said Walter Shandy, mer-
 " chant, thereof made; which said bargain and sale for

“ a year, bears date the day next before the date of these
 “ presents, and by force and virtue of the statute for
 “ transferring of uses into possession,——ALL that the
 “ manor and lordship of Shandy, in the county of——,
 “ with all the rights, members, and appurtenances there-
 “ of; and all and every messuages, houses, buildings,
 “ barns, stables, orchards, gardens, backslides, tofts,
 “ crofts, garths, cottages, lands, meadows, feedings,
 “ pastures, marshes, commons, woods, underwoods,
 “ drains, fisheries, waters, and water-courses;—together
 “ with all rents, reversions, services, annuities, fee-farms,
 “ knights fees, views of frank-pledge, escheats, reliefs,
 “ mines, quarries, goods and chattels of felons and fugi-
 “ tives, felons of themselves, and put in exigent, deodands,
 “ free warrens, and all other royalties and seignories,
 “ rights and jurisdictions, privileges and hereditaments
 “ whatsoever.—AND ALSO the advowson, donation,
 “ presentation, and free disposition of the rectory or par-
 “ sonage of Shandy aforesaid, and all and every the tenths,
 “ tythes, glebe-lands.”—In three words,——“ My
 “ mother was to lay in (if she chose it) in London.”

But in order to put a stop to the practice of any un-
 fair play on the part of my mother, which a marriage-
 article of this nature too manifestly opened a door to,
 and which indeed had never been thought of at all, but
 for my uncle Toby Shandy;—a clause was added in
 security of my father, which was this:—“ That in
 “ case my mother hereafter should, at any time, put my
 “ father to the trouble and expence of a London jour-
 “ ney, upon false cries and tokens;—that for every
 “ such instance, she should forfeit all the right and title
 “ which the covenant gave her to the next turn;—but
 “ to no more;—and so on, *toties quoties*, in as effectual
 “ a manner, as if such a covenant betwixt them had
 “ not been made.”—This, by the way, was no more
 than what was reasonable;—and yet, as reasonable as
 it was, I have ever thought it hard that the whole
 weight of the article should have fallen entirely, as it
 did, upon myself.

But

But I was begot and born to misfortunes;—for my own poor mother, whether it was wind or water,—or a compound of both,—or neither;—or whether it was simply the mere swell of imagination and fancy in her;—or how far a strong wish and desire to have it so, might mislead her judgment;—in short, whether she was deceived or deceiving in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, that in the latter end of September, 1717, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town much against the grain,—he peremptorily insisted upon the clause;—so that I was doom'd, by marriage articles, to have my nose squeezed as flat to my face, as if the destinies had actually spun me without one.

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

C H A P. XVI.

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

For the next two whole stages, no subject would go down, but the heavy blow he had sustained from the loss of a son, whom it seems he had fully reckoned upon in his mind, and register’d down in his pocket-book, as a second staff for his old age, in case Bobby should fail him. “The disappointment of this (he said) was

“ ten times more to a wise man, than all the money
 “ which the journey, &c. had cost him put together—
 “ Rot the hundred and twenty pounds,—he did not mind
 “ it a rush.”

From Stilton, all the way to Grantham, nothing in the whole affair provoked him so much, as the condolences of his friends, and the foolish figure they should both make at church the first Sunday ;—of which, in the satirical vehemence of his wit, now sharpened a little by vexation, he would give so many humorous and provoking descriptions, and place his rib and self in so many tormenting lights and attitudes in the face of the whole congregation, that my mother declared, these two stages were so truly tragi-comical, that she did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From Grantham, till they had cross'd the Trent, my father was out of all kind of patience at the vile trick and imposition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair—“ Certainly,” he would say to himself over and over again, “ the woman could not be “ deceived herself ;—if she could,——what weakness !” ——Tormenting word ! which led his imagination a thorny dance, and, before all was over, play'd the duce and all with him ; for sure as ever the word *weakness* was uttered, and struck full upon his brain ;—so sure it set him upon running divisions upon how many kinds of weaknesses there were ; that there was such a thing as weakness of the body,—as well as weakness of the mind ;—and then he would do nothing but syllogize within himself for a stage or two together, how far the cause of these vexations might, or might not, have arisen out of himself.

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

C H A P. XVII.

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

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

C H A P. XVIII.

AS the point was that night agreed, or rather determined, that my mother should lye-in of me in the country, she took her measures accordingly; for which purpose, when she was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, she began to cast her eyes upon the midwife, whom you have so often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr. Maningham was not to be had, she had come to a final determination in her mind, notwithstanding there was a scientific operator within so near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expressly wrote a

five shilling book upon the subject of midwifery, in which he had exposed, not only the blunders of the sisterhood itself, but had likewise superadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the fœtus in cross births, and some other cases of danger, which belay us in getting into the world; notwithstanding all this, my mother, I say, was absolutely determined to trust her life, and mine with it, into no soul's hand but this old woman's only.—Now that I like; when we cannot get at the very thing we wish,—never to take up with the next best in degree to it;—no; that's pitiful beyond description:—it is no more than a week from this very day, in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world,—which is March 9, 1759,—that my dear, dear Jenny, observing I looked a little grave, as she stood cheapening a silk of five-and-twenty shillings a yard,—told the mercer, she was sorry she had given him so much trouble; and immediately went and bought herself a yard-wide stuff of ten-ence a yard.—'Tis the duplication of one and the same greatness of soul; only what lessened the honour of it somewhat, in my mother's case, was, that she could not heroine it into so violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her situation might have wished, because the old midwife had really some little claim to be depended upon,—as much, at least, as success could give her; having, in the course of her practice of near twenty years in the parish, brought every mother's son of them into the world without any one slip or accident which could fairly be laid to her account.

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

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

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanswerable; and yet, it was not merely to shelter himself,—nor was it altogether for the care of his offspring and wife that he seemed so extremely anxious about this point;—my father had extensive views of things,—and stood, moreover, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the public good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uses an ill-fated instance might be put to.

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

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

then he would say, "The Lord have mercy upon us all."

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

"Was I an absolute prince," he would say, pulling up his breeches with both his hands as he rose from his arm chair, "I would appoint able judges, at every avenue of my metropolis, who should take cognizance of every fool's business who came there;—and if, upon a fair and candid hearing, it appeared not of weight sufficient to leave his own home, and come bag and baggage, with his wife and children, farmers' sons, &c. &c. at his back-side, they should be all sent back, from constable to constable, like vagrants, as they were, to the place of their legal settlements. By this means I shall take care, that my metropolis tottered not through its own weight;—that the head be no longer too big for the body;—that the extremes, now wasted and pinned in, be restored to their due share of nourishment, and regain, with it, their natural strength and beauty:—I would effectually provide, that the meadows and corn-fields of my dominions shall laugh and sing;—that good cheer and hospitality flourish once more,—and that such weight and influence be put thereby into the hands of the squirality of my kingdom, as should counterpoise what I perceive my nobility are now taking from them.

