

T H E
L I F E
A N D
O P I N I O N S
O F
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

Ταράσσει τοὺς Ἀνθρώπους οὐ τὰ πράγματα,
Ἄλλὰ τὰ περὶ των Πραγμάτων Δόγματα.

V O L. II.

T H E T H I R D E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. D O D S L E Y in *Pall-Mall* .
M.DCC.LX.

THE
LIFE and OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

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

I must remind the reader, in case he has read the history of King *William's*

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

As this was the principal attack of which my uncle *Toby* was an eye-witness
at

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

Writers themselves are too apt to confound these terms;——so that you will the less wonder, if in his endeavours to explain them, and in opposition to many

misconceptions, that my uncle *Toby* did oft times puzzle his visitors; and sometimes himself too.

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

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

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

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

No doubt my uncle *Toby* had great command of himself,—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as most men;—yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or get out of the covered way without

falling down the counterscarp, nor cross the dyke without danger of slipping into the ditch, but that he must have fretted and fumed inwardly:—He did so;—and these little and hourly vexations, which may seem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read *Hippocrates*, yet, whoever has read *Hippocrates*, or Dr. *James Mackenzie*, and has considered well the effects which the passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion —(Why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)—may easily conceive what sharp paroxisms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle *Toby* must have undergone upon that score only.

—My uncle *Toby* could not philosophize upon it;—’twas enough he felt it was so,—and having sustained the pain and sorrows of it for three months together,

ther,

ther, he was resolved some way or other to extricate himself.

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

fident he could stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing in when the stone struck him.

All this succeeded to his wishes, and not only freed him from a world of sad explanations, but, in the end, it prov'd the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle *Toby* his HOBBY-HORSE.

C H A P. II.

THERE is nothing so foolish, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things so badly, as to let your criticks and gentry of refined taste run it down: Nor is there any thing so likely
to

to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party, or, what is full as offensive, of bestowing your attention upon the rest of your guests in so particular a way, as if there was no such thing as a critick (by occupation) at table.

———I guard against both; for, in the first place, I have left half a dozen places purposely open for them;—and, in the next place, I pay them all court,—Gentlemen, I kiss your hands,—I protest no company could give me half the pleasure,—by my soul I am glad to see you,——I beg only you will make no strangers of yourselves, but sit down without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

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

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

So, Sir Critick, I could have replied; but I scorn it.——'Tis language unurbane,—and only befitting the man
who

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

place against a critick,—I should have made an opening for a couple.

————Therefore I answer thus:

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

me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphysic circle.

But this by the way.

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

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

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

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

how hard soever *Dolly* thrusts against it; and last of all, supposing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied there-to in careless haste, as her mistress rings the bell;—in any one of these three cases, the print, left by the thimble, will be as unlike the prototype as a brass-jack.

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

What it did arise from, I have hinted above, and a fertile source of obscurity it is,—and ever will be,—and that is the unsteady uses of words which have per-

plexed the clearest and most exalted understandings.

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

Gentle critick! when thou hast weigh'd all this, and consider'd within thyself how much of thy own knowledge, discourse, and conversation has been pestered and disordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only:—What a pudder and racket in COUNCILS about *ousia* and *hypostasis*; and in the SCHOOLS of the learned about power and about spirit;—about

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essences,

essences, and about quintessences;—
 about substances, and about space.—
 What confusion in greater THEATRES
 from words of little meaning, and as in-
 determinate a sense;—when thou consi-
 ders this, thou wilt not wonder at my
 uncle *Toby's* perplexities,—thou wilt drop
 a tear of pity upon his scarp and his coun-
 terscarp;—his glacis and his covered-
 way;—his ravelin and his half-moon:
 'Twas not by ideas,——by heaven!
 his life was put in jeopardy by words.

C H A P. III.

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

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

In a fortnight's close and painful application, which, by the bye, did my uncle *Toby's* wound, upon his groin, no good,—he was enabled, by the help of some marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with *Gobesius's* military architecture and pyroballogy, translated from the *Flemish*, to form his discourse with passable perspicuity; and, before he was two full months gone,—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced

ced counterscarp with great order;—but having, by that time, gone much deeper into the art, than what his first motive made necessary,—my uncle *Toby* was able to cross the *Maes* and *Sambre*; make diversions as far as *Vauban's* line, the abbey of *Salsines*, &c. and give his visitors as distinct a history of each of their attacks, as of that of the gate of *St. Nicholas*, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But the desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it. The more my uncle *Toby* pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it;—by the same process and electrical assimilation, as I told you, thro' which I ween the souls of connoisseurs themselves, by long friction and incubation, have the happiness, at length, to

get all be-virtu'd, — be-pictur'd, — be-butterflied, and be-fiddled.

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

In the second year my uncle *Toby* purchased *Ramelli* and *Cataneo*, translated
from

from the *Italian*;—likewise *Stevinus*, *Marolis*, the Chevalier *de Ville*, *Lorini*, *Coehorn*, *Sheeter*, the Count *de Pagan*, the Marshal *Vauban*, Mons. *Blondel*, with almost as many more books of military architecture, as *Don Quixote* was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

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

———Endless is the Search of Truth!

No sooner was my uncle *Toby* satisfied which road the cannon-ball did not go, but he was insensibly led on, and resolved in his mind to enquire and find out which road the ball did go: For which purpose he was obliged to set off afresh with old *Maltus*, and studied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to *Gallileo* and *Torricellius*, wherein, by certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the precise path to be a PARABOLA,—or else an HYPERBOLA,—and that the parameter, or *latus rectum*, of the conic section of the said path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct *ratio*, as the whole line to the sine of double the angle of incidence, form'd by the breech upon a horizontal plane;—and that the semi-parameter

parameter,——stop! my dear uncle *Toby*,——stop!——go not one foot further into this thorny and bewilder'd track,——intricate are the steps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the pursuit of this bewitching phantom, KNOWLEDGE, will bring upon thee.—O my uncle! fly—fly—fly from it as from a serpent.—Is it fit, good-natur'd man! thou should'st sit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights baking thy blood with hectic watchings?—Alas! 'twill exasperate thy symptoms,——check thy perspirations,——evaporate thy spirits,——waste thy animal strength,——dry up thy radical moisture,——bring thee into a costive habit of body, impair thy health,——and hasten all the infirmities of thy old age.—my uncle! my uncle *Toby*!

C H A P. IV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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tunes.—

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

—We lose the right of complaining sometimes by forbearing it;—but we oftener treble the force:—The Surgeon was astonished;—but much more so, when he heard my uncle *Toby* go on, and peremptorily insist upon his healing up
the

the wound directly,——or sending for Monsieur *Ronjat*, the King's Serjeant-Surgeon, to do it for him.

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

I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-side, where we left my uncle *Toby* in the middle of his sentence.

C H A P. V.

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

My uncle *Toby*'s wound was near well, and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprize, and could get leave to say as much——he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate; and that if no fresh exfoliation happen'd, which there was no signs of,——it would be dried up in five or six weeks.

weeks. The sound of as many olympiads twelve hours before, would have convey'd an idea of shorter duration to my uncle *Toby's* mind.—The succession of his ideas was now rapid,—he broil'd with impatience to put his design in execution;—and so, without consulting further with any soul living,—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice,—he privately ordered *Trim*, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot and four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change.—So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's,—he pack'd up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, *&c.*—and, by the help of a
 crutch

crutch on one side, and *Trim* on the other,—my uncle *Toby* embark'd for *Shandy-Hall*.

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

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

in falling,—he thrust Monsieur *Blondel* off the table and Count de *Pagan* o' top of him.

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

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

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of *Landen*, which was two years before the affair of *Namur*,—and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle *Toby* took him for his servant, and of excellent use was he, attending my uncle *Toby* in the camp and in his quarters as valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster,

C 2

and

and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle *Toby* loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge:—For Corporal *Trim*, (for so, for the future, I shall call him) by four years occasional attention to his Master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his Master's plans, &c. exclusive and besides what he gained HOBBY-HORSICALLY, as a body-servant, *Non Hobby-Horsical per se*;—had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strong-holds as my uncle *Toby* himself.

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

bear to stop his mouth.—Such was Corporal *Trim*.

If I durst presume, continued *Trim*, to give your Honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter.—Thou art welcome, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—speak,—speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear. Why then, replied *Trim*, (not hanging his ears and scratching his head like a country lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division.——I think, quoth *Trim*, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of *Dunkirk*, which was pinn'd against the hangings,—I think, quoth Corporal *Trim*, with humble submission to your Honour's better judgment,—that these
ravelins,

ravelins, bastions, curtins, and horn-works make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it, were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with: As summer is coming on, continued *Trim*, your Honour might sit out of doors, and give me the nography——(call it ichnography, quoth my uncle)——of the town or citadel, your Honour was pleased to sit down before,——and I will be shot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind.——I dare say thou would'st *Trim*, quoth my uncle.——For if your Honour, continued the Corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles.——That I could do very well, quoth my

uncle.—I would begin with the fossé, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth,—I can to a hair's breadth, *Trim*, replied my uncle,—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counterscarp,—very right, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—and when I had sloped them to your mind,—an' please your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in *Flanders*, with sods,—and as your Honour knows they should be,—and I would make the walls and parapets with sods too;—the best engineers call them gazons, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*,—whether they are gazons or sods is not much matter, replied *Trim*, your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone;—I know they are,

Trim,

Trim, in some respects,—quoth my uncle *Toby*, nodding his head;—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé, (as was the case at *St. Nicolas's Gate*) and facilitate the passage over it.

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

My

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

Thou

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

Trim ran down and brought up his Master's supper,——to no purpose:——*Trim's* plan of operation ran so in my uncle *Toby's* head, he could not taste it.——*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, get me
to

to bed;—'twas all one.—Corporal *Trim*'s description had fired his imagination,—my uncle *Toby* could not shut his eyes.—The more he consider'd it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him;—so that, two full hours before day-light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal *Trim*'s decampment.

My uncle *Toby* had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at *Shandy*, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a-year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre;—and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground

ground as Corporal *Trim* wished for;—so that as *Trim* uttered the words, “A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with:”——this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted, all at once, upon the retina of my uncle *Toby*’s fancy;——which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or at least, of heightening his blush to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a belov’d mistress with more heat and expectation, than my uncle *Toby* did, to enjoy this self-same thing in private;—I say in private;——for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three sides, from mortal sight, by rough holly and thickset flowering shrubs;—so that the
 idea

idea of not being seen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure pre-conceived in my uncle *Toby's* mind.— Vain thought! however thick it was planted about,——or private soever it might seem,——to think, dear uncle *Toby*, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground,——and not have it known!

