

THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

Non enim excursus hic ejus sed opus istum est.

Plin. Lib. v. Ep. 6.

Si quid urbanjesculè lusum a nobis, per Musas et Charitas et omnium poetarum Numina, Oro te, ne me malè capias.

VOL. VI.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR C. COOKE, No. 17,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

CHAPTER I.

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

Now, through all the lumber rooms of military furniture, including both of horse and foot, from the great arsenal of Venice to the Tower of London, (exclusive,) if Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for seven years together, and with Bridget to help her, she could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* so fit for her purpose, as that which the expediency of my uncle Toby's affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

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

4 THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

meeting it half way, to advance it towards her; on which my uncle Toby's passions were sure to catch fire—for he would instantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his pipe, in the other, begin an explanation.

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

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

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

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

This, tho' slight skirmishing, and at a distance from the main body, yet drew on the rest; for here, the map usually falling with the back of it close to the side of the sentry-box, my uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his soul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place
her's

her's close beside it: this at once opened a communication large enough for any sentiment to pass or repass, which a person skill'd in the elementary and practical part of love-making has occasion for——

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

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

——The deuce take it! said my uncle Toby.



C H A P. II.

THESE attacks of Mrs. Wadman you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which history is full of, and from the same reasons. A general looker-on would scarce allow them to be attacks at all—or if he did, would confound them all together. But I write not to them: it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my descriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for some chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that, in a bundle of original papers and drawings which my father took care to roll up by themselves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preservation (and shall be kept so, whilst I have power to preserve any thing) upon the lower corner of which, on the right hand side, there is still remaining the marks of a snuffy finger and thumb, which there is all the reason in the world to imagine, were Mrs. Wadman's; for the opposite side of the margin, which I suppose to have been my uncle Toby's, is absolutely clean. This seems an authenticated record of one of these attacks; for there are vestigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but still visible on the opposite corner of the map, which are unquestionably the very holes through which it has been pricked up in the sentry-box—

By all that is priestly! I value this precious relic, with its *stigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the relics of the Romish church—always excepting, when I am writing upon these matters, the pricks which entered the flesh of St. Radagunda in the desert, which, in your road from *Fesse* to *Cluny*, the nuns of that name will shew you for love.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

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

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

—Then, said my uncle Toby, there is no farther occasion for our services. The more, an' please your honour, the pity, said the corporal, in uttering which he cast his spade into the wheelbarrow, which was beside him, with an air the most expressive of disconsolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pick-ax, his pioneer's shovel, his picquets, and other military stores, in order to carry them off the field—when a heigh ho! from the sentry-box, which, being made of thin slit deal, reverberated the sound more sorrowfully to his ear, forbid him.

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

C H A P.

3 THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

C H A P. IV.

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

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

It was a thousand pities then, said the corporal, casting his eye upon Dunkirk, and the mole, as Servius Sulpicius, in returning out of Asia (when he sailed from Ægina towards Megara) did upon Corinth and Pyreus——

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

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

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

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

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

I'll

THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. 9

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

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



The Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles.

THERE was a certain king of Bo--he--

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

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

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

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

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

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

The corporal perceiving my uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without farther attempting it, he put it on; and passing his hand across his forehead, to rub out a pensive wrinkle, which

which the text and the doctrine between them had engender'd, he return'd, with the same look and tone of voice, to his story of the king of Bohemia and his seven castles.

*The Story of the King of Bohemia and his
Seven Castles continued.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The Story of the King of Bohemia and his
Seven Castles continued.*

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

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

There is but one, an’ please your honour—

—’Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle Toby—Thou should’st have carried him back some seven or eight hundred years out of harm’s way, both of critics and other people; and therefore I would advise thee, if ever thou tellest it again—

—If I live, an’ please your honour, but once to get through it, I will never tell it again, quoth Trim, either to man, woman, or child—Poc—poo! said my uncle

Toby—but with accents of such sweet encouragement did he utter it, that the corporal went on with his story with more alacrity than ever.

*The Story of the King of Bohemia and his
Seven Castles continued.*

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

——Leave out the date entirely, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaning forwards, and laying his hand gently upon the corporal's shoulder to temper the interruption

——leave it out entirely, Trim: a story passes very well without these niceties, unless one is pretty sure of 'em

——Sure of 'em! said the corporal, shaking his head——

Right, answered my uncle Toby: it is not easy, Trim, for one bred up, as thou and I have been, to arms, who seldom looks farther forward than to the end of his musket, or backwards beyond his knapsack, to know much about this matter——God bless your honour! said the corporal, won by the *manner* of my uncle Toby's reasoning, as much as by the reasoning itself, he has something else to do: if not on action, or a march, or upon duty in his garrison——he has his firelock, an' please your honour, to furbish——his accoutrements to take care of——his regimentals to mend——himself to shave and keep clean, so as to appear always like what he is upon the parade. What business, added the corporal triumphantly, has a soldier, an' please your honour, to know any thing at all of *Geography*?

——Thou would'st have said *Chronology*, Trim, said my uncle Toby; for as for geography, 'tis of absolute use to him: he must be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries where his profession carries him: He should know every town and city, and village

and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow ways which lead up to them: there is not a river or a rivulet he passes, Trim, but he should be able at first sight to tell thee what is its name—in what mountains it takes its rise—what is its course—how far it is navigable—where fordable—where not: he should know the fertility of every valley as well as the hind who ploughs it; and be able to describe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map of all the plains and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and morasses, through and by which his army is to march; he should know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters, their animals, their seasons, their climates, their heats and cold, their inhabitants, their customs, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

Is it else to be conceived, corporal, continued my uncle Toby, rising up in his sentry-box, as he began to warm in this part of his discourse—how Marlborough could have marched his army from the banks of the *Maes* to *Belburg*; from *Belburg* to *Kerpenord*—(here the corporal could sit no longer)—from *Kerpenord*, Trim, to *Kalsaken*; from *Kalsaken* to *Nerudorf*; from *Nerudorf* to *Landenbourg*; from *Landenbourg* to *Mildenheim*; from *Mildenheim* to *Elchingen*; from *Elchingen* to *Gingen*; from *Gingen* to *Balmerehoffen*; from *Balmerehoffen* to *Skellenburg*, where he broke in upon the enemy's works; forced his passage over the *Danube*; cross'd the *Lech*—pushed on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through *Friburg*, *Hokenzwert*, and *Schonevelt*, to the plains of *Blenheim* and *Hochstet*?—Great as he was, corporal, he could not have advanced a step, or made one single day's march, without the aids of *Geography*.—As for *Chronology*, I own, Trim, continued my uncle Toby, sitting down again coolly in his sentry-box, that of all others, it seems a science which a soldier might best spare, was it not for the lights which that science must one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of which, renversing every thing like thunder before it, has become a new era to us of military improvements, changing so

totally the nature of attacks and defences both by sea and land, and awakening so much art and skill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in ascertaining the precise time of its discovery, or too inquisitive in knowing what great man was the discoverer, and what occasions gave birth to it.

