THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN, VOL. V

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The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, Vol. V by Laurence Sterne

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LAURENCE STERNE

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THE

LIFE

AND

OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.

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VOL. V.

L O N D Q N: Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DEHONDT, in the Strand. M DCC LXII.







To the Right Honourable

онN,

Lord Vifcount SPENCER.

MY LORD,

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DEDICATION.

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

My Lord,

I am,

Your Lordship's Most devoted, And most bumble Servant,

LAUR. STERNE.

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LIFE and OPINIONS

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O F

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

I F it had not been for those two mettlefome tits, and that madeap of a postilion, who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning—there was a flope of three miles and a half—we fearce touched the ground—the motion was most rapid —most impetuous—'twas communicat-Vol. V. **B** ed ed to my brain—my heart partook of it —By the great God of day, faid I, looking towards the fun, and thrufting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaife, as I made my vow, "I will lock up my ftudy door the moment I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the furface of the earth, into the draw-well at the back of my houfe."

The London waggon confirmed me in my refolution : it hung tottering upon the hill, fcarce progreffive, drag'ddrag'd up by eight *beavy beafts*—" by main ftrength !—quoth I, nodding— . but your betters draw the fame way and fomething of every bodies !— O rare !"

Tell

12

[3]

Tell me, ye learned, fhall we for ever be adding fo much to the bulk—fo little to the flock?

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one veffel into another?

Are we for ever to be twifting, and untwifting the fame rope? for ever in the fame track—for ever at the fame pace?

Shall we be defined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be fhewing the relicks of learning, as monks do the relicks of their faints—without working one—one fingle miracle with them ?

. .

Who