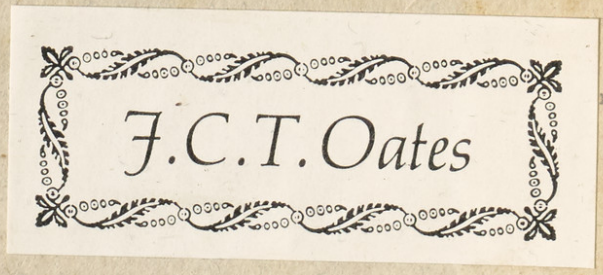

Thomas Hughes

T*Jewer.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.

Non enim excursus hic ejus, sed opus ipsum est.
PLIN. Lib. quintus Epistola sexta.

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ERRATA.

Page 33. Vol. VII. laſt line, dele *and.*

Page 71. Vol. VII. 3d line, inſtead of ſtriking, read *ſticking.*

Page 34. Vol. VIII. 13th line, read *inflammatory.*

THE L. Sterne

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

NO——I think, I ſaid, I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worſe than the devil, would but give me leave——and in another place——(but where, I can't recollect now) ſpeaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down croſs-wiſe

upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it—I ſwore it ſhould be kept a going at that rate theſe forty years if it pleaſed but the fountain of life to bleſs me ſo long with health and good ſpirits.

Now as for my ſpirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay ſo very little (unleſs the mounting me upon a long ſtick, and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accuſations) that on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for: cheerily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (except its cares) upon my back; in no one moment of my exiſtence, that I remember, have ye once deſerted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with

ſable,

ſable, or with a ſickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when DEATH himſelf knocked at my door—ye bad him come again; and in ſo gay a tone of careleſs indifference, did ye do it, that he doubted of his commiſſion——

" —There muſt certainly be ſome " miſtake in this matter," quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worſe, than to be interrupted in a ſtory——and I was that moment telling Eugenius a moſt tawdry one in my way, of a nun who fancied herſelf a ſhell-fiſh, and of a monk damn'd for eating a muſcle, and was ſhewing him the grounds and juſtice of the procedure——

" —Did ever ſo grave a perſonage " get into ſo vile a ſcrape?" quoth Death. Thou haſt had a narrow eſcape, Triſtram, ſaid Eugenius, taking hold of my hand as I finiſh'd my ſtory——

But there is no *living*, Eugenius, replied I, at this rate; for as this *ſon of a whore* has found out my lodgings——

—You call him rightly, ſaid Eugenius, —for by ſin, we are told, he enter'd the world——I care not which way he enter'd, quoth I, provided he be not in ſuch a hurry to take me out with him— for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thouſand things to ſay and do, which no body in the world will ſay and do for me, except thyſelf; and as thou

ſeeſt he has got me by the throat (for Eugenius could ſcarce hear me ſpeak acroſs the table) and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilſt theſe few ſcatter'd ſpirits remain, and theſe two ſpider legs of mine holding one of them up to him) are able to ſupport me—had I not better, Eugenius, fly for my life? 'tis my advice, my dear Triſtram, ſaid Eugenius——then by heaven! I will lead him a dance he little thinks of—for I will gallop, quoth I, without looking once behind me to the banks of the Garonne; and if I hear him clattering at my heels——I'll ſcamper away to mount Veſuvius——from thence to Joppa, and from Joppa to the world's end, where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck——

—He runs more risk *there*, said Eugenius, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been some months banish'd—'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me to my chaise——*Allons!* said I; the post boy gave a crack with his whip——off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into Dover.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

NOW hang it! quoth I, as I look'd towards the French coaſt—a man ſhould know ſomething of his own country too, before he goes abroad—— and I never gave a peep into Rocheſter church, or took notice of the dock of Chatham, or viſited St. Thomas at Canterbury, though they all three laid in my way——

—But mine, indeed, is a particular caſe——

So without arguing the matter further with Thomas o'Becket, or any one elſe—I ſkip'd into the boat, and in five minutes we got under ſail and ſcudded away like the wind.

Pray captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, is a man never overtaken by *Death* in this paſſage?

Why, there is not time for a man to be ſick in it, replied he——What a curſed lyar! for I am ſick as a horſe, quoth I, already——what a brain!——upſide down!——hey dey! the cells are broke looſe one into another, and the blood, and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fix'd and volatile ſalts, are all jumbled into one maſs——good g—! every thing turns round in it like a thouſand whirlpools——I'd give a ſhilling to know if I ſhan't write the clearer for it——

Sick! ſick! ſick! ſick!——

—When

—When ſhall we get to land? captain —they have hearts like ſtones——O I am deadly ſick!——reach me that thing, boy——'tis the moſt diſcomfiting ſickneſs——I wiſh I was at the bottom—Madam! how is it with you? Undone! undone! un—— O! undone! ſir—What the firſt time?——No, 'tis the ſecond, third, ſixth, tenth time, ſir,—hey-day——what a trampling over head!—hollo! cabin boy! what's the matter—

The wind chopp'd about! s'Death!—then I ſhall meet him full in the face.

What luck!—'tis chopp'd about again, maſter——O the devil chop it——

Captain, quoth ſhe, for heaven's ſake, let us get aſhore.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

IT is a great inconvenience to a man in a haſte, that there are three diſtinct roads between Calais and Paris, in behalf of which there is ſo much to be ſaid by the ſeveral deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is eaſily loſt in ſettling which you'll take.

Firſt, the road by Liſle and Arras, which is the moſt about——but moſt intereſting, and inſtructing.

The ſecond that by Amiens, which you may go, if you would ſee Chantilly——

And that by Beauvais, which you may go, if you will.

For

For this reaſon a great many chuſe to go by Beauvais.

CHAP. IV.

"NOW before I quit Calais," a travel-writer would ſay, "it would "not be amiſs to give ſome account of "it."—now I think it very much amiſs —that a man cannot go quietly through a town, and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that he muſt be turning about and drawing his pen at every kennel he croſſes over, merely o' my conſcience, for the ſake of drawing it; becauſe, if we may judge from what has been wrote of theſe things, by all who have *wrote and gallop'd*—or who have *gallop'd and wrote*, which is a different way ſtill; or who for more expedition than

than the reſt, have *wrote-galloping*, which is the way I do at preſent——from the great Addiſon who did it with his ſatchel of ſchool-books hanging at his a— and galling his beaſt's crupper at every ſtroke —there is not a galloper of us all who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground (in caſe he had any) and have wrote all he had to write, dry ſhod, as well as not.

For my own part, as heaven is my judge, and to which I ſhall ever make my laſt appeal—I know no more of Calais, (except the little my barber told me of it, as he was whetting his razor) than I do this moment of *Grand Cairo*; for it was duſky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I ſet out, and yet by merely know-

ing

ing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by ſpelling and putting this and that together in another—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon Calais as long as my arm; and with ſo diſtinct and ſatisfactory a detail of every item, which is worth a ſtranger's curioſity in the town—that you would take me for the town clerk of Calais itſelf—and where, ſir, would be the wonder? was not Democritus, who laughed ten times more than I—town-clerk of *Abdera?* and was not (I forget his name) who had more diſcretion than us both, town-clerk of Epheſus?—— it ſhould be penn'd moreover, Sir, with ſo much knowledge and good ſenſe, and truth, and preciſion——

—Nay

—Nay—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

CHAP. V.

CALAIS, *Calatium*, *Caluſium*, *Caleſium*.

This town, if we may truſt it's archives, the authority of which I ſee no reaſon to call in queſtion in this place—was *once* no more than a ſmall village belonging to one of the firſt Counts de Guines; and as it boaſts at preſent of no leſs than fourteen thouſand inhabitants, excluſive of four hundred and twenty diſtinct families in the *baſſe ville*, or ſuburbs——it muſt have grown up by little and little, I ſuppoſe, to it's preſent ſize.

Though

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town; I had not an opportunity of taking its exact dimenſions, but it is pretty eaſy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em—for as there are fourteen thouſand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it muſt be conſiderably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another—it is built in form of a croſs, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the ſteeple which has a ſpire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and ſtands upon four pillars elegant and light enough, but ſufficiently ſtrong at the ſame time—it is decorated with eleven altars, moſt of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a maſterpiece in its kind; 'tis of white marble, and as I was told near ſixty feet high—

had

had it been much higher, it had been as high as mount Calvary itſelf—therefore, I ſuppoſe it muſt be high enough in all conſcience.

There was nothing ſtruck me more than the great *Square*; tho' I cannot ſay 'tis either well paved or well built; but 'tis in the heart of the town, and moſt of the ſtreets, eſpecially thoſe in that quarter, all terminate in it; could there have been a fountain in all Calais, which it ſeems there cannot, as ſuch an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted, but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this ſquare,— not that it is properly a ſquare, —becauſe 'tis forty feet longer from eaſt to weſt, than from north to ſouth; ſo that the French in general have more

reaſon

reaſon on their ſide in calling them *Places* than *Squares*, which ſtrictly ſpeaking, to be ſure they are not.

The town-houſe ſeems to be but a ſorry building, and not to be kept in the beſt repair; otherwiſe it had been a ſecond great ornament to this place; it anſwers however its deſtination, and ſerves very well for the reception of the magiſtrates, who aſſemble in it from time to time; ſo that 'tis preſumable, juſtice is regularly diſtributed.

I had heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the *Courgain*; 'tis a diſtinct quarter of the town inhabited ſolely by ſailors and fiſhermen; it conſiſts of a number of ſmall ſtreets, neatly built and moſtly of brick; 'tis

extremely populous, but as that may be accounted for, from the principles of their diet,—there is nothing curious in that neither.——A traveller may ſee it to ſatisfy himſelf—he muſt not omit however taking notice of *La Tour de Guet*, upon any account; 'tis ſo called from its particular deſtination, becauſe in war it ſerves to diſcover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by ſea or land;——but 'tis monſtrous high, and catches the eye ſo continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it, if you would.

It was a ſingular diſappointment to me, that I could not have permiſſion to take an exact ſurvey of the fortifications, which are the ſtrongeſt in the world, and

which,

which, from firſt to laſt, that is, from the time they were ſet about by Philip of France Count of Bologne, to the preſent war, wherein many reparations were made, have coſt (as I learned afterwards from an engineer in Gaſcony)—above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable that at the *Tête de Gravelenes*, and where the town is naturally the weakeſt, they have expended the moſt money; ſo that the outworks ſtretch a great way into the campaign, and conſequently occupy a large tract of ground. —However, after all that is *ſaid* and *done*, it muſt be acknowledged that Calais was never upon any account ſo conſiderable from itſelf, as from its ſituation, and that eaſy enterance which it gave our anceſtors upon all occaſions into France: it was not without its inconveniences

alſo; being no leſs troubleſome to the Engliſh in thoſe times, than Dunkirk has been to us, in ours; ſo that it was deſervedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms, which no doubt is the reaſon that there have ariſen ſo many contentions who ſhould keep it: of theſe, the ſiege of Calais, or rather the blockade (for it was ſhut up both by land and ſea) was the moſt memorable, as it withſtood the efforts of Edward the third a whole year, and was not terminated at laſt but by famine and extream miſery; the gallantry of *Euſtace de St. Pierre*, who firſt offered himſelf a victim for his fellow citizens, has rank'd his name with heroes. As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injuſtice to the reader, not to give him a

minute account of that romantic tranſaction, as well as of the ſiege itſelf, in Rapin's own words:

CHAP. VI.