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle Toby, what historians agree in, that in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of Wincelau, son of Charles the Fourth—a certain priest, whose name was Schwartz, shew'd the use of powder to the *Venetians*, in their wars against the Genoese; but 'tis certain he was not the first; because if we are to believe *Don Pedro*, the bishop of Leon—How came priests and bishops, an' please your honour, to trouble their heads so much about gunpowder? God knows, said my uncle Toby—his providence brings good out of every thing—and he avers, in his chronicle of King Alphonfus, who reduced Toledo, That in the year 1343, which was full thirty-seven years before that time, the secret of powder was well known, and employed with success, both by Moors and Christians, not only in their sea combats, at that period, but in many of their most memorable sieges in Spain and Barbary—And all the world knows, that Friar Bacon had wrote expressly about it, and had generously given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even Schwartz was born—And that the Chinese, added my uncle Toby, embarrass us, and all accounts of it still more, by boasting of the invention some hundreds of years even before him—

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

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

My uncle Toby, tho' in the utmost distress for a comparison, most courteously refused Trim's offer—till Trim telling him, he had half a dozen more in Bohemia, which he knew not how to get off his hands—my uncle Toby was so touch'd with the pleasantry of heart of the corporal—that he discontinued his dissertation upon gunpowder—and begged the corporal forthwith to go on with his story of the king of Bohemia and his seven castles.

*The Story of the King of Bohemia and his
Seven Castles continued.*

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

The King of Bohemia, an' please your honour, replied the corporal, was *unfortunate*, as thus—That taking great pleasure and delight in navigation, and all sort of sea affairs—and there happening throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia, to be no sea-port town whatever—

How

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. 19

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

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

Except the groin, said my uncle Toby. An' please your honour, replied the corporal, the knee, in my opinion, must certainly be the most acute, there being so many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.

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

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

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

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

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

C H A P.

CHAP. V.

THE anguish of my knee, continued the corporal, was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads, which were terribly cut up—making bad still worse—every step was death to me; so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care taken of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides——(Poor soul! said my uncle Toby)—all together, an' please your honour, was more than I could sustain.

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

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

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

By the persuasion of the young woman, continued the corporal, the cart with the wounded men set off without me: she had assured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myself——I found myself in a still, quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peasant and his wife.

I was

I was laid across the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipp'd in vinegar to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at first for the daughter of the peasant (for it was no inn)—so had offer'd her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother Tom (here Trim wip'd his eyes) had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for Lisbon—

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

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

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

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

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

22 THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Mr. Yorick about it to-night at my brother Shandy's—so put me in mind, added my uncle Toby.

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

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

That was very odd, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby—I think so too—said Mrs. Wadman.
It never did, said the corporal.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

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

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

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

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

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

C H A P. VII.

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

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

The old man and his wife had walked out—

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

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

—When the fair Beguine came in to see me.

My

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

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

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

—Not in that place, said my uncle Toby—

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

The young Beguine, continued the corporal, perceiving it was of great service to me—from rubbing for some time with two fingers,—proceeded to rub at length with three—till by little and little she brought down the fourth, and then rubb'd with her whole hand. I will never say another word, an' please your honour, upon hands again—but it was softer than fatten—

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

The fair Beguine, said the corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till I fear'd her zeal would weary her—"I would do a thousand times more," said she, "for the love of Christ"—

In saying which, she pass'd her hand across the flannel to the part above my knee, which I had equally complained of, and rubb'd it also.

I perceived, then, I was beginning to be in love——

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

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

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

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

CHAP VIII.

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

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

Now consider, Sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting or writing, or any thing else (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occasion to do—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumstances,

deserved registering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of *Gotham*)—it was certainly the *Plan* of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his sentry-box, BY PLAN—Now the Plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the Plan of Dunkirk—and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make: and besides, could she have gone upon it—the manoeuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the sentry-box, was so outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's story—that just then, that particular attack, however successful before—became the most heartless attack that could be made—

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

—She formed a new attack in a moment.

C H A P. IX.

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

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

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

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

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

cold months,) with an eye as fine as the Thracian * Rodope's besides him, without being able to tell whether was it a black or a blue one.

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

'Tis surmounted. And

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

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

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

CH A P. X.

AN eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect; that it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one: However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return, is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

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

25 THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

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

It is not in the white, said Mrs. Wadman. My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil——

Now of all the eyes which ever were created—from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head—there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye at which he was looking—It was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one——nor was it an eye sparkling—petulant or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle Toby was made up—but 'was an eye full of gentle salutations—and soft responses—speaking—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse—but whispering soft——like the last low accents of an expiring saint—“How
“can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone,
“without a bosom to lean your head on—or trust your
“cares to?”

It was an eye——

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

—It did my uncle Toby's business.



CHAP. XI.

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

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

“A Devil 'tis—and mischief such doth work

“As never yet did *Pagan, Jew, or Turk.*”*

In short, during the whole paroxysm, my father was all abuse and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction—only he did not do it with as much method as *Ernulphus*—he was too impetuous; nor with *Ernulphus's* policy—for tho' my father, with the most intolerant spirit, would curse both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love—yet he never concluded his chap-

C 3

ter

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

ter of curses upon it, without cursing himself in at the bargain, as one of the most egregious fools and cox-combs, he would say, that ever was let loose in the world.

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

He took it like a lamb—I say.

In truth, he had mistook it at first; for having taken a ride with my father, that very morning, to save, if possible, a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor*; which said wood being in full view of my uncle Toby's house, and of singular service to him in his description of the battle of Wynendale,—by trotting on too hastily to save it—upon an uneasy saddle—worst horse, &c. &c. . . it had so happened, that the ferous part of the blood had got betwixt the two skins, in the nethermost part of my uncle Toby—the first shootings of which (as my uncle Toby had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the passion—till the blister breaking in the one case—and the other remaining—my uncle Toby was presently convinced, that his wound was not a skin-deep-wound—but that it had gone to his heart.

C H A P.

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

C H A P. XII.

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

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

C H A P. XIII.

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

——We lost it, an' please your honour, somehow betwixt us——but your honour was as free from love then, as I am——’Twas just whilst thou went’st off with the wheel-barrow——with Mrs. Wadman, quoth my uncle Toby——She has left a ball here——added my uncle Toby——pointing to his breast——

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

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

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

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

——Then

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

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

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

It may not, Madam, be so very large, replied Bridget, as you think; and I believe besides, added she,—that 'tis dried up—

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

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

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

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

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

—Then,

THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. 33

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

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

C H A P. XIV.

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

C H A P. XV.

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

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

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

I suppose so, quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

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

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

I must here observe to you the difference betwixt

My father’s ass

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

For my hobby-horse, if you recollect a little, is no way a vicious beast; he has scarce one hair or lineament of the ass about him—’Tis the sporting little silly-folly which carries you out for the present hour—a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddlestick—an uncle Toby’s sieve—or an *any thing*, which a man makes a shift to get a stride on, to canter it away from the cares and sollicitudes of life—’Tis as useful a beast as is in the whole creation—nor do I really see how the world could do without it—

—But

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

C H A P. XVII.

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

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

My *A*—e, quoth my uncle Toby, is much better—brother Shandy—My father had formed great expectations from his *Ass* in this onset; and would have brought him on again; but Doctor Slop setting up an imtemperate laugh—and my mother crying out L—d bless us!—it drove my father's *Ass* off the field—and the laugh then becoming general—there was no bringing him back to the charge for some time—

And so the discourse went on without him.

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

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

—When

—When the blister broke, replied my uncle Toby.
My uncle Toby's reply put my father into good temper—so he charg'd o'foot.

C H A P. XVIII.