"Why are there so few palaces and gentlemen's seats," he would ask, with some emotion, as he walked across the room, "throughout so many delicious provinces in France? whence is it that the few remaining *Chateaus* amongst them are so dismantled,—so unfurnished, and in so ruinous and desolate a condition? —Because, Sir, (he would say) in that kingdom no man has any country interest to support;—the little interest of any kind, which any man has any where in it, is concentrated in the court, and the looks of the grand monarch; by the sun-shine of whose countenance, or the clouds which pass across it, every Frenchman lives or dies."

Another

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

In this point he was entirely of Sir Robert Filmer's opinion, that the plans and institutions of the greatest monarchies in the eastern part of the world, were originally all stolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this household and paternal power;—which, for a century, he said, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mixed government; the form of which, however desirable in great combinations of the species,—was very troublesome in small ones,—and seldom produced any thing, that he saw, but sorrow and confusion.

For all these reasons, private and public, put together—my father was for having the man-midwife by all means,—my mother by no means. My father begged and entreated, she would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and suffer him to choose for her;—my mother, on the contrary, insisted upon her privilege in this matter, to choose for herself,—and have no mortal's help but the old woman's.—What could my father do? He was almost at his wit's end;—talked it over with her in all moods;—placed his arguments in all lights:—argued the matter with her like a Christian, —like a heathen, —like a husband, —like a father, —like a patriot, —like a man:—My mother answered every thing only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her:—for as she could not assume and fight it out behind such a variety of characters,—'twas no fair match—'twas seven to one.—What could my mother do?—She had the advantage (otherwise she had been certainly overpowered) of a small reinforcement of chagrin personal
at

at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to dispute the affair with so equal an advantage,—that both sides sung *Te Deum*. In a word, my mother was to have the old woman,—and the operator was to have license to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my uncle Toby Shandy in the back parlour,—for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I must beg leave, before I finish this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breast of my fair reader;—and it is this,—Not to take it absolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have dropt in it,—“That I am a married man.”—I own the tender appellation of my dear, dear Jenny,—with some other strokes of conjugal knowledge, interspersed here and there, might, naturally enough, have misled the most candid judge in the world into such a determination against me.—All I plead for, in this case, madam, is strict justice, and that you do so much of it to me, as well as to yourself,—as not to prejudge, or receive such an impression of me, till you have better evidence than, I am positive, at present, can be produced against me.—Not that I can be so vain or unreasonable, madam, as to desire you should therefore think, that my dear, dear Jenny, is my kept mistress;—no, that would be flattering my character in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, perhaps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is the utter impossibility for some volumes, that you, or the most penetrating spirit upon earth, should know how this matter really stands.—It is not impossible, but that my dear, dear Jenny! tender as the appellation is, may be my child.—Consider,—I was born in the year eighteen.—Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the supposition, that my dear Jenny may be my friend.—Friend!—My friend.—Surely, madam, a friendship between the two sexes may subsist, and be supported without—Fy! Mr. Shandy:—Without any thing, madam, but that tender and delicious sentiment, which ever mixes in friendship, where there is a difference of sex. Let me intreat you to study the purest and sentimental parts of the best French romances;—it will

will really, madam, astonish you to see with what a variety of chaste expressions this delicious sentiment, which I have the honour to speak of, is dressed out.

C H A P. XIX.

I WOULD sooner undertake to explain the hardest problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good sense,—knowing, as the reader must have observed him, and curious too, in philosophy,—wise also in political reasoning,—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant,—could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, so out of the common track,—that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the least of a choleric temper, will immediately throw the book by; if mercurial, he will laugh most heartily at it;—and if he is of a grave and saturnine cast, he will, at first sight, absolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant; and that was in respect of the choice and imposition of Christian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended than what superficial minds were capable of conceiving.

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

The hero of Cervantes argued not the point with more seriousness,—nor had he more faith,—or more to say on the powers of necromancy in dishonouring his deeds, or on Dulcinea's name, in shedding lustre upon them, than my father had on those of Trismegistus or Archimedes, on the one hand—or of Nyky and Simpkin on the other. How many Cæsars and Pompeys, he would say, by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? And how many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing?

I see plainly, Sir, by your looks (or as the case happened) my father would say,—that you do not heartily subscribe

subscribe to this opinion of mine,—which, to those, he would add, who have not carefully sifted it to the bottom,—I own has an air more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it;—and yet, my dear Sir, if I may presume to know your character, I am morally assured, I should hazard little in stating a case to you, not as a party in the dispute,—but as a judge, and trusting my appeal upon it to your own good sense and candid disquisition in this matter:—you are a person free from as many narrow prejudices of education as most men;—and, if I may presume to penetrate farther into you, of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely because it wants friends. Your son—your dear son—from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect—Your Billy, Sir!—would you for the world, have called him Judas?—Would you, my dear Sir, he would say, laying his hand upon his breast with the genteeliest address,—and in that soft and irresistible *piano* of voice, which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires,—Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a god-father had proposed the name of your child, had offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him?—O my God! he would say, looking up, if I know your temper right, Sir, you are incapable of it;—you would have trampled upon the offer; you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money which you shew me in the whole transaction, is really noble;—and what renders it more so, is the principle of it:—the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypothesis, namely, that was your son called Judas, the sordid and treacherous idea, so inseparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and, in the end, made a miser and a rascal of him, in spite, Sir, of your example.

I never knew a man able to answer this argument.—But, indeed, to speak of my father as he was,—he was
certainly

certainly irresistible, both in his orations and disputations;—he was born an orator;—*Θεοδιδάκτωρ*. Persuasion hung upon his lips; and the elements of Logic and Rhetoric were so blended up in him,—and, withal, he had so shrewd a guess at the weaknesses and passions of his respondent,—that Nature might have stood up and said,—“This man is eloquent.”—In short, whether he was on the weak or the strong side of the question, ’twas hazardous in either case to attack him.—And yet, ’twas strange, he had never read Cicero, nor Quintilian de Oratore, nor Isocrates, nor Aristotle, nor Longinus, amongst the ancients;—nor Vossius, nor Skioppinus, nor Ramus, nor Farnaby amongst the moderns;—and what is more astonishing, he had never in his whole life the least light or spark of subtilty struck into his mind, by one single lecture upon Crackenthrop or Burgerfidičius, or any Dutch logician or commentator;—he knew not so much as in what the difference of an argument *ad ignorantiam* and an argument *ad hominem* consisted; so that I well remember, when he went up along with me to enter my name at Jesus College in ****;—it was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society,—that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools, should be able to work after that fashion with them.

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

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

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

Whether this was the case of the singularity of my father's notions—or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit;—or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be absolutely right;—the reader, as he comes at them, shall decide. All that I maintain here, is, that in this one, of the influence of Christian names, however it gained footing, he was serious; he was all uniformity:—he was systematical, and, like all systematic reasoners, he would move both heaven and earth, and twist and torture every thing in nature, to support his hypothesis. In a word, I repeat it over again;—he was serious!—and, in consequence of it, he would lose all kind of patience whenever he saw people, especially of condition, who should have known better,—as careless and as indifferent about the name they imposed upon their child,—or more so, than in the choice of Ponto or Cupid for their puppy-dog.

