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INEDITED REMAINS IN VERSE AND  
PROSE OF IZAAK WALTON

AUTHOR OF THE COMPLETE ANGLER

\_WITH NOTES AND PREFACE\_  
BY  
RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD

LONDON  
1878

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PREFACE.

Few men who have written books have been able to win so large a share of the personal affection of their readers as honest Izaak Walton has done, and few books are laid down with so genuine a feeling of regret as the

"Complete Angler" certainly is, that they are no longer. "One of the gentlest and tenderest spirits of the seventeenth century," we all know his dear old face, with its cheerful, happy, serene look, and we should all have liked to accompany him on one of those angling excursions from Tottenham High Cross, and to have listened to the quaint, garrulous, sportive talk, the outcome of a religion which was like his homely garb, not too good for every-day wear. We see him, now diligent in his business, now commemorating the virtues of that cluster of scholars and churchmen with whose friendship he was favoured in youth, and teaching his young brother-in-law, Thomas Ken, to walk in their saintly footsteps,--now busy with his rod and line, or walking and talking with a friend, staying now and then to quaff an honest glass at a wayside ale-house--leading a simple, cheerful, blameless life

"Thro' near a century of pleasant years." [1]

We have said that the reader regrets that Walton should have left so little behind him: his "Angler" and his Lives are all that is known to most. But we are now enabled to present those who love his memory with a collection of fugitive pieces, in verse and prose, extending in date of composition over a period of fifty years,--beginning with the Elegy on Donne, in 1633, and terminating only with his death in 1683. All these, however unambitious, are more or less characteristic of the man, and impregnated with the same spirit of genial piety that distinguishes the two well-known books to which they form a supplement.

Walton's devotion to literature must have begun at an early age; for in a little poem, entitled *The Love of Amos and Laura*, published in 1619, when he was only twenty-six, and attributed variously to Samuel Purchas, author of "The Pilgrims," and to Samuel Page, we find the following dedication to him:--

"TO MY APPROVED AND MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND, IZ. WA.

"To thee, thou more then thrice beloved friend,  
I too unworthy of so great a blisse:  
These harsh-tun'd lines I here to thee commend,  
Thou being cause it is now as it is:  
For hadst thou held thy tongue, by silence might  
These have beene buried in obliuious night.

"If they were pleasing, I would call them thine,  
And disauow my title to the verse:  
But being bad, I needes must call them mine.  
No ill thing can be cloathed in thy verse.  
Accept them then, and where I have offended,  
Rase thou it out, and let it be amended.

"S.P." [2]

What poems Walton wrote in his youth, we have now no means of knowing; it has not been discovered that any have been printed, unless we adopt the theory advocated by Mr. Singer,[3] and by a writer in the "Retrospective

Review,"[4] that the poem of *Thealma and Clearchus*, which he published in the last year of his life, as a posthumous fragment of his relation John Chalkhill, was really a juvenile work of his own. Some plausibility is lent to this notion by the fact that Walton speaks of the author with so much reticence and reserve in his preface to the volume, and also that in introducing two of Chalkhill's songs into the "Complete Angler," he does not bestow on them the customary words of commendation. This theory has been rebutted by others, who assert that Walton was of too truthful and guileless a nature to resort to such an artifice. We confess that we are unable to see anything dishonest in the adoption, as a pseudonym, of the name of a deceased friend, or anything more than Walton appears to have done on another occasion when he published his two letters on "Love and Truth." It is certain, however, that a family of Chalkhills existed, with whom Walton was closely connected by his marriage with the sister of Bishop Ken. But that an "acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spenser," capable of writing such a poem as *Thealma and Clearchus*, should have kept his talents so concealed, that in an age of commendatory verses no slightest contemporary record of him exists--is, to say the least, extraordinary. There are cogent arguments then on both sides of the question, and there is very little positive proof on either: so we must be content to leave the matter in some doubt and obscurity.

The first production to which our author attached the well-known signature of "Iz. Wa." was an Elegy on the Death of Dr. Donne, the Dean of St. Paul's, prefixed to a collection of Donne's Poems. Walton was then forty years of age. From this time forward we find him more or less engaged, at not very long intervals, on literary labours, till the very year of his death.

The care which Walton spent on his productions seems to have been very great. He wrote and re-wrote, corrected, amended, rescinded, and added. This very poem--the Elegy on Donne--he completely remodelled in his old age, when he inserted it in the collection of his Lives. But we have thought it well to give the original version here as a literary curiosity, and the first work of his that has come down to us. The original Lives themselves--especially those of Wotton and Donne--were mere sketches of what they are in their present enlarged form.