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

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

—A few children! cried my father, rising out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt her's and Doctor Slop's—a few children! cried my father, repeating my uncle Toby's words as he walked to and fro—

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

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

—Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of my uncle Toby's hand—so much do'st thou possess, my dear Toby, of the milk of human nature, and so little of its asperities—'tis piteous the world is not peopled by creatures which resemble thee; and was I an Asiatic monarch, added my father, heating himself with his new project—I would oblige thee, provided it would not impair thy strength—or dry up thy radical moisture too fast—or weaken thy memory or fancy, brother Toby.

Toby, which these gymnicks, inordinately taken, are apt to do—else, dear Toby, I would procure thee the most beautiful woman in my empire, and I would oblige thee, *volens, volens*, to beget for me one subject every month—

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

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

—And 'twould be cruel in me, brother Toby, to compel thee, said my father—but 'tis a case put to shew thee, that it is not thy begetting a child—in case thou should'st be able—but the system of love and marriage thou goest upon, which I would set thee right in—There is at least, said Yorick, a great deal of reason and plain sense in Captain Shandy's opinion of love; and 'tis amongst the ill-spent hours of my life which I have to answer for, that I have read so many flourishing poets and rhetoricians in my time, from whom I never could extract so much—

I wish, Yorick, said my father, you had read Plato; for there you would have learnt that there are two Loves—

—I know there were two *Religions*, replied Yorick, amongst the ancients—one for the vulgar, and another for the learned; but I think *one Love* might have served both of them very well—

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

—The other is *natural*—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Well push'd, nun! quoth my father.



C H A P. XIX.

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

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

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

Doctor Slop's VIRGINITY, in the close of the chapter, had got him for once on the right side of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in Christendom about Slop's ears, when Corporal Trim came into the parlour to inform my uncle Toby, that his thin scarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. Wadman, would not do; for that the tailor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turn'd before—Then turn them again, brother, said my father rapidly; for there will be many a turning of 'em yet before all's done in the affair—

They are as rotten as dirt, said the corporal—Then, by all means, said my father, bespeak a new pair, brother—for though I know, continued my father, turning himself to the company, that widow Wadman has been deeply in love with my brother Toby for many years, and has used every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the same passion, yet now that she has caught him—her fever will be paid its height—

—She has gain'd her point.

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

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

For this reason, continued my father, (stating the case over again,) notwithstanding all the world knows, that Mrs. Wadman affects my brother Toby—and my brother Toby contrariwise affects Mrs. Wadman, and no obstacle in nature to forbid the music striking up this very night, yet will I answer for it, that this self-same tune will not be play'd this twelvemonth—

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

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

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

—Now, What do'st thou believe?

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

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

By

THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. 41

By falling in love with a popish clergy-woman, said Trim.

'Twas a Beguine, said my uncle Toby.

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

My dear brother Toby,

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

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

In the first place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair—though I perceive, from a glow in my cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak to thee upon the subject, as well knowing, notwithstanding thy unaffected secrecy, how few of its offices thou neglectest

42 THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

—yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtship) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprize, whether it be in the morning or the afternoon, without first recommending thyself to the protection of almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

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

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

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

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

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

—A just medium prevents all conclusions.

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

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

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

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

And

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

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

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

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

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

I rest thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY.

C H A P.

C H A P. XX

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

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

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

I could like, said my mother, to look through the key-hole out of *curiosity*—Call it by its right name, my dear, quoth my father—

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

* The eighth volume ended with this chapter in the former edition.



C H A P. XXI.

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

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

Nothing but the fermentation of that little subacid humour, which I have often spoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented such an insinuation—He was however frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; so that he had scarce got to the last word of this ungracious retort, when his conscience smote him.

My mother was then conjugally swinging with her left arm twisted under his right, in such wise, that the inside of her hand rested upon the back of his—she raised her fingers, and let them fall—it could scarce be call'd a tap; or if it was a tap—'twould have puzzled a casuist to say, whether it was a tap of remonstrance, or a tap of confession: my father, who was all sensibilities from head to foot, clais'd it right—Conscience redoubled her blow—he turned his face suddenly the other way; and my mother supposing his body was about to turn with it in order to move homewards, by a cross movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its center, brought herself so far in front, that, as he turned his head, he met her eye—Confusion again! he saw a thousand reasons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himself—a thin, blue,

blue, chill, pellucid chrystal, with all its humours so at rest, the least mote or speck of desire might have been seen at the bottom of it, had it existed—it did not—and how I happen to be so lewd myself, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes—Heaven above knows—My mother—madam—was so at no time, either by nature, by institution, or example.

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

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

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

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

C H A P.

C H A P. XXII.

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle Toby's great ramillie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too short to produce any great effects from it. It had lain many years squeezed up in the corner of his old campaign trunk; and as bad forms are not so easy to be got the better of, and the use of candle-ends not so well understood, it was not so pliable a business as one would have wished. The corporal, with cheary eye, and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a score times, to inspire it, if possible, with a better air—— Had *spleen* given a look at it, 'twould have cost her ladyship a smile——it curl'd every where but where the corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as soon have raised the dead.

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

Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this, than my uncle Toby's blue and gold——*had not Quantity in some measure been necessary to Grace*. In a period of fifteen or sixteen years since they had been made, by a total inactivity in my uncle

uncle Toby's life, for he seldom went farther than the bowling-green—his blue and gold had become so miserably too strait for him, that it was with the utmost difficulty the corporal was able to get him into them: the taking up at the sleeves was of no advantage.—They were laced however down the back, and at the seams of the sides, &c. in the mode of King William's reign; and to shorten all description, they shone so bright against the sun that morning, and had so metallic and doughty an air with them, that had my uncle Toby thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have so well imposed upon his imagination.

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

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

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

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

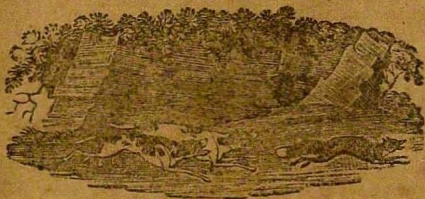


C H A P. XXIII.

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

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

—And suppose it is? my father would say.



C H A P. XXIV.

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

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

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

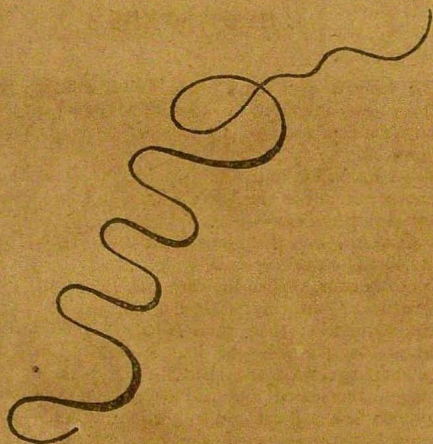
Your honour, replied the corporal, knows of Tom's misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them, any farther than this, That if Tom had not married the widow—or had it pleas'd God, after their marriage, that they had but put pork into their sausages, the honest soul had never been taken out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

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

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

Nothing, Trim—said my uncle Toby, musing—

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



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

My uncle Toby look'd earnestly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

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

C H A P. XXV.

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

Every servant in the family, from high to low, wish'd Tom success: and I can fancy, an' please your honour, I see him this moment with his white dimity waistcoat and breeches, and hat a little o' one side, passing jollily along the street, swinging his stick, with a smile and a cheerful word for every body he met.—But alas! Tom! thou smilest no more, cried the corporal, looking on one side of him upon the ground, as if he apostrophized him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! said my uncle Toby, feelingly.