This, he would say, looked ill;—and had, moreover, this particular aggravation in it, viz. that when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciously given, 'twas not like the case of a man's character, which, when wrong'd, might hereafter be cleared;—and, possibly, some time or other, if not in the man's life, at least after his death,—be, somehow or other, set to rights with the world; but the injury of this, he would say, could never be undone;—nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it:—he knew as well as you, that the legislature assumed a power over surnames;—but for very strong reasons, which he could give, it had never yet ventured, he would say, to go a step farther.

It was observable, that though my father, in consequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the strongest likings and dislikings towards certain names;—that there were still numbers of names which hung so equally in the balance before him, that they were absolutely indifferent to him. Jack, Dick, and Tom were of this class: these my father called neutral names:—
affirming

affirming of them, without a satire, that there had been as many knaves and fools, at least, as wise and good men, since the world began, who had indifferently borne them;—so that, like equal forces acting against each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually destroyed each other's effects; for which reason, he would often declare, he would not give a cherry-stone to choose amongst them. Bob, which was my brother's name, was another of these neutral kinds of Christian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happened to be at Epsom when it was given him,—he would oft-times thank heaven it was no worse. *Andrew* was something like a negative quantity in Algebra with him; 'twas worse, he said, than nothing—*William* stood pretty high:—*Numps* again was low with him:—and *Nick*, he said, was the DEVIL.

But, of all the names in the universe, he had the most unconquerable aversion for *Tristram*;—he had the lowest and most contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world;—thinking it could possibly produce nothing in *rerum naturâ*, but what was extremely mean and pitiful: so that in the midst of a dispute on the subject—in which, by the bye, he was frequently involved,—he would sometimes break off in a sudden and spirited EPIPHONEMA, or rather EROTESIS, raised a third, and sometimes a full fifth, above the key of the discourse,—and demand it categorically of his antagonist, Whether he would take upon him to say, he had ever remembered,—whether he had ever read,—or even whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called *Tristram*, performing any thing great or worth recollecting?—No,—he would say,—*Tristram*:—The thing is impossible.

What could be wanting in my father but to have wrote a book to publish this notion of his to the world? Little boots it to the subtle speculatist to stand single in his opinions,—unless he gives them proper vent:—it was the identical thing which my father did:—for in the year sixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an express DISSERTATION simply upon the word *Tristram*,—shewing the world,

with great candour and modesty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When this story is compared with the title-page,—will not the gentle reader pity my father from his soul,—to see an orderly and well-disposed gentleman, who, though singular,—yet inoffensive in his notions,—played upon in them by cross purposes;—to look down upon the stage, and see him baffled and overthrown in all his little systems and wishes; to behold a train of events perpetually falling out against him, and in so critical and cruel a way, as if they had propoſedly been planned and pointed against him, merely to insult his speculations?—In a word, to behold such a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times a day suffering sorrow; ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers, TRISTRAM!—Melancholy disyllable of sound! which, to his ears, was unison to *Nincompoop*, and every name vituperative under heaven.—By his ashes! I swear it,—if ever malignant spirit took pleasure, or buſied itself by traversing the purposes of mortal man,—it must have been here;—and if it was not necessary I should be born before I was christened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

C H A P. XX.

—How could you, madam, be so inattentive in reading the last chapter? I told you in it, *That my mother was not a papist*.—Papist! You told me no such thing, Sir.—I beg leave to repeat it over again, That I told you as plain, at least, as words, by direct inference, could tell you such a thing.—Then, Sir, I must have mis'd a page.—No, madam,—you have not mis'd a word.—Then I was asleep, Sir.—My pride, madam, cannot allow you that refuge.—Then, I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter.—That, madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and as a punishment for it, I do insist upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is, as soon as you get to the next full stop, and read the whole chapter over again. I have imposed this penance upon the lady, neither out of wantonness or cruelty; but from the best of motives; and therefore shall

shall make her no apology for it when she returns back : — 'tis to rebuke a vicious taste which has crept into thousands besides herself,—of reading straight forwards, more in quest of the adventures, than of the deep erudition and knowledge which a book of this cast, if read over as it should be, would infallibly impart with them. —The mind should be accustomed to make wise reflections, and draw curious conclusions as it goes along; the habitude of which made Pliny the younger affirm, “that he never read a book so bad, but he drew some profit from it.” The stories of Greece and Rome, run over without this turn and application,—do less service, I affirm it, than the history of Parismus and Parismenus, or of the Seven Champions of England, read with it.

—But here comes my fair lady.—Have you read over again the chapter, madam, as I desired you?—You have: and did you not observe the passage, upon the second reading, which admits the inference?—Not a word like it!—Then, madam, be pleased to ponder well the last line but one of the chapter, where I take upon me to say, “It was necessary I should be born before I was christen'd.” Had my mother, madam, been a papist, that consequence did not follow*.

* The Romish Rituals direct the baptizing of the child, in cases of danger, *before* it was born:—but upon this proviso, that some part or other of the child's body be seen by the baptizer:—But the doctors of the Sorbonne, by a deliberation held amongst them, April 10, 1733,——have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determining, that though no part of the child's body should appear,——that baptism shall nevertheless be administered to it by injection, *par le moyen d'une petite canulle*.——Anglice *a squirt*.—'Tis very strange that St. Thomas Aquinas, who had so good a mechanical head, both for tying and untying the knots of school divinity,——should, after so much pains bestowed upon this,——give up the point at last as a second *la chose impossible*.—“Infantes in maternis uteris existentes (quoth St. Thomas!) baptizari possunt *nullo modo*.”—O Thomas! Thomas!

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

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

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

MEMOIRE présenté à Messieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne*.

“ UN chirurgien accoucheur, représente à messieurs les
 “ docteurs de Sorbonne, qu’il y a des cas, quoique très,
 “ rares, où une mere ne scauroit accoucher, & même où
 “ l’enfant est tellement renfermé dans le sein de sa mere,
 “ qu’il ne fait paroitre aucune partie de son corps, ce
 “ qui feroit un cas, suivant les rituels, de lui conférer,
 “ d’un moins sous condition, le baptême. Le chirurgien,
 “ qui consulte, prétend, par le moyen d’une *petite canule*,
 “ de pouvoir baptiser immédiatement l’enfant, sans faire
 “ aucun tort à la mere.—Il demand si ce moyen, qu’il
 “ vient de proposer, est permis & légitime, & s’il peut
 “ s’en servir dans le cas qu’il vient d’exposer.”

REPONSE.