Walton had the good fortune to be thrown very early in life into the society and intimacy of men who were his superiors in rank and education. But he had enough of culture, joined to his inherent reverence of mind, to appreciate and understand all that they had and he wanted.

The preface to Sir John Skeffington's *Heroe of Lorenzo* had for two centuries lain forgotten, and escaped the notice of Walton's biographers, till in 1852 it was discovered by Dr. Bliss of Oxford, and communicated by him to the late William Pickering.

The original Spanish work was first published in 1630. The author's real name was not Lorenzo, but Balthazar Gracian, a Jesuit of Aragon, who flourished during the first half of the seventeenth century, when the cultivated style took possession of Spanish prose, and rose to its greatest consideration.[5] It is a collection of short, wise apothegms

and maxims for the conduct of life, sometimes illustrated by stories of valour, or prowess, or magnanimity, of the old Castilian heroes who figure in "Count Lucanor." The book, though now no longer read, must have been very popular at one time, for there exist two or three later English versions of it, without, however, the nervous concentration of style and idiomatic diction that characterize the translation sent forth to the world under Walton's auspices.

The two Letters published in 1680 under the title of Love and Truth,[6] were written respectively in the years 1668 and 1679. The evidence of their authorship is twofold, and we think quite conclusive. In one of the very few copies known to exist, and now in the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge, its original possessor, Archbishop Sancroft, has written:--"Is. Walton's 2 letters conc. ye Distemp's of ye Times, 1680," and Dr. Zouch appended to his reprint of the tract[7] a number of parallel passages from other acknowledged writings of Walton, of themselves almost sufficient to fix the question on internal evidence alone.

In the British Museum copy of this tract is the following note on one of the fly-leaves in the autograph of the late William Pickering:--

"The present is the only copy I have met with after twenty years' search, excepting the one in Emanuel College, Cambridge. W. Pickering."

The copy described above [\_i.e., the Emanuel College copy] appears to be the same edition as the present [that now in the British Museum], but has the following variation. After the title-page is printed

The Author to the Stationer

"Mr. Brome," &c., and the Epistle ends with "Your friend," without the N.N. which is found in this copy. But what is more remarkable, the printed word Author is run through, and corrected with a pen, and over it written \_Publisher\_, which is evidently in the handwriting of Walton. So Mr. Pickering further certifies.

The following allusion towards the bottom of p. 37 confirms the idea of Walton's authorship. Speaking of Hugh Peters and John Lilbourn, the writer says:--"Their turbulent lives and uncomfortable deaths are not I hope yet worn out of the memory of many. He that compares them with the holy life and happy death of Mr. George Herbert, as it is plainly and \_I hope truly\_ writ by Mr. Isaac Walton, may in it find a perfect pattern for an humble and devout Christian to imitate," &c.

The following are the chief parallel passages in this pamphlet and in Walton's other writings, as indicated by Zouch:--

\_Second Letter\_, \_p. 19.\_

\_Life of George Herbert.\_

I wish as heartily as you  
do that all such Clergy-mens  
Wives as have silk Cloaths

Mr. George Herbert having  
changed his sword and  
silk clothes into a canonical

be-daubed with Lace, and  
their heads hanged about  
with painted Ribands, were  
enjoyed Penance for their  
pride: And their Husbands  
punisht for being so tame, or  
so lovingly-simple, as to suffer  
them; for, by such Cloaths,  
they proclaim their own Ambition,  
and their Husbands folly.

coat, thus warned Mrs. Herbert  
against this egregious folly  
of striving for precedency:--  
"You are now a minister's  
wife, and must now so far forget  
your father's house, as not  
to claim a precedence of any  
of your parishioners," &c.

And I say the like, concerning  
their striving for Precedency.

P. 20.

Life of George Herbert.

And, I confess also, what  
you say of a Clergy-mans  
bidding to fast on the Eves of  
Holy-days, in Lent, and the  
Ember Weeks: And I wish  
those biddings were forborn,  
or better practised by themselves.

One cure for the wickedness  
of the times would be,  
for the clergy themselves  
to keep the Ember-weeks  
strictly, &c.

P. 20.

Life of George Herbert.

And, I wish as heartily as  
you can, that they would not  
only read, but pray, the  
Common Prayer; and not  
huddle it up so fast (as too  
many do) by getting into a  
middle of a second Collect,  
before a devout Hearer can  
say Amen to the first.

Those ministers that huddled  
up the church prayers  
without a visible reverence  
and affection: namely, such  
as semed to say the Lord's  
Prayer or collect in a breath.