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

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

The

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



C H A P. XXVI.

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

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

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

A Negro has a soul! an' please your honour, said the corporal (doubtingly).

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

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

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

I can give no reason, said my uncle Toby—

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

—'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby—which recommends her to protection—and her brethren with her. 'Tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands *now*—where it may be

be hereafter, heaven knows !—but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will not use it unkindly.

—God forbid, said the corporal.

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

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



C H A P. XXVII.

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

There is nothing so awkward as courting a woman, an' please your honour, whilst she is making sausages—So Tom began a discourse upon them; first gravely—"as how they are made—with what meats, herbs and "spices"—Then a little gayly—as, "With what skins"—and if they never burst—Whether the largest were "not the best?"—and so on—taking care only as he went along, to season what he had to say upon sausages rather under than over;—that he might have room to act in—

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

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

Religion

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

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

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

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

But seeing Tom's had more gristle in it—

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



C H A P. XXVIII.

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

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

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

I hope, Trim, answered my uncle Toby, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends so apparently to the good and quiet of the world—and particularly that branch of it which we have practised together in our bowling-green, has no object but to shorten the strides of AMBITION, and intrench the lives and fortunes of the few from the plunderings of the many—whenever that drum beats in our ear, I trust, corporal, we shall neither of us want so much humanity and fellow-feeling as to face about and march.

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

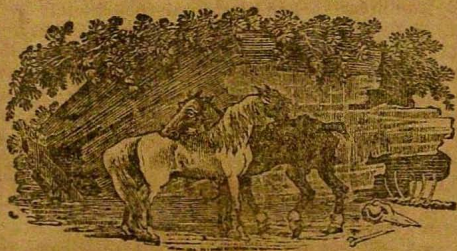
—Now what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother—by all that's strange, they are besieging Mrs. Wadman in form, and are marching round her house to mark out the lines of circumvallation.

I dare say, quoth my mother—But stop, dear Sir—for what my mother dared to say upon the occasion—and what

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

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

—Heaven have mercy upon us both!



C H A P. XXIX.

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

C H A P. XXX.

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

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

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

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

When issues of events like these my father is waiting for, are hanging in the scales of fate, the mind has the
 advantage

advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to see it out.

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

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

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



C H A P. XXXI.

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

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

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

I suppose not, quoth my mother.

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

—They are foolish things—said my mother.

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

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

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

—Particularly the *cuvetts*, replied my father.

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

—Not

THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. 63

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

—That makes a great difference—said my mother—

—In a fool's head, replied my father—

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

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

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

—Though, if it comes to persuasion—said my father

—Lord have mercy upon them.

Amen: said my mother, *piano*.

Amen: cried my father, *fortissimè*.

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

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



C H A P. XXXII.

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

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

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

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghostly as bodily—for that purpose, he will find himself rather worse after he has said them than before—for other purposes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical, under heaven, that I could think of, which I have not taken with myself in this case: sometimes by addressing myself directly to the soul herself, and urging the point over and over again with her upon the extent of her own faculties—

—I never could make them an inch the wider—

Then by changing my system, and trying what could be made of it upon the body, by temperance, soberness and chastity: These are good, quoth I, in themselves—they are good, absolutely;—they are good, relatively;

—they

they are good for health—they are good for happiness in this world—they are good for happiness in the next—

In short, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the soul just as heaven made it. As for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage; but then that sniveling virtue of meekness (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again, so you are exactly where you started.

Now in all common and ordinary cases, there is nothing which I have found to answer so well as this—

—Certainly, if there is any dependence upon logic, and that I am not blinded by self-love, there must be something of true genius about me, merely upon this symptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I instantly make it public; willing that all mankind should write as well as myself.

—Which they certainly will, when they think as little.



C H A P. XXXIII.

NOW in ordinary cafes, that is, when I am only stupid, and the thoughts rise heavily, and pass grumous through my pen—

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold un-metaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb-line out of it *for my soul*; so must be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch commentator to the end of the chapter, unless something be done—

—I never stand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of snuff, or a stride or two across the room, will not do the business for me—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without farther ceremony, except that of first lathering my beard, I shave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one: This done, I change my shirt—put on a better coat—send for my last wig—put my topaz ring upon my finger; and, in a word, dreis myself from one end to the other of me, after my best fashion.

Now the devil in hell must be in it, if this does not do: For consider, Sir, as every man chuses to be present at the shaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception) and unavoidably sits over against himself the whole time it is doing, in case he has a hand in it—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.—

—I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man, are seven years more terse and juvenile for one single operation; and if they did not run a risk of being quite shaved away, might be carried up by continual shavings, to the highest pitch of sublimity—How Homer could write with so long a beard, I don't know—and as it makes

makes against my hypothesis, I as little care—But let us return to the Toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonensis makes this entirely an affair of the body (*εξωτερικὴ πρᾶξις*) as he calls it—but he is deceived: the soul and body are joint sharers in every thing they get: A man cannot dress, but his ideas get cloth'd at the same time; and if he dresses like a gentleman, every one of them stands presented to his imagination, genteelized along with him—so that he has nothing to do, but take his pen, and write like himself.

For this cause, when your honours and reverences would know whether I writ clean and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my Landress's bill as my book: there was one single month in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one-and-thirty shirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abus'd, curs'd, criticis'd and confounded, and had more mystic heads shaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than all the other months of that year put together.

—But their honours and reverences had not seen my bills.



C H A P. XXXIV.

AS I never had any intention of beginning the Digression, I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the thirty-fifth chapter—I have this chapter to put to whatever use I think proper—I have twenty this moment ready for it—I could write my chapter of Button-holes in it—

Or my chapter of Pisces, which should follow them—

Or my chapter of Knots, in case their reverences have done with them—They might lead me into mischief. The safest way is to follow the track of the learned, and raise objections against what I have been writing; tho' I declare beforehand, I know, no more than my heels how to answer them.

And first, it may be said, there is a pelting kind of *theretical* satire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with—(and, by-the-bye, whoever says so, is indebted to the muster-master general of the Grecian army, for suffering the name of so ugly and foul-mouth'd a man as Therfites to continue upon his roll—for it has furnished him with an epithet)—in these productions he will urge, all the personal washings and scrubbings upon earth do a sinking genius no sort of good—but just the contrary, inasmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he succeeds in it.

To this I have no other answer—at least ready—but that the Archbishop of Benevento wrote his nasty Romance of the Galatea, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waistcoat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance set him of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelations, as severe as it was look'd

look'd upon by one part of the world, was far from being deem'd so by the other, upon the single account of that Investment.

Another objection to all this remedy, is its want of universality: forasmuch as the shaving part of it, upon which so much stress is laid, by an unalterable law of nature, excludes one half of the species entirely from its use; all I can say is, that female writers, whether of England or of France, must e'en go without it——

As for the Spanish ladies——I am in no sort of distress——

C H A P. XXXV.

THE thirty-fifth chapter is come at last; and brings nothing with it but a sad signature of “How our pleasures slip from under us in this world!”

For in talking of my Digression——I declare before heaven I have made it! What a strange creature is mortal man! said she.

'Tis very true, said I—but 'twere better to get all these things out of our heads, and return to my uncle Toby.



C H A P. XXXVI.

WHEN my uncle Toby and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their business lay the other way; so they faced about, and marched up straight to Mrs. Wadman's door.