“ LE conseil estime, que le question proposée souffre
 “ de grandes difficultés. Les theologiens posent d’un coté
 “ pour principe, que la baptême qui est une naissance
 “ spirituelle, suppose une premiere naissance; il faut être
 “ né

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

"né dans le monde, pour renaitre en Jesus Christ, comme
 "ils l'enseignent. S. Thomas, 3 part. quæst. 88. artic.
 "11. suit cette doctrine comme une verité constante; l'
 "on ne puet, dit ce S. docteur, baptiser les enfans qui
 "sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres, & S. Tho-
 "mas est fondé sur ce, que les enfans ne sont point nés,
 "& ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres hommes;
 "d'ou il conclud, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objet d'
 "une action exterieure, pour recevoir par leur ministère
 "les sacremens nécessaires au salut: *pueri in maternis*
 "*uteris existentes nondum prodierunt in lucem ut cum*
 "*aliis hominibus vitam ducant; unde non possunt subijci*
 "*actioni humanæ, ut per eorum ministerium sacramenta*
 "*recipiant ad salutem.* Les rituels ordonnent dans la
 "pratique ce que les théologiens ont établi sur les
 "mêmes matières, & ils desendent tous d'une manière
 "uniforme, de baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés
 "dans le sein de leurs meres, s'ils ne font paroître quelque
 "partie de leurs corps. Le concours des théologiens, &
 "des rituels, qui sont les règles des diocèses, paroît for-
 "mer une autorité qui termine la question présente;
 "cependant le conseil de conscience considerant d'un côté,
 "que le raisonnement des théologiens est uniquement
 "fondé sur une raison de convenance, & que a desense
 "des rituels suppose que l'on ne peut baptiser immedi-
 "atement les enfans ainsi renfermés dans le sein de leurs
 "meres, ce qui est contre la supposition présente; & d'un
 "autre côté, considerant que les mêmes theologiens en-
 "seignent que l'on puet risquer les sacremens que Jesus
 "Christ a établis comme des moyens faciles, mais nécel-
 "saires pour sanctifier les hommes; & d'ailleurs estimant,
 "que les enfans renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres,
 "pourroient être capables de salut parcequ'ils sont capa-
 "bles de damnation;—pour ces considerations, & en
 "égard à l'exposé, suivant lequel on assure avoir trouvé
 "un moyen certain de baptiser ces enfans ainsi renfermés
 "faire aucun tort à la mere, le conseil estime que l'on
 "pourroit se servir du moyen proposé, dans la confiance
 "qu'il à, que dieu n'a point laissé ces sortes d'enfans
 "sans aucuns secours, & supposant, comme il est exposé
 "que

56. THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

“ que le moyen dont il s’agit est propre à leur procurer
 “ le baptême; cependant comme il s’agiroyt, en auto-
 “ risant la pratique proposée, de changer une regle uni-
 “ versellement établie, le conseil croit que celui qui
 “ consulte doit s’adresser à son évêque, & à qui il ap-
 “ partient de juger de l’utilité, & du danger du moyen
 “ proposé, & comme, sous le bon plaisir de l’évêque, le
 “ conseil estime qu’il faudroit recourir au pape, que à
 “ le droit d’expliquer les règles de l’église, & d’y déro-
 “ ger dans le cas, on laloi ne scauroit obliger, quelque
 “ sage & quelque utile que paroisse la manière de bap-
 “ tiser dont il s’agit, le conseil ne pourrute l’approuver
 “ sans le concours de ces deux autorités. On conçoit
 “ au moins à celui qui consulte, de s’adresser à son
 “ évêque, & de lui faire part de la présente décision, afin
 “ que, si le prelat entre dans les raisons sur lesquelles les
 “ docteurs soussignés s’appuyent, il puisse être autorisé
 “ dans le cas de nécessité, ou il risqueroit trop d’attendre
 “ que la permission fût demandée & accordée d’employer
 “ le moyen qu’il propose si avantageux au salut de l’en-
 “ fant. Au reste, le conseil, en estimant, que l’on
 “ pourroit s’en servir, croit cependant, que si les enfans
 “ dont il s’agit, venoient au monde, contre l’esperance
 “ de ceux qui seroient servis du même moyen, il seroit
 “ nécessaire de les baptiser *sous condition*; en cela le con-
 “ seil se conforme à tous les rituels, qui en autorisant le
 “ baptême d’un enfant qui fait paroître quelque partie
 “ de son corps, enjoignent néanmoins, & ordonnent de
 “ le baptiser *sous condition*, s’il vient heureusement au
 “ monde.”

Délibéré en Sorbonne, le 10 Avril, 1733.

A. LE MOYNE.

L. DE ROMIGNY.

DE MARCILLY.

Mr. Tristram Shandy's compliments to Messrs. Le
 Moyne, de Romigny, and de Marcilly; hopes they all
 rested well the night after so tiresome a consultation.—
 He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of mar-
 riage, and before that of consummation, the baptizing
 all

all the HOMUNCULI at once, slapdash, by *injection*, would not be a shorter and safer cut still; on condition, as above, that if the HOMUNCULI do well, and come safe into the world after this, that each and every of them shall be baptized again (*sous condition*.)—And provided, in the second place, That the thing can be done, which Mr. Shandy apprehends it may, *par le moyen d'une petite canulle, sans faire aucun tort a le mere*.

C H A P. XXI.

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

I think, replied my uncle Toby, taking his pipe from his mouth, and striking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of the left thumb,—as he began his sentence,—I think, says he:—But to enter rightly into my uncle Toby's sentiments upon this matter, you must be made to enter first a little into his character, the outlines of which I shall just give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

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

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

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

When that happens, it is to be hoped, it will put an end to all kind of writings whatsoever ;—the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading ; and that in time,—as war begets poverty, poverty peace,—must, in course, put an end to all kind of knowledge,—and then—we shall have all to begin over again ; or, in other words, be exactly where we started.

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

But

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

His humour was of that particular species, which does honour to our atmosphere; and I should have made no scruple of ranking him amongst one of the first-rate productions of it, had there not appeared too many strong lines in it of a family likeness, which shewed that he derived the singularity of his temper more from blood than either wind or water, or any modifications or combinations of them whatever: and I have, therefore, oft-times wondered, that my father, though I believe he had his reasons for it, upon his observing some tokens of excentricity, in my course when I was a boy,—should never once endeavour to account for them in this way: for all the Shandy family were original characters throughout:—I mean the males;—the females had no character at all;—except, indeed, my great aunt Dinah, who, about sixty years ago, was married and got with child by the coachman, for which my father, according to his hypothesis of Christian names, would often say, She might thank her godfathers and god-mothers.

It will seem very strange,—and I would as soon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my interest to do, as set him upon guessing how it could come to pass, that an event of this kind, so many years after it had happened, should be reserved for the interruption of the peace and unity, which otherwise so cordially subsisted, between my father and my uncle Toby. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune should have spent and wasted itself in the family at first,—as is generally the case.—But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Possibly at the very time this happened, it might have something else to afflict it; and as afflictions are sent down for our good, and that as this had never done the Shandy family any good at all, it might lay waiting till apt times and circumstances should give it an opportunity to discharge its office.—Observe, I determine nothing upon this.—My way is ever to point out to the curious, different tracts of investigation, to come at
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the first springs of the events I tell;—not with a pedantic Fescue, or in the decisive manner of Tacitus, who outwits himself and his reader;—but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the assistance merely of the inquisitive:—to them I write,—and by them I shall be read,—if any such reading as this could be supposed to hold out so long,—to the very end of the world.