—BUT courage! gentle reader! ——I ſcorn it——'tis enough to have thee in my power——but to make uſe of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much——No——! by that all powerful fire which warms the viſionary brain, and lights the ſpirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpleſs creature upon this hard ſervice, and make thee pay, poor ſoul! for fifty pages which I have no right to ſell thee,—naked as

I am, I would browſe upon the mountains, and ſmile that the north wind brought me neither my tent or my ſupper.

—So put on, my brave boy! and make the beſt of thy way to Boulogne.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

—BOULOGNE!——hah! —ſo we are all got together ——debtors and ſinners before heaven; a jolly ſet of us—but I can't ſtay and quaff it off with you—I'm purſued myſelf like a hundred devils, and ſhall be overtaken before I can well change horſes:——for heaven's ſake, make haſte——'Tis for high treaſon, quoth a very little man, whiſpering as low as he could to a very tall man that ſtood next him——Or elſe for murder; quoth the tall man——Well thrown ſize-ace! quoth I. No; quoth a third, the gentleman has been committing ——.

Ah!

Ah! ma chere fille! ſaid I, as ſhe tripp'd by, from her matins—you look as roſy as the morning (for the ſun was riſing, and it made the compliment the more gracious)——No; it can't be that, quoth a fourth——(ſhe made a curt'ſy to me—I kiſs'd my hand) 'tis debt; continued he: 'Tis certainly for debt; quoth a fifth; I would not pay that gentleman's debts, quoth *Ace*, for a thouſand pounds; Nor would I, quoth *Size*, for ſix times the ſum—Well thrown, Size-Ace, again! quoth I;—but I have no debt but the debt of NATURE, and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her—— How can you be ſo hard-hearted, MADAM, to arreſt a poor traveller going along without moleſtation to any one,

upon

upon his lawful occaſions? do ſtop that death-looking, long-ſtriding ſcoundrel of a ſcare-ſinner, who is poſting after me——he never would have followed me but for you——if it be but for a ſtage, or two, juſt to give me ſtart of him, I beſeech you, madam —— —— do, dear lady ——.

——Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity, quoth mine Iriſh hoſt, that all this good courtſhip ſhould be loſt; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along ——.

——Simpleton! quoth I.

——So you have nothing *elſe* in Boulogne worth ſeeing?

—By

—By Jaſus! there is the fineſt SEMINARY for the HUMANITIES——.

—There cannot be a finer; quoth I.

CHAP. VIII.

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wiſhes hurries on his ideas ninety times faſter than the vehicle he rides in—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and its tackling (let 'em be made of what ſtuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the diſappointment of his ſoul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, "*the moſt haſte, the worſt ſpeed*;" was all the reflection

flection I made upon the affair, the firſt time it happen'd;—the ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it reſpectively to thoſe times, and accordingly blamed only the ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth poſt-boy for it, without carrying my reflections further; but the event continuing to befall me from the fifth, to the ſixth, ſeventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in theſe words;

That ſomething is always wrong in a French poſt-chaiſe upon firſt ſetting out.

Or the propoſition may ſtand thus.

A French poſtilion has always to alight before

before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

What's wrong now?——Diable!——a rope's broke!——a knot has ſlipt!——a ſtaple's drawn!——a bolt's to whittle!——a tag, a rag, a jag, a ſtrap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want altering.——

Now true as all this is, I never think myſelf impower'd to excommunicate thereupon either the poſt-chaiſe, or its driver——nor do I take it into my head to ſwear by the living G—, I would rather go a foot ten thouſand times——or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another——but I take the matter coolly before me, and conſider, that ſome tag, or

rag,

rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a wanting, or want altering, travel where I will——ſo I never chaff, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on:——Do ſo, my lad! ſaid I; he had loſt five minutes already, in alighting in order to get at a luncheon of black bread which he had cramm'd into the chaiſe-pocket, and was remounted and going leiſurely on, to reliſh it the better——Get on, my lad, ſaid I, briſkly—but in the moſt perſuaſive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four and twenty ſous piece againſt the glaſs, taking care to hold the flat ſide towards him, as he look'd back: the dog grinn'd intelligence from his right ear to his left, and behind his ſooty

muzzle

muzzle discover'd such a pearly row of teeth, that *Sovereignty* would have pawn'd her jewels for them.——

Just heaven! { What masticators!——
What bread!——

and so, as he finish'd the last mouthful of it, we enter'd the town of Montreuil.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

THERE is not a town in all France, which in my opinion, looks better in the map, than MONTREUIL;—— I own, it does not look ſo well in the book of poſt roads; but when you come to ſee it—to be ſure it looks moſt pitifully.

There is one thing however in it at preſent very handſome; and that is the inn-keeper's daughter: She has been eighteen months at Amiens, and ſix at Paris, in going through her claſſes; ſo knits, and ſews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well.——

—A ſlut! in running them over within theſe five minutes that I have ſtood looking at her, ſhe has let fall at leaſt a dozen

dozen loops in a white thread ſtocking ——Yes, yes—I ſee, you cunning gipſy! —'tis long, and taper—you need not pin it to your knee—and that 'tis your own—and fits you exactly.——

——That Nature ſhould have told this creature a word about a *ſtatue's thumb!*——

—But as this ſample is worth all their thumbs——beſides I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain if they can be any guide to me,—and as *Janatone* withal (for that is her name) ſtands ſo well for a drawing——may I never draw more, or rather may I draw like a draught-horſe, by main ſtrength all the days of my life,—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and

with

with as determin'd a pencil, as if I had her in the wetteſt drapery.——

—But your worſhips chuſe rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great pariſh church, or a drawing of the faſcade of the abbey of Saint Auſtreberte which has been tranſported from Artois hither—every thing is juſt I ſuppoſe as the maſons and carpenters left them,—and if the belief in Chriſt continues ſo long, will be ſo theſe fifty years to come—ſo your worſhips and reverences, may all meaſure them at your leiſures——but he who meaſures thee, Janatone, muſt do it now—thou carrieſt the principles of change within thy frame; and conſidering the chances of a tranſitory life, I would not anſwer for thee a moment; and e'er

twice twelve months are paſs'd and gone, thou mayeſt grow out like a pumkin, and loſe thy ſhapes——or, thou mayeſt go off like a flower, and loſe thy beauty ——nay, thou mayeſt go off like a huſſy —and loſe thyſelf.——I would not anſwer for my aunt Dinah, was ſhe alive—— 'faith, ſcarce for her picture——were it but painted by Reynolds—

—But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that ſon of Apollo, I'll be ſhot———

So you muſt e'en be content with the original; which if the evening is fine in paſſing thro' Montreuil, you will ſee at your chaiſe door, as you change horſes: but unleſs you have as bad a reaſon for haſte as I have—you had better ſtop:—

—She

—She has a little of the *devote:* but that, ſir, is a terce to a nine in your favour——

—L— help me! I could not count a ſingle point: ſo had been piqued, and repiqued, and capotted to the devil.

CHAP. X.

ALL which being conſidered, and that Death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined—— I wiſh I was at Abbeville, quoth I, were it only to ſee how they card and ſpin—— ſo off we ſet.

* *de Montreuil a Nampont - poſte et demi de Nampont* a Bernay - - - poſte

* Vid. Book of French poſt-roads, page 36. edition of 1762.

de Bernay a Nouvion - - - poſte
de Nouvion a ABBEVILLE poſte

——but the carders and ſpinners were all gone to bed.

CHAP. XI.

WHAT a vaſt advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

WAS I in a condition to ſtipulate with death, as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his gliſter——I ſhould certainly declare againſt ſubmitting to it before my friends; and therefore, I never ſeriouſly think upon the mode and manner of this great cataſtrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the cataſtrophe itſelf, but I conſtantly draw the curtain acroſs it with this wiſh, that the Diſpoſer of all things may ſo order it, that it happen not to me in my own houſe——but rather in ſome decent inn——at home, I know it,——the concern of my friends, and the laſt ſervices of wiping my brows and ſmoothing my

pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection ſhall pay me, will ſo crucify my ſoul, that I ſhall die of a diſtemper which my phyſician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchaſed with a few guineas, and paid me with an undiſturbed, but punctual attention—— but mark. This inn, ſhould not be the inn at Abbeville ——if there was not another inn in the univerſe, I would ſtrike that inn out of the capitulation: ſo

Let the horſes be in the chaiſe exactly by four in the morning——Yes, by four, Sir,——or by Genevieve! I'll raiſe a clatter in the houſe, ſhall wake the dead.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

"*MAKE them like unto a wheel,*" is a bitter ſarcaſm, as all the learned know, againſt the *grand tour*, and that reſtleſs ſpirit for making it, which David prophetically foreſaw would haunt the children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great biſhop Hall, 'tis one of the ſevereſt imprecations which David ever utter'd againſt the enemies of the Lord—and, as if he had ſaid, "I wiſh them no "worſe luck than always to be rolling "about"—So much motion, continues he, (for he was very corpulent)—is ſo much unquietneſs; and ſo much of

reſt, by the ſame analogy, is ſo much of heaven.

Now, I (being very thin) think differently; and that ſo much of motion, is ſo much of life, and ſo much of joy ——and that to ſtand ſtill, or get on but ſlowly, is death and the devil——

Hollo! Ho!——the whole world's aſleep!——bring out the horſes—— greaſe the wheels——tie on the mail—— and drive a nail into that moulding—— I'll not loſe a moment——

Now the wheel we are talking of, and *whereinto* (but not *whereonto*, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curſeth his enemies, according to the biſhop's

biſhop's habit of body, ſhould certainly be a poſt-chaiſe wheel, whether they were ſet up in Paleſtine at that time or not——and my wheel, for the contrary reaſons, muſt as certainly be a cart-wheel groaning round its revolution once in an age; and of which ſort, were I to turn commentator, I ſhould make no ſcruple to affirm, they had great ſtore in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear Jenny) for their "χωρισμὸν απὸ τῦ Σώματος, εις το "Καλῶς Φιλοσοφεῖν" ——[their] "*getting* "*out of the body, in order to think* "*well.*" No man thinks right whilſt he is in it; blinded as he muſt be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently

ferently aſide, as the biſhop and myſelf have been, with too lax or too tenſe a fibre ——REASON, is half of it, SENSE; and the meaſure of heaven itſelf is but the meaſure of our preſent appetites and concoctions——

——But which of the two, in the preſent caſe, do you think to be moſtly in the wrong?