Preface to Sanderson's XXI

P. 20.

Sermons, 1655.

And now, having unbowelled  
my very soul thus  
freely to you, &c.

But since I had thus adventured  
to unbowel myself,  
and to lay open the very inmost  
thoughts of my heart.

P.21.

Life of Sanderton.

A Corrosive, or (as Solomon  
says of ill-gotten riches)  
like gravel in his teeth.

Riches so gotten, and added  
to his great estate, would  
prove like gravel in his teeth.

\_P. 21.\_

\_Life of Sir H. Wotton.\_

Those Bishops and Martyrs                      It was the advice of Sir  
that assisted in this Reformation,              Henry Wotton, "Take heed  
did not (as Sir Henry Wotton                      of thinking the farther you go  
said wisely) think the farther                      from the Church of Rome,  
they went from the Church of Rome,              the nearer you are to God."  
the nearer they got to heaven.

\_P. 23.\_

\_Life of Richard Hooker.\_

To make the Women, the                              Here the very women and  
Shop-keepers, and the middle-                      shopkeepers were able to judge  
witted People ... less                              of predestination, and determine  
busie, and more humble and                              what laws were fit to  
lowly in their own eyes, and                              be obeyed or abolished.  
to think that they are neither  
called, nor are fit to meddle  
with, and judge of the most  
hidden and mysterious points  
in Divinity, and Government  
of the Church and State.

\_P. 36.\_

\_Life of Sanderson.\_

I desire you to look back                              Some years before the unhappy  
with me to the beginning of                              Long Parliament, this  
the late Long Parliament                              nation being then happy and  
1640, at which time we                              in peace.  
were the quietest and happiest  
people in the Christian World.

To the present Editor the collection and annotation of these Remains has been a most welcome labour of love. Some of his oldest and most cherished memories connect themselves with the author of the "Complete Angler." That book was one of the first that he ever read with real and genuine delight; and even before reading days commenced, in the earliest dawn of memory, the place where Walton had cut his familiar signature of "Iz. Wa." on Chaucer's tomb in Westminster Abbey, was pointed out to him often by a kindred spirit now here no more. The name of Walton will also be found enshrined in the earliest prose production[8] to which the Editor prefixed his own name.

R.H.S.

#### FOOTNOTES

- [1] "Happy old man, whose worth all mankind knows  
Except himself, who charitably shows  
The ready road to Virtue, and to Praise,

The road to many long, and happy days;  
The noble arts of generous piety,  
And how to compass true felicity.  
----he knows no anxious cares,  
Thro' near a Century of pleasant years;  
Easy he lives and cheerful shall he die,  
Well spoken of by late posterity."

June 5, 1683.

\_(Flatman's Commendatory Verses prefixed to "Thealma and Clearchus;"  
Poems and Songs by Thomas Flatman, Third Edition.)\_

[2] \_The Love of Amos and Laura. Written by S.P. London. Printed for  
Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery-Lane, neere Serieants Inne,  
1619.\_ Printed at the end of a volume entitled, \_Alcilia, Philoparthens  
louing Folly, &c.\_, which, from its being signed at the end with the  
initials "J.C.," has been attributed to Walton's friend, John  
Chalkhill, whose posthumous poem, \_Thealma and Clearchus\_, he published  
in the last year of his life. The lines to Walton do not appear in the  
earlier quarto edition of the book issued by the same publisher in 1613,  
or in the later quarto of 1628.

[3] \_Thealma and Clearchus; a Pastoral Romance, by John Chalkhill.  
First Published by Isaac Walton, 1683. A New Edition. Revised and  
Corrected (by S.W. Singer). Chiswick: 1820.\_

[4] Vol. iv. (1821), pp. 230-249.

[5] Ticknor's \_History of Spanish Literature\_ (Lond. 1849), vol. iii.  
p. 177.

[6] \_Love and Truth: / in / Two modest and peaceable / Letters /  
concerning / The distempers of the present Times. / Written /  
From a quiet and Conformable Citizen of / LONDON, to two busie  
and Factious/ Shop-keepers in Coventry./\_

1 Pet. 4. 15.

But let none of you suffer as a busiebody in other mens /  
matters. /

LONDON, / Printed by \_M.C.\_ for \_Henry Brome\_ at the Gun /  
in St. \_Pauls\_ Church-yard. 1680.

COLLATION: 4to. pp. iv. (with Title) 40 (Sig. A 1 and 2;  
B to E 4).

[7] York, 1795, pp. x. 70.

[8] \_The School of Pantagruel\_, Sunbury, 1862, p. 9.