Why this cause of sorrow, therefore, was thus reserved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itself so as to become the cause of dissatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactness, and is as follows:

My uncle Toby Shandy, madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which usually constitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude,—possessed one in a very eminent degree, which is seldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was a most extreme and unparalleled modesty of nature;—though I correct the word nature, for this reason, that I may not prejudge a point which must shortly come to a hearing, and that is, Whether this modesty of his was natural or acquired.—Which ever way my uncle Toby came by it, 'twas nevertheless modesty in the truest sense of it; and that is, madam, not in regard to words, for he was so unhappy as to have very little choice in them,—but to things;—and this kind of modesty so possessed him, and it arose to such a height in him, as almost to equal, if such a thing could be, even the modesty of a woman: that female nicety, madam, and inward cleanliness of mind and fancy, in your sex, which makes you so much the awe of ours.

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

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

Toby scarce exchanged three words with the sex in as many years;—no, he got it, madam, by a blow.—A blow!—Yes, madam, it was owing to a blow from a stone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the siege of Namur, which struck full upon my uncle Toby's groin.—Which way could that effect it? The story of that, madam, is long and interesting;—but it would be running my history all upon heaps to give it you here.—'Tis for an episode hereafter; and every circumstance relating to it, in its proper place, shall be faithfully laid before you:—'Till then, it is not in my power to give farther light into this matter, or say more than what I have said already,—That my uncle Toby was a gentleman of unparalleled modesty, which happening to be somewhat subtilized and rarified by the constant heat of a little family pride,—they both so wrought together within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my aunt Dinah touched upon, but with the greatest emotion.—The least hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face; but when my father enlarged upon the story in mixed companies, which the illustration of his hypothesis frequently obliged him to do,—the unfortunate blight of one of the fairest branches of the family, would set my uncle Toby's honour and modesty o'bleeding; and he would often take my father aside, in the greatest concern imaginable, to expostulate and tell him, he would give him any thing in the world, only to let the story rest.

My father, I believe, had the truest love and tenderness for my uncle Toby, that ever one brother bore towards another, and would have done any thing in nature, which one brother in reason could have desired another, to have made my uncle Toby's heart easy in this, or any other point. But this lay out of his power.

—My father, as I told you, was a philosopher in grain,—speculative,—systematical;—and my aunt Dinah's affair was a matter of as much consequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to Copernicus:—the backslidings of Venus in her orbit fortified the Copernican system, called so after his name; and the back-

slidings of my aunt Dinah in her orbit did the same service in establishing my father's system, which, I trust, will for ever hereafter be called the Shandean system, after his.

In any other family dishonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a sense of shame as any man whatever;—and neither he, nor, I dare say, Copernicus, would have divulged the affair in either case, or have taken the least notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they owed, as they thought, to truth.—*Amicus Plato*, my father would say, construing the words to my uncle Toby, as he went along, *Amicus Plato*; that is, Dinah was my aunt;—*sed magis amica veritas*—but Truth is my sister.

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

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

My uncle Toby would never offer to answer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whistling half

half a dozen bars of Lillebullero.—You must know it was the usual channel thro' which his passions got vent, when any thing shocked or surprized him;—but especially when any thing, which he deemed very absurd, was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the commentators upon them, that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular species of argument,—I here take the liberty to do it myself, for two reasons. First, that, in order to prevent all confusion in disputes, it may stand as much distinguished for ever, from every other species of argument—as the *argumentum ad vercundiam*, *ex absurdo*, *ex fortiori*, or any other argument whatsoever:—And secondly, that it may be said by my childrens children, when my head is laid to rest,—that their learned grandfather's head had been busied to as much purpose once, as other people's; that he had invented a name,—and generously thrown it into the Treasury of the *Ars Logica*, for one of the most unanswerable arguments in the whole science. And if the end of disputation is more to silence than convince,—they may add, if they please, to one of the best arguments too.

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

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

C H A P. XXII.

THE learned Bishop Hall (I mean the famous Dr. Joseph Hall, who was bishop of Exeter, in king James the First's reign) tells us in one of his Decads,

at the end of his *Divine Art of Meditation*, imprinted at London, in the year 1610, by John Beal, dwelling in Alderlgate-street, "That it is an abominable thing for "a man to commend himself;"—and I really think it is so.

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

This is precisely my situation.

For in this long digression, which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digressions, (one only excepted) there is a master-stroke of digressive skill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader;—not for want of penetration in him,—but because 'tis an excellence seldom looked for,—or expected indeed, in a digression;—and it is this: that though my digressions are all fair, as you observe,—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often too, as any writer in Great-Britain, yet I constantly take care to order affairs so, that my main business does not stand still in my absence.

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

By this contrivance the machinery of my work is of a species by it self; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which are thought to be at variance

riance with each other. In a word, my work is digressive, and it is progressive too,—and at the same time.

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

Digressions, incontestably are the sunshine ;—they are the life, the soul of reading ;—take them out of this book, for instance,—you might as well take the book along with them ;—one cold eternal winter would reign in every part of it ; restore them to the writer,—he steps forth like a bridegroom,—bids all-hail ; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

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

—This is vile work.—For which reason, from the beginning of this, you see, I have constructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with such interfections, and have so complicated and involved the digressive and progressive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going ;—and, what's more, it shall be kept a-going these forty years, if it pleases the fountain of health to bless me so long with life and good spirits.



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

If the fixture of Momus's glafs in the human breast, according to the propofed emendation of that arch-critic had taken place,—first, this foolish confequence would certainly have followed,—that the very wifeft and the very graveft of us all, in one coin or other, muft have paid window-money every day of our lives.

And, fecondly, That had the faid glafs been there fet up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair, and gone foftly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and looked in,—viewed the foul ftark naked,—obferved all her motions,—her machinations;—traced all her maggots from their firft engendering to their crawling forth;—watched her loole in her friks, her gambols, her capricies; and after fome notice of her more folemn deportment, confequent upon fuch friks, &c.—then taking your pen and ink, and fet down nothing but what you had feen, and could have fworn to;—but this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet; in the planet Mercury (be like) it may be fo, if not, better ftill for him;—for there the intenfe heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from its vicinity to the fun, to be more than equal to that of red hot iron—muft, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants, (as the efficient caufe) to fuit them for the climate (which is the final caufe;) fo that betwixt them both, all the teneiments of their fouls, from top to bottom, may be nothing elfe, for aught the foundeft philofophy can fhew to the contrary, but one fine tranfparent body of clear glafs (bating the umbilical knot;)—fo, that till the inhabitants grow old and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in paffing through them, become fo monftrofly refracted,—or return reflected from their fufaces in fuch tranfverfe lines to the eye, that a man cannot be feen through;—his foul might as well,

well, unless for mere ceremony,—or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her,—might, upon all other accounts, I say, as well play the fool out o' doors as in her own house.

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

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

Some, for instance, draw all their characters with wind instruments,—Virgil takes notice of that way in the affair of Dido and Æneas;—but it is fallacious as the breath of fame;—and, moreover, bespeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the Italians pretend to a mathematical exactness in their designations of one particular sort of character among them, from the *forte* or *piano* of a certain wind instrument they use,—which they say is infallible.—I dare not mention the name of the instrument in this place;—'tis sufficient we have it amongst us,—but never think of making a drawing by it:—this is ænigmatical, and intended to be so, at least, *ad populum*:—and therefore I beg, Madam, when you come here, that you read on as fast as you can, and never stop to make any enquiry about it.