You, certainly: quoth ſhe, to diſturb a whole family ſo early.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

——But ſhe did not know I was under a vow not to ſhave my beard till I got to Paris;——yet I hate to make myſteries of nothing;——'tis the cold cautiouſneſs of one of thoſe little ſouls from which *Leſſius* (*lib.* 13. *de moribus divinis*, *cap.* 24.) hath made his eſtimate, wherein he ſetteth forth, That one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to ſpare, for eight hundred thouſand millions, which he ſuppoſes to be as great a number of ſouls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can poſſibly be damn'd to the end of the world.

From

From what he has made this ſecond eſtimate——unleſs from the parental goodneſs of God—I don't know——I am much more at a loſs what could be in Franciſcus Ribbera's head, who pretends that no leſs a ſpace than one of two hundred Italian miles multiplied into itſelf, will be ſufficient to hold the like number——he certainly muſt have gone upon ſome of the old Roman ſouls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and moſt tabid decline, in a courſe of eighteen hundred years, they muſt unavoidably have ſhrunk, ſo as to have come, when he wrote, almoſt to nothing.

In

In Leſſius's time, who ſeems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined——

——We find them leſs *now*——

And next winter we ſhall find them leſs again; ſo that if we go on from little to leſs, and from leſs to nothing, I heſitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a century, at this rate, we ſhall have no ſouls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewiſe of the exiſtence of the Chriſtian faith, 'twill be one advantage that both of 'em will be exactly worn out together——

Bleſſed Jupiter! and bleſſed every other heathen god and goddeſs! for now

now ye will all come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails—— what jovial times!——but where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I ruſhing? I——I who muſt be cut ſhort in the midſt of my days, and taſte no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination——peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

——— "So hating, I ſay, to make myſteries of *nothing*"——I intruſted it with the poſt-boy, as ſoon as ever I got off the ſtones; he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment; and with the thill-horſe trotting, and a ſort of an up and a down of the other, we danced it along to *Ailly au clochers*, famed in days of yore for the fineſt chimes in the world; but we danced through it without muſic——the chimes being greatly out of order—(as in truth they were through all France).

And ſo making all poſſible ſpeed, from

Ailly au clochers, I got to Hixcourt,

from

from Hixcourt, I got to Pequignay, and from Pequignay, I got to AMIENS,

concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before——and that was——that Janatone went there to ſchool.

CHAP. XVI.

IN the whole catalogue of thoſe whiffling vexations which come puffing acroſs a man's canvaſs, there is not one of a more teaſing and tormenting nature, than this particular one which I am going to deſcribe——and for which, (unleſs you travel with an avance-courier, which numbers do in order to prevent it)—— there is no help: and it is this.

That be you in never ſo kindly a propenſity to ſleep——tho' you are paſſing

perhaps through the fineſt country—upon the beſt roads,—and in the eaſieſt carriage for doing it in the world——nay was you ſure you could ſleep fifty miles ſtraight forwards, without once opening your eyes——nay what is more, was you as demonſtratively ſatisfied as you can be of any truth in Euclid, that you ſhould upon all accounts be full as well aſleep as awake——nay perhaps better——Yet the inceſſant returns of paying for the horſes at every ſtage,——with the neceſſity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence, three livres fifteen ſous (ſous by ſous) puts an end to ſo much of the project, that you cannot execute above ſix miles of it (or ſuppoſing it is a poſt and a half, that is but nine)——were it to ſave your ſoul from deſtruction.

—I'll be even with 'em, quoth I, for I'll put the preciſe ſum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way: "Now I ſhall have no-"thing to do" ſaid I (compoſing my-ſelf to reſt) "but to drop this gently "into the poſt-boy's hat, and not ſay "a word."——Then there wants two ſous more to drink——or there is a twelve ſous piece of Louis XIV. which will not paſs—or a livre and ſome odd liards to be brought over from the laſt ſtage, which Monſieur had forgot; which altercations (as a man cannot diſpute very well aſleep) rouſe him: ſtill is ſweet ſleep retrievable; and ſtill might the fleſh weigh down the ſpirit, and recover it-ſelf of theſe blows—but then, by heaven! you

you have paid but for a ſingle poſt —whereas 'tis a poſt and a half; and this obliges you to pull out your book of poſt-roads, the print of which is ſo very ſmall, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: then Monſieur le Curè offers you a pinch of ſnuff—— or a poor ſoldier ſhews you his leg—— or a ſhaveling his box——or the prieſteſſe of the ciſtern will water your wheels ——they do not want it——but ſhe ſwears by her *prieſthood* (throwing it back) that they do:——then you have all theſe points to argue, or conſider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get ſo thoroughly awakened——you may get 'em to ſleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of theſe misfortunes, or I had paſs'd clean by the ſtables of Chantilly——

——But the poſtillion firſt affirming, and then perſiſting in it to my face, that there was no mark upon the two ſous piece, I open'd my eyes to be convinced —and ſeeing the mark upon it, as plain as my noſe—I leap'd out of the chaiſe in a paſſion, and ſo ſaw every thing at Chantilly in ſpite.—I tried it but for three poſts and a half, but believe 'tis the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; for as few objects look very inviting in that mood—you have little or nothing to ſtop you; by which means it was that I paſs'd through St. Dennis,

Dennis, without turning my head ſo much as on ſide towards the Abby——

——Richneſs of their treaſury! ſtuff and nonſenſe!—bating their jewels, which are all falſe, I would not give three ſous for any one thing in it, but *Jaidas's lantern*——nor for that either, only as it grows dark, it might be of uſe.

CHAP. XVII.

CRACK, crack——crack, crack——crack, crack——ſo this is Paris! quoth I (continuing in the ſame mood)——and this is Paris!——humph!——Paris! cried I, repeating the name the third time——

The firſt, the fineſt, the moſt brilliant——

—The ſtreets however are naſty;

But it looks, I ſuppoſe, better than it ſmells——crack, crack——crack, crack——What a fuſs thou makeſt!—as if it concern'd the good people to be inform'd, That a man with pale face, and

and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into Paris at nine o'clock at night, by a poſtilion in a tawny yellow jerkin turned up with red calamanco——crack, crack——crack, crack——crack, crack ——I wiſh thy whip ——

——But 'tis the ſpirit of thy nation; ſo crack — crack on.

Ha!——and no one gives the wall! ——but in the SCHOOL of URBANITY herſelf, if the walls are beſh—t —how can you do otherwiſe?

And prithee when do they light the lamps? What?—never in the ſummer months!——Ho! 'tis the time of ſallads. ——O rare! ſallad and ſoup—ſoup and ſallad—ſallad and ſoup, *encore*——

——'Tis *too much* for ſinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it; how can that unconſcionable coachman talk ſo much bawdy to that lean horſe? don't you ſee, friend, the ſtreets are ſo villainouſly narrow, that there is not room in all Paris to turn a wheel-barrow? In the grandeſt city of the whole world, in would not have been amiſs, if they had been left a thought wider; nay were it only ſo much in every ſingle ſtreet, as that a man might know (was it only for ſatisfaction) on which ſide of it he was walking.

One—two—three—four—five—ſix—ſeven—eight—nine—ten.—Ten cook's ſhops! and twice the number of barber's! and all within three minutes driving!

one

one would think that all the cooks in the world on ſome great merry-meeting with the barbers, by joint conſent had ſaid—Come, let us all go live at Paris: the French love good eating——they are all *gourmands*——we ſhall rank high; if their god is their belly——their cooks muſt be gentlemen: and foraſmuch as *the periwig maketh the man*, and the periwig-maker maketh the periwig—ergo, would the barbers ſay, we ſhall rank higher ſtill—we ſhall be above you all—we ſhall be * Capitouls at leaſt—pardi! we ſhall all wear ſwords——

—And ſo, one would ſwear, (that is by candle-light,—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do, to this day.

* Chief Magiſtrate in Toulouſe, &c. &c. &c.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE French are certainly misunderstood:——— but whether the fault is theirs, in not sufficiently explaining themselves; or speaking with that exact limitation and precision which one would expect on a point of such importance, and which moreover, is so likely to be contested by us——or whether the fault may not be altogether on our side, in not understanding their language always so critically as to know "what they would be at"——I shall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm, "*That they who have seen Paris, have seen every thing*," they must mean to speak of those who have seen it by day-light.

As

As for candle-light—I give it up——I have ſaid before, there was no depending upon it— and I repeat it again; but not becauſe the lights and ſhades are too ſharp—or the tints confounded—or that there is neither beauty or keeping, &c. . . . for that's not truth—but it is an uncertain light in this reſpect, That in all the five hundred grand Hôtels, which they number up to you in Paris—and the five hundred good things, at a modeſt computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a Hôtel) which by candle-light are beſt to be *ſeen*, *felt*, *heard and underſtood* (which, by the bye is a quotation from Lilly)———the devil a one of us out of fifty, can get our heads fairly thruſt in amongſt them.

This

This is no part of the French computation: 'tis ſimply this.

That by the laſt ſurvey taken in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixteen, ſince which time there have been conſiderable augmentations, Paris doth contain nine hundred ſtreets; (viz.)

In the quarter called the *City*—there are fifty three ſtreets.

In St. *James* of the Shambles, fifty five ſtreets.

In St. *Opertune*, thirty four ſtreets.

In the quarter of the *Louvre*, twenty five ſtreets.

In the *Palace Royal*, or St. *Honorius*, forty nine ſtreets.

In *Mont. Martyr*, forty one ſtreets.

In St. *Euſtace*, twenty nine ſtreets.

In

In the *Halles*, twenty ſeven ſtreets.

In St. *Dennis*, fifty five ſtreets.

In St. *Martin*, fifty four ſtreets.

In St. *Paul*, or the *Mortellerie*, twenty ſeven ſtreets.

The *Greve*, thirty eight ſtreets.

In St. *Avoy*, or the *Verrerie*, nineteen ſtreets.

In the *Marais*, or the *Temple*, fifty two ſtreets.

In St. *Antony*'s, ſixty eight ſtreets.

In the *Place Maubert*, eighty one ſtreets.

In St. *Bennet*, ſixty ſtreets.

In St. *Andrews de Arcs*, fifty one ſtreets.

In the quarter of the *Luxembourg*, ſixty two ſtreets.