AN ELEGIE UPON DR. DONNE.

1633.

[\_Juvenilia: or Certaine Paradoxes and Problemes, written by I. Donne. London, Printed by E.P. for Henry Seyle, and are to be sold at the signe of the Tygers head, in Saint Pauls Church-yard, Anno Dom\_. 1633 (pp. 382-384).\_]

\_Poems, by J.D. with Elegies on the Author's Death. London. Printed by M.F. for JOHN MARRIOT, and are to be sold at his Shop in St. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleet-street, 1635.\_

The text is printed from the revised version of 1635, and the original readings of 1633 are given at the foot of the page.]

\_An Elegie upon\_ DR. DONNE.

Our \_Donne\_ is dead; England should mourne, may say  
We had a man where language chose to stay  
And shew her gracefull power.[1] I would not praise  
That and his vast wit (which in these vaine dayes  
Make many proud) but, as they serv'd to unlock  
That Cabinet, his minde: where such a stock  
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament  
(Or should) this generall cause of discontent.  
And I rejoyce I am not so severe,  
But (as I write a line) to weepe a teare  
For his decease; Such sad extremities  
May make such men as I write Elegies.

And wonder not; for, when a generall losse  
Falls on a nation, and they slight the crosse,  
God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them  
From stupifaction; witnesse my milde pen,  
Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it must  
Freely and boldly, for, the cause is just.

Dull age, Oh I would spare thee, but th'art worse,  
Thou art not onely dull, but hast a curse  
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou  
Part with \_miraculous Donne\_, and make no vow  
For thee, and thine, successively to pay  
A sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth scatter \_Poetry\_, wherein  
Was all Philosophy? was every sinne,  
Character'd in his \_Satyrs\_? Made so foule

That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their soule  
 Safer by reading verse? Did he give \_dayes\_  
 Past marble monuments, to those, whose praise  
 He would perpetuate? Did he (I feare  
 The dull will doubt:) these at his twentieth year?  
 But, more matur'd; Did his full soule conceive,  
 And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave  
 A [2]\_Crown of sacred sonnets\_, fit to adorne  
 A dying Martyrs brow: or, to be worne  
 On that blest head of \_Mary Magdalen\_,  
 After she wip'd Christs feet, but not till then?  
 Did hee (fit for such penitents as shee  
 And he to use) leave us a \_Litany\_,  
 Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,  
 As times grow better, grow more classically?  
 Did he write \_Hymnes\_, for piety, for wit,[3]  
 Equall to those, great grave \_Prudentius\_ writ?  
 Spake he all \_Languages\_? knew he all Lawes?  
 The grounds and use of \_Physick\_; but because  
 'Twas mercenary, wov'd it? Went to see  
 That blessed place of \_Christs nativity\_?  
 Did he returne and preach him? preach him so  
 As since S. \_Paul\_ none did, none could? Those know,  
 (Such as were blest to heare him) this is truth.[4]  
 Did he confirm thy aged?[5] convert thy youth?  
 Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse  
 Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a crosse.)  
 But sure the silent are ambitious all  
 To be Close Mourners at his Funerall;  
 If not; In common pittie they forbare  
 By repetitions to renew our care;  
 Or, knowing, grieffe conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes  
 Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes  
 Doe waste the braine) make silence a safe way,  
 To'inlarge the Soule from these walls, mud and clay,  
 (Materials of this body) to remaine  
 With \_Donne\_ in heaven, where no promiscuous pain  
 Lessens the joy we have, for, with \_him\_, all  
 Are satisfy'd with \_joyes essentiall\_.  
 Dwell on this joy my thoughts; oh, doe not call[6]  
 Grieffe back, by thinking of his Funerall;  
 Forget hee lov'd mee; Waste not my sad yeares;  
 (Which hast to \_Davids\_ seventy,) fill'd with feares  
 And sorrow for his death; Forget his parts,  
 Which finde a living grave in good mens hearts;  
 And, (for, my first is dayly payd for sinne)  
 Forget to pay my second sigh for him:  
 Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget  
 I am his \_Convert\_. Oh my frailty! let  
 My flesh be no more heard, it will obtrude  
 This lethargy: so should my gratitude,  
 My flowes[7] of gratitude should so be broke;  
 Which can no more be, than \_Donnes\_ vertues spoke

By any but himselfe; for which cause, I  
Write no \_Encomium\_, but this \_Elegie\_, [8]  
Which, as a free-will-offring, I here give  
Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve  
I want abilities, fit to set forth  
A monument, great, as Donnes matchlesse worth.

I.Z. WA.