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

I should have no objection to this method, but that I think it must smell too strong of the lamp, and be rendered still more operose, by forcing you to have an eye to the rest of his *non-naturals*.—Why the most natural actions of a man's life should be called non-naturals,—is another question.

There are others, fourthly, who disdain every one of these

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

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

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

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

C H A P. XXIV.

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

A man and his Hobby-horse, though I cannot say that they act and re-act exactly after the same manner in which the soul and body do upon each other, yet doubtless there is a communication between them of some kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is something in it more of the manner of electrified bodies—and that by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the Hobby-horse.—By long journies, and much friction, it so happens, that the body of the rider is at length filled as

* Pentagraph, an instrument to copy prints and pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

full of Hobby-horſical matter as it can hold;—ſo that if you are able to give but a clear deſcription of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the Hobby-horſe which my uncle Toby always rode upon was, in my opinion, an Hobby-horſe well worth giving a deſcription of, if it was only upon the ſcore of his great ſingularity; for you might have travelled from York to Dover, from Dover to Penzance, in Cornwall, and from Penzance to York back again, and not have ſeen ſuch another upon the road; or if you had ſeen ſuch a one, whatever halſe you had been in, you muſt infalliably have ſtopped to have taken a view of him.. Indeed, the gait and figure of him was ſo ſtrange, and ſo utterly unlike was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole ſpecies, that it was now and then made a matter of diſpute,——whether he was really a Hobby-horſe or no: but, as the philoſopher would uſe no other argument to the ſceptic, who diſputed with him againſt the reality of motion, ſave that of riſing upon his legs, and walking a-croſs the room; ſo would my uncle Toby uſe no other argument to prove his Hobby-horſe was a Hobby-horſe indeed, but by getting upon his back, and riding him about;——leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

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

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

C H A P. XXV.

THE wounds in my uncle Toby's groin, which he received at the ſiege of Namur, rendering him unfit for the ſervice, it was thought expedient he ſhould return to England, in order, if poſſible, to be ſet to rights. He was four years totally confined,—part of it to his bed,

bed, and all of it to his room; and in the course of his cure, which was all that time in hand, suffered unspeakable miseries,—owing to a succession of exfoliation from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix* called the *os illium*,—both which bones were dismally crushed, as much by the irregularity of the stone, which I told you was broke off the parapet,—as by its size,—(though it was pretty large) which inclined the surgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my uncle Toby's groin, was, more owing to the gravity of the stone itself, than to the projectile force of it,—which, he would often tell him, was a great happiness.

My father at that time was just beginning business in London, and had taken a house;—and as the truest friendship and cordiality subsisted between the two brothers,—and that my father thought my uncle Toby could no where be so well nursed and taken care of as in his own house,—he assigned him the very best apartment in it. And what was a much more sincere mark of his affections still, he would never suffer a friend or an acquaintance to step into the house on any occasion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up stairs to see his brother Toby, and chat an hour by his bed-side.

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

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

What these perplexities of my uncle Toby were,—'tis impossible for you to guess; if you could—I should blush; not as a relation,—not as a man,—nor even as a woman,

woman,—but I should blush as an author; inasmuch as I set no small store by myself upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to guess at any thing. And in this, Sir, I am of so nice and singular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the least judgment or probable conjecture to yourself, of what was to come in the next page,—I would tear it out of my book.

C H A P. XXVI.

I HAVE begun a new book, on purpose that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle Toby was involved, from the many discourses and interrogations about the siege of Namur, where he received his wound.

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

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

Writers

Writers themselves are too apt to confound their terms; so that you will the less wonder, if: in his endeavours to explain them, and in opposition to many misconceptions, my uncle Toby did oft-times puzzle his visitors, and sometimes himself too.

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

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle Toby, was this,—that in the attack of the counter-scarp, before the gate of St. Nicholas, extending itself from the bank of the Maes, quite up to the great water-stop,—the ground was cut and cross cut with such a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and sluices, on all sides,—and he would get so sadly bewildered, and set fast amongst them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to save his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

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

No doubt my uncle Toby had great command of himself,—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as most men; yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half moon, or getting out of the covered way without falling down the counter-scarp, nor cross the dyke without danger of slipping into the ditch, but that he must have fretted and fumed inwardly:—he did so;—and the little and hourly vexations, which may seem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates, yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr. James Mackenzie, and has considered well the effects which the passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion,—(why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)

a dinner?)—may easily conceive what sharp paroxysms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle Toby must have undergone upon that score only.

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

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

All this succeeded to his wishes; and not only freed him from a world of sad explanation, but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle Toby his Hobby-Horse.

C H A P. XXVII.

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

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

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

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

—How, in the name of wonder! could your uncle Toby, who, it seems, was a military man, whom you have represented as no fool,—be at the same time such a confused, pudding-headed, muddle-headed, fellow, as—Go look.

So, Sir Critic, I could have replied; but I scorn it.—Tis language unurbane,—and only befitting the man who cannot give clear and satisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the first causes of human ignorance and confusion. It is moreover the reply valiant—and therefore I reject it; for though it might have suited my uncle Toby's character as a soldier excellently well,—and had he not accustomed himself, in such attacks, to whistle the Lillabullero, as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very answer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You see as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition;—that even my families, and my allusions, and my illustrations, and my metaphors, are erudite,—and that I must sustain my character properly, and contrast it properly too,—else what would become of me? Why, Sir, I should be undone:—at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place against a critic,—I should have made an opening for a couple.—

—Therefore I answer thus:

Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read such a book as Locke's Essay upon

upon the Human Understanding?—Don't answer me rashly;—because many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it—and many have read it who understand it not:—If either of these is your case, as I write to instruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is.—It is a history.—A history! of who? what? where? when?—Don't hurry yourself.—It is a history-book, Sir, (which may possibly recommend it to the world) of what passes in a man's own mind; and if you will say so much of the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphysic circle.

But this by the way.

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

Dull organs, dear Sir, in the first place. Secondly, slight and transient impressions made by the objects when the said organs are not dull. And thirdly, a memory like unto a sieve, not able to retain what it has received.—Call down Dolly your chamber-maid, and I will give you my cap and bell along with it, if I make not this matter so plain that Dolly herself should understand it as well as Malbranch.—When Dolly has indited her epistle to Robin, and has thrust her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right side;—take that opportunity to recollect that the organs and faculties of perception can by nothing in this world be so aptly typified and explained as by that one thing which Dolly's hand is in search of—Your organs are not so dull that I should inform you—'tis an inch, Sir, of red sealwax.

When this is melted and dropped upon the letter, if Dolly fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over-hardened, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the usual impulse which was wont to imprint it. Very well. If Dolly's wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too soft—though it may receive—it will not hold the impression, how hard soever Dolly thrusts against it; and last of all, supposing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in care-

less haste, as her mistress rings the bell;—in any one of these three cases the print, left by the thimble, will be as unlike the prototype as a brass-jack.