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

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

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

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

Sir, answer'd *Obadiah*, making a bow towards his left shoulder,—my Mistress is taken very badly;—and where's *Susannah* running down the garden there,
as

as if they were going to ravish her.— Sir, she is running the shortest cut into the town, replied *Obadiah*, to fetch the old midwife.—Then saddle a horse, quoth my father, and do you go directly for Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife, with all our services,—and let him know your Mistress is fallen into labour,—and that I desire he will return with you with all speed.

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

life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

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

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

ONE WORD which would have improved it.

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

small particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

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

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

C H A P. VII.

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

This look'd something like heat;—and the manner of his reply to what my uncle *Toby* was saying prov'd it was so.

“Not

—“Not choose, quoth my father, (repeating my uncle *Toby*'s words) to let a man come so near her——” By heaven, brother *Toby*! you would try the patience of a *Job*;—and I think I have the plagues of one already, without it. ——Why?—Where? —Wherein? ——Wherefore?—Upon what account, replied my uncle *Toby*, in the utmost astonishment.——To think, said my father, of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing so little about women!—I know nothing at all about them,—replied my uncle *Toby*; and I think. continued he, that the shock I received the year after the demolition of *Dunkirk*, in my affair with widow *Wadman*;—which shock you know I should not have received, but from my total ignorance of the sex,—has given me just cause to say, That I neither know, nor do pretend to

know, any thing about 'em, or their concerns either.—Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at least, know so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

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

My uncle *Toby*, I suppose, thought of neither,—for he look'd horizontally.—Right end,—quoth my uncle *Toby*, muttering the two words low to himself, and fixing his two eyes insensibly, as he muttered them, upon a small crevice, form'd by a bad joint in the chimney-piece.—Right end of a woman!—I declare, quoth

quoth my uncle, I know no more which it is, than the man in the moon;—and if I was to think, continued my uncle *Toby*, (keeping his eye still fix'd upon the bad joint) this month together, I am sure I should not be able to find it out.

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

Every thing in this world, continued my father, (filling a fresh pipe)—every thing in this earthly world, my dear brother *Toby*, has two handles;—not always, quoth my uncle *Toby*;—at least, replied my father, every one has two hands,—which comes to the same thing.—Now, if a man was to sit down coolly, and consider within himself the make, the shape, the construction, com-at-ability, and convenience of all the parts which constitute

the whole of that animal, call'd Woman, and compare them analogically—I never understood rightly the meaning of that word,—— quoth my uncle *Toby*.——

ANALOGY, replied my father, is the certain relation and agreement, which different—Here a Devil of a rap at the door snapp'd my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two,—and, at the same time, crushed the head of as notable and curious a dissertation as ever was engendered in the womb of speculation;—it was some months before my father could get an opportunity to be safely deliver'd of it:—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the subject of the dissertation itself,—(considering the confusion and distresses of our domestick misadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether

I shall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

C H A P. VIII.

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

If the hypercritick will go upon this; and is resolved after all to take a pendulum,

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

I would, therefore, desire him to consider that it is but poor eight miles from *Shandy-Hall* to Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife's house;—and that whilst *Obadiah* has been going those said miles and back,

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

If my hypercritick is intractable,—alleging, that two minutes and thirteen seconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen seconds,—when I have said all I can about them;—and that this plea, tho' it might save me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book, from this very moment, a profess'd

fess'd ROMANCE, which, before, was a book apocryphal:—If I am thus pressed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controversy about it all at once,—by acquainting him, that *Obadiah* had not got above threescore yards from the stable-yard before he met with Dr. *Slop*;—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him,—and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

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

C H A P. IX.

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

height, with a breadth of back, and a sesquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a Serjeant in the Horse-Guards.

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

Imagine such a one,—for such, I say, were the out-lines of Dr. *Slop's* figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling thro' the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony,—of a pretty colour;—but of strength,—alack!—scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been
in

in an ambling condition.—They were not.—Imagine to yourself, *Obadiah* mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, prick'd into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

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

Had Dr. *Slop* beheld *Obadiah* a mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monstrous rate,—splashing and plunging like a devil thro' thick and thin, as he approach'd, would not such a phænomenon, with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis,—have been a subject of juster apprehension to Dr. *Slop* in his situation, than the *worst* of *Whiston's* comets?—To say nothing of the NUCLEUS;
that

that is, of *Obadiah* and the coach-horse. ———In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the Doctor, at least the Doctor's pony quite away with it. What then do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. *Slop* have been, when you read, (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards *Shandy-Hall*, and had approach'd to within sixty yards of it, and within five yards of a sudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden wall, —and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane, —when *Obadiah* and his coach-horse turn'd the corner, rapid, furious, —pop, —full upon him! —Nothing, I think, in nature, can be supposed more terrible, than such a Rencounter, —so imprompt! so ill prepared to stand the shock of it as Dr. *Slop* was!

What could Dr. *Slop* do?—He cross'd himself † —Pugh!—but the Doctor, Sir, was a Papist.—No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pummel.—He had so;—nay, as it happen'd, he had better have done nothing at all;—for in crossing himself, he let go his whip,—and in attempting to save his whip betwixt his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipp'd, he lost his stirrup,—in losing which, he lost his seat;—and in the multitude of all these losses, (which, by the bye, shews what little advantage there is in crossing) the unfortunate Doctor lost his presence of mind. So that, without waiting for *Obadiah's* onset, he left his pony to its destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, something in the stile and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being left, (as it would have been)

with

with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

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

C H A P. X.

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

besmear'd,—and in every other part of him, blotched over in such a manner with *Obadiah's* explosion, that you would have sworn, (without mental reservation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

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

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

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the investigation; running, like the hypercritick's, altogether upon the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door,—measuring their distance,—and keeping his mind so intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing else,—common-place infirmity of the greatest mathematicians!

work-

working with might and main at the demonstration, and so wasting all their strength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

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

C H A P. XI.

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

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

'Tis

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

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

E 4

door,

door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce!—truce, good Dr. *Slop!*—stay thy obstetrick hand;—return it safe into thy bosom to keep it warm;—little do'st thou know what obstacles;—little do'st thou think what hidden causes retard its operation!—Hast thou, Dr. *Slop,*—hast thou been intrusted with the secret articles of this solemn treaty which has brought thee into this place?—Art thou aware that, at this instant, a daughter of *Lucina* is put obstetrically over thy head? Alas! 'tis too true.—Besides, great son of *Pilumnus!* what can'st thou do?—Thou has come forth unarm'd;—thou hast left thy *tire-tête,*—thy new-invented *forceps,*—thy *crotchet,*—thy *squirt,* and all thy instruments of salvation and deliverance behind thee.——By heaven!

at

at this moment they are hanging up in a green bays bag, betwixt thy two pistols, at thy bed's head!—Ring;—call;—send *Obadiah* back upon the coach-horse to bring them with all speed.

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

C H A P. XII.

YOUR sudden and unexpected arrival, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addressing himself to Dr. *Slop*, (all three of them sitting down to the fire together, as my uncle *Toby* began to speak)—instantly brought the great *Stevinus* into my head, who, you must know, is a favourite

avourite author with me.—Then, added my father, making use of the argument *Ad Crumenam*,—I will lay twenty guineas to a single crown piece, (which will serve to give away to *Obadiah* when he gets back) that this same *Stevinus* was some engineer or other,—or has wrote something or other, either directly or indirectly, upon the science of fortification.

He has so,—replied my uncle *Toby*.—I knew it, said my father;—tho', for the soul of me, I cannot see what kind of connection there can be betwixt Dr. *Slop*'s sudden coming, and a discourse upon fortification;—yet I fear'd it.—Talk of what we will, brother,—or let the occasion be never so foreign or unfit for the subject,—you are sure to bring it in: I would not, brother *Toby*, con-
 tinued

tinued my father,— I declare I would not have my head so full of curtins and horn-works.—That, I dare say, you would not, quoth Dr. *Slop*, interrupting him, and laughing most immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critick could not detest and abhor a pun, or the insinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father;—he would grow testy upon it at any time;—but to be broke in upon by one, in a serious discourse, was as bad, he would say, as a fillip upon the nose;—he saw no difference.

Sir, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addressing himself to Dr. *Slop*,—the curtins my brother *Shandy* mentions here have nothing to do with bed-steads;—tho', I know, *Du Cange* says, “That bed-cur-
“tains,

“tains, in all probability, have taken their name from them;”—nor have the horn-works, he speaks of, any thing in the world to do with the horn-works of cuckoldom:—But the *curtin*, Sir, is the word we use in fortification, for that part of the wall or rampart which lies between the two bastions and joins them.—Besiegers seldom offer to carry on their attacks directly against the curtin, for this reason, because they are so well *flanked*; ('tis the case of other curtins, quoth Dr. Slop, laughing) however, continued my uncle *Toby*, to make them sure, we generally choose to place ravelins before them, taking care only to extend them beyond the fossé or ditch:—The common men, who know very little of fortification, confound the ravelin and the half-moon together,—tho' they are very different things;—not in their figure or

con-

construction, for we make them exactly alike in all points;—for they always consist of two faces, making a salient angle, with the gorges, not straight, but in form of a crescent.—Where then lies the difference? (quoth my father, a little testily)—In their situations, answered my uncle *Toby*.—For when a ravelin, brother, stands before the curtain, it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin stands before a bastion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin;—it is a half-moon;—a half-moon likewise is a half-moon, and no more, so long as it stands before its bastion;—but was it to change place, and get before the curtain,—’twould be no longer a half-moon; a half-moon, in that case, is not a half-moon;—’tis no more than a ravelin.—I think, quoth my father, that the noble science of defence has its weak sides,—as well as others.

—As

—As for the horn-works (high! ho! sigh'd my father) which, continued my uncle *Toby*, my brother was speaking of, they are a very considerable part of an outwork;—they are called by the *French* engineers *Ouvrage á corne*, and we generally make them to cover such places as we suspect to be weaker than the rest;—'tis form'd by two epaulments or demi-bastions,—they are very pretty, and if you will take a walk, I'll engage to shew you one well worth your trouble.—I own, continued my uncle *Toby*, when we crown them,—they are much stronger, but then they are very expensive, and take up a great deal of ground; so that, in my opinion, they are most of use to cover or defend the head of a camp; otherwise the double tenaille——By the mother who bore us!——brother

Toby,

Toby, quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer,—you would provoke a saint;—here have you got us, I know not how, not only souse into the middle of the old subject again:—But so full is your head of these confounded works, that tho' my wife is this moment in the pains of labour,—and you hear her cry out,—yet nothing will serve you but to carry off the man-midwife.——*Accoucheur*,—if you please, quoth Dr. *Slop*.—With all my heart, replied my father, I don't care what they call you,—but I wish the whole science of fortification, with all its inventors, at the Devil;—it has been the death of thousands,—and it will be mine, in the end.—I would not, I would not, brother *Toby*, have my brains so full of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, palisadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and such trumpery,

pery, to be proprietor of *Namur*, and of all the towns in *Flanders* with it.