#### FOOTNOTES

[1] In the edition of 1633, the poem opens thus:--

Is \_Donne\_, great \_Donne\_ deceas'd? then England say  
Thou' hast lost a man where language chose to stay  
And shew it's gracefull power, &c.

[2] \_La Corona\_.

[3] for piety and wit,--1633.

[4] As none but hee did, or could do? They know  
(Such as were blest to heare him know) 'tis truth.--1633.

[5] \_age\_ in the edition of 1633.

[6] My thoughts, Dwell on this \_Joy\_, and do not call--1633.

[7] \_vowes\_ in the edition of 1633.

[8] Write no \_Encomium\_, but an \_Elegie\_.  
Here the poem closed in the edition of 1633.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LINES ON A PORTRAIT OF DONNE IN HIS EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

1635.

[Engraved under William Marshall's Portrait of Donne, "Anno Domini. 1591.  
Aetatis suae 18," prefixed to the second edition of Donne's Poems, 1635.]

\_On a Portrait of\_ DONNE \_taken in his eighteenth year.\_

This was for youth, Strength, Mirth, and wit that Time  
Most count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.  
Thine was thy later yeares, so much refine  
From youths Drosse, Mirth & wit; as thy pure mind  
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise  
Of thy Creator, in those last, best Dayes.  
Witnes this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins  
With Love; but endes, with Sighes, & Teares for sin's.

IZ: WA:

\* \* \* \* \*

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO  
THE MERCHANTS MAPPE OF  
COMMERCE.

1638.

[The Merchants Mappe of Commerce: wherein the Universall Manner and Matter  
of Trade, is compendiously handled. By Lewes Roberts, Merchant. At London,  
Printed by R.O. for Ralph Mabb MDCXXXVIII. \_fol.\_

--The Second Edition, Corrected and much Enlarged. London, MDCLXXI. \_fol.\_]

\_In praise of my friend the Author, and his Booke.\_

TO THE READER.

If thou would'st be a \_States-man\_, and survey  
Kingdomes for information; heres a way  
Made plaine, and easie: fitter far for thee  
Then great \_Ortelius\_ his \_Geographie\_.

If thou would'st be a \_Gentleman\_, in more  
Then title onely; this MAP yeelds thee store  
Of Observations, fit for Ornament,  
Or use, or to give curious eares content.

If thou would'st be a \_Merchant\_, buy this Booke:  
For 'tis a prize worth gold; and doe not looke  
Daily for such disbursements; no, 'tis rare,  
And should be cast up with thy richest ware.

READER, if thou be any, or all three;  
(For these may meet and make a harmonie)  
Then prayse this Author for his usefull paines,  
Whose aime is publike good, not private gaines.

I. Z. W. A.

\* \* \* \* \*

PREFACE TO QUARLES'S SHEPHERD  
ORACLES.

1645.

[The Shepheards Oracles: Delivered in Certain Eglogues. By Fra: Quarles.  
London, Printed by M.F. for John Marriot and Richard Marriot, and are to  
be sold at their shop in S. Dunstons Church-yard Fleetstreet, under the  
Dyall. 1646.]

\_To the Reader.\_

READER,  
Though the Authour had some years before his lamented death, compos'd,  
review'd, and corrected these Eglogues; yet, he left no Epistle to the  
Reader, but onely a Title, and a blanke leafe for that purpose.

Whether he meant some Allegoricall exposition of the Shepheards names, or  
their Eglogues, is doubtfull: but 'tis certain, that as they are, they  
appear a perfect pattern of the Authour; whose person, and minde, were  
both lovely, and his conversation such as distill'd pleasure, knowledge,  
and vertue, into his friends and acquaintance.

'Tis confest, these Eglogues are not so wholly divine as many of his  
publisht Meditations, which speak \_his affections to be set upon things  
that are above\_, and yet even such men have their intermitted howres, and  
(as their company gives occasion) commixtures of heavenly and earthly  
thoughts.

You are therefore requested to fancy him cast by fortune into the company  
of some yet unknown Shepheards: and you have a liberty to beleeeve 'twas  
by this following accident.