I warrant your honour, said the corporal, touching his Montero-cap with his hand, as he passed him, in order to give a knock at the door—My uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful servant, said nothing good or bad: The truth was, he had not altogether marshal'd his ideas: he wish'd for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up three steps before the door—he hemm'd twice—A portion of my uncle Toby's most modest spirits fled, at each expulsion, towards the corporal: he stood with the rapper of the door suspended for a full minute in his hand, he scarce knew why. Bridget stood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumb'd with expectation; and Mrs. Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, sat breathless behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, watching their approach.

Trim! said my uncle Toby—but as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the rapper.

My uncle Toby perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it—whistled Lilla-bullero.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

AS Mrs. Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the corporal did not knock as oft as perchance your honour's tailor—I might have taken my example something nearer home; for I owe mine some five-and-twenty pounds at least, and wonder at the man's patience——

——But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a cursed thing to be in debt: and there seems to be a fatality in the exchequers of some poor princes, particularly those of our house, which no oeconomy can bind down in irons. For my own part, I'm persuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or small, upon earth, more desirous in his heart with keeping straight with the world than I am—or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea—or walk with boots—or cheapen tooth-picks—or lay out a shilling upon a band-box the year round; and for the six months I'm in the country, I'm upon so small a scale, that, with all the good temper in the world, I outdo Rousseau, a bar length—for I keep neither man or boy, or horse, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a Vestal (to keep my fire in,) and who has generally as bad an appetite as myself——But if you think this makes a philosopher of me—I would not, my good people! give a rush for your judgments.

True philosophy——But there is no treating the subject whilst my uncle is whistling Lilla-builero.

——Let us go into the house.

C H A P.

72 THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

THE LIFE OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. 73

C H A P. XXXIX.

VOL. VI. 26

G

CHAP.

C H A P. XL.



—You shall see the very place, Madam, said my uncle Toby.

Mrs. Wadman blush'd—look'd towards the door—turn'd pale—blush'd slightly again—recovered her natural colour—blush'd worse than ever; which, for the sake of the unlearned reader, I translate thus—

- “ *L—d! I cannot look at it—*
 “ *What would the world say if I look'd at it?*
 “ *I should drop down, if I look'd at it—*
 “ *I wish I could look at it—*
 “ *There can be no sin in looking at it.*
 —“ *I will look at it.*”

Whilst all this was running through Mrs. Wadman's imagination, my uncle Toby had risen from the sofa, and got to the other side of the parlour door, to give Trim an order about it in the passage—

—* * * * *
 “I believe it is in the garret, said my uncle Toby—I saw it there, an' please your honour, this morning, answered Trim—

Trim—Then prithee step directly for it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and bring it into the parlour.

The corporal did not approve of the orders, but most cheerfully obey'd them. The first was not an act of his will—The second was; so he put on his *Monterocap*, and went as fast as his lame knee would let him. My uncle Toby returned into the parlour, and sat himself down again upon the sofa.

—You shall lay your finger upon the place—said my uncle Toby.—I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs. Wadman to herself.

This requires a second translation:—it shews what little knowledge is got by mere words—we must go up to the first springs.

Now in order to clear up the mist which hangs upon these three pages, I must endeavour to be as clear as possible myself.

Rub your hands thrice across your foreheads—blow your noses—cleanse your emunctories—sneeze, my good people!—God bleis you—

Now give me all the help you can.



C H A P. XLI.

AS there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in—as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a husband, she first sets about and carefully weighs, then separates and distinguishes in her mind, which of all that number of ends is hers: then, by discourse, enquiry, argumentation, and inference, she investigates and finds out whether she has got hold of the right one—and if she has—then, by pulling it gently this way and that way, she farther forms a judgement, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which Slawkenbergius impresses this upon his reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decad, is so ludicrous, that the honour I bear the sex will not suffer me to quote it—otherwise 'tis not destitute of humour.

“ She first, saith Slawkenbergius, stops the assè, and holding his halter in her left hand (lest he should get away) she thrusts her right hand into the very bottom of his pannier to search for it—For what?—You'll not know the sooner, quoth Slawkenbergius, for interrupting me—

“ I have nothing, good Lady, but empty bottles?” says the assè.

“ I am loaded with tripes,” says the second.

—And thou art little better, quoth she to the third; for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hose and pantofles—and so to the fourth and fifth, going on one by one

one through the whole string, till coming to the affe which carries it, she turns the pannier upside down, looks at it—considers it—samples it—measures it—stretches it—wets it—dries it—then takes her teeth both to the warp and weft of it—

Of what? for the love of Christ!

I am determined, answered Slawkenbergius, that all the powers upon earth shall never wring that secret from my breast.



C H A P. XLII.

WE live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles—and so 'tis no matter—else it seems strange, that Nature, who makes every thing so well to answer its destination, and seldom or never errs, unless for pastime, in giving such forms and aptitudes to whatever passes through her hands, that, whether she designs for the plough, the caravan, the cart—or whatever other creature she models, be it but an ass's foal, you are sure to have the thing you wanted; and yet at the same time should so eternally bungle it as she does, in making so simple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay—or that it is frequently spoiled in the baking, by an excess of which a husband may turn out too crusty (you know) on one hand—or not enough so, through defect of heat, on the other—or whether this great Artificer is not so attentive to the little Platonic exigencies of *that part* of the species for whose use she is fabricating *this*—or that her Ladyship sometimes scarce knows what sort of a husband will do—I know not: we will discourse about it after supper.

It is enough, that neither the observation itself, or the reasoning upon it, are at all to the purpose—but rather against it; since, with regard to my uncle Toby's fitness for the marriage state, nothing was ever better: she had formed him of the best and kindest clay—had temper'd it with her own milk, and breathed into it the sweetest spirit—she had made him all gentle, generous and humane—she had fill'd his heart with trust and confidence, and disposed every passage which led to it for the communication of the tenderest offices—she had
moreover

moreover considered the other causes for which matrimony was ordained——

And accordingly * * * * *

The *donation* was not defeated by my uncle Toby's wound.

Now this *last* article was somewhat apocryphal; and the devil, who is the great disturber of our faiths in this world, had raised scruples in Mrs. Wadman's brain about it; and, like a true devil as he was, had done his own work at the same time, by turning my uncle Toby's Virtue thereupon into nothing but *empty bottles, tripes, trunk-hose, and pantofles*.



C H A P. XLIII.

MRS. Bridget had pawn'd all the little stock of honour a poor chambermaid was worth in the world, that she would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon the most concessible *postulatum* in nature; namely, that whilst my uncle Toby was making love to her mistress, the corporal could find nothing better to do, than make love to her—"And I'll let him as much as he will," said Bridget, "to get it out of him."

Friendship has two garments—an outer and an under one. Bridget was serving her mistress's interests in the one—and doing the thing which most pleased herself in the other; so had as many stakes depending upon my uncle Toby's wound as the Devil himself—Mrs. Wadman had but one—and as it possibly might be her last (without discouraging Mrs. Bridget, or discrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herself.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have look'd into his hand—there was such a plainness and simplicity in his playing out what trumps he had—with such an unmistrusting ignorance of the *ten ace*—and so naked and defenceless did he sit upon the same sofa with widow Wadman, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

C H A P.

C H A P. XLIV.