My uncle *Toby* was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—I have told you in the fifth chapter of this second book, “That he was a man of courage:”—And will add here, that where just occasions presented, or called it forth,— I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter; nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;— for he felt this insult of my father’s as feelingly as a man could do;—but he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mix’d up so kindly within him; my uncle *Toby* had scarce a heart to retalliate upon a fly.

—Go

—Go—says he, one day at dinner, to an over-grown one which had buzz'd about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle *Toby*, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand, —I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go poor Devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened;—but whether it was, that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves at that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation;—or how

far the manner and expression of it might go towards it;—or in what degree, or by what secret magick,—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not;—this I know, that the lesson of universal good-will then taught and imprinted by my uncle *Toby*, has never since been worn out of my mind: And tho' I would not depreciate what the study of the *Literæ humaniores*, at the university, have done for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad since;—yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impression.

☞ This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

I could not give the reader this stroke in my uncle *Toby's* picture, by the instrument with which I drew the other parts of it,——that taking in no more than the mere HOBBY-HORSICAL likeness;——this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader must long ago have noted; he had a much more acute and quick sensibility of nature, attended with a little soreness of temper; tho' this never transported him to any thing which looked like malignancy;——yet, in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to shew itself in a drollish and witty kind of peevishness:——He was, however, frank and generous in his nature,——at all times open to conviction; and in the little ebullitions of this sub-acid humour towards others, but parti-

cularly towards my uncle *Toby*, whom he truly loved;—he would feel more pain, ten times told, (except in the affair of my aunt *Dinah*, or where an hypothesis was concerned) than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appear'd with great advantage in this affair which arose about *Stevinus*.

I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a HOBBY-HORSE,—that a man's HOBBY-HORSE is as tender a part as he has about him; and that these unprovoked strokes, at my uncle *Toby's* could not be unfelt by him.—No;—as I said above, my uncle *Toby* did feel them, and very sensibly too.

Pray

Pray, Sir, what said he?—How did he behave?—O, Sir!—it was great: For as soon as my father had done insulting his HOBBY-HORSE,—he turned his head, without the least emotion, from Dr. *Slop*, to whom he was addressing his discourse, and look'd up into my father's face, with a countenance spread over with so much good nature;—so placid;—so fraternal;—so inexpressibly tender towards him;—it penetrated my father to his heart: He rose up hastily from his chair, and seizing hold of both my uncle *Toby's* hands as he spoke:—Brother *Toby*, said he,—I beg thy pardon;—forgive, I pray thee, this rash humour which my mother gave me.—My dear, dear brother, answer'd my uncle *Toby*, rising up by my father's help, say no more about it;—you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much,

brother. But 'tis ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man;—a brother worse;—but to hurt a brother of such gentle manners,—so unprovoking,—and so unresenting;—'tis base:—By heaven, 'tis cowardly.—You are heartily welcome, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—had it been fifty times as much.—Besides, what have I to do, my dear *Toby*, cried my father, either with your amusements or your pleasures, unless it was in my power (which it is not) to increase their measure?

—Brother *Shandy*, answer'd my uncle *Toby*, looking wistfully in his face,—you are much mistaken in this point;—for you do increase my pleasure very much, in begetting children for the *Shandy* Family at your time of life.—But, by that, Sir, quoth Dr. *Slop*, Mr. *Shandy* increases

creases his own.—Not a jot, quoth my father.

C H A P. XIII.

MY brother does it, quoth my uncle *Toby*, out of *principle*.—In a family-way, I suppose, quoth Dr. *Slop*.—Pshaw!—said my father,—’tis not worth talking of.

C H A P. XIV.

AT the end of the last chapter, my father and my uncle *Toby* were left both standing, like *Brutus* and *Cassius* at the close of the scene making up their accounts.

As my father spoke the three last words, —he sat down;—my uncle *Toby* exactly followed his example, only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal *Trim*, who was in waiting, to step home for *Stevinus*;—my uncle *Toby*'s house being no further off than the opposite side of the way.

Some men would have dropp'd the subject of *Stevinus*;—but my uncle *Toby* had no resentment in his heart, and he went on with the subject, to shew my father that he had none.

Your sudden appearance, Dr. *Slop*, quoth my uncle, resuming the discourse, instantly brought *Stevinus* into my head. (My father, you may be sure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon *Stevinus*'s head)——Because, continued my
uncle

uncle *Toby*, the celebrated sailing chariot, which belonged to Prince *Maurice*, and was of such wonderful contrivance and velocity, as to carry half a dozen people thirty *German* miles, in I don't know how few minutes,——was invented by *Stevinus*, that great mathematician and engineer.

You might have spared your servant the trouble, quoth Dr. *Slop*, (as the fellow is lame) of going for *Stevinus's* account of it, because, in my return from *Leyden* thro' the *Hague*, I walked as far as *Schevling*, which is two long miles, on purpose to take a view of it.

——That's nothing, replied my uncle *Toby*, to what the learned *Peireskius* did, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from *Paris* to *Schevling*,
and

and from *Schevling* to *Paris* back again, in order to see it,—and nothing else.

Some men cannot bear to be out-gone.

The more fool *Peireskius*, replied Dr. *Slop*. But mark,—’twas out of no contempt of *Peireskius* at all;—but that *Peireskius*’s indefatigable labour in trudging so far on foot out of love for the sciences, reduced the exploit of Dr. *Slop*, in that affair, to nothing;—the more fool *Peireskius*, said he again:—Why so?—replied my father, taking his brother’s part, not only to make reparation as fast as he could for the insult he had given him, which sat still upon my father’s mind;—but partly, that my father began really to interest himself in the discourse;—Why so?—said he. Why is *Peireskius*, or any man else, to be abused for an appetite

petite for that, or any other morsel of sound knowledge? For, notwithstanding I know nothing of the chariot in question, continued he, the inventor of it must have had a very mechanical head; and tho' I cannot guess upon what principles of philosophy he has archiev'd it;——yet certainly his machine has been constructed upon solid ones, be they what they will, or it could not have answer'd at the rate my brother mentions.

It answered, replied my uncle *Toby*, as well, if not better; for, as *Peireskius* elegantly expresses it, speaking of the velocity of its motion, *Tam citus erat, quam erat ventus*; which, unless I have forgot my Latin, is, *that it was as swift as the wind itself*.

But

But pray, Dr. *Slop*, quoth my father, interrupting my uncle, (tho' not without begging pardon for it, at the same time), upon what principles was this self-same chariot set a-going?—Upon very pretty principles to be sure, replied Dr. *Slop*;——and I have often wondered, continued he, evading the question, why none of our Gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours,—(especially they whose wives are not past child-bearing) attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon sudden calls, to which the sex is subject,—if the wind only served,—but would be excellent good husbandry to make use of the winds, which cost nothing, and which eat nothing, rather than horses, which (the Devil take 'em) both cost and eat a great deal.

For

For that very reason, replied my father, “Because they cost nothing, and because they eat nothing,”—the scheme is bad;—it is the consumption of our products, as well as the manufactures of them, which gives bread to the hungry, circulates trade,—brings in money, and supports the value of our lands;—and tho’, I own, if I was a Prince, I would generously recompence the scientifick head which brought forth such contrivances;—yet I would as peremptorily suppress the use of them.

My father here had got into his element,—and was going on as prosperously with his dissertation upon trade, as my uncle *Toby* had before, upon his of fortification;——but, to the loss of much sound knowledge, the destinies in the morning had decreed that no
dis-

dissertation of any kind should be spun by my father that day;——for as he opened his mouth to begin the next sentence,

C H A P. XV.

IN popp'd Corporal *Trim* with *Stevinius*:——But 'twas too late,——all the discourse had been exhausted without him, and was running into a new channel.

——You may take the book home again, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, nodding to him.

But pri'thee, Corporal, quoth my father, drolling,——look first into it, and see if thou can'st spy aught of a sailing chariot in it.

Corporal

Corporal *Trim*, by being in the service, had learned to obey,—and not to remonstrate;—so taking the book to a side-table, and running over the leaves; an' please your Honour, said *Trim*, I can see no such thing;—however, continued the Corporal, drolling a little in his turn, I'll make sure work of it, an' please your Honour;—so taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves fall down, as he bent the covers back, he gave the book a good sound shake.

There is something fallen out, however, said *Trim*, an' please your Honour; but it is not a chariot, or any thing like one:—Pri'thee, Corporal, said my father, smiling, what is it then?—I think, answered *Trim*, stooping to take it up,—'tis more like a sermon,—for it begins,
with

with a text of scripture, and the chapter and verse;—and then goes on, not as a chariot,—but like a sermon directly.

The company smiled.

I cannot conceive how it is possible, quoth my uncle *Toby*, for such a thing as a sermon to have got into my *Stevinus*.

I think 'tis a sermon, replied *Trim*;—but if it please your Honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page;—for *Trim*, you must know, loved to hear himself read almost as well as talk.

I have ever a strong propensity, said my father, to look into things which cross my way, by such strange fatalities as these;—and as we have nothing better to do, at least till *Obadiah* gets back,

I should be obliged to you, brother, if Dr. *Slop* has no objection to it, to order the Corporal to give us a page or two of it,—if he is as able to do it, as he seems willing. An' please your Honour, quoth *Trim*, I officiated two whole campaigns in *Flanders* as Clerk to the Chaplain of the Regiment.—He can read it, quoth my uncle *Toby*, as well as I can.—*Trim*, I assure you, was the best scholar in my company, and should have had the next Halberd, but for the poor fellow's misfortune. Corporal *Trim* laid his hand upon his heart, and made an humble bow to his Master;—then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the sermon in his left hand, in order to have his right at liberty,—he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could best see, and be best seen by, his audience.

C H A P. XVI.

——If you have any objection,——said my father, addressing himself to Dr. *Slop*: Not in the least, replied Dr. *Slop*;——for it does not appear on which side of the question it is wrote;——it may be a composition of a divine of our church, as well as yours,——so that we run equal risks.——’Tis wrote upon neither side, quoth *Trim*, for ’tis only upon *Conscience*, an’ please your Honours.

Trim’s reason put his audience into good humour,——all but Dr. *Slop*, who, turning his head about towards *Trim*, look’d a little angry.

Begin, *Trim*,——and read distinctly, quoth my father;——I will, an’ please your Honour,

Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow, and bespeaking attention with a slight movement of his right hand.

C H A P. XVII.

——But before the Corporal begins, I must first give you a description of his attitude;——otherwise he will naturally stand represented, by your imagination, in an uneasy posture,——stiff,——perpendicular,——dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs;——his eye fix'd, as if on duty;——his look determined;——clutching the sermon in his left hand, like his firelock:——In a word, you would be apt to paint *Trim*, as if he was standing in his platoon ready for action:——His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He stood before them with his body swayed, and bent forwards just so far, as to make an angle of 85 degrees and a half upon the plain of the horizon;—which sound orators, to whom I address this, know very well, to be the true persuasive angle of incidence;—in any other angle you may talk and preach;—’tis certain,—and it is done every day;—but with what effect,—I leave the world to judge!