And in that of St. Germain, fifty five ſtreets, into any of which you may walk; and that when you have ſeen them with

all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light—their gates, their bridges, their ſquares, their ſtatues - - - - and have cruſaded it moreover through all their pariſh churches, by no means omitting St. *Roche* and *Sulplice* - - - and to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may ſee either with or without the ſtatues and pictures, juſt as you chuſe—

——Then you will have ſeen——

——but, 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read it yourſelf upon the portico of the Louvre, in theſe words,

* EARTH NO SUCH FOLKS!—NO FOLKS E'ER SUCH A TOWN
AS PARIS IS!—SING, DERRY, DERRY, DOWN.

* Non Orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
——————————ulla parem.

The

The French have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be ſaid upon it.

CHAP. XIX.

IN mentioning the word *gay* (as in the cloſe of the laſt chapter) it puts one (*i. e.* an author) in mind of the word *ſpleen*——eſpecially if he has any thing to ſay upon it: not that by any analyſis—or that from any table of intereſt or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkneſs, or any two of the moſt unfriendly oppoſites in nature——only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good underſtanding amongſt words, as politicians do amongſt men—not knowing how near they may be

be under a neceſſity of placing them to each other—which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here—

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving Chantilly, I declared to be the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion, I ſtill continue in the ſame ſentiments—only I had not then experience enough of its working to add this, that though you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneaſily to yourſelf at the ſame time; for which reaſon I here quit it entirely, and for ever, and 'tis heartily at one's ſervice—it has ſpoiled me the digeſtion of a good ſupper, and brought on

on a bilious diarrhæa, which has brought me back again to my firſt principle on which I ſet out——and with which I ſhall now ſcamper it away to the banks of the Garonne—

——No;——I cannot ſtop a moment to give you the character of the people—their genius—their manners—their cuſtoms—their laws—their religion—their government—their manufactures—their commerce—their finances, with all the reſources and hidden ſprings which ſuſtain them: qualified as I may be, by ſpending three days and two nights amongſt them, and during all that time, making theſe things the entire ſubject of my enquiries and reflections——

Still—ſtill I muſt away——the roads are paved—the poſts are ſhort—the days are long—'tis no more than noon—I ſhall be at Fontainbleau before the king——

—Was he going there? not that I know——

CHAP. XX.

NOW I hate to hear a perſon, eſpecially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on ſo faſt in France as we do in England; whereas we get on much faſter, *conſideratis*, *conſiderandis*; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them—and then conſider their puny horſes, with the very little they give

give them—'tis a wonder they get on at all: their ſuffering is moſt unchriſtian, and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a French poſt-horſe would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the two words * * * * * * and * * * * * * in which there is as much ſuſtenance, as if you gave him a peck of corn: now as theſe words coſt nothing, I long from my ſoul to tell the reader what they are; but here is the queſtion—they muſt be told him plainly, and with the moſt diſtinct articulation, or it will anſwer no end—and yet to do it in that plain way—though their reverences may laugh at it in the bed-chamber—full well I wot, they will abuſe it in the parlour: for which cauſe, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy ſome time, but to no

purpoſe, by what clean device or facete contrivance I might ſo modulate them, that whilſt I ſatisfy *that ear* which the reader chuſes to *lend* me—I might not diſſatisfy the other which he keeps to himſelf.

——My ink burns my finger to try ——and when I have——'twill have a worſe conſequence——it will burn (I fear) my paper.

——No;——I dare not——

But if you wiſh to know how the *abbeſs* of Andoüillets, and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only firſt wiſhing myſelf all imaginable ſucceſs)—I'll tell you without the leaſt ſcruple.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

THE abbeſs of Andoüillets, which if you look into the large ſet of provincial maps now publiſhing at Paris, you will find ſituated amongſt the hills which divide Burgundy from Savoy, being in danger of an *Anchyloſis* or ſtiff joint (the *ſinovia* of her knee becoming hard by long matins) and having tried every remedy——firſt, prayers and thankſgiving; then invocations to all the ſaints in heaven promiſcuouſly——then particularly to every ſaint who had ever had a ſtiff leg before her——then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of Lyſtra, who had been impotent from his youth——then wrapping

ping it up in her veil when ſhe went to bed ——then croſs-wiſe her roſary——then bringing in to her aid the ſecular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals——then treating it with emollient and reſolving fomentations——then with poultices of marſh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lillies and fenugreek——then taking the woods, I mean the ſmoak of 'em, holding her ſcapulary acroſs her lap——then decoctions of wild chicory, water creſſes, chervil, ſweet cecily and cochlearia——and nothing all this while anſwering, was prevailed on at laſt to try the hot baths of Bourbon——ſo having firſt obtain'd leave of the viſitor-general to take care of her exiſtence—ſhe ordered all to be got ready for her journey: a novice of the

the convent of about ſeventeen, who had been troubled with a whitloe in her middle finger, by ſtriking it conſtantly into the abbeſs's caſt poultices, &c.—had gained ſuch an intereſt, that overlooking a ſciatical old nun, who might have been ſet up for ever by the hot baths of Bourbon, Margarita, the little novice, was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old caleſh, belonging to the abbeſſe, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the ſun—the gardener of the convent being choſen muleteer, led out the two old mules to clip the hair from the rump-ends of their tails, whilſt a couple of lay-ſiſters were buſied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in ſewing on the ſhreds of yellow bind-

ing, which the teeth of time had unravelled——the under-gardener dreſs'd the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees——and a taylor ſat muſically at it, in a ſhed overagainſt the convent, in aſſorting four dozen of bells for the harneſs, whiſtling to each bell as he tied it on with a thong——

——The carpenter and the ſmith of Andoüillets held a council of wheels; and by ſeven, the morning after, all look'd ſpruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot-baths of Bourbon—two rows of the unfortunate ſtood ready there an hour before.

The abbeſs of Andoüillets, ſupported by Margarita the novice, advanced ſlowly to the caleſh, both clad in white, with

with their black roſaries hanging at their breaſts——

——There was a ſimple ſolemnity in the contraſt: they entered the caleſh; the nuns in the ſame uniform, ſweet emblem of innocence, each occupied a window, and as the abbeſs and Margarita look'd up—each (the ſciatical poor nun excepted)—each ſtream'd out the end of her veil in the air—then kiſs'd the lilly hand which let it go: the good abbeſs and Margarita laid their hands ſaint-wiſe upon their breaſts—look'd up to heaven—then to them—and look'd "God bleſs "you, dear ſiſters."

I declare I am intereſted in this ſtory, and wiſh I had been there.

The

The gardener, who I ſhall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-ſet, good natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *hows* and *whens* of life; ſo had mortgaged a month of his conventical wages in a borrachio, or leathern caſk of wine, which he had diſpoſed behind the caleſh, with a large ruſſet coloured riding coat over it, to guard it from the ſun; and as the weather was hot, and he, not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode—he found more occaſions than thoſe of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till by frequent coming and going, it had ſo happen'd, that all his wine had leak'd out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finiſh'd.

Man

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been ſultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous—the Burgundian hill on which it grew was ſteep—a little tempting buſh over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the paſſions—a gentle air ruſtled diſtinctly through the leaves—" Come—come, " thirſty muleteer—come in."

——The muleteer was a ſon of Adam. I need not ſay one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a ſound laſh, and looking in the abbeſs's and Margarita's faces (as he did it)—as much as to ſay, " here I am"—he gave a ſecond good crack—as much as to ſay to his mules,

" get

"get on"——ſo ſlinking behind, he enter'd the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his ſcantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it; ſo entering into a long converſation, as how he was chief gardener to the convent of Andoüillets, *&c. &c.* and out of friendſhip for the abbeſs and Mademoiſelle Margarita, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of Savoy, *&c.*--*&c.*--and as how ſhe had got a white ſwelling by her devotions——and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, *&c. &c.* and that if the waters

ters of Bourbon did not mend that leg—ſhe might as well be lame of both—*&c. &c. &c.*—He ſo contrived his ſtory as abſolutely to forget the heroine of it—and with her, the little novice, and what was a more tickliſh point to be forgot than both—the two mules; who being creatures that take advantage of the world, inaſmuch as their parents took it of them—and they not being in a condition to return the obligation *downwards* (as men and women and beaſts are)—they do it ſide-ways, and long-ways, and back-ways—and up hill, and down hill, and which way they can.—— Philoſophers, with all their ethics, have never conſidered this rightly—how ſhould the poor muleteer then, in his cups, conſider it at all? he did not in the leaſt—'tis time we do; let us leave him then in the vortex

tex of his element, the happieſt and moſt thoughtleſs of mortal men——and for a moment let us look after the mules, the abbeſs, and Margarita.

By virtue of the muleteer's two laſt ſtrokes, the mules had gone quietly on, following their own conſciences up the hill, till they had conquer'd about one half of it; when the elder of them, a ſhrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a ſide glance, and no muleteer behind them——

By my fig! ſaid ſhe, ſwearing, I'll go no further——And if I do, replied the other—they ſhall make a drum of my hide.——

And ſo with one conſent they ſtopp'd thus——

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

——Get on with you, ſaid the abbeſs.

——Wh - - - - yſh——yſh——cried Margarita.

Sh - - - a——ſhu - u——ſhu - - u—ſh - - aw——ſhaw'd the abbeſs.

——Whu—v—w——whew—w—w—whuv'd Margarita, purſing up her ſweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whiſtle.

Thump—thump—thump—obſtreperated the abbeſs of Andoüillets with the end of her gold-headed cane againſt the bottom of the caleſh——

——The old mule let a f—

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

WE are ruin'd and undone, my child, ſaid the abbeſs to Margarita——we ſhall be here all night——we ſhall be plunder'd——we ſhall be raviſh'd——

——We ſhall be raviſh'd, ſaid Margarita, as ſure as a gun.

Sancta Maria! cried the abbeſs (forgetting the O!)—why was I govern'd by this wicked ſtiff joint? why did I leave the convent of Andoüillets? and why didſt thou not ſuffer thy ſervant to go unpolluted to her tomb?

O my finger! my finger! cried the novice, catching fire at the word *ſervant*

—why

—why was I not content to put it here, or there, any where rather than be in this ſtrait?

——Strait! ſaid the abbeſs.

Strait——ſaid the novice; for terrour had ſtruck their underſtandings——the one knew not what ſhe ſaid——the other what ſhe anſwer'd.

O my virginity! virginity! cried the abbeſs.

——inity! ——inity! ſaid the novice, ſobbing.

CHAP. XXIV.