—AND the story too—if you please: for though I have all along been hastening towards this part of it, with so much earnest desire, as well knowing it to be the choicest morsel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen, and go on with the story for me that will—I see the difficulties of the descriptions I'm going to give—and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at least to me, that I lost some four-score ounces of blood this week, in a most uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; so that I have still some hopes remaining, it may be more in the serous or globular parts of the blood, than in the subtil *aura* of the brain——Be it which it will—an Invocation can do no hurt—and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inspire or to inject me according as he sees good.



THE INVOCATION.

GENTLE Spirit of sweetest humour, who erst didst sit upon the easy pen of my beloved Cervantes; Thou who glided'st daily through his lattice, and turned'st the twilight of his prison into noon-day brightness by thy presence——tinged'st his little urn of water with heaven-sent Nectar, and all the time he wrote of Sancho and his master, didst cast thy mystic mantle o'er his wither'd * stump, and wide extended it to all the evils of his life——

——Turn in hither, I beseech thee!—behold these breeches!——they are all I have in the world—that piteous rent was given them at Lyons——

My shirts! see what a deadly schism has happen'd amongst 'em—for the laps are in Lombardy, and the rest of 'em here—I never had but six, and a cunning gypsey of a laundress at Milan cut me off the *fore-laps* of five—To do her justice, she did it with some consideration——for I was returning *out* of Italy.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, and a pistol tinder-box, which was moreover filch'd from me at Sienna, and twice that I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs, once at Raddicofini, and a second time at Capua—I do not think a journey through France and Italy, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, so bad a thing as some people would make you believe: there must be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce should we get into vallies where Nature spreads so many tables of entertainment——'Tis nonsense to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be shaken to pieces for nothing; and unless
you

* He lost his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

you pay twelve sous for greasing your wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter to his bread?—We really expect too much—and for the livre or two above par for your suppers and bed—at the most they are but one shilling and nine pence halfpenny—who would embroil their philosophy for it? for heaven's and for your own sake, pay it—pay it with both hands open, rather than leave *Disappointment* sitting drooping upon the eye of your fair Hostess and her Damsels in the gateway at your departure—and besides, my dear Sir, you get a sisterly kiss of each of 'em worth a pound—at least I did.—

—For my uncle Toby's amours running all the way in my head, they had the same effect upon me as if they had been my own—I was in the most perfect state of bounty and good-will; and felt the kindest harmony vibrating within me, with every oscillation of the chaise alike; so that whether the roads were rough or smooth, it made no difference; every thing I saw, or had to do with, touch'd upon some secret spring either of sentiment or rapture.

—They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly—'Tis Maria, said the postillion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow utter'd this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty sous piece when I got to Moulins—

—And who is *poor* Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postillion—It is but three years ago, that the sun did

did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them——

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—They were the same notes;—yet were ten times sweeter. It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man——but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *service* upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting. She was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side——She was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her——

——God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said, in the several parish churches and convents around, for her——but without effect. We have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria look'd wishfully for some time at me, and then at her goat——and then at me——and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately——

——Well, Maria, said I softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *Beast* man is,——that I ask'd the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scatter'd——and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days——and never——never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them——I believe there was a reserve——but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!——adieu, poor hapless damsel!——some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips——but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up; and, with broken and irregular steps, walk'd softly to my chaise.

——What an excellent inn at Moulins!

C H A P. XLV.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we must all turn back to the two blank chapters, on the account of which my honour has lain bleeding this half hour—I stop it, by pulling off one of my yellow slippers, and throwing it with all my violence to the opposite side of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it—

—That whatever resemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world, or, for aught I know, may be now writing in it—that it was as casual as the foam of Zeuxis his horse. Besides, I look upon a chapter which has, *only nothing in it*, with respect; and considering that worse things these are in the world—that it is no way a proper subject for satire—

—Why then was it left so? And here, without staying for my reply, shall I be call'd as many blockheads, nincompoops, doddypoles, dunderheads, ninnyhammers, goosescaps, joltheads, nincompoops, and sh—t-a-beds—and other unsavory appellations, as ever the cake-bakers of Lernè cast in the teeth of King Garagantua's shepherds—And I'll let them do it, as Bridget said, as much as they please; for how was it possible they should foresee the necessity I was under of writing the forty-fifth chapter of my book, before the thirty-eighth, &c.

—So I don't take it amiss—All I wish is, that it may be a lesson to the world, “*to let people tell their stories their own way.*”

The Thirty-eighth Chapter.

AS Mrs. Bridget open'd the door before the corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my uncle Toby's introduction into the parlour, was so short, that Mrs. Wadman had but just time to get from behind the curtain—lay a Bible upon the table, and advance a step or two towards the door to receive him.

My uncle Toby saluted Mrs. Wadman, after the manner in which women were saluted by men in the year of our Lord God one thousand seven hundred and thirteen—then facing about, he march'd up abreast with her to the sofa, and in three plain words—though not before he was sat down—nor after he was sat down—but as he was sitting down, told her, "*he was in love*"—so that my uncle Toby strained himself more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs. Wadman naturally looked down, upon a slit she had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment, that my uncle Toby would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and Love moreover of all others being a subject of which he was the least a master—When he had told Mrs. Wadman once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after its own way.

My father was always in raptures with this system of my uncle Toby's, as he falsely called it, and would often say, that could his brother Toby to his process have added but a pipe of tobacco—he had where-withal to have found his way, if there was faith in a Spanish proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My uncle Toby never understood what my father meant : nor will I presume to extract more from it, than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under—but the French, every one of 'em to a man, who believe in it almost as much as the REAL PRESENCE, "*That talking of love is making it.*"

—I would as soon set about making a black pudding by the same receipt.

Let us go on : Mrs. Wadman sat in expectation my uncle Toby would do so, to almost the first pulsation of that minute, wherein silence on the one side or the other generally becomes indecent : so edging herself a little more towards him, and raising up her eyes, sub-blushing, as she did it—she took up the gauntlet—or the discourse (if you like it better) and communed with my uncle Toby, thus.

The care and disquietudes of the marriage state, quoth Mrs. Wadman, are very great. I suppose so, said my uncle Toby : And therefore, when a person, continued Mrs. Wadman, is so much at his ease as you are—so happy, Captain Shandy, in yourself, your friends and your amusements—I wonder what reasons can incline you to the state—

—They are written, quoth my uncle Toby, in the Common-Prayer Book.

Thus far my uncle Toby went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs. Wadman to sail upon the gulph as she pleased.

—As for children, said Mrs. Wadman—though a principal end perhaps of the institution, and the natural wish, I suppose, of every parent—yet do not we all find, they are certain sorrows, and very uncertain comforts? and what is there, dear Sir, to pay one for the heart-achs—what compensation for the many tender and disquieting apprehensions of a suffering and defenceless mother who brings them into life? I declare, said my uncle Toby, smit with pity, I know of none; unless it be the pleasure which it has pleased God—

—A fiddlestick! quoth she.

Chapter the Thirty-ninth.

NOW there are such an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks, and accents with which the word fiddlestick may be pronounced in all such causes as this, every one of 'em impressing a sense and meaning as different from the other as dirt from cleanliness—That Casuists (for it is an affair of conscience on that score) reckon up no less than fourteen thousand in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs. Wadman hit upon the fiddlestick, which summoned up all my uncle Toby's modest blood into his cheeks—so feeling within himself that he had somehow or other got beyond his depth, he stopt short; and without entering farther either into the pains or pleasures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and share them along with her.