The necessity of this precise angle of 85 degrees and a half to a mathematical exactness,—does it not shew us, by the way,—how the arts and sciences mutually befriend each other?

How the duce Corporal *Trim*, who knew not so much as an acute angle from an obtuse one, came to hit it so exactly;

actly;—or whether it was chance or nature, or good sense or imitation, *&c.* shall be commented upon in that part of this cyclopædia of arts and sciences, where the instrumental parts of the eloquence of the senate, the pulpit, the bar, the coffee-house, the bed-chamber, and fire-side, fall under consideration.

He stood,——for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view, with his body sway'd, and somewhat bent forwards,——his right leg firm under him, sustaining seven-eighths of his whole weight,——the foot of his left leg, the defect of which was no disadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little,——not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them;——his knee bent, but that not violently,——but so as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty;——and I add,

of the line of science too;—for consider, it had one eighth part of his body to bear up;—so that in this case the position of the leg is determined,—because the foot could be no further advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him, mechanically, to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it,—and to carry it too.

☞ This I recommend to painters;—need I add,—to orators?—I think not; for, unless they practise it,—they must fall upon their noses.

So much for Corporal *Trim's* body and legs.—He held the sermon loosely,—not carelessly, in his left hand, raised something above his stomach, and detach'd a little from his breast;—his right arm falling negligently by his side, as nature
and

and the laws of gravity order'd it,—but with the palm of it open and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the sentiment, in case it stood in need.

Corporal *Trim*'s eyes and the muscles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him;—he look'd frank,—unconstrained,—something assured,—but not bordering upon assurance.

Let not the critick ask how Corporal *Trim* could come by all this; I've told him it shall be explained;—but so he stood before my father, my uncle *Toby*, and Dr. *Slop*,—so swayed his body, so contrasted his limbs, and with such an oratorical sweep throughout the whole figure,—a statuary might have modell'd from it;—nay, I doubt whether the oldest Fellow of a College,—or the *He-*

brew Professor himself, could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows:

The S E R M O N.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

———*For we trust we have a good Conscience.*———

“**T**Rust!—Trust we have a good
“ conscience!”

[Certainly, *Trim*, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that sentence a very improper accent; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sheering tone, as if the Parson was going to abuse the Apostle.

He

He is, an' please your Honour, replied *Trim*. Pugh! said my father, smiling.

Sir, quoth Dr. *Slop*, *Trim* is certainly in the right; for the writer, (who I perceive is a Protestant) by the snappish manner in which he takes up the Apostle, is certainly going to abuse him,—if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded so soon Dr. *Slop*, that the writer is of our Church?—for aught I can see yet,—he may be of any Church:—Because, answered Dr. *Slop*, if he was of ours,—he durst no more take such a licence,—than a bear by his beard:—If, in our communion, Sir, a man was to insult an Apostle,—a saint,—or even the paring of a saint's nail,—he would have his eyes scratched out.—What, by the saint? quoth my
uncle

uncle *Toby*. No; replied Dr. *Slop*,—he would have an old house over his head. Pray, is the Inquisition an antient building, answered my uncle *Toby*, or is it a modern one?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Dr. *Slop*.—An' please your Honours, quoth *Trim*, the Inquisition is the vilest——Pri'thee spare thy description, *Trim*, I hate the very name of it, said my father.—No matter for that, answered Dr. *Slop*,—it has its uses; for tho' I'm no great advocate for it, yet in such a case as this, he would soon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquisition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle *Toby*. Amen, added *Trim*; for, heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one word of it before, said my

my

my uncle *Toby*, hastily:—How came he there, *Trim*?—O, Sir! the story will make your heart bleed,—as it has made mine a thousand times;—but it is too long to be told now;—your Honour shall hear it from first to last some day when I am working besides you in our fortifications;—but the short of the story is this:—That my brother *Tom* went over a servant to *Lisbon*,—and then married a *Jew*'s widow, who kept a small shop, and sold sausages, which, some how or other, was the cause of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two small children, and carried directly to the Inquisition, where, God help him, continued *Trim*, fetching a sigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour;—he was as honest a soul, added *Trim*,
 (pulling

(pulling out his handkerchief) as ever blood warm'd.——

——The tears trickled down *Trim's* cheeks faster than he could well wipe them away:—A dead silence in the room ensued for some minutes.—Certain proof of pity!

Come, *Trim*, quoth my father, after he saw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,—read on,—and put this melancholy story out of thy head:—I grieve that I interrupted thee;—but pri'thee begin the sermon again;—for if the first sentence in it is matter of abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great desire to know what kind of provocation the Apostle has given.

Corporal *Trim* wiped his face, and returning his handkerchief into his pocket,

and making a bow as he did it,—he began again.]

The S E R M O N.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

———*For we trust we have a good Conscience.*———

“**T**Rust! trust we have a good conscience! Surely if there is any “thing in this life which a man may “depend upon, and to the knowledge of “which he is capable of arriving upon “the most indisputable evidence, it must “be this very thing,—whether he has a “good conscience or no.”

[I am positive I am right, quoth Dr. Slop.]

“If

“If a man thinks at all, he cannot
 “well be a stranger to the true state of
 “this account;—he must be privy to
 “his own thoughts and desires;—he
 “must remember his past pursuits, and
 “know certainly the true springs and
 “motives which, in general, have go-
 “verned the actions of his life.”

[I defy him, without an assistant,
 quoth Dr. *Slop.*]

“In other matters we may be deceived
 “by false appearances; and, as the Wise
 “Man complains, *hardly do we guess*
 “*aright at the things that are upon the*
 “*earth, and with labour do we find the*
 “*things that are before us.* But here the
 “mind has all the evidence and facts
 “within herself;—is conscious of the web
 “she has wove;—knows its texture and
 “fine-

“fineness, and the exact share which
 “every passion has had in working upon
 “the several designs which virtue or vice
 “had plann’d before her.”

[The language is good, and I declare
Trim reads very well, quoth my father.]

“Now,—as conscience is nothing else
 “but the knowledge which the mind has
 “within herself of this; and the judg-
 “ment, either of approbation or censure,
 “which it unavoidably makes upon the
 “successive actions of our lives; ’tis plain
 “you will say, from the very terms of
 “the proposition,—whenever this inward
 “testimony goes against a man, and he
 “stands self-accused,—that he must ne-
 “cessarily be a guilty man.—And, on
 “the contrary, when the report is fa-
 “vourable on his side, and his heart con-

“demns him not;—that it is not a matter of *trust*, as the Apostle intimates, —but a matter of *certainty* and fact, that the conscience is good, and that the man must be good also.”

[Then the Apostie is altogether in the wrong, I suppose, quoth Dr. *Slop*, and the Protestant divine is in the right. Sir, have patience, replied my father, for I think it will presently appear that St. *Paul* and the Protestant divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly so, quoth Dr. *Slop*, as East is to West;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the press.

It is no more, at the worst, replied my uncle *Toby*, than the liberty of the pulpit; for it does not appear that the sermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go

Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father.]

“At first sight this may seem to be a
 “true state of the case; and I make no
 “doubt but the knowledge of right and
 “wrong is so truly impressed upon the
 “mind of man,—that did no such thing
 “ever happen, as that the conscience of
 “a man, by long habits of sin, might
 “(as the scripture assures it may) insen-
 “sibly become hard;—and, like some
 “tender parts of his body, by much
 “stress and continual hard usage, lose,
 “by degrees, that nice sense and percep-
 “tion with which God and nature en-
 “dow’d it:—Did this never happen;—
 “or was it certain that self-love could
 “never hang the least bias upon the
 “judgment;—or that the little interests
 “below could rise up and perplex the
 “faculties of our upper regions, and
 VOL. II H “en-

“encompass them about with clouds and
 “thick darkness:——Could no such
 “thing as favour and affection enter this
 “sacred COURT:——Did WIT disdain to
 “take a bribe in it;——or was asham’d to
 “shew its face as an advocate for an un-
 “warrantable enjoyment:——Or, lastly,
 “were we assured, that INTEREST stood
 “always unconcern’d whilst the cause
 “was hearing,—and that PASSION never
 “got into the judgment-seat, and pro-
 “nounc’d sentence in the stead of reason,
 “which is supposed always to preside
 “and determine upon the case:——Was
 “this truly so, as the objection must
 “suppose;——no doubt then, the religious
 “and moral state of a man would be
 “exactly what he himself esteem’d it;——
 “and the guilt or innocence of every
 “man’s life could be known, in general,
 “by no better measure, than the de-
 “grees

“grees of his own approbation and cen-
 “sure.

“I own, in one case, whenever a man’s
 “conscience does accuse him, (as it sel-
 “dom errs on that side) that he is guil-
 “ty; and, unless in melancholy and hy-
 “pochondriack cases, we may safely pro-
 “nounce upon it, that there is always
 “sufficient grounds for the accusation.

“But the converse of the proposition
 “will not hold true;—namely, that
 “whenever there is guilt the conscience
 “must accuse; and if it does not, that
 “a man is therefore innocent.—This is
 “not fact:—So that the common con-
 “solation which some good christian or
 “other, is hourly administering to him-
 “self,—that he thanks God his mind
 “does not misgive him; and that, con-
 H 2 “sequently,

“sequently, he has a good conscience,
 “because he has a quiet one,—is falla-
 “cious;—and as current as the inference
 “is, and as infallible as the rule appears
 “at first sight, yet, when you look nearer
 “to it, and try the truth of this rule
 “upon plain facts,—you see it liable to
 “so much error from a false application;
 “—the principle upon which it goes so
 “often perverted;—the whole force of
 “it lost, and sometimes so vilely cast
 “away, that it is painful to produce the
 “common examples from human life
 “which confirm the account.

“A man shall be vicious and utterly
 “debauched in his principles;—excep-
 “tionable in his conduct to the world;
 “shall live shameless, in the open com-
 “mission of a sin which no reason or pre-
 “tence can justify;—a sin, by which,
 “con-

“contrary to all the workings of huma-
 “nity, he shall ruin for ever the deluded
 “partner of his guilt;—rob her of her
 “bestdowry; and not only cover her own
 “head with dishonour,—but involve a
 “whole virtuous family in shame and
 “sorrow for her sake.—Surely, you will
 “think conscience must lead such a man
 “a troublesome life;—he can have no
 “rest night or day from its reproaches.