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

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

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

Gentle critic! when thou hast weighed all this, and considered within thyself how much of thy own knowledge, discourse, and conversation has been pestered and disordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only:—What a pudder and racket in COUNCILS about *εἶς* and *ὁμόσας*; and in the SCHOOLS of the learned about power and about spirit;—about essences, and about quintessences;—about substances, and about space.—What confusion in greater THEATRES from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a sense! when thou considerest this, thou wilt not wonder at my uncle Toby's perplexities;—thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his scarp and his counter-scarp;—his glacis and his covered-way;—his ravelin and his half-moon: 'Twas not by ideas,—by heaven; his life was put in jeopardy by words.

C H A P. XXVIII.

WHEN my uncle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind, he began immediately to apply himself, with the utmost diligence, to the study of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery

very, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the passion and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the nicest care to make himself so far master of his subject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

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

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

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

tense application and delight, that he would forget himself, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

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

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in August ninety-nine, my uncle Toby found it necessary to understand a little of projectiles:—and having judged it best to draw his knowledge from the fountain head, he began with N. Tartaglia, who it seems was the first man that detected the imposition of a cannon-ball's doing all that mischief under the notion of a right line.—This Tartaglia proved to my uncle Toby to be an impossible thing.

—————Endless is the Search of Truth.

No sooner was my uncle Toby satisfied which road the cannon-ball did not go, but he was insensibly led on, and resolved in his mind to enquire and find out which road the ball did go: for which purpose he was obliged to set off afresh with old Maltus, and studied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to Gallileo and Torricellius, wherein, by certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the precise path to be a PARABOLA—or else an HYPERBOLA—and that the parameter, or latus rectum, of the conic section of the said path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct ratio, as the whole line to the line of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breech upon an horizontal plane;—and that the semi-parameter;—Stop! my dear uncle Toby—stop!—go not one foot farther into this thorny and bewildered track—intricate are the steps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the pursuit of this bewitching phantom KNOWLEDGE will bring upon thee.—O my uncle! fly—fly, fly from it as from a serpent.—Is it fit—good-natured man! thou should'st

should'st sit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights basking thy blood with hectic watchings!—Alas! 'twill exasperate thy symptoms—check thy perspirations—evaporate thy spirits—waste thy animal strength—dry up thy radical moisture—bring thee into a costive habit of body—impair thy health—and hasten all the infirmities of thy old age.—O my uncle! my uncle Toby.

C H A P. XXIX.

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

—Writers of my stamp have one principle in common with painters. Where an exact copying makes our pictures less striking, we chuse the less evil; deeming it more pardonable to trespass against truth than beauty. This is to be understood *cum grano salis*; but be it as it will,—as the parallel is made more for the sake of letting the apostrophe cool, than any thing else,—'tis not very material whether upon any other score the reader approves of it or not.

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

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean shirt,—to dismiss his barber unshaven,—and to allow his surgeon scarce time sufficient to dress his wound, concerning himself so little about it, as not to ask him once in seven times dressing, how it went on; when, lo!—all of a sudden (for the change was as quick as lightning) he began to sigh heavily

heavily for his recovery,—complained to my father, grew impatient with the surgeon;—and one morning, as he heard his foot coming up stairs, he shut up his books, and thrust aside his instruments, in order to expostulate with him upon the protraction of the cure, which, he told him, might surely have been accomplished at least by that time.—He dwelt long upon the miseries he had undergone, and the sorrows of his four years melancholy imprisonment; adding, that had it not been for the kind looks and fraternal cheerings of the best of brothers,—he had long since sunk under his misfortunes.—My father was by: my uncle Toby's eloquence brought tears into his eyes;—'twas unexpected:—my uncle Toby, by nature, was not eloquent;—it had the greater effect:—the surgeon was confounded; not that there wanted grounds for such, or greater marks of impatience,—but 'twas unexpected too; in the four years he had attended him, he had never seen any thing like it in my uncle Toby's carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or discontented word; he had been all patience,—all submission.

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

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

to the parlour fire-side, where we left my uncle Toby in the middle of his sentence.

C H A P. XXX.

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

My uncle Toby's wound was near well; and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprize, and could get leave to say as much—he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no sign of,—it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many olympiads twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of a shorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind.—The succession of his ideas was now rapid,—he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution;—and so, without consulting farther with any soul living,—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are pre-determined to take no one soul's advice,—he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot and four to be at the door exactly at twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change.—So leaving a bank-note upon the table to the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's— he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c. and by the help of a crutch on one side, and Trim on the other,—my uncle Toby embarked for Shandy-Hall.

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

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c. about him—being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crouded upon it—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco box, to throw down his compasses; and in stooping to take his compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments

instruments and snuffers;—and, as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling,—he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing all these evils by himself;—he rung his bell for his man Trim:—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, prithee see what confusion I have here been making—I must have some better contrivance, Trim.—Canst thou not take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again?—Yes, and please your honour, replied Trim, making a low bow; but I hope your honour will be soon well enough to get down to your country-seat, where,—as your honour takes so much pleasure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

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

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

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

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

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character,—and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to advise,—or rather to hear himself talk: his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going—you had no hold of him—he was voluble;—the eternal interlardings of your honour, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution,—that though you might have been incommoded,—you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at least, this fault, in Trim, broke no squares with them. My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man; and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant,—but as an humble friend, he could not bear to stop his mouth.—Such was Corporal Trim.

If I durst presume, continued Trim, to give your honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter—Thou art welcome, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby—speak,—speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear. Why, then, replied Trim, (not hanging his ears, and scratching his head, like a country lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division,—I think, quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings,—I think, quoth Corporal Trim, with humble submission to your honour's better judgment,—that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and horn-works, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your honour and I could make of it were we in the country by ourselves, and

and had but a rood or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with: as summer is coming on, continued Trim, your honour might fit out of doors, and give me the nography—(call it itchnography, quoth my uncle)—of the town or citadel, your honour was pleased to sit down before,—and I will be shot by your honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your honour's mind—I dare say thou would'st Trim, quoth my uncle.—For if your honour, continued the corporal, could but mark the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—That I could do very well, quoth my uncle—I would begin with the fosse, and if your honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—I can to a hair's breadth, Trim, replied my uncle—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counter-scarp.—Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.—And when I had sloped them to your mind,—an' please your honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with fods,—and as your honour knows they should be,—and I would make the walls and parapets with fods too.—The best engineers call them gazons, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—Whether they are gazons or fods, is not much matter, replied Trim; your honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.—I know they are, Trim, in some respects,—quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head;—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fosse, (as was the case at St. Nicolas's Gate,) and facilitate the passage over it.