When my uncle Toby had said this, he did not care to say it again; so casting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs. Wadman had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear soul! upon a passage in it, of all others the most interesting to him—which was the siege of Jericho—he set himself to read it over—leaving his proposal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now it wrought neither as an astringent or a loosener; nor like opium, or bark, or mercury, or buckthorn, or any one drug which nature had bestowed upon the world—in short, it work'd not at all in her; and the cause of that was, that there was something working there before—Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times; but there is fire still in the subject—allons.

C H A P. XLVI.

IT is natural for a perfect stranger, who is going from London to Edinburgh, to enquire, before he sets out, how many miles to York; which is about the half way—nor does any body wonder, if he goes on, and asks about the Corporation, &c.

It was just as natural for Mrs Wadman, whose first husband was all his time afflicted with a Sciatica, to wish to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far she was likely to suffer more or less in her feelings, in one case than in the other.

She had accordingly read Drake's anatomy from one end to the other. She had peeped into Wharton upon the brain, and borrowed * Graaf upon the bones and muscles; but could make nothing of it.

She had reason'd likewise from her own powers—laid down theorems—drawn consequences, and come to no conclusion.

To clear up all, she had twice asked Doctor Slop, "If poor Captain Shandy was ever likely to recover of his wound—?"

—He is recovered, Doctor Slop would say—

What! quite?

—Quite, madam—

But what do you mean by a recovery? Mrs. Wadman would say.

Doctor Slop was the worst man alive at definitions; and so Mrs. Wadman could get no knowledge. In short, there was no way to extract it, but from my uncle Toby himself.

* This must be a mistake in Mr. Shandy; for Graaf wrote upon the pancreatick juice, and the parts of generation.

There

There is an accent of humanity in an enquiry of this kind which lulls *Suspicion* to rest—and I am half persuaded the serpent got pretty near it in his discourse with Eve; for the propensity in the sex to be deceived could not be so great, that she should have boldness to hold chat with the devil without it—but there is an accent of humanity—how shall I describe it?—'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the enquirer a right to be as particular with it as your body-furgeon.

“ —Was it without remission?—

“ —Was it more tolerable in bed?

“ —Could he lie on both sides alike with it?

“ —Was he able to mount a horse?

“ —Was motion bad for it?” *et cetera*, were so tenderly spoke to, and so directed towards my uncle Toby's heart, that every item of them sunk ten times deeper into it than the evils themselves—but when Mrs. Wadman went round about by Namur to get at my uncle Toby's groin, and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterscarp, and *pêle mêle* with the Dutch to take the counterguard of St. Roche sword in hand—and then with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him all bleeding by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye, as he was carried to his tent—Heaven! Earth! Sea!—all was lifted up—the springs of nature rose above their levels—an angel of mercy sat beside him on the sofa—his heart glow'd with fire—and had he been worth a thousand, he had lost every heart of them to Mrs. Wadman.

—And whereabouts, dear Sir, quoth Mrs. Wadman, a little categorically, did you receive this sad blow?—In asking this question, Mrs. Wadman gave a slight glance towards the waistband of my uncle Toby's red plush breeches, expecting naturally, as the shortest reply to it, that my uncle Toby would lay his fore-finger upon the place—It fell out otherwise—for my uncle Toby having got his wound before the gate of St. Nicolas, in one of the traverses of the trench, opposite to the

the salient angle of the demi-bastion of St. Roche, he could at any time stick a pin upon the indentical spot of ground where he was standing when the stone struck him: this struck instantly upon my uncle Toby's sensorium—and with it struck his large map of the town and citadal of Namur and its environs, which he had purchased and pasted down upon a board by the corporal's aid during his long illness—it had lain with other military lumber in the garret ever since, and accordingly the corporal was detached into the garret to fetch it.

My uncle Toby measured off thirty toises, with Mrs. Wadman's scissars, from the returning angle before the gate of St. Nicolas; and with such a virgin modesty laid her finger upon the place, that the goddess of Decency, if then in being—if not, 'twas her shade—shook her head, and with a finger wavering across her eyes—forbid her to explain the mistake.

Unhappy Mrs. Wadman!—

—For nothing can make this chapter go off with spirit but an apostrophe to thee—But my heart tells me, that in such a crisis an apostrophe is but an insult in disguise, and ere I would offer one to a woman in distress—let the chapter go to the devil; provided my damn'd critic in *keeping* will be but at the trouble to take it with him.



C H A P. XLVII.

MY^ouncle Toby's map is carried down into the kitchen.

C H A P. XLVIII.

—AND here is the Maes—and this is the Sambre, said the corporal, pointing with his right hand extended a little towards the map, and his left upon Mrs. Bridget's shoulder—but not the shoulder next him—and this, said he, is the town of Namur—and this the citadel—and there lay the French—and here lay his honour and myself—and in this cursed trench, Mrs. Bridget, quoth the corporal, taking her by the hand, did he receive the wound which crush'd him so miserably *here*—In pronouncing which he slightly prefs'd the back of her hand towards the part he felt for—and let it fall.

We thought, Mr. Trim, it had been more^e in the middle—said Mrs. Bridget—

That would have undone us for ever—said the corporal.

—And left my poor mistress undone too—said Bridget.

The corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. Bridget a kiss.

Come—come—said Bridget—holding the palm of her left hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and sliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done, had there been the least wart or protuberance—'Tis every syllable of it false, cried the corporal, before she had half finished the sentence—

—I know it to be fact, said Bridget, from credible witnesses.

—Upon my honour, said the corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and blushing as he spoke with honest repentment—'tis a story, Mrs. Bridget, as false as hell—Not, said Bridget, interrupting him, that
either

either I or my mistress care a halfpenny about it, whether 'tis so or no——only that when one is married, one would chuse to have such a thing by one at least——

It was somewhat unfortunate for Mrs. Bridget, that she had begun the attack with her manual exercise; for the corporal instantly

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C H A P. XLIX.

IT was like the momentary contest in the moist eyelids of an April morning, “Whether Bridget should laugh or cry.”

She snatch’d up a rolling pin——’twas ten to one, she had laugh’d——

She laid it down——she cried; and had one single tear of ’em but tasted of bitterness, full sorrowful would the corporal’s heart have been that he had used the argument; but the corporal understood the sex, a *quart major to a tierce*, at least, better than my uncle Toby, and accordingly he assailed Mrs. Bridget after this manner.

I know, Mrs. Bridget, said the corporal, giving her a most respectful kiss, that thou art good and modest by nature, and art withal so generous a girl in thyself, that if I know thee rightly, thou would’st not wound an insect, much less the honour of so gallant and worthy a soul as my master, wast thou sure to be made a countess of—but thou hast been set on, and deluded, dear Bridget, as is often a woman’s case, “to please others more than themselves——”

Bridget’s eyes poured down at the sensations the corporal excited.

——Tell me——tell me then, my dear Bridget, continued the corporal, taking hold of her hand, which
hung

hung down dead by her side,—and giving a second kiss
—whose suspicion has misled thee?

Bridget sobb'd a sob or two—then opened her eyes
—The corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron
—She then opened her heart, and told him all.

C H A P. L.

MY uncle Toby and the corporal had gone on separately with their operations the greatest part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been separated from each other by the Maes or the Sambre.