"He in a Sommers morning (about that howre when the great eye of Heaven  
first opens it selfe to give light to us mortals) walking a gentle pace  
towards a Brook (whose Spring-head was not far distant from his peacefull

habitation) fitted with Angle, Lines, and Flyes: Flyes proper for that season (being the fruitfull Month of May;) intending all diligence to beguile the timorous Trout, (with which that watry element abounded) observ'd a more then common concourse of Shepherds, all bending their unwearied steps towards a pleasant Meadow within his present prospect, and had his eyes made more happy to behold the two fair Shepherdes Amaryllis and Aminta strewing the foot-paths with Lillies, and Ladysmocks, so newly gathered by their fair hands, that they yet smelt more sweet then the morning, and immediately met (attended with Clora Clorinda, and many other Wood-nymphs) the fair and vertuous Parthenia: who after a courteous salutation and inquiry of his intended Journey, told him the neighbour-Shepherds of that part of Arcadia had dedicated that day to be kept holy to the honour of their great God Pan; and, that they had designed her Mistresse of a Love-feast, which was to be kept that present day, in an Arbour built that morning, for that purpose; she told him also, that Orpheus would bee there, and bring his Harp, Pan his Pipe, and Titerus his Oaten-reed, to make musick at this feast; shee therefore perswaded him, not to lose, but change that dayes pleasure; before he could return an answer they were unawares entred into a living moving Lane, made of Shepherd and Pilgrimes; who had that morning measured many miles to be eye-witnesses of that days pleasure; this Lane led them into a large Arbour, whose wals were made of the yeelding Willow, and smooth Beech boughs: and covered over with Sycamore leaves, and Honysuckles."

I might now tell in what manner (after her first entrance into this Arbour) Philoclea (Philoclea the fair Arcadian Shepherdesse) crown'd her Temples with a Garland, with what flowers, and by whom 'twas made; I might tell what guests (besides Astrea and Adonis) were at this feast; and who (beside Mercury) waited at the Table, this I might tell: but may not, cannot expresse what musick the Gods and Wood-nymphs made within; and the Linitis, Larks, and Nightingales about this Arbour, during this holy day: which began in harmlesse mirth, and (for Bacchus and his gang were absent) ended in love and peace, which Pan (for he onely can doe it) continue in Arcadia, and restore to the disturbed Island of Britannia, and grant that each honest Shepherd may again sit under his own Vine and Fig-tree, and feed his own flock, and with love enjoy the fruits of peace, and be more thankfull.\_

Reader, at this time and place, the Authour contracted a friendship with certain single-hearted Shepherds: with whom (as he return'd from his River-recreations) he often rested himselfe, and whilest in the calm evening their flocks fed about them, heard that discourse, which (with the Shepherds names) is presented in these Eglogues.

23 Novem. 1645.

\* \* \* \* \*

COUPLET ON DR. RICHARD SIBBES.

1650.

[Written by Izaak Walton in his copy of Dr. Richard Sibbes's work, \_The Returning Backslider\_, 4'10., 1650, preserved in the Cathedral Library, Salisbury. See Sir Harris Nicolas' Memoir of Walton, clv.]

Of this blest man let this just praise be given,  
Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven.

IZAACK WALTON.

\* \* \* \* \*

DEDICATION OF RELIQUIAE  
WOTTONIANAE.

1651.

[Reliquiae Wottonianae, or, a Collection of Lives, Letters, Poems; with Characters of Sundry Personages: and other Incomparable Pieces of Language and Art. By The curious Pensil of the Ever Memorable Sr. Henry Wotton, Kt., Late, Provost of Eton Colledg. London, Printed by Thomas Maxey, for R. Marriot, G. Bedel, and T. Garthwait. 1651.]

\_To the Right Honourable The Lady Mary Wotton Baronness, and to her Three Noble Daughters.\_

{ KATHERIN STANHOP.  
THE LADY { MARGARET TUFTON.  
{ ANN HALES.

Since Bookes seeme by custome to Challenge a dedication, Justice would not allow, that what either was, or concern'd Sir Henry Wotton, should be appropriated to any other Persons; Not only for that nearnesse of Aliance and Blood (by which you may chalenge a civil right to what was his;) but, by a title of that intirenesse of Affection, which was in you to each other, when Sir Henry Wotton had a being upon Earth.

And since yours was a Friendship made up of generous Principles, as I cannot doubt but these indeavours to preserve his Memory will be acceptable to all that lov'd him; so especially to you: from whom I have had such encouragements as hath imboldned me to this Dedication. Which you are most humbly intreated may be accepted from

Your very reall servant,  
I. W.

\* \* \* \* \*

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM  
CARTWRIGHT.

1651.

[Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, with other Poems, by Mr. William Cartwright, late Student of Christ-Church in Oxford, and Proctor of the University. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the sign of the Prince's Arms in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1651.]