“Alas! CONSCIENCE had something
 “else to do, all this time, than break in
 “upon him; as *Elijah* reproached the
 “God *Baal*,——this domestick God *was*
 “*either talking, or pursuing, or was in a*
 “*journey, or peradventure he slept and*
 “*could not be awoke.*

“Perhaps HE was gone out in com-
 “pany with HONOUR to fight a duel;—

“to pay off some debt at play;—or
 “dirty annuity, the bargain of his lust:
 “Perhaps CONSCIENCE all this time was
 “engaged at home, talking loud against
 “petty larceny, and executing vengeance
 “upon some such puny crimes as his
 “fortune and rank in life secured him
 “against all temptation of committing;
 “so that he lives as merrily,” [if he was
 of our church tho’, quoth Dr. *Slop*, he
 could not]—“sleeps as soundly in his
 “bed;—and at last meets death as un-
 “concernedly;—perhaps much more so
 “than a much better man.”

[All this is impossible with us, quoth
 Dr. *Slop*, turning to my father,—the case
 could not happen in our Church.—It
 happens in ours, however, replied my fa-
 ther, but too often.—I own, quoth Dr.
Slop, (struck a little with my father’s
 frank

frank acknowledgment)—that a man in the *Romish* Church may live as badly;—but then he cannot easily die so.—’Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indifference,—how a rascal dies.—I mean, answer’d Dr. *Slop*, he would be denied the benefits of the last sacraments.—Pray how many have you in all, said my uncle *Toby*,—for I always forget?—Seven, answered Dr. *Slop*.—Humph!—said my uncle *Toby*,—tho’ not accented as a note of acquiescence,—but as an interjection of that particular species of surprize, when a man, in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected.—Humph! replied my uncle *Toby*. Dr. *Slop*, who had an ear, understood my uncle *Toby* as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven sacraments.—Humph! replied Dr. *Slop*, (stating my uncle *Toby*’s argument over

again to him)——Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues?——Seven mortal sins?——Seven golden candlesticks?——Seven heavens?——’Tis more than I know, replied my uncle *Toby*.——Are there not seven wonders of the world?——Seven days of the creation?——Seven planets?——Seven plagues?——That there are, quoth my father, with a most affected gravity. But pri’thee, continued he, go on with the rest of thy characters, *Trim*.]

“Another is sordid, unmerciful, (here “*Trim* waved his right hand) a strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either “of private friendship or publick spirit. “Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan in their distress, and “sees all the miseries incident to human “life without a sigh or a prayer.” [And please

please your Honours, cried *Trim*, I think this a viler man than the other.]

“him on such occasions?—No; thank
 “God there is no occasion; *I pay every*
“man his own;—I have no fornication to
“answer to my conscience;—no faithless
“vows or promises to make up;—I have
“debauched no man’s wife or child; thank
“God, I am not as other men, adulterers,
“unjust, or even as this libertine, who
“stands before me.

“A third is crafty and designing in
 “his nature. View his whole life;—’tis
 “nothing but a cunning contexture of
 “dark arts and unequitable subterfuges,
 “basely to defeat the true intent of all
 “laws,—plain dealing and the safe en-
 “joyment of our several properties.—

“You

“You will see such a one working out
 “a frame of little designs upon the ig-
 “norance and perplexities of the poor
 “and needy man;—shall raise a fortune
 “upon the inexperience of a youth, or
 “the unsuspecting temper of his friend
 “who would have trusted him with his
 “life.

“When old age comes on, and re-
 “pentance calls him to look back upon
 “this black account, and state it over
 “again with his conscience,——CON-
 “SCIENCE looks into the STATUTES at
 “LARGE;—finds no express law broken
 “by what he has done;—perceives no
 “penalty or forfeiture of goods and chat-
 “tels incurred;—sees no scourge waving
 “over his head, or prison opening his
 “gates upon him:—What is there to
 “affright his conscience?—Conscience
 “has

“has got safely entrenched behind the Letter of the Law; sits there invulnerable, fortified with **Cases** and **Keports** so strongly on all sides,—that it is not preaching can dispossess it of its hold.”

[Here Corporal *Trim* and my uncle *Toby* exchanged looks with each other.—Aye,—aye, *Trim!* quoth my uncle *Toby*, shaking his head,—these are but sorry fortifications, *Trim*.——O! very poor work, answered *Trim*, to what your Honour and I make of it.——The character of this last man, said Dr. *Slop*, interrupting *Trim*, is more detestable than all the rest;——and seems to have been taken from some pettifogging Lawyer amongst you:——Amongst us a man’s conscience could not possibly continue so long *blinded*;——three times in

a year, at least, he must go to confession. Will that restore it to sight, quoth my uncle *Toby*?—Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father, or *Obadiah* will have got back before thou hast got to the end of thy sermon;—’tis a very short one, replied *Trim*.—I wish it was longer, quoth my uncle *Toby*, for I like it hugely.—*Trim* went on.]

“A fourth man shall want even this
 “refuge;—shall break through all this
 “ceremony of slow chicane;—scorns
 “the doubtful workings of secret plots
 “and cautious trains to bring about his
 “purpose:—See the bare-faced villain,
 “how he cheats, lies, perjures, robs,
 “murders.—Horrid!—But indeed
 “much better was not to be expected,
 “in the present case,—the poor man
 “was in the dark!—his priest had got
 “the

“the keeping of his conscience;—and
 “all he would let him know of it, was,
 “That he must believe in the Pope;—
 “go to Mass;—cross himself;—tell his
 “beads;—be a good Catholick, and
 “that this, in all conscience, was enough
 “to carry him to heaven. What;—if
 “he perjures!—Why;—he had a men-
 “tal reservation in it.—But if he is so
 “wicked and abandoned a wretch as
 “you represent him;—if he robs,—if
 “he stabs,—will not conscience, on
 “every such act, receive a wound itself?
 “Aye,—but the man has carried it to
 “confession;—the wound digests there,
 “and will do well enough, and in a
 “short time be quite healed up by ab-
 “solution. O Popery! what hast thou
 “to answer for?—when, not content
 “with the too many natural and fatal
 “ways, thro’ which the heart of man is
 “every

“every day thus treacherous to itself
 “above all things;—thou hast wilfully
 “set open this wide gate of deceit before
 “the face of this unwary traveller, too
 “apt, God knows, to go astray of him-
 “self; and confidently speak peace to
 “himself, when there is no peace.

“Of this the common instances which
 “I have drawn out of life, are too no-
 “torious to require much evidence. If
 “any man doubts the reality of them,
 “or thinks it impossible for a man to be
 “such a bubble to himself,—I must refer
 “him a moment to his own reflections,
 “and will then venture to trust my ap-
 “peal with his own heart.

“Let him consider in how different
 “a degree of detestation, numbers of
 “wicked actions stand *there*, tho’ equally
 “bad

“bad and vicious in their own natures;
 “—he will soon find that such of them, as
 “strong inclination and custom have
 “prompted him to commit, are gene-
 “rally dress’d out and painted with all
 “the false beauties, which a soft and a
 “flattering hand can give them;—and
 “that the others, to which he feels no
 “propensity, appear, at once, naked and
 “deformed, surrounded with all the
 “true circumstances of folly and dis-
 “honour.

“When *David* surprized *Saul* sleep-
 “ing in the cave, and cut off the skirt
 “of his robe,—we read his heart smote
 “him for what he had done:—But in
 “the matter of *Uriah*, where a faithful
 “and gallant servant, whom he ought
 “to have loved and honoured, fell to
 “make way for his lust,—where con-
 “science

“science had so much greater reason to
 “take the alarm, his heart smote him
 “not. A whole year had almost passed
 “from the first commission of that crime,
 “to the time *Nathan* was sent to reprove
 “him; and we read not once of the least
 “sorrow or compunction of heart which
 “he testified, during all that time, for
 “what he had done.

“Thus conscience, this once able mo-
 “nitor,——placed on high as a judge
 “within us, and intended by our maker
 “as a just and equitable one too,——by
 “an unhappy train of causes and impe-
 “diments, takes often such imperfect
 “cognizance of what passes,——does its
 “office so negligently,——sometimes so
 “corruptly,——that it is not to be trusted
 “alone; and therefore we find there is
 “a necessity, an absolute necessity of
 2 “joining

“joining another principle with it to aid,
 “if not govern, its determinations.

“So that if you would form a just
 “judgment of what is of infinite impor-
 “tance to you not to be misled in,—
 “namely, in what degree of real merit
 “you stand either as an honest man, an
 “useful citizen, a faithful subject to your
 “King, or a good servant to your God,—
 “call in religion and morality.—Look,
 “—What is written in the law of God?
 “—How readest thou?—Consult
 “calm reason and the unchangeable ob-
 “ligations of justice and truth;—what
 “say they?

“Let CONSCIENCE determine the
 “matter upon these reports;—and then
 “if thy heart condemns thee not, which
 “is the case the Apostle supposes,—the

“rule will be infallible, (Here Dr. *Slop*
 “fell asleep) *thou wilt have confidence to-*
 “*wards God;*—that is, have just grounds
 “to believe the judgment thou hast past
 “upon thyself, is the judgment of God;
 “and nothing else but an anticipation
 “of that righteous sentence which will
 “be pronounced upon thee hereafter by
 “that Being, to whom thou art finally
 “to give an account of thy actions.

“*Blessed is the man*, indeed then, as
 “the author of the book of *Ecclesiasticus*
 “expresses it, *who is not prick'd with the*
 “*multitude of his sins: Blessed is the man*
 “*whose heart hath not condemn'd him;*
 “*whether he be rich, or whether he be*
 “*poor, if he have a good heart,* (a heart
 “thus guided and informed) *he shall at*
 “*all times rejoice in a chearful counte-*
 “*nance; his mind shall tell him more than*
 “*seven*

*“seven watch-men that sit above upon a
 tower on high.”*——[A tower has
 no strength, quoth my uncle *Toby*, un-
 less 'tis flank'd.] “In the darkest doubts
 “it shall conduct him safer than a thou-
 “sand casuists, and give the state he
 “lives in a better security for his beha-
 “viour than all the clauses and re-
 “strictions put together, which law-
 “makers are forced to multiply:——
 “*Forced*, I say, as things stand; hu-
 “man laws not being a matter of ori-
 “ginal choice, but of pure necessity,
 “brought in to fence against the mis-
 “chievous effects of those consciences
 “which are no law unto themselves;
 “well intending, by the many provi-
 “sions made,——that in all such cor-
 “rupt and misguided cases, where prin-
 “ciples and the checks of conscience
 “will not make us upright,——to

“supply their force, and, by the terrors of gaols and halters, oblige us to it.”

[I see plainly, said my father, that this sermon has been composed to be preach'd at the Temple,——or at some Assize.——I like the reasoning,——and am sorry that Dr. *Slop* has fallen asleep before the time of his conviction;——for it is now clear, that the Parson, as I thought at first, never insulted St. *Paul* in the least;——nor has there been, brother, the least difference between them.——A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle *Toby*,——the best friends in the world may differ sometimes.——True,——brother *Toby*, quoth my father, shaking hands with him,——we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then *Trim* shall go on.