MY dear mother, quoth the novice, coming a little to herſelf,—— there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horſe, or aſs, or mule, to go up a hill whether he will or no; be he never ſo obſtinate or ill-will'd, the moment he hears them utter'd, he obeys. They are words magic! cried the abbeſs, in the utmoſt horrour—No; replied Margarita calmly— but they are words ſinful—What are they? quoth the abbeſs, interrupting her: They are ſinful in the firſt degree, anſwered Margarita, —they are mortal—and if we are raviſh'd and die unabſolved of them, we ſhall both—— but you may pronounce them

to

to me, quoth the abbeſs of Andouillets ——They cannot, my dear mother, ſaid the novice, be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face——But you may whiſper them in my ear, quoth the abbeſs.

Heaven! hadſt thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? was there no generous and friendly ſpirit unemploy'd——no agent in nature, by ſome monitory ſhivering, creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouze the muleteer from his banquet?——no ſweet minſtrelſy to bring back the fair idea of the abbeſs and Margarita, with their black roſaries!

Rouſe! rouſe!——but 'tis too late—the horrid words are pronounced this moment——.

 ——and

——and how to tell them—Ye, who can ſpeak of every thing exiſting, with unpolluted lips——inſtruct me——guide me——

CHAP. XXV.

ALL ſins whatever, quoth the abbeſs, turning caſuiſt in the diſtreſs they were under, are held by the confeſſor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: their is no further diviſion. Now a venial ſin being the ſlighteſt and leaſt of all ſins, —being halved—by taking, either only the half of it, and leaving the reſt—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourſelf and another perſon—in courſe becomes diluted into no ſin at all.

Now

Now I ſee no ſin in ſaying, *bou*, *bou*, *bou*, *bou*, *bou*, a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the ſyllable *ger*, *ger*, *ger*, *ger*, *ger*, were it from our matins to our veſpers: Therefore, my dear daughter, continued the abbeſs of Andouillets—I will ſay *bou*, and thou ſhalt ſay *ger*; and then alternately, as there is no more ſin in *fou* then in *bou*— Thou ſhalt ſay *fou*—and I will come in (like fa, ſol, la, re, mi, ut, at our complines) with *ter*. And accordingly the abbeſs, giving the pitch note, ſet off thus:

Abbeſs, } Bou - - bou - - bou - -
Margarita, } —— ger, - - ger, - - ger
Margarita, } Fou - - fou - - fou - -
Abbeſs, } —— ter, - - ter, - - ter.

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual lash of their tails; but it went no further.——'Twill answer by an' by, said the novice.

Abbess, *Margarita*, } Bou- bou- bou- bou- bou- bou- —ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger.

Quicker still, cried Margarita.

Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou.

Quicker still, cried Margarita.

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou.

Quicker still—God preserve me! said the abbess—They do not understand us, cried Margarita—But the Devil does, said the abbess of Andouillets.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHAT a tract of country have I run!—how many degrees nearer to the warm ſun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I ſeen, during the time you have been reading, and reflecting, Madam, upon this ſtory! There's FONTAINBLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY, and AUXERRE, and DIJON the capital of Burgundy, and CHALLON, and Mâcon the capital of the Mâconeſe, and a ſcore more upon the road to LYONS——and now I have run them over——I might as well talk to you of ſo many market-towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the leaſt, if not both this

and the next entirely loſt, do what I will——

—Why, 'tis a ſtrange ſtory! Triſtram.

———Alas! Madam, had it been upon ſome melancholy lecture of the croſs—the peace of meekneſs, or the contentment of reſignation——I had not been incommoded: or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abſtractions of the ſoul, and that food of wiſdom, and holineſs, and contemplation, upon which the ſpirit of man (when ſeparated from the body) is to ſubſiſt for ever——You would have come with a better appetite from it——

——I wiſh I never had wrote it: but as I never blot any thing out——let us uſe

uſe ſome honeſt means to get it out of our heads directly.

——Pray reach me my fool's cap—— I fear you ſit upon it, Madam——'tis under the cuſhion——I'll put it on——

Bleſs me! you have had it upon your head this half hour.——There then let it ſtay, with a

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri diddle d
and a high-dum—dye-dum
fiddle - - - dumb - c.

And now, Madam, we may venture, I hope, a little to go on.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

——All you need ſay of *Fontainbleau* (in caſe you are aſk'd) is, that it ſtands about forty miles (ſouth *ſomething*) from Paris, in the middle of a large foreſt——That there is ſomething great in it——That the king goes there once, every two or three years, with his whole court, for the pleaſure of the chaſe— and that during that carnival of ſporting, any Engliſh gentleman of faſhion (you need not forget yourſelf) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the ſport, taking care only not to out-gallop the king——

Though there are two reaſons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

Firſt,

First, Becauſe 'twill make the ſaid nags the harder to be got; and

Secondly, 'Tis not a word of it true. ——*Allons!*

As for SENS——you may diſpatch it in a word——— "*'Tis an archiepiſcopal ſee.*"

——For JOIGNY—the leſs, I think, one ſays of it, the better.

But for AUXERRE—I could go on for ever: for in my *grand tour* through Europe, in which, after all, my father (not caring to truſt me with any one) attended me himſelf, with my uncle Toby, and Trim, and Obadiah, and indeed moſt of the family, except my mother, who being taken

taken up with a project of knitting my father a pair of large worſted breeches—(the thing is common ſenſe)—and ſhe not caring to be put out of her way, ſhe ſtaid at home at SHANDY HALL, to keep things right during the expedition; in which, I ſay, my father ſtopping us two days at Auxerre, and his reſearches being ever of ſuch a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a deſert—— he has left me enough to ſay upon AUXERRE: in ſhort, wherever my father went——but 'twas more remarkably ſo, in this journey through France and Italy, than in any other ſtages of his life——his road ſeemed to lie ſo much on one ſide of that, wherein all other travellers had gone before him — he ſaw kings and courts and ſilks of all colours,

in

in ſuch ſtrange lights——and his remarks and reaſonings upon the characters, the manners and cuſtoms of the countries we paſs'd over, were ſo oppoſite to thoſe of all other mortal men, particularly thoſe of my uncle Toby and Trim—(to ſay nothing of myſelf)—and to crown all—the occurrences and ſcrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in conſequence of his ſyſtems and opiniatry—they were of ſo odd, ſo mixed and tragicomical a contexture— That the whole put together, it appears of ſo different a ſhade and tint from any tour of Europe, which was ever executed—That I will venture to pronounce—the fault muſt be mine and mine only—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more,—or which comes to the ſame point——till the world,

world, finally, takes it into it's head to ſtand ſtill.——

——But this rich bale is not to be open'd now; except a ſmall thread or two of it, merely to unravel the myſtery of my father's ſtay at AUXERRE.

——As I have mentioned it—'tis too ſlight to be kept ſuſpended; and when 'tis wove in, there's an end of it.

We'll go, brother Toby, ſaid my father, whilſt dinner is coddling—to the abby of Saint Germain, if it be only to ſee theſe bodies, of which monſieur Sequier has given ſuch a recommendation. ——I'll go ſee any body; quoth my uncle Toby; for he was all compliance thro' every ſtep of the journey——De-

fend me! ſaid my father—they are all mummies——Then one need not ſhave; quoth my uncle Toby——Shave! no—cried my father—'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on—So out we ſallied, the corporal lending his maſter his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abby of Saint Germain.

Every thing is very fine, and very rich, and very ſuperb, and very magnificent, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to the ſacriſtan, who was a young brother of the order of Benedictines—but our curioſity has led us to ſee the bodies, of which monſieur Sequier has given the world ſo exact a deſcription.—The ſacriſtan made a bow, and lighting a torch firſt, which he had always in the veſtry ready for the purpoſe; he led us into the

tomb

tomb of St. Heribald——This, ſaid the ſacriſtan, laying his hand upon the tomb, was a renowned prince of the houſe of Bavaria, who under the ſucceſſive reigns of Charlemagne, Louis le Debonair, and Charles the Bald, bore a great ſway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and diſcipline——

Then he has been as great, ſaid my uncle, in the field, as in the cabinet—— I dare ſay he has been a gallant ſoldier ——He was a monk— ſaid the ſacriſtan.

My uncle Toby and Trim ſought comfort in each others faces—but found it not: my father clapp'd both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him;

him; for though he hated a monk and the very ſmell of a monk worſe than all the devils in hell——Yet the ſhot hitting my uncle Toby and Trim ſo much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph; and put him into the gayeſt humour in the world.

——And pray what do you call this gentleman? quoth my father, rather ſportingly: This tomb, ſaid the young Benedictine, looking downwards, contains the bones of Saint MAXIMA, who came from Ravenna on purpoſe to touch the body——

——Of Saint MAXIMUS, ſaid my father, popping in with his ſaint before him——they were two of the greateſt ſaints in the whole martyrology, added my father

——Excuſe me, ſaid the ſacriſtan—— ——'twas to touch the bones of Saint Germain the builder of the abby—— And what did ſhe get by it? ſaid my uncle Toby——What does any woman get by it? ſaid my father——MARTYRDOME; replied the young Benedictine, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with ſo humble, but deciſive a cadence, it diſarmed my father for a moment. 'Tis ſuppoſed, continued the Benedictine, that St. Maxima has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization——'Tis but a ſlow riſe, brother Toby, quoth my father, in this ſelf ſame army of martyrs. ——A deſperate ſlow one, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid Trim, unleſs one could purchaſe——I ſhould rather ſell out entirely,

tirely, quoth my uncle Toby——I am pretty much of your opinion, brother Toby, ſaid my father.

—— Poor St. Maxima! ſaid my uncle Toby low to herſelf, as we turn'd from her tomb: She was one of the faireſt and moſt beautiful ladies either of Italy or France, continued the ſacriſtan ——But who the duce has got lain down here, beſides her, quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on——It is Saint *Optat*, Sir, anſwered the ſacriſtan—— And properly is Saint Optat plac'd! ſaid my father: And what is Saint Optat's ſtory? continued he. Saint *Optat*, replied the ſacriſtan, was a biſhop——

——I thought ſo, by heaven! cried my father, interrupting him—— Saint Optat!——how ſhould Saint *Optat* fail? ſo ſnatching out his pocket-book, and the young Benedictine holding him the torch as he wrote, he ſet it down as a new prop to his ſyſtem of chriſtian names, and I will be bold to ſay, ſo diſintereſted was he in the ſearch of truth, that had he found a treaſure in St. Optat's tomb, it would not have made him half ſo rich: 'Twas as ſucceſsful a ſhort viſit as ever was paid to the dead; and ſo highly was his fancy pleas'd with all that had paſſed in it,—that he determined at once to ſtay another day in Auxerre.

—I'll ſee the reſt of theſe good gentry to-morrow, ſaid my father, as we croſs'd over the ſquare—And while you are paying that

that visit, brother Shandy, quoth my uncle Toby—the corporal and I will mount the ramparts.