\_On the Death of my dear Friend Mr. William Cartwright, relating to the foregoing Elegies.\_

I cannot keep my purpose, but must give  
Sorrow and Verse their way; nor will I grieve  
Longer in silence; no, that poor, poor part  
Of natures legacy, Verse void of Art,  
And undissembled teares, CARTWRIGHT shall have  
Fixt on his Hearse; and wept into his grave.  
Muses I need you not; for, Grief and I  
Can in your absence weave an Elegy:  
Which we will do; and often inter-weave  
Sad Looks, and Sighs; the ground-work must receive  
Such Characters, or be adjudg'd unfit  
For my Friends shroud; others have shew'd their Wit,  
Learning, and Language fitly; for these be  
Debts due to his great Merits: but for me,  
My aymes are like my self, humble and low,  
Too mean to speak his praise, too mean to show  
The World what it hath lost in losing thee,  
Whose Words and Deeds were perfect Harmony.  
But now 'tis lost; lost in the silent Grave,



Lost to us Mortals, lost, 'till we shall have  
Admission to that Kingdom, where He sings  
Harmonious Anthems to the King of Kings.

Sing on blest Soul! be as thou wast below,  
A more than common instrument to show  
Thy Makers praise; sing on, whilst I lament  
Thy loss, and court a holy discontent,  
With such pure thoughts as thine, to dwell with me,  
Then I may hope to live, and dye like thee,  
To live belov'd, dye mourn'd, thus in my grave;  
Blessings that Kings have wish'd, but cannot have.

I. Z. W. A.

\* \* \* \* \*

PREFACE TO SIR JOHN SKEFFINGTON'S  
HEROE OF LORENZO.

1652.

[The Heroe, of Lorenzo, or, The way to Eminencie and Perfection. A piece  
of serious Spanish wit Originally in that language written, and in English.  
By Sir John Skeffington, Kt. and Barronet. London, printed for John Martin  
and James Allestrye at the Bell in St Pauls Church-yard. 1652.]

\_Let this be told the Reader\_,

That Sir \_John Skeffington\_ (one of his late Majesties servants, and a  
stranger to no language of \_Christendom\_) did about 40 years now past,  
bring this Hero out of Spain into England.

There they two kept company together 'till about 12 months now past: and  
then, in a retyrement of that learned knights (by reason of a sequestration  
for his masters cause) a friend coming to visit him, they fell accidentally  
into a discourse of the \_wit\_ and \_galantry\_ of the \_Spanish Nation\_.

That discourse occasioned an example or two, to be brought out of this  
\_Hero\_: and, those examples (with Sir \_John's\_ choice language and  
illustration) were so relisht by his friend (a stranger to the \_Spanish  
tongue\_) that he became restles 'till he got a promise from Sir \_John\_  
to translate the whole, which he did in a few weeks; and so long as that  
impleyment lasted it proved an excellent diversion from his many sad  
thoughts; But he hath now chang'd that Condition, to be possest of that  
place into which sadnesse is not capable of entrance.

And his absence from this world hath occasion'd mee (who was one of those few that he gave leave to know him, for he was a retyr'd man) to tell the Reader that I heard him say, he had not made the \_English\_ so short, or few words, as the original; because in that, the Author had express himself so enigmatically, that though he indeavour'd to translate it plainly; yet, he thought it was not made comprehensible enough for common Readers, therefore he declar'd to me, that he intended to make it so by a coment on the margent; which he had begun, but (be it spoke with sorrow) he and those thoughts are now buried in the silent Grave,[1] and my self, with those very many that lov'd him, left to lament that losse.

I.W.

#### FOOTNOTES

[1] Compare the poem on the death of Cartwright, \_supra\_:--

"But now 'tis lost; lost in the silent grave," &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### COMMENDATORY VERSE TO THE AUTHOR OF SCINTILLULA ALTARIS.

1652.

[Scintillula Altaris or, a Pious Reflection on Primitive Devotion: as to the Feasts and Fasts of the Christian Church, Orthodoxally Revived. By Edward Sparke, B.D. London; Printed by T. Maxey for Richard Marriot, and are to be sold at his Shop in St. Dunstan's Church-yard in Fleetstreet, 1652.

This book reached a Seventh Edition during Walton's lifetime; but his Commendatory Verses are only to be found in the first.]

\_To the Author upon the sight of the first sheet of his Book.\_

My worthy friend, I am much pleas'd to know,  
You have begun to pay the debt you owe  
By promise, to so many pious friends,  
In printing your choice Poems; it commends  
Both them, and you, that they have been desir'd  
By persons of such Judgment; and admir'd

They must be most, by those that best shal know  
What praise to holy Poetry we owe.