Well,——

Well,—what do'st thou think of it? said my father, speaking to Corporal *Trim*, as he reach'd his tobacco-box.

I think, answered the Corporal, that the seven watch-men upon the tower, who, I suppose, are all centinels there,—are more, an' please your Honour, than were necessary;—and, to go on at that rate, would harass a regiment all to pieces, which a commanding officer, who loves his men, will never do, if he can help it; because two centinels, added the Corporal, are as good as twenty.—I have been a commanding officer myself in the *Corps de Garde* a hundred times, continued *Trim*, rising an inch higher in his figure, as he spoke,—and all the time I had the honour to serve his Majesty King *William*, in relieving the most considerable posts, I never left more than two in my life.—

Very right, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,
 ——but you do not consider *Trim*, that
 the towers, in *Solomon's* days, were not
 such things as our bastions, flank'd and
 defended by other works;——this, *Trim*,
 was an invention since *Solomon's* death;
 nor had they horn-works, or ravelins be-
 fore the curtain, in his time;——or such a
 fossé as we make with a cuvette in the
 middle of it, and with cover'd-ways and
 counterscarps pallisadoed along it, to
 guard against a *Coup de main*.——So that
 the seven men upon the tower were a
 party, I dare say, from the *Corps de Garde*,
 set there, not only to look out, but to
 defend it.——They could be no more, an'
 please your Honour, than a Corporal's
 Guard.——My father smiled inwardly,—
 but not outwardly;——the subject between
 my uncle *Toby* and Corporal *Trim* being
 rather too serious, considering what had
 hap-

happened, to make a jest of:—So, putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had just lighted,—he contented himself with ordering *Trim* to read on. He read on as follows:]

“To have the fear of God before our
 “eyes, and, in our mutual dealings with
 “each other, to govern our actions by the
 “eternal measures of right and wrong:—
 “The first of these will comprehend the
 “duties of religion;—the second, those
 “of morality, which are so inseparably
 “connected together, that you cannot
 “divide these two *tables*, even in imagi-
 “nation, (tho’ the attempt is often made
 “in practice) without breaking and mu-
 “tually destroying them both.

“I said the attempt is often made,
 “and so it is;—there being nothing

“more common than to see a man who
 “has no sense at all of religion,—and in-
 “deed has so much honesty as to pre-
 “tend to none, who would take it as the
 “bitterest affront, should you but hint
 “at a suspicion of his moral character,—
 “or imagine he was not conscientiously
 “just and scrupulous to the uttermost
 “mite.

“When there is some appearance that
 “it is so,—tho’ one is unwilling even to
 “suspect the appearance of so amiable a
 “virtue as moral honesty, yet were we to
 “look into the grounds of it, in the pre-
 “sent case, I am persuaded we should
 “find little reason to envy such a one
 “the honour of his motive.

“Let him declaim as pompously as
 “he chooses upon the subject, it will
 “be

“be found to rest upon no better foundation than either his interest, his pride, his ease, or some such little and changeable passion as will give us but small dependence upon his actions in matters of great stress.

“I will illustrate this by an example.

“I know the banker I deal with, or the physician I usually call in,” [there is no need, cried Dr. *Slop*, (waking) to call in any physician in this case] “to be neither of them men of much religion: I hear them make a jest of it every day, and treat all its sanctions with so much scorn, as to put the matter past doubt. Well;—notwithstanding this, I put my fortune into the hands of the one;—and, what is dearer still to me,

“I

“I trust my life to the honest skill of
“the other.

“Now, let me examine what is my
“reason for this great confidence.—
“Why, in the first place, I believe there
“is no probability that either of them
“will employ the power I put into their
“hands to my disadvantage;—I con-
“sider that honesty serves the purposes
“of this life:—I know their success in
“the world depends upon the fairness
“of their characters.—In a word,—I’m
“persuaded that they cannot hurt me,
“without hurting themselves more.

“But put it otherwise, namely, that
“interest lay, for once, on the other side;
“that a case should happen, wherein the
“one, without stain to his reputation,
“could secrete my fortune, and leave
“me

“me naked in the world;—or that the
 “other could send me out of it, and en-
 “joy an estate by my death, without
 “dishonour to himself or his art:—In
 “this case, what hold have I of either of
 “them?—Religion, the strongest of all
 “motives, is out of the question:—In-
 “terest, the next most powerful motive
 “in the world, is strongly against me:—
 “What have I left to cast into the oppo-
 “site scale to balance this temptation?—
 “Alas! I have nothing,—nothing but
 “what is lighter than a bubble.—I must
 “lay at the mercy of HONOUR, or some
 “such capricious principle.—Strait secu-
 “rity for two of my most valuable bles-
 “sings!—my property and my life.

“As, therefore, we can have no de-
 “pendence upon morality without reli-
 “gion;—so, on the other hand, there is
 “nothing

“nothing better to be expected from
 “religion without morality;—neverthe-
 “less, ’tis no prodigy to see a man whose
 “real moral character stands very low,
 “who yet entertains the highest notion
 “of himself, in the light of a religious
 “man.

“He shall not only be covetous, re-
 “vengeful, implacable,——but even
 “wanting in points of common ho-
 “nesty; yet, inasmuch as he talks aloud
 “against the infidelity of the age,——
 “is zealous for some points of reli-
 “gion,——goes twice a day to church,
 “——attends the sacraments,——and
 “amuses himself with a few instrumental
 “parts of religion,——shall cheat his
 “conscience into a judgment that, for
 “this, he is a religious man, and has
 “discharged truly his duty to God:

“And you will find that such a man,
 “thro’ force of this delusion, gene-
 “rally looks down with spiritual pride
 “upon every other man who has less
 “affectation of piety,—tho’, perhaps,
 “ten times more moral honesty than
 “himself.

“*This likewise is a sore evil under the
 “sun;* and I believe there is no one mi-
 “staken principle which, for its time,
 “has wrought more serious mischiefs.—
 “For a general proof of this,—examine
 “the history of the *Romish Church;*”—
 [Well, what can you make of that, cried
 Dr. *Slop?*]—“see what scenes of cru-
 “elty, murders, rapines, blood-shed,”
 [They may thank their own obstinacy,
 cried Dr. *Slop*] “have all been sanctified
 “by a religion not strictly governed by
 “morality.

“In how many kingdoms of the world,”
 [Here *Trim* kept waving his right hand
 from the sermon to the extent of his arm,
 returning it backwards and forwards to
 the conclusion of the paragraph.]

“In how many kingdoms of the world
 “has the crusading sword of this mis-
 “guided saint-errant spared neither age,
 “or merit, or sex, or condition?—and,
 “as he fought under the banners of a
 “religion which set him loose from ju-
 “stice and humanity, he shew’d none;
 “mercilessly trampled upon both,——
 “heard neither the cries of the unfortu-
 “nate, nor pitied their distresses.”

[I have been in many a battle, an’
 please your Honour, quoth *Trim*, sighing,
 but never in so melancholy a one as
 this.—I would not have drawn a tricker
 in

in it, against these poor souls,——to have been made a general officer.——Why, what do you understand of the affair? said Doctor *Slop*, looking towards *Trim* with something more of contempt than the Corporal's honest heart deserved.——What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?——I know, replied *Trim*, that I never refused quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it;——but to a woman or a child, continued *Trim*, before I would level my musket at them, I would lose my life a thousand times.——Here's a crown for thee, *Trim*, to drink with *Obadiah* to-night, quoth my uncle *Toby*, and I'll give *Obadiah* another too.——God bless your Honour, replied *Trim*,——I had rather these poor women and children had it.——Thou art an honest fellow, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——My father nodded his head,

head,——as much as to say,—— and so he is.——

But pri'thee, *Trim*, said my father, make an end,——for I see thou hast but a leaf or two left.]

Corporal *Trim* read on.

“If the testimony of past centuries
“in this matter is not sufficient,——con-
“sider, at this instant, how the votaries
“of that religion are every day thinking
“to do service and honour to God, by
“actions which are a dishonour and scan-
“dal to themselves.

“To be convinced of this, go with
“me for a moment into the prisons of
“the inquisition.” [God help my poor
brother *Tom*.]——“Behold *Religion*, with
“*Mercy*

“*Mercy* and *Justice* chained down under
 “her feet,—there sitting ghastly upon
 “a black tribunal, propp’d up with racks
 “and instruments of torment. Hark!
 “—hark! what a piteous groan!” [Here
Trim’s face turned as pale as ashes.]
 “See the melancholy wretch who ut-
 “ter’d it,”—[Here the tears began to
 trickle down] “just brought forth to un-
 “dergo the anguish of a mock trial, and
 “endure the utmost pains that a studied
 “system of cruelty has been able to in-
 “vent.”—[D—n them all, quoth *Trim*,
 his colour returning into his face as red
 as blood.]—“Behold this helpless victim
 “delivered up to his tormentors,—his
 “body so wasted with sorrow and con-
 “finement.”—[Oh! ’tis my brother,
 cried poor *Trim* in a most passionate
 exclamation, dropping the sermon upon
 the ground, and clapping his hands to-
 VOL. II K gether.

gether—I fear 'tis poor *Tom*. My father's and my uncle *Toby's* hearts yearn'd with sympathy for the poor fellow's distress,—even *Slop* himself acknowledged pity for him.—Why, *Trim*, said my father, this is not a history,—'tis a sermon thou art reading;—pri'thee begin the sentence again.]—“Behold this helpless
 “victim deliver'd up to his tormentors,
 “—his body so wasted with sorrow and
 “confinement, you will see every nerve
 “and muscle as it suffers.

“Observe the last movement of that
 “horrid engine!” [I would rather face
 a cannon, quoth *Trim*, stamping.]——
 “See what convulsions it has thrown
 “him into!——Consider the nature of
 “the posture in which he now lies
 “stretched,—what exquisite tortures he
 “endures by it!”——[I hope 'tis not in
Portugal.]

Portugal.]—“’Tis all nature can bear!
 “Good God! see how it keeps his weary
 “soul hanging upon his trembling lips!
 [I would not read another line of it,
 quoth *Trim*, for all this world;—I fear,
 an’ please your Honours, all this is in
Portugal, where my poor brother *Tom* is.
 I tell thee, *Trim*, again, quoth my father,
 ’tis not an historical account,—’tis a de-
 scription.—’Tis only a description, honest
 man, quoth *Slop*, there’s not a word of
 truth in it.—That’s another story, replied
 my father.—However, as *Trim* reads it
 with so much concern,—’tis cruelty to
 force him to go on with it.—Give me
 hold of the sermon, *Trim*,—I’ll finish it
 for thee, and thou may’st go. I must stay
 and hear it too, replied *Trim*, if your Ho-
 nour will allow me;—tho’ I would not
 read it myself for a Colonel’s pay.—

Poor *Trim*! quoth my uncle *Toby*. My father went on.]