CHAP. XXVIII.

—NOW this is the most puzzled skein of all——for in this last chapter, as far at least as it has help'd me through *Auxerre*, I have been getting forwards in two different journies together, and with the same dash of the pen—for I have got entirely out of Auxerre in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half way out of Auxerre in that which I shall write hereafter——There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and by pushing at something beyond that, I have brought myself into such a situation, as

no traveller ever ſtood before me; for I am this moment walking acroſs the market-place of Auxerre with my father and my uncle Toby, in our way back to dinner——and I am this moment alſo entering Lyons with my poſt-chaiſe broke into a thouſand pieces—and I am moreover this moment in a handſome pavillion built by Pringello *, upon the banks of the Garonne, which Monſ. Sligniac has lent me, and where I now ſit rhapſodizing all theſe affairs.

——Let me collect myſelf, and purſue my journey.

* The ſame Don Pringello, the celebrated Spaniſh architect, of whom my couſin Antony has made ſuch honourable mention in a ſcholium to the Tale inſcribed to his name.

Vid. p. 129, ſmall edit.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

I Am glad of it, ſaid I, ſettling the account with myſelf as I walk'd into Lyons——my chaiſe being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving ſlowly before me——I am heartily glad, ſaid I, that 'tis all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to Avignon, which will carry me on a hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not coſt me ſeven livres——and from thence, continued I, bringing forwards the account, I can hire a couple of mules—or aſſes, if I like, (for no body knows me) and croſs the plains of Languedoc, for almoſt nothing——I ſhall gain four hundred livres by the misfortune clear into my purſe;

and pleaſure! worth—worth double the money by it. With what velocity, continued I, clapping my two hands together, ſhall I fly down the rapid Rhone, with the VIVARES on my right-hand, and DAUPHINY on my left, ſcarce ſeeing the ancient cities of VIENNE, *Valence*, and Vivieres. What a flame will it rekindle in the lamp, to ſnatch a bluſhing grape from the Hermitage and Cotê roti, as I ſhoot by the foot of them? and what a freſh ſpring in the blood! to behold upon the banks advancing and retiring, the caſtles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilome reſcued the diſtreſs'd——and ſee vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in with all her great works about her——

As I went on thus, methought my chaiſe, the wreck of which look'd ſtately enough at the firſt, inſenſibly grew leſs and leſs in its ſize; the freſhneſs of the painting was no more—the gilding loſt its luſtre—and the whole affair appeared ſo poor in my eyes—ſo ſorry!—ſo contemptible! and, in a word, ſo much worſe than the abbeſs of Andoüillet's itſelf—that I was juſt opening my mouth to give it to the devil—when a pert vamping chaiſe-undertaker, ſtepping nimbly acroſs the ſtreet, demanded if Monſieur would have his chaiſe refitted——No, no, ſaid I, ſhaking my head ſideways—Would Monſieur chuſe to ſell it? rejoin'd the undertaker—With all my ſoul, ſaid I—the iron work is worth forty livres—and the glaſſes worth forty more—and the leather you may take to live on.

What

—What a mine of wealth, quoth I, as he counted me the money, has this poſt chaiſe brought me in? And this is my uſual method of book-keeping, at leaſt with the diſaſters of life—making a penny of every one of 'em as they happen to me——

——Do, my dear Jenny, tell the world for me, how I behaved under one, the moſt oppreſſive of its kind which could befall me as a man, proud, as he ought to be, of his manhood——

'Tis enough, ſaid'ſt thou, coming cloſe up to me, as I ſtood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* paſs'd——'Tis enough, Triſtram, and I am ſatisfied, ſaid'ſt thou, whiſpering theſe words in my ear, **** ** **** *** ******;—**** ** ****

——any

——any other man would have ſunk down to the center——

——Every thing is good for ſomething, quoth I.

——I'll go into Wales for ſix weeks, and drink goat's whey—and I'll gain ſeven years longer life for the accident. For which reaſon I think myſelf inexcuſable, for blaming Fortune ſo often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious dutcheſs, as I call'd her, with ſo many ſmall evils: ſurely if I have any cauſe to be angry with her, 'tis that ſhe has not ſent me great ones—a ſcore of good curſed, bouncing loſſes, would have been as good as a penſion to me.

——One

——One of a hundred a year, or ſo, is all I wiſh—I would not be at the plague of paying land tax for a larger.

CHAP. XXX.

TO thoſe who call vexations, VEXATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the beſt part of a day in Lyons, the moſt opulent and flouriſhing city in France, enriched with the moſt fragments of antiquity—and not be able to ſee it. To be withheld upon *any* account, muſt be a vexation; but to be witheld *by* a vexation——muſt certainly be, what philoſophy juſtly calls

VEXATION
upon
VEXATION.

I had

I had got my two diſhes of milk coffee (which by the bye is excellently good for a conſumption, but you muſt boil the milk and coffee together—otherwiſe 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to ſee enough of Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. I will take a walk to the cathedral, ſaid I, looking at my liſt, and ſee the wonderful mechaniſm of this great clock of Lippius of Baſil, in the firſt place——

Now, of all things in the world, I underſtand the leaſt of mechaniſm—— I have neither genius, or taſte, or fancy —and have a brain ſo entirely unapt for

every

every thing of that kind, that I ſolemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a ſquirrel cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel—tho' I have many an hour of my life look'd up with great devotion at the one—and ſtood by with as much patience as any chriſtian ever could do, at the other——

I'll go ſee the ſurpriſing movements of this great clock, ſaid I, the very firſt thing I do: and then I will pay a viſit to the great library of the Jeſuiſts, and procure, if poſſible, a ſight of the thirty volumes of the general hiſtory of China, wrote (not in the Tartarian) but in the Chineſe language, and in the Chineſe character too.

Now

Now I almoſt know as little of the Chineſe language, as I do of the mechaniſm of Lippius's clock-work; ſo, why theſe ſhould have joſtled themſelves into the two firſt articles of my liſt——I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own it looks like one of her ladyſhip's obliquities; and they who court her, are intereſted in finding out her humour as much as I.

When theſe curioſities are ſeen, quoth I, half addreſſing myſelf to my *valet de place*, who ſtood behind me——'twill be no hurt if we go to the church of St. Ireneus, and ſee the pillar to which Chriſt was tied——and after that, the houſe where Pontius Pilate lived——'Twas at the

the next town, ſaid the *valet de place*— at Vienne; I am glad of it, ſaid I, riſing briſkly from my chair, and walking acroſs the room with ſtrides twice as long as my uſual pace——" for ſo much " the ſooner ſhall I be at the *Tomb of the* " *two lovers.*"

What was the cauſe of this movement, and why I took ſuch long ſtrides in uttering this——I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clockwork is concern'd in it——'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

O! There is a ſweet æra in the life of man, when, (the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing elſe)—— a ſtory read of two fond lovers, ſeparated from each other by cruel parents, and by ſtill more cruel deſtiny——

Amandus——He
Amanda——She——

each ignorant of the other's courſe,

He——eaſt
She——weſt

Amandus taken captive by the Turks, and carried to the emperor of Morocco's court, where the princeſs of Morocco falling in love with him, keeps him

twenty years in priſon, for the love of his Amanda——

She—(Amanda) all the time wandering barefoot, and with diſhevell'd hair, o'er rocks and mountains enquiring for Amandus——Amandus! Amandus!—making every hill and vally to echo back his name——

Amandus! Amandus!

at every town and city ſitting down forlorn at the gate——Has Amandus!—has my Amandus enter'd?——till,——going round, and round, and round the world——chance unexpected bringing them at the ſame moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of Lyons their native city, and each in well known accents calling out aloud,

Is

Is Amandus
Is my Amanda } ſtill alive?

they fly into each others arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a ſoft æra in every gentle mortal's life, where ſuch a ſtory affords more *pabulum* to the brain, than all the *Fruſts*, and *Cruſts*, and *Ruſts* of antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

——'Twas all that ſtuck on the right ſide of the cullender in my own, of what Spon and others, in their accounts of Lyons, had *ſtrained* into it; and finding, moreover, in ſome Itinerary, but in what God knows—— That ſacred to the fidelity of Amandus and Amanda, a tomb was built without the gates, where to this hour, lovers call'd upon them to

atteſt their truths,——I never could get into a ſcrape of that kind in my life, but this *tomb of the lovers*, would ſome how or other, come in at the cloſe——nay ſuch a kind of empire had it eſtabliſh'd over me, that I could ſeldom think or ſpeak of Lyons—and ſometimes not ſo much as ſee even a *Lyons-waiſtcoat*, but this remnant of antiquity would preſent itſelf to my fancy; and I have often ſaid in my wild way of running on——tho' I fear with ſome irreverence—— "I thought this ſhrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that of Mecca, and ſo little ſhort, except in wealth, of the Santa Caſa itſelf, that ſome time or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other buſineſs at Lyons) on purpoſe to pay it a viſit.

In

In my liſt, therefore, of *Videnda* at Lyons, this, tho' *laſt*—was not, you ſee, *leaſt*; ſo taking a dozen or two of longer ſtrides than uſual acroſs my room, juſt whilſt it paſſed my brain, I walked down calmly into the *Baſſe Cour*, in order to ſally forth; and having called for my bill—as it was uncertain whether I ſhould return to my inn, I had paid it——had moreover given the maid ten ſous, and was juſt receiving the dernier compliments of Monſieur Le Blanc, for a pleaſant voyage down the Rhône—— when I was ſtopped at the gate——

CHAP. XXXII.

—'TWAS by a poor aſs who had juſt turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemoſunary turnip tops and cabbage-leaves; and ſtood dubious, with his two forefeet on the inſide of the threſhold, and with his two hinder feet towards the ſtreet, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in, or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to ſtrike——there is a patient endurance of ſufferings, wrote ſo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads ſo mightily for him, that it always diſarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to ſpeak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will

will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage——I have ever ſomething civil to ſay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)——I generally fall into converſation with him; and ſurely never is my imagination ſo buſy as in framing his reſponſes from the etchings of his countenance— and where thoſe carry me not deep enough——in flying from my own heart into his, and ſeeing what is natural for an aſs to think—as well as a man, upon the occaſion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the claſſes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, *&c.*——I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, *&c.* for pretty near the ſame reaſon; they act by rote, as the

others ſpeak by it, and equally make me ſilent: nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both—— (and for my dog he would ſpeak if he could)— yet ſome how or other, they neither of them poſſeſs the talents for converſation——I can make nothing of a diſcourſe with them, beyond the *propoſition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's converſations, in his beds of juſtice—— and thoſe utter'd—there's an end of the dialogue——

—But with an aſs, I can commune for ever.