My uncle Toby, on his side, had presented himself every afternoon in his red and silver, and blue and gold alternately, and sustained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks—and so had nothing to communicate—

The corporal, on his side, in taking Bridget, by it had gain'd considerable advantages—and consequently had much to communicate—but what were the advantages—as well as what was the manner by which he had seiz'd them, required so nice an historian, that the corporal durst not venture upon it; and, as sensible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bareheaded, and without laurels for ever, than torture his master's modesty for a single moment—

—Best of honest and gallant servants!—But I have apostrophiz'd thee, Trim! once before—and could I apotheosize the also (that is to say) with good company—I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

C H A P. II.

NOW my uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himself upon his finger ends (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs. Wadman's perfections one by one; and happening two or three times together, either by omitting some, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himself sadly before he could get beyond his middle finger—Prithee, Trim! said he, taking up his pipe again,—bring me a pen and ink. Trim brought paper also.

Take a full sheet—Trim! said my uncle Toby, making a sign with his pipe at the same time to take a chair and sit down close by him at the table. The corporal obeyed—placed the paper directly before him—took a pen, and dipp'd it in the ink.

—She has a thousand virtues, Trim! said my uncle Toby—

Am I to set them down, an' please your honour? quoth the corporal.

—But they must be taken in their ranks, replied my uncle Toby; for of them all, Trim, that which wins me most, and which is a security for all the rest, is the compassionate turn and singular humanity of her character—I protest, added my uncle Toby, looking up, as he protested it, towards the top of the ceiling—That was I her brother, Trim, a thousand fold, she could not make more constant or more tender enquiries after my sufferings—though now no more.

The corporal made no reply to my uncle Toby's protestation, but by a short cough—He dipp'd the pen a second time into the inkhorn: and my uncle Toby pointing with the end of his pipe as close to the top of the sheet at the left-hand corner of it as he could get it—

the corporal wrote down the word HUMANITY - - - thus.

Prithee, corporal, said my uncle Toby, as soon as Trim had done it—how often does Mrs. Bridget enquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou received'st at the battle of Landen?

She never, an' please your honour, enquires after it at all.

That, corporal, said my uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodness of his nature would permit—that shews the difference of the character of the mistress and maid—Had the fortune of war allotted the same mischance to me, Mrs. Wadman would have enquired into every circumstance relating to it a hundred times—She would have enquired, an' please your honour, ten times as often about your honour's groin—The pain, Trim, is equally excruciating,—and compassion has as much to do with the one as the other—

—God bless your honour! cried the corporal—what has a woman's compassion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man's knee? Had your honour's been shot into ten thousand splinters at the affair of Landen, Mrs. Wadman would have troubled her head as little about it as Bridget; because, added the corporal, lowering his voice, and speaking very distinctly, as he assigned his reason—

“The knee is such a distance from the main body—
“whereas the groin, your honour knows, is upon the
“very *curtin* of the *place*.”

My uncle Toby gave a long whistle,—but in a note which could scarce be heard across the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire—in three words he told the rest—

My uncle Toby laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender, as if it had been spun from the unravelings of a spider's web—

—Let us go to my brother Shandy's, said he.

C H A P.

C H A P. LII.

THERE will be just time, whilst my uncle Toby and Trim are walking to my father's, to inform you, that Mrs. Wadman had, some moons before this, made a confidant of my mother; and that Mrs. Bridget, who had the burden of her own as well as her mistress's secret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to Susannah behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, she saw nothing at all in it, to make the least bustle about—but Susannah was sufficient by herself for all the ends and purposes you could possibly have in exporting a family secret; for she instantly imparted it by signs to Jonathan—and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as she was basting a loin of mutton; the cook fold it with some kitchen fat to the postillion for a groat, who truck'd it with the dairy-maid for something of about the same value—and though whisper'd in the hay-loft, Fame caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and sounded them upon the housetop—In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles round, who did not understand the difficulties of my uncle Toby's siege, and what were the secret articles which had delay'd the surrender.—

My father, whose way was to force every event in nature into an hypothesis, by which means never man crucified Truth at the rate he did—had but just heard of the report as my uncle Toby set out; and catching fire suddenly at the trespass done his brother by it, was demonstrating to Yorick, notwithstanding my mother was sitting by—not only, “That the devil was in women, and that the whole of the affair was lust;” but that every evil and disorder in the world, of what kind or nature soever, from the first fall of Adam, down

to my uncle Toby's (inclusive,) was owing, one way or other, to the same unruly appetite.

Yorick was just bringing my father's hypothesis to some temper, when my uncle Toby entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveness in his looks, my father's eloquence re-kindled against the passion—and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth—as soon as my uncle Toby was seated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

C H A P. LIII.

—**T**HAT provision should be made for continuing the race of so great, so exalted, and good a Being as man—I am far from denying—our passion speaks freely of every thing; and therefore I still think, and do maintain it to be a pity, that it should be done by means of a passion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wisdom, contemplations, and operations of the soul backwards—a passion, my dear, continued my father, addressing himself to my mother, which couples and equals wise men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like satyrs and four-footed beasts than men.

I know it will be said, continued my father (availing himself of the Prolepsis) that in itself, and simply taken—like hunger, or thirst, or sleep—'tis an affair neither good or bad—or shameful or otherwise.—Why then did the delicacy of Diogenes and Plato so recalcitrate against it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reason is it, that all the parts thereof—the congre^dredients—the preparations—the instruments, and whatever serves thereto, are so held

as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, translation, or periphrasis whatever?

—The art of killing and destroying a man, continued my father, raising his voice—and turning to my uncle Toby—you see, is glorious—and the weapons by which we do it are honourable.—We march with them upon our shoulders.—We strut with them by our sides.—We gild them.—We carve them.—We inlay them.—We enrich them.—Nay, if it be but a *gendrel* cannon, we cast an ornament upon the breech of it.—

—My uncle Toby laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet—and Yorick was rising up to batter the whole hypothesis to pieces.—

—When Obadiah broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The case was this :

I say, whether by ancient custom of the maner, or as impropietor of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a Bull for the service of the Parish, and Obadiah had led his cow upon a *pop-vist* to him one day or other the preceding summer—I say, one day or other—because, as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's house-maid—so one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore, when Obadiah's wife was brought to bed—Obadiah thanked God—

—Now, said Obadiah, I shall have a calf: so Obadiah went daily to visit his cow.

She'll calve on Monday—or Tuesday—or Wednesday at the farthest—

The cow did not calve—No—she'll not calve till next week—The cow put it off terribly—till, at the end of the sixth week, Obadiah's suspicions (like a good man's) fell upon the Bull.

Now the parish being very large, my father's Bull, to speak the truth of him, was no way equal to the de-

partment. He had, however, got himself, somehow or other, thrust into employment—and as he went through the business with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

—Most of the townsmen, an' please your worship, quoth Obadiah, believe that 'tis all the Bull's fault—

—But may not a cow be barren? replied my father, turning to Doctor Slop.

I never happens, said Doctor Slop: but the man's wife may have come before her time naturally enough—Prithee has the child hair upon his head?—added Doctor Slop—

—It is as hairy as I am, said Obadiah.—Obadiah had not been shaved for three weeks---Wheu---u---u-----cried my father; beginning the sentence with an exclamatory whistle—and so, brother Toby, this poor Bull of mine, who is as good a Bull as ever p--is'd, and might have done for Europa herself in purer times—had he but two legs leis, might have been driven into Doctors Commons, and lost his character—which to a Town Bull, brother Toby, is the very same thing as his life—

I—d! said my mother, what is all this story about?—

A COCK and a BULL, said Yorick—And one of the best of its kind I ever heard.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