—“Consider the nature of the posture “in which he now lies stretch’d,—what “exquisite torture he endures by it!— “’Tis all nature can bear!—Good God! “See how it keeps his weary soul hang- “ing upon his trembling lips,—willing “to take its leave,——but not suffered “to depart!——Behold the unhappy “wretch led back to his cell!” [Then, thank God, however, quoth *Trim*, they have not killed him]—“See him dragg’d “out of it again to meet the flames, and “the insults in his last agonies, which “this principle,——this principle, that “there can be religion without mercy, “has prepared for him.” [Then, thank God,——he is dead, quoth *Trim*,——he is
out

out of his pain,—and they have done their worst at him.—O Sirs!——Hold your peace, *Trim*, said my father, going on with the sermon, lest *Trim* should incense Dr. *Slop*,—we shall never have done at this rate.]

“The surest way to try the merit of
 “any disputed notion is, to trace down
 “the consequences such a notion has
 “produced, and compare them with the
 “spirit of Christianity;—’tis the short
 “and decisive rule which our Saviour
 “hath left us, for these and such-like
 “cases, and it is worth a thousand ar-
 “guments,—*By their fruits ye shall know*
 “*them.*”

“I will add no further to the length
 “of this sermon, than, by two or three

“short and independent rules deducible
“from it.

“*First*, Whenever a man talks loudly
“against religion—always suspect that it
“is not his reason, but his passions which
“have got the better of his CREED. A
“bad life and a good belief are disagree-
“able and troublesome neighbours, and
“where they separate, depend upon it, ’tis
“for no other cause but quietness sake.

“*Secondly*, When a man, thus represen-
“ted, tells you in any particular instance,
“—That such a thing goes *against* his
“conscience,—always believe he means
“exactly the same thing, as when he tells
“you such a thing goes *against* his sto-
“mach;—a present want of appetite
“being generally the true cause of both.

“In a word,—trust that man in no-
 “thing, who has not a CONSCIENCE in
 “every thing.

“And, in your own case, remember
 “this plain distinction, a mistake in
 “which has ruined thousands,—that
 “your conscience is not a law:—No, God
 “and reason made the law, and have
 “placed conscience within you to deter-
 “mine;— not like an *Asiatick* Cadi, ac-
 “cording to the ebbs and flows of his
 “own passions,—but like a *British* judge
 “in this land of liberty and good sense,
 “who makes no new law, but faithfully
 “declares that law which he knows al-
 “ready written.”

FINIS

Thou hast read the sermon extremely well, *Trim*, quoth my father.—If he had spared his comments, replied Dr. *Slop*, he would have read it much better. I should have read it ten times better, Sir, answered *Trim*, but that my heart was so full.—That was the very reason, *Trim*, replied my father, which has made thee read the sermon as well as thou hast done; and if the clergy of our church, continued my father, addressing himself to Dr. *Slop*, would take part in what they deliver, as deeply as this poor fellow has done,—as their compositions are fine, (I deny it, quoth Dr. *Slop*) I maintain it, that the eloquence of our pulpits, with such subjects to inflame it,—would be a model for the whole world:—But, alas! continued my father, and I own it, Sir, with sorrow, that, like *French* politicians in this respect, what they gain in the cabinet

they lose in the field.—'Twere a pity, quoth my uncle, that this should be lost. I like the sermon well, replied my father,——'tis dramatic,——and there is something in that way of writing, when skilfully managed, which catches the attention.——We preach much in that way with us, said Dr. *Slop*.——I know that very well, said my father,——but in a tone and manner which disgusted Dr. *Slop*, full as much as his assent, simply, could have pleased him.——But in this, added Dr. *Slop*, a little piqued,——our sermons have greatly the advantage, that we never introduce any character into them below a patriarch or a patriarch's wife, or a martyr or a saint.—There are some very bad characters in this, however, said my father, and I do not think the sermon a jot the worse for 'em.——But pray, quoth my uncle *Toby*,——who's can this be?

be?—How could it get into my *Stevinus*? A man must be as great a conjurer as *Stevinus*, said my father, to resolve the second question:—The first, I think, is not so difficult;—for unless my judgment greatly deceives me,—I know the author, for 'tis wrote, certainly, by the parson of the parish.

The similitude of the stile and manner of it, with those my father constantly had heard preach'd in his parish-church, was the ground of his conjecture,——proving it as strongly, as an argument *a priori*, could prove such a thing to a philosophic mind, That it was *Yorick's* and no one's else:——It was proved to be so *a posteriori*, the day after, when *Yorick* sent a servant to my uncle *Toby's* house to enquire after it.

It

It seems that *Yorick*, who was inquisitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed *Stevinus* of my uncle *Toby*, and had carelessly popp'd his sermon, as soon as he had made it, into the middle of *Stevinus*; and, by an act of forgetfulness, to which he was ever subject, he had sent *Stevinus* home, and his sermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated sermon! Thou wast lost, after this recovery of thee, a second time, dropp'd thro' an unsuspected fissure in thy master's pocket, down into a treacherous and a tatter'd lining,—trod deep into the dirt by the left hind foot of his *Rosinante*, inhumanly stepping upon thee as thou falledst;—buried ten days in the mire,—raised up out of it by a beggar, sold for a halfpenny to a parish-clerk,—transferred to his parson,—lost for ever
to

to thy own, the remainder of his days,—nor restored to his restless MANES till this very moment, that I tell the world the story.

Can the reader believe, that this sermon of *Yorick's* was preach'd at an assize, in the cathedral of *York*, before a thousand witnesses, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done,—and within so short a space as two years and three months after *Yorick's* death.—*Yorick*, indeed, was never better served in his life!—but it was a little hard to male-treat him before, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it, was in perfect charity with *Yorick*,—and, in conscious justice, printed but a few
few

few copies to give away;—and that, I am told, he could moreover have made as good a one himself, had he thought fit, —I declare I would not have published this anecdote to the world;—nor do I publish it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church;—I leave that to others;—but I find myself impell'd by two reasons, which I cannot withstand.

The first is, That, in doing justice, I may give rest to *Yorick's* ghost;—which, as the country people,—and some others, believe,——*still walks*.

The second reason is, That, by laying open this story to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it,—That in case the character of parson *Yorick*, and this sample of his sermons is liked,—that
there

there are now in the possession of the *Shandy* Family, as many as will make a handsome volume, at the world's service,——and much good may they do it.

C H A P. XVIII.

OBADIAH gain'd the two crowns without dispute; for he came in jingling, with all the instruments in the green bays bag we spoke of, slung across his body, just as Corporal *Trim* went out of the room.

It is now proper, I think, quoth Dr. *Slop*, (clearing up his looks) as we are in a condition to be of some service to Mrs. *Shandy*, to send up stairs to know how she goes on.

I have ordered, answered my father, the old midwife to come down to us upon the least difficulty;—for you must know, Dr. *Slop*, continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a smile upon his countenance, that by express treaty, solemnly ratified between me and my wife, you are no more than an auxiliary in this affair,—and not so much as that,—unless the lean old mother of a midwife above stairs cannot do without you.—Women have their particular fancies, and in points of this nature, continued my father, where they bear the whole burden, and suffer so much acute pain for the advantage of our families, and the good of the species,—they claim a right of deciding, *en Soveraines*, in whose hands, and in what fashion, they chuse to undergo it.

They

They are in the right of it,—quoth my uncle *Toby*. But, Sir, replied Dr. *Slop*, not taking notice of my uncle *Toby*'s opinion, but turning to my father,—they had better govern in other points;—and a father of a family, who wished its perpetuity, in my opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up some other rights in lieu of it.—I know not, quoth my father, answering a little too testily, to be quite dispassionate in what he said,—I know not, quoth he, what we have left to give up, in lieu of who shall bring our children into the world,—unless that,—of who shall beget them.—One would almost give up any thing, replied Dr. *Slop*.—I beg your pardon,—answered my uncle *Toby*.—Sir, replied Dr. *Slop*, it would astonish you to know what Improvements we have made of late years in all branches of

of

of obstetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one single point of the safe and expeditious extraction of the *foetus*,—which has received such lights, that, for my part, (holding up his hands) I declare I wonder how the world has—I wish, quoth my uncle *Toby*, you had seen what prodigious armies we had in *Flanders*.

C H A P. XIX.

I Have dropp'd the curtain over this scene for a minute,—to remind you of one thing,—and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of its due course;—for it should have been told a hundred and

and fifty pages ago, but that I foresaw then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elsewhere.—Writers had need look before them to keep up the spirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When these two things are done,—the curtain shall be drawn up again, and my uncle *Toby*, my father, and Dr. *Slop* shall go on with their discourse, without any more interruption.

First, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this;—that from the specimens of singularity in my father's notions in the point of Christian-names, and that other point previous thereto,—you was led, I think, into an opinion, (and I am sure I said as much) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd
and

and whimsical in fifty other opinions. In truth, there was not a stage in the life of man, from the very first act of his begetting,—down to the lean and slipper'd pantaloon in his second childishness, but he had some favourite notion to himself, springing out of it, as sceptical, and as far out of the high-way of thinking, as these two which have been explained.

—Mr. *Shandy*, my father, Sir, would see nothing in the light in which others placed it;—he placed things in his own light;—he would weigh nothing in common scales;—no,—he was too refined a researcher to lay open to so gross an imposition.—To come at the exact weight of things in the scientific steel-yard, the fulcrum, he would say, should be almost invisible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets;—without this the minutiaë

of philosophy, which should always turn the balance, will have no weight at all.— Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was divisible *in infinitum*;—that the grains and scruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.— In a word, he would say, error was error,—no matter where it fell,—whether in a fraction,—or a pound,—’twas alike fatal to truth, and she was kept down at the bottom of her well as inevitably by a mistake in the dust of a butterfly’s wing, —as in the disk of the sun, the moon, and all the stars of heaven put together.

He would often lament that it was for want of considering this properly, and of applying it skilfully to civil matters, as well as to speculative truths, that so many things in this world were out of joint;— that the political arch was giving way;—
and

and that the very foundations of our excellent constitution in church and state, were so sapp'd as estimators had reported.

You cry out, he would say, we are a ruined, undone people.—Why?—he would ask, making use of the sorites or syllogism of *Zeno* and *Chrysippus*, without knowing it belonged to them.—Why? why are we a ruined people?—Because we are corrupted.—Whence is it, dear Sir, that we are corrupted?—Because we are needy;—our poverty, and not our wills, consent.—And wherefore, he would add,—are we needy?—From the neglect, he would answer, of our pence and our halfpence:—Our bank-notes, Sir, our guineas,—nay our shillings, take care of themselves.

'Tis the same, he would say, throughout the whole circle of the sciences;—

the great, the established points of them, are not to be broke in upon.—The laws of nature will defend themselves;—but error—(he would add, looking earnestly at my mother)—error, Sir, creeps in thro' the minute-holes, and small crevices, which human nature leaves unguarded.