Come Honeſty! ſaid I,—ſeeing it was impracticable to paſs betwixt him and the gate——art thou for coming in, or going out?

The

The aſs twiſted his head round to look up the ſtreet——

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver :

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiſtfully the oppoſite way——

I underſtand thee perfectly ; anſwered I ——if thou takeſt a wrong ſtep in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—— Well ! a minute is but a minute, and if it ſaves a fellow creature a drubbing, it ſhall not be ſet down as ill-ſpent.

He was eating the ſtem of an artichoke as this diſcourſe went on, and in the little peeviſh contentions of nature betwixt

betwixt hunger and unſavourineſs, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again——God help thee, Jack! ſaid I, thou haſt a bitter breakfaſt on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages——'tis all—all bitterneſs to thee, whatever life is to others. ——And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare ſay, as ſoot—(for he had caſt aſide the ſtem) and thou haſt not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.——In ſaying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had juſt purchaſed, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart ſmites me, that there was more of pleaſantry in the conceit, of ſeeing *how* an aſs would eat a macaroon——than of benevolence

nevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in——the poor beast was heavy loaded——his legs seem'd to tremble under him——he hung rather backwards, and as I pull'd at his halter, it broke short in my hand——he look'd up pensive in my face—"Don't thrash "me with it—but if you will, you may" ——If I do, said I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbess of Andoüillet's—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried

cried I—— but the interjection was equivocal——and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an oſier which had ſtarted out from the contexture of the aſs's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he ruſh'd by me, and rent it in the moſt diſaſterous direction you can imagine——ſo that the

Out upon it! in my opinion, ſhould have come in here——but this I leave to be ſettled by

The
REVIEWERS
of
MY BREECHES.

which I have brought over along with me for that purpoſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

WHEN all was ſet to rights, I came down ſtairs again into the *baſſe cour* with my valet de place, in order to ſally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, *&c.*—and was a ſecond time ſtopp'd at the gate——not by the aſs—but by the perſon who ſtruck him; and who, by that time, had taken poſſeſſion (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very ſpot of ground where the aſs ſtood.

It was a commiſſary ſent to me from the poſt-office, with a reſcript in his hand for the payment of ſome ſix livres odd ſous.

Upon what account? ſaid I.——'Tis upon the part of the king, replied the commiſſary,

commiſſary, heaving up both his ſhoulders——

——My good friend, quoth I——as ſure as I am I—and you are you——

——And who are you? ſaid he.——

——Don't puzzle me; ſaid I.

CHAP. XXXV.

—— But it is an indubitable verity, continued I, addreſſing myſelf to the commiſſary, changing only the form of my aſſeveration——that I owe the king of France nothing but my good-will; for he is a very honeſt man, and I wiſh him all health and paſtime in the world——

Pardonnez moi—replied the commiſſary, you are indebted to him ſix livres

four ſous, for the next poſt from hence to St. Fons, in your rout to Avignon—which being a poſt royal, you pay double for the horſes and poſtillion—otherwiſe 'twould have amounted to no more than three livres, two ſous——

——But I don't go by land; ſaid I.

——You may if you pleaſe; replied the commiſſary——

Your moſt obedient ſervant——ſaid I, making him a low bow——

The commiſſary, with all the ſincerity of grave good breeding—made me one, as low again.——I never was more diſconcerted with a bow in my life.

——The devil take the ſerious character of theſe people! quoth I—(aſide) they

they underſtand no more of IRONY than this——

The compariſon was ſtanding cloſe by with his panniers—but ſomething ſeal'd up my lips—I could not pronounce the name—

Sir, ſaid I, collecting myſelf—it is not my intention to take poſt——

—But you may—ſaid he, perſiſting in his firſt reply—you may take poſt if you chuſe——

—And I may take ſalt to my pickled herring, ſaid I, if I chuſe——

—But I do not chuſe—

—But you muſt pay for it, whether you do or no——

Aye! for the ſalt; ſaid I (I know)——

—And for the poſt too; added he. Defend me; cried I——

I travel by water—I am going down the Rhône this very afternoon—my baggage is in the boat—and I have actually paid nine livres for my paſſage——

C'eſt tout egal—'tis all one; ſaid he.

Bon Dieu! what, pay for the way I go! and for the way I do *not* go!

——*C'eſt tout egal*; replied the commiſſary——

——The devil it is! ſaid I—but I will go to ten thouſand Baſtiles firſt——

O England! England! thou land of liberty, and climate of good ſenſe, thou tendereſt of mothers—and gentleſt of nurſes, cried I, kneeling upon one knee, as I was beginning my apoſtrophè——

When the director of Madam Le Blanc's conſcience coming in at that inſtant, and ſeeing a perſon in black, with a face as pale as aſhes, at his devotions —looking ſtill paler by the contraſt and diſtreſs of his drapery—aſk'd, if I ſtood in want of the aids of the church——

I go by WATER—ſaid I—and here's another will be for making me pay for going by OYL.

CHAP. XXXVI.

AS I perceived the commiſſary of the poſt-office would have his ſix livres four ſous, I had nothing elſe for it, but to ſay ſome ſmart thing upon the occaſion, worth the money:

And ſo I ſet off thus——

——And

——And pray Mr. commiſſary, by what law of courteſy is a defenceleſs ſtranger to be uſed juſt the reverſe from what you uſe a Frenchman in this matter?

By no means; ſaid he.

Excuſe me; ſaid I—for you have begun, ſir, with firſt tearing off my breeches—and now you want my pocket——

Whereas—had you firſt taken my pocket, as you do with your own people—and then left me bare a—'d after—I had been a beaſt to have complain'd——

As it is——

——'Tis contrary to the *law of nature.*

——'Tis contrary to *reaſon.*

——'Tis contrary to the GOSPEL.

But not to this——ſaid he—putting a printed paper into my hand.

PAR LE ROY.

——'Tis a pithy prolegomenon, quoth I—and ſo read on — — — — —

— — — — — — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — — — — — —

——By all which it appears, quoth I, having read it over, a little too rapidly, that if a man ſets out in a poſt-chaiſe from Paris—he muſt go on travelling in one, all the days of his life—or pay for it.—— Excuſe me, ſaid the commiſſary, the ſpirit of the ordinance is this—That if you ſet out with an intention of running poſt from Paris to Avignon, *&c.* you ſhall not change that intention or mode of travelling, without firſt ſatisfying the fermiers for two poſts further than the place you repent at—and 'tis founded, continued he, upon this, that the REVENUES

are

are not to fall ſhort through your *fickleneſs*——

——O by heavens! cried I—if fickleneſs is taxable in France—we have nothing to do but to make the beſt peace with you we can——

AND SO THE PEACE WAS MADE;

——And if it is a bad one—as Triſtram Shandy laid the corner ſtone of it—nobody but Triſtram Shandy ought to be hanged.

CHAP. XXXVII.

THOUGH I was ſenſible I had ſaid as many clever things to the commiſſary as came to ſix livres four ſous, yet I was determined to note down the impoſition amongſt my remarks before I

retir'd from the place; ſo putting my hand into my coat pocket for my remarks—(which by the bye, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for the future) "my "remarks were *ſtolen*"——Never did ſorry traveller make ſuch a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occaſion.

Heaven! earth! ſea! fire! cried I, calling in every thing to my aid but what I ſhould——My remarks are ſtolen!—what ſhall I do?—Mr. commiſſary! pray did I drop any remarks as I ſtood beſides you?——

You dropp'd a good many very ſingular ones; replied he——Pugh! ſaid I, thoſe were but a few, not worth above ſix livres two ſous—but theſe are a large parcel

parcel——He ſhook his head——Monſieur Le Blanc! Madam Le Blanc! did you ſee any papers of mine?—you maid of the houſe! run up ſtairs—François! run up after her——

——I muſt have my remarks——they were the beſt remarks, cried I, that ever were made—the wiſeſt—the wittieſt——What ſhall I do?—which way ſhall I turn myſelf?

Sancho Pança, when he loſt his aſs's FURNITURE, did not exclaim more bitterly.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

WHEN the firſt tranſport was over, and the regiſters of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confuſion into which this jumble of croſs

accidents had caſt them—it then preſently occurr'd to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of the chaiſe—and that in ſelling my chaiſe, I had ſold my remarks along with it, to the chaiſe-vamper. I leave this void ſpace that the reader may ſwear into it, any oath that he is moſt accuſtomed to——For my own part, if ever I ſwore a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my life, I think it was into that—— * * * * * * * * * *, ſaid I—and ſo my remarks through France, which were as full of wit, as an egg is full of meat, and as well worth four hundred guineas, as the ſaid egg is worth a penny—Have I been ſelling here to a chaiſe-vamper—for four Louis d'Ors—and giving him a poſt-chaiſe (by heaven) worth ſix into the bargain; had it been to Dodſley, or Becket, or any cre-

ditable bookſeller, who was either leaving off buſineſs, and wanted a poſt-chaiſe —or who was beginning it—and wanted my remarks, and two or three guineas along with them—I could have borne it ——but to a chaiſe-vamper!—ſhew me to him this moment François—ſaid I— the valet de place put on his hat, and led the way—and I pull'd off mine, as I paſs'd the commiſſary, and followed him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

WHEN we arrived at the chaiſe-vamper's houſe, both the houſe and the ſhop were ſhut up; it was the eighth of September, the nativity of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, mother of God—

——Tantarra - ra - tan - tivi——the whole world was going out a May-poling —friſking here— capering there— no body cared a button for me or my remarks; ſo I ſat me down upon a bench by the door, philoſophating upon my condition: by a better fate than uſually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the miſtreſs came in, to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before ſhe went to the May-poles——

The French women, by the bye, love May-poles, *a la folie*—that is, as much as their

their matins——give 'em but a May-pole, whether in May, June, July, or September—they never count the times ——down it goes——'tis meat, drink, waſhing, and lodging to 'em——and had we but the policy, an' pleaſe your worſhips (as wood is a little ſcarce in France) to ſend them but plenty of May-poles——

The women would ſet them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaiſe-vamper ſtep'd in, I told you, to take the papilliotes from off her hair——the toilet ſtands ſtill for no man——ſo ſhe jerk'd off her cap, to begin with them as ſhe open'd the door, in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground

ground——I inſtantly ſaw it was my own writing——

—O Seignieur! cried I—you have got all my remarks upon your head, Madam! ——*J'en ſuis bien mortifiée*, ſaid ſhe—— 'tis well, thinks I, they have ſtuck there —for could they have gone deeper, they would have made ſuch confuſion in a French woman's noddle—She had better have gone with it unfrizled, to the day of eternity.