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

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet, as Trim went on;—but it was not a blush of guilt,—of modesty, or of anger;—it was a blush of joy;—he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description.——Trim! said my uncle Toby, thou hast said enough.—We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his majesty and the allies take the field, and demolish them town by town as fast as—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, say no more. Your honour, continued Trim, might sit in your arm chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would—Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby—Besides, your honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime,—but good air, and good exercise, and good health; and your honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou hast said enough, Trim,—quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches pocket)—I like thy project mightily.—And if your honour pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-axe, and a couple of—Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture, —and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand.—Trim, said my uncle Toby, say no more;—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper,—to no purpose:—Trim's plan of operation ran so in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it.—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed.—'Twas all one.—Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination,—my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes.—The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him;—so that, two full hours before day-light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-

garden of about half an acre; and at the botrom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for;—so that as Trim uttered the words, “A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with,”—this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted all at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby’s fancy;—which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or at least of heightening his blush, to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

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

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

C H A P. XXXI.

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

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

Sir,

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

It is very strange, says my father, addressing himself to my uncle Toby, as Obadiah shut the door,—as there is so expert an operator as Dr. Slop so near,—that my wife should persist to the very last in this obstinate humour of hers, in trusting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman;—and not only the life of my child, brother,—but her own life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

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

—Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world, quoth my uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his heart,—but Modesty.—My sister, I dare say, added he, does not care to let a man come so near her****. I will not say whether my uncle Toby had completed the sentence or not:—'tis for his advantage to suppose he had,—as, I think, he could have added no *one word* which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my uncle Toby had not fully arrived at the period's end,—then the world stands indebted to the sudden snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, for one of the neatest examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which Rhetoricians stile the Apolopoeisis.—Just heaven! how does the Poco piu, and the Poco meno of the Italian artists;—the insensible *more* or *less*, determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence as well as in the statue! How do the slight touches of the chisel,

the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-stick, *et cætera*,—give the true swell, which gives the true pleasure!—O my countrymen;—be nice;—be cautious of your language;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten, upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

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

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

C H A P. XXXII.

THOUGH my father was a good natural philosopher, —yet he was something of a moral philosopher too; for which reason, when his tobacco-pipe snapped short in the middle,—he had nothing to do, as such, but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.—He did no such thing;—he threw them with all the violence in the world;—and, to give the action still more emphasis,——he started up on both his legs to do it.

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

—“Not choose,” quoth my father, (repeating my uncle Toby’s words) “to let a man come so near her!” —By heaven, brother Toby! you would try the patience of Job;—and I think I have the plagues of one already without it.—Why?—Where?—Wherein?—Wherefore?—Upon what account? replied my uncle Toby, in the utmost astonishment.—To think, said my father, of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing so little about women!—I know nothing at all about

about them,—replied my uncle Toby; and I think, continued he, that the shock I received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in my affair with Widow Wadman,—which shock, you know, I should not have received, but from my total ignorance of the sex,—has given me just cause to say, that I neither know, nor do pretend to know, any thing about 'em or their concerns either.—Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at least, know so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

It is said in Aristotle's Master-piece, "That when a man doth think of any thing which is past,—he looketh down upon the ground;—but that when he thinketh of something that is to come, he looketh up towards the heavens."

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

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

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

ANALOGY, replied my father, is the certain relation and agreement, which different—Here a devil of a rap at the door snapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two,—and, at the same time, crushed the head of as notable and curious a dissertation as ever was engendered in the womb of speculation;—it was some months before my father could get an opportunity to be safely delivered of it:—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the subject of the dissertation itself—(considering the confusion and distresses of our domestic misadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another)—whether I shall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

C H A P. XXXIII.

IT is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading since my uncle Toby rung the bell, when Obadiah was ordered to saddle a horse, and go for Dr. Slop, the man-midwife;—so that no one can say, with reason, that I have not allowed Obadiah time enough, poetically speaking, and considering the emergency too, both to go and come;—though, morally and truly speaking, the man perhaps has scarce had time to get on his boots.

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

I would therefore desire him to consider, that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy-Hall to Dr. Slop, the man-

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

If my hyper-critic is intractable, alledging, that two minutes and thirteen seconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen seconds:—when I have said all I can about them; and that this plea, though it might save me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book, from this very moment, a professed ROMANCE, which, before, was a book apocryphal; —If I am thus pressed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controversy about it all at once,—by acquainting him, that Obadiah had not got above three-score yards from the stable-yard, before he met with Dr. Slop;—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him, and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

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

C H A P. XXXIV.

IMAGINE to yourself, a little squat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor Slop, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a fusquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a serjeant in the home-guards.

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

Imagine

Imagine such a one,—for such, I say, were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure,—coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt, upon the vertebrae of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour,—but of strength,—alack!—scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.—They were not.—Imagine to yourself, Obadiah, mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

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

Had Dr. Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monstrous rate,—plashing and plunging like a devil through thick and thin, as he approached, would not such a phenomenon, with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis,—have been a subject of juster apprehension to Dr. Slop in his situation, than the *worst* of Whiston's comets?—To say nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horse.—In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at least the doctor's pony, quite away with it. What then do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. Slop have been, when you read, (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily towards Shandy-Hall, and had approached to within sixty yards of it, and within five yards of a sudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden-wall,—and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane,—when Obadiah and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious,—pop,—full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature, can be supposed more terrible than such a rencounter;—so imprompt! so ill prepared to stand the shock of it as Dr. Slop was.

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

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

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

C H A P. XXXV.

WHEN Dr. Slop entered the back-parlour, where my father and my uncle Toby were discoursing upon the nature of women,—it was hard to determine whether Dr. Slop's figure, or Dr. Slop's presence, occasioned more surprize to them? for as the accident happened so near the house, as not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him—Obadiah had led him in as he was, unwiped, unappointed, unanealed, with all his stains and blotches on him.—He stood like Hamlet's ghost, motionless and speechless, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour-door (Obadiah still holding his hand) with all the majesty of mud. His
hinder

hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally belineared,——and in every other part of him, blotched over in such a manner with Obadiah's explosion, that you would have sworn (without mental reservation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle to have triumphed over my father in his turn;——for no mortal, who had beheld Dr. Slop in that pickle, could have dissented from so much, at least, of my uncle Toby's opinion, "That mayhap his sister might not care to let such a Dr. Slop come so near her ****."——But it was the Argumentum ad hominem; and if my uncle Toby was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to use it.——No; the reason was,—'twas not his nature to insult.

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

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

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

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXVI.

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

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

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

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

Truce!—truce, good Dr. Slop!—stay thy obstetric hand; return it safe into thy bosom to keep it warm:—little dost thou know what obstacles,—little dost thou think what hidden causes retard its operation!—Hast thou, Dr. Slop,—hast thou been entrusted with the secret articles of this solemn treaty which has brought thee into this place?—Art thou aware, that at this instant, a daughter of Lucina is put obstetrically over thy head? Alas!—'tis too true,——Besides, great son of Pilemnus! what

what canst thou do?—Thou hast come forth unarmed;—thou hast left thy *tire tete*,—thy new invented forceps—thy crotchet, thy squirt, and all thy instruments of salavation and deliverance, behind thee.—By heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green bays bag, betwixt thy two pistols, at the bed's head!—Ring;—call;—send Obadiah back upon the coach-horse to bring them with all speed.—Make great haste, Obadiah, quoth my father, and I'll give thee a crown;—and, quoth my uncle Toby, I'll give him another.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