This turn of thinking in my father, is what I had to remind you of:—The point you are to be informed of, and which I have reserved for this place, is as follows:

Amongst the many and excellent reasons, with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Dr. *Slop's* assistance preferably to that of the old woman,—there was one of a very singular nature; which, when he had done arguing the matter with her as a Christian, and came to argue it over again with her

as a philosopher,—he had put his whole strength to, depending indeed upon it as his sheet anchor.—It failed him; tho' from no defect in the argument itself; but that, do what he could, he was not able for his soul to make her comprehend the drift of it.—Cursed luck!—said he to himself, one afternoon, as he walk'd out of the room, after he had been stating it for an hour and a half to her, to no manner of purpose;—cursed luck! said he, biting his lip as he shut the door, —for a man to be master of one of the finest chains of reasoning in nature,——and have a wife at the same time with such a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a single inference within side of it, to save his soul from destruction.

This argument, though it was intirely lost upon my mother,—had more weight with

him, than all his other arguments joined together:—I will therefore endeavour to do it justice,—and set it forth with all the perspicuity I am master of.

My father set out upon the strength of these two following axioms:

First, That an ounce of a man's own wit, was worth a tun of other people's; and,

Secondly, (Which, by the bye, was the ground-work of the first axiom,—tho' it comes last)—That every man's wit must come from every man's own soul,—and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all souls were by nature equal,—and that the great difference between the most acute and the most obtuse understanding,
—was

—was from no original sharpness or bluntness of one thinking substance above or below another,—but arose merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the soul principally took up her residence,—he had made it the subject of his enquiry to find out the identical place.

Now, from the best accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was satisfied it could not be where *Des Cartes* had fixed it, upon the top of the *pineal* gland of the brain; which, as he philosophised, form'd a cushion for her about the size of a marrow pea;—tho', to speak the truth, as so many nerves did terminate all in that one place,—'twas no bad conjecture;—and my father had certainly fallen with that great philosopher plumb into the center of the mistake, had it not

been

been for my uncle *Toby*, who rescued him out of it, by a story he told him of a *Walloon* Officer at the battle of *Landen*, who had one part of his brain shot away by a musket-ball,—and another part of it taken out after by a *French* Surgeon; and, after all, recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

If death, said my father, reasoning with himself, is nothing but the separation of the soul from the body;—and if it is true that people can walk about and do their business without brains,—then certes the soul does not inhabit there. Q. E. D.

As for that certain very thin, subtle, and very fragrant juice which *Coglionissimo Borri*, the great *Milaneze* physician, affirms, in a letter to *Bartholine*, to have discovered in the cellulæ of the occipital parts
of

of the cerebellum, and which he likewise affirms to be the principal seat of the reasonable soul (for, you must know, in these latter and more enlightened ages, there are two souls in every man living,—the one according to the great *Metheglingius*, being called the *Animus*, the other the *Anima*);—as for this opinion, I say, of *Borri*,—my father could never subscribe to it by any means; the very idea of so noble, so refined, so immaterial, and so exalted a being as the *Anima*, or even the *Animus*, taking up her residence, and sitting dabbling, like a tad-pole, all day long, both summer and winter, in a puddle,—or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin soever, he would say, shock'd his imagination; he would scarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What, therefore, seem'd the least liable to objections of any, was, that the chief
 sen-

sensorium, or head-quarters of the soul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were issued,—was in, or near, the cerebellum,—or rather some-where about the *medulla oblongata*, wherein it was generally agreed by *Dutch* anatomists, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the seven senses concentered, like streets and winding alleys, into a square.

So far there was nothing singular in my father's opinion,—he had the best of philosophers, of all ages and climates, to go along with him.—But here he took a road of his own, setting up another *Shandean* hypothesis upon these corner-stones they had laid for him;—and which said hypothesis equally stood its ground; whether the subtilty and fineness of the soul depended upon the temperature and clearness

ness of the said liquor, or of the finer net-work and texture in the cerebellum itself; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehensible contexture in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is usually meant by the name of good natural parts, do consist;—that next to this and his Christian-name, which were the two original and most efficacious causes of all;—that the third cause, or rather what logicians call the *Causa sine quâ non*, and without which all that was done was of no manner of significance—was the preservation of this delicate and fine-spun web, from the havoc which was generally made in it by
the

the violent compression and crush which the head was made to undergo, by the nonsensical method of bringing us into the world by that part foremost.

———This requires explanation.

My father, who dipp'd into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senonesis de Partu difficili**, published by
Adri-

* The author is here twice mistaken;———for *Lithopædus* should be wrote thus, *Lithopædii Senonensis Icon* . The second mistake is, that this *Lithopædus* is not an author, but a drawing of a petrified child. The account of this, published by *Albosius*, 1580, may be seen at the end of *Cordæus* 's works in *Spachius* . Mr. *Tristram Shandy* has been led into this error, either from seeing *Lithopædus* 's name of late in a catalogue of learned writers in Dr.——, or by mistaking *Lithopædus* for *Trinecavellius*,——from the too great similitude of the names.

Adrianus Smelvgot, had found out, That the lax and pliable state of a child's head in parturition, the bones of the cranium having no sutures at that time, was such,—that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in strong labour-pains, was equal, upon an average, to a weight of 470 pounds averdupoise acting perpendicularly upon it;—it so happened that, in 49 instances out of 50, the said head was compressed and moulded into the shape of an oblong conical piece of dough, such as a pastry-cook generally rolls up in order to make a pye of.—Good God! cried my father, what havoc and destruction must this make in the infinitely fine and tender texture of the cerebellum!—Or if there is such a juice as *Borri* pretends,—is it not enough to make the clearest liquor in the world both feculent and mothery?

But

But how great was his apprehension, when he further understood, that this force, acting upon the very vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itself or cerebrum,——but that it necessarily squeez'd and propell'd the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, which was the immediate seat of the understanding.——Angels and Ministers of grace defend us! cried my father,——can any soul withstand this shock?——No wonder the intellectual web is so rent and tatter'd as we see it; and that so many of our best heads are no better than a puzzled skein of silk,—all perplexity,——all confusion within side.

But when my father read on, and was let into the secret, that when a child was turn'd topsy-turvy, which was easy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet;——that instead of the cerebrum
being

being propell'd towards the cerebellum, the cerebellum, on the contrary, was propell'd simply towards the cerebrum where it could do no manner of hurt:—By heavens! cried he, the world is in a conspiracy to drive out what little wit God has given us,—and the professors of the obstetrick art are listed into the same conspiracy.—What is it to me which end of my son comes foremost into the world, provided all goes right after, and his cerebellum escapes uncrushed?

It is the nature of an hypothesis, when once a man has conceived it, that it assimilates every thing to itself as proper nourishment; and, from the first moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the stronger by every thing you see, hear, read, or understand. This is of great use.

When my father was gone with this about a month, there was scarce a phænomenon of stupidity or of genius, which he could not readily solve by it;—it accounted for the eldest son being the greatest blockhead in the family.—Poor Devil, he would say,—he made way for the capacity of his younger brothers.—It unriddled the observation of drivellers and monstrous heads,—shewing, *a priori*, it could not be otherwise,—unless * * * * I don't know what. It wonderfully explain'd and accounted for the acumen of the *Asiatick* genius, and that sprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the loose and common-place solution of a clearer sky, and a more perpetual sun-shine, &c.—which, for aught he knew, might as well rarify and dilute the faculties of the soul into nothing, by one extreme,—as they

are

are condensed in colder climates by the other;—but he traced the affair up to its spring-head;—shew'd that, in warmer climates, nature had laid a lighter tax upon the fairest parts of the creation;—their pleasures more;—the necessity of their pains less, insomuch that the pressure and resistance upon the vertex was so slight, that the whole organization of the cerebellum was preserved;—nay, he did not believe, in natural births, that so much as a single thread of the net-work was broke or displaced,—so that the soul might just act as she liked.

When my father had got so far,—what a blaze of light did the accounts of the *Cæsarian* section, and of the towering geniuses who had come safe into the world by it, cast upon this hypothesis? Here you see, he would say, there was no injury done to the sensorium;—no pres-

sure of the head against the pelvis;—no propulsion of the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, either by the *oss pubis* on this side, or the *oss coxycygis* on that;—and, pray, what were the happy consequences? Why, Sir, your *Julius Cæsar*, who gave the operation a name;—and your *Hermes Trismegistus*, who was born so before ever the operation had a name;—your *Scipio Africanus*; your *Manlius Torquatus*; our *Edward* the sixth,—who, had he lived, would have done the same honour to the hypothesis:—These, and many more, who figur'd high in the annals of fame,—all came *side-way*, Sir, into the world.

This incision of the *abdomen* and *uterus*, ran for six weeks together in my father's head;—he had read, and was satisfied, that wounds in the *epigastrium*, and those in the *matrix*, were not mortal;—so that the belly of the mother might be
 opened

opened extremely well to give a passage to the child.—He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother,—merely as a matter of fact;—but seeing her turn as pale as ashes at the very mention of it, as much as the operation flattered his hopes,—he thought it as well to say no more of it,—contenting himself with admiring—what he thought was to no purpose to propose.

This was my father Mr. *Shandy's* hypothesis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother *Bobby* did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we spoke of:—For happening not only to be christen'd, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at *Epsom*,—being moreover my mother's *first* child, —coming into the world with his head *foremost*,—and turning out afterwards a
lad

lad of wonderful slow parts,—my father spelt all these together into his opinion; and as he had failed at one end,—he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the sisterhood, who are not easily to be put out of their way,—and was therefore one of my father's great reasons in favour of a man of science, whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Dr. *Slop* was the fittest for my father's purpose;—for tho' his new-invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained, to be the safest instrument of deliverance,—yet, it seems, he had scattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy;—tho' not with a view to the soul's good in extracting by the feet,

as

as was my father's system,—but for reasons merely obstetrical.

This will account for the coalition betwixt my father and Dr. *Slop*, in the ensuing discourse, which went a little hard against my uncle *Toby*.—In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common sense, could bear up against two such allies in science,—is hard to conceive.—You may conjecture upon it, if you please,—and whilst your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and discover by what causes and effects in nature it could come to pass, that my uncle *Toby* got his modesty by the wound he received upon his groin.—You may raise a system to account for the loss of my nose by marriage articles,—and shew the world how it could happen, that I should have the misfortune to be called TRISTRAM, in opposition to my father's
hy-

hypothesis, and the wish of the whole family, God-fathers and God-mothers not excepted.—These, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to solve if you have time;—but I tell you before-hand it will be in vain, —for not the sage *Alquife*, the magician in *Don Belianis of Greece*, nor the no less famous *Urganda*, the sorceress his wife, (were they alive) could pretend to come within a league of the truth.

The reader will be content to wait for a full explanation of these matters till the next year,—when a series of things will be laid open which he little expects.

E N D of the SECOND VOLUME.