Tenez—ſaid ſhe—ſo without any idea of the nature of my ſuffering, ſhe took them from her curls, and put them gravely one by one into my hat——one was twiſted this way——another twiſted that——ay! by my faith; and when they are publiſhed, quoth I,——

They will be worſe twiſted ſtill.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

AND now for Lippius's clock! ſaid I, with the air of a man, who had got thro' all his difficulties——nothing can prevent us ſeeing that, and the Chineſe hiſtory, &c. except the time, ſaid François——for 'tis almoſt eleven —then we muſt ſpeed the faſter, ſaid I, ſtriding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot ſay, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the weſt door,—That Lippius's great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for ſome years——It will give me the more time, thought I, to peruſe the Chineſe hiſtory; and beſides I ſhall be able to give the world a better account of the

clock

clock in it's decay, than I could have done in its flouriſhing condition——

——And ſo away I poſted to the college of the Jeſuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the hiſtory of China in Chineſe characters— as with many others I could mention, which ſtrike the fancy only at a diſtance; for as I came nearer and nearer to the point—my blood cool'd—the freak gradually went off, till, at length I would not have given a cherry-ſtone to have it gratified——The truth was, my time was ſhort, and my heart was at the Tomb of the Lovers——I wiſh to God, ſaid I, as I got the rapper in my hand, that the key of the library may be but loſt; it fell out as well——

For all the JESUITS *had got the cholic* —and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldeſt practitioner.

CHAP. XLI.

AS I knew the geography of the Tomb of the Lovers, as well as if I had lived twenty years in Lyons, namely, that it was upon the turning of my right hand, juſt without the gate, leading to the Fauxbourg de Vaiſe—— I diſpatch'd François to the boat, that I might pay the homage I ſo long ow'd it, without a witneſs of my weakneſs.— I walk'd with all imaginable joy towards the place——when I ſaw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me——

—Tender

—Tender and faithful ſpirits! cried I, addreſſing myſelf to Amandus and Amanda—long—long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb——— I come———I come———

When I came—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my uncle Toby to have whiſtled, Lillo bullero!

CHAP. XLII.

NO matter how, or in what mood—but I flew from the tomb of the lovers—or rather I did not fly *from* it—(for there was no ſuch thing exiſting) and juſt got time enough to the boat to ſave my paſſage;—and e'er I had ſailed a hundred yards, the Rhône and the Saône met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But

But I have deſcribed this voyage down the Rhône, before I made it———

——So now I am at Avignion—and as there is nothing to ſee but the old houſe, in which the duke of Ormond reſided, and nothing to ſtop me but a ſhort remark upon the place, in three minutes you will ſee me croſſing the bridge upon a mule, with François upon a horſe with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both, ſtriding the way before us with a long gun upon his ſhoulder, and a ſword under his arm, leaſt peradventure we ſhould run away with his cattle. Had you ſeen my breeches in entering Avignon,——Though you'd have ſeen them better, I think, as I mounted—you would not have thought the precaution amiſs, or found in your heart to have taken it, in dudgeon: for my own

part, I took it moſt kindly; and determined to make him a preſent of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himſelf at all points againſt them.

Before I go further, let me get rid of my remark upon Avignon, which is this; That I think it wrong, merely becauſe a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the firſt night he comes to Avignion;——that he ſhould therefore ſay, "Avignion is more ſubject to high winds than any town in all France:" for which reaſon I laid no ſtreſs upon the accident till I had inquired of the maſter of the inn about it, who telling me ſeriouſly it was ſo——and hearing moreover, the windyneſs of Avignion ſpoke of in the country about as a proverb—I ſet it down, merely to aſk the learned what can be

be the cauſe——the conſequence I ſaw—for they are all Dukes, Marquiſſes, and Counts, there——the duce a Baron, in all Avignion——ſo that there is ſcarce any talking to them, on a windy day.

Prithee friend, ſaid I, take hold of my mule for a moment——for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel— the man was ſtanding quite idle at the door of the inn, and as I had taken it into my head, he was ſome-way concerned about the houſe or ſtable, I put the bridle into his hand— ſo be-gun with my boot:—when I had finiſh-ed the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him——

——*But Monſieur le Marquis* had walked in——

CHAP. XLIII.

I Had now the whole ſouth of France, from the banks of the Rhône to thoſe of the Garonne to traverſe upon my mule at my own leiſure—*at my own leiſure* ——for I had left Death, the lord knows ——and He only—how far behind me ——" I have followed many a man thro' France, quoth he— but never at this mettleſome rate "—— Still he follow-ed,——and ſtill I fled him——but I fled him chearfully——ſtill he purſued—but like one who purſued his prey without hope——as he lag'd, every ſtep he loſt, ſoftened his looks——why ſhould I fly him at this rate?

So notwithſtanding all the commiſſary of the poſt-office had ſaid, I changed the *mode*

mode of my travelling once more; and after ſo precipitate and rattling a courſe as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I ſhould traverſe the rich plains of Languedoc upon his back, as ſlowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleaſing to a traveller——or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain; eſpecially if it is without great rivers or bridges; and preſents nothing to the eye, but one unvaried picture of plenty: for after they have once told you that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the caſe happens)—that the ſoil was grateful, and that nature pours out all her abundance, *&c.* . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not

what to do with—and which is of little or no uſe to them but to carry them to ſome town; and that town, perhaps of little more, but a new place to ſtart from to the next plain——and ſo on.

—This is moſt terrible work; judge if I don't manage my plains better.

CHAP. XLIV.

I Had not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun, began to look at his priming.

I had three ſeveral times loiter'd *terribly* behind; half a mile at leaſt every time: once, in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of *Baucaira* and *Taraſcone*—I did not underſtand the principles——

The

The ſecond time, I cannot ſo properly ſay, I ſtopp'd——for meeting a couple of Franciſcans ſtraiten'd more for time than myſelf, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about——I had turn'd back with them——

The third, was an affair of trade with a goſſip, for a hand baſket of Provence figs for four ſous; this would have been tranſacted at once; but for a caſe of conſcience at the cloſe of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turn'd out, that there were two dozen of eggs cover'd over with vine-leaves at the bottom of the baſket—as I had no intention of of buying eggs—I made no ſort of claim of them—as for the ſpace they had occupied—what ſignified it? I had figs enow for my money———

—But it was my intention to have the baſket—it was the goſſip's intention to keep it, without which, ſhe could do nothing with her eggs——and unleſs I had the baſket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and moſt of 'em burſt at the ſide: this brought on a ſhort contention, which terminated in ſundry propoſals, what we ſhould both do——

—How we diſpoſed of our eggs and figs, I defy you, or the Devil himſelf, had he not been there (which I am perſuaded he was) to form the leaſt probable conjecture: You will read the whole of it ——not this year, for I am haſtening to the ſtory of my uncle Toby's amours —but you will read it in the collection of thoſe which have aroſe out of the journey

acroſs

acroſs this plain——and which, therefore, I call my

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued like thoſe of other travellers, in this journey of it, over ſo barren a track—the world muſt judge—but the traces of it, which are now all ſet o' vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the moſt fruitful and buſy period of my life; for as I had made no convention with my man with the gun as to time—by ſtopping and talking to every ſoul I met who was not in a full trot—joining all parties before me—waiting for every ſoul behind—hailing all thoſe who were coming through croſs roads—arreſting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, fryars—not paſſing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without

without commending her legs, and tempting her into converſation with a pinch of ſnuff——In ſhort, by ſeizing every handle, of what ſize or ſhape ſoever, which chance held out to me in this journey—I turned my *plain* into a *city*—I was always in company, and with great variety too; and as my mule loved ſociety as much as myſelf, and had ſome propoſals always on his part to offer to every beaſt he met—I am confident we could have paſſed through Pall-Mall or St. James's-Street for a month together, with fewer adventures—and ſeen leſs of human nature.

O! there is that ſprightly frankneſs which at once unpins every plait of a Languedocian's dreſs—that whatever is beneath it, it looks ſo like the ſimplicity

which

which poets ſing of in better days—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is ſo.

'Twas in the road betwixt Niſmes and Lunel, where there is the beſt Muſcatto wine in all France, and which by the bye belongs to the honeſt canons of MONTPELLIER—and foul befall the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

——The ſun was ſet—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afreſh—and the ſwains were preparing for a carouſal——My mule made a dead point——'Tis the fife and tabourin, ſaid I——I'm frighten'd to death, quoth he——They are running at the ring of pleaſure, ſaid I, giving him a prick——By ſaint Boogar, and all the ſaints at the backſide of the door of purgatory,

gatory, ſaid he—(making the ſame reſolution with the abbeſſe of Andoüillets) I'll not go a ſtep further——'Tis very well, ſir, ſaid I—I never will argue a point with one of your family, as long as I live; ſo leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that—I'll take a dance, ſaid I——ſo ſtay you here.

A ſun-burnt daughter of Labour roſe up from the groupe to meet me as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was a dark cheſnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a ſingle treſs.

We want a cavalier, ſaid ſhe, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them——

And

And a cavalier ye ſhall have; ſaid I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadſt thou, Nannette, been array'd like a dutcheſſe!

——But that curſed ſlit in thy petticoat!

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you, ſaid ſhe, letting go one hand, with ſelf-taught politeneſs, leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompenced with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran ſweetly over the prelude, as he ſat upon the bank——Tie me up this treſs inſtantly, ſaid Nannette, putting a piece of ſtring into my hand——It taught

me to forget I was a ſtranger——The whole knot fell down——We had been ſeven years acquainted.

The youth ſtruck the note upon the tabourin—his pipe followed, and off we bounded—— "the duce take that ſlit!"

The ſiſter of the youth who had ſtolen her voice from heaven, ſung alternately with her brother——'twas a Gaſcoigne roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA!
FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

The nymphs join'd in uniſon, and their ſwains an octave below them——

I would have given a crown to have it few'd up—Nannette would not have given a sous—*Viva la joia!* was in her lips—*Viva la joia!* was in her eyes. A tranſient

ſient ſpark of amity ſhot acroſs the ſpace betwixt us——She look'd amiable!——Why could I not live and end my days thus? Juſt diſpoſer of our joys and ſorrows, cried I, why could not a man ſit down in the lap of content here—and dance, and ſing, and ſay his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut brown maid? capriciouſly did ſhe bend her head on one ſide, and dance up inſiduous——Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I; ſo changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpellier——from thence to Peſçnas, Beziers——I danced it along through Narbonne, Carcaſſon, and Caſtle Naudairy, till at laſt I danced myſelf into Perdrillo's pavillion, where pulling a paper of black lines, that I might go on ſtraight for-

wards, without digreſſion or parentheſis, in my uncle Toby's amours——

I begun thus——

END of the SEVENTH VOLUME.