So shall your Disquisitions too; for, there  
Choice learning, and blest piety, appear.  
All usefull to poor Christians: where they may  
Learne Primitive Devotion. Each Saints day  
Stands as a Land-mark in an erring age  
to guide fraile mortals in their pilgrimage  
To the Coelestiall \_Can'an\_; and each Fast,  
Is both the souls direction, and repast:  
All so exprest, that I am glad to know  
You have begun to pay the debt you owe.

IZ. WA.

\* \* \* \* \*

DEDICATION OF THE LIFE OF DONNE  
AND ADVERTISEMENT TO  
THE READER.

1658.

[The Life of John Donne, Dr. in Divinity, and Late Dean of Saint Pauls  
Church London. The second impression corrected and enlarged. Ecclus.48.14.  
\_He did wonders in his life, and at his death his works were marvelous\_.  
London, Printed by J.G. for R. Marriot, and are to be sold at his shop  
under S. Dunstans Church in Fleet-street. 1658.]

\_To My Noble & honoured Friend Sir Robert Holt of Afton, in the County of  
Warwick, Baronet.\_

Sir,

When this relation of the life of Doctor Donne was first made publick, it  
had besides the approbation of our late learned & eloquent King, a  
conjunction with the Authors most excellent Sermons to support it; and  
thus it lay some time fortified against prejudice; and those passions that  
are by busie and malicious men too freely vented against the dead.

And yet, now, after almost twenty yeares, when though the memory of Dr.  
Donne himself, must not, cannot die, so long as men speak English; yet  
when I thought Time had made this relation of him so like my self, as to  
become useless to the world, and content to be forgotten; I find that a  
retreat into a desired privacy, will not be afforded; for the Printers

will again expose it and me to publick exceptions; and without those supports, which we first had and needed, and in an Age too, in which Truth & Innocence have not been able to defend themselves from worse than severe censures.

This I foresaw, and Nature teaching me self-preservation, and my long experience of your abilities assuring me that in you it may be found:[1] to you, Sir, do I make mine addresses for an umbrage and protection: and I make it with so much humble boldness, as to say 'twere degenerate in you not to afford it.

For, Sir,

Dr. Donne was so much a part of yourself, as to be incorporated into your Family, by so noble a friendship, that I may say there was a marriage of souls betwixt him and your[2] reverend Grandfather, who in his life was an Angel of our once glorious Church, and now no common Star in heaven.

And Dr. Donne's love died not with him, but was doubled upon his Heire, your beloved Uncle the Bishop of [3] Chichester, that lives in this forward generation, to be an ornament to his Calling. And this affection to him was by Dr. D. so testified in his life, that he then trusted him with the very secrets of his soul; & at his death, with what was dearest to him, even his fame, estate, & children.

And you have yet a further title to what was Dr. Donne's, by that dear affection & friendship that was betwixt him and your parents, by which he entailed a love upon yourself, even in your infancy, which was increased by the early testimonies of your growing merits, and by them continued, till Dr. \_Donne\_ put on immortality; and so this mortal was turned into a love that cannot die.

And Sir, 'twas pity he was lost to you in your minority, before you had attained a judgement to put a true value upon the living beauties and elegancies of his conversation; and pity too, that so much of them as were capable of such an expression, were not drawn by the pencil of a \_Tytian\_ or a \_Tentoret\_, by a pen equal and more lasting than their art; for his life ought to be the example of more than that age in which he died. And yet this copy, though very much, indeed too much short of the Original, will present you with some features not unlike your dead friend, and with fewer blemishes and more ornaments than when 'twas first made publick: which creates a contentment to my selfe, because it is the more worthy of him, and because I may with more civility intitle you to it.

And in this designe of doing so, I have not a thought of what is pretended in most Dedications, \_a Commutation for Courtesies\_: no indeed Sir, I put no such value upon this trifle; for your owning it will rather increase my Obligations. But my desire is, that into whose hands soever this shall fall, it may to them be a testimony of my gratitude to your self and Family, who descended to such a degree of humility as to admit me into their friendship in the dayes of my youth; and notwithstanding my many infirmities, have continued me in it till I am become gray-headed; and as

Time has added to my yeares, have still increased and multiplied their favours.

This, Sir, is the intent of this Dedication: and having made the declaration of it thus publick, I shall conclude it with commending them and you to Gods deare love.

I remain, Sir, what your many merits have made me to be,  
The humblest of your Servants,  
ISAAC WALTON.

\_To the Reader.\_

My desire is to inform and assure you, that shall become my Reader, that in that part of this following discourse, which is onely narration, I either speak my own knowledge, or from the testimony of such as dare do any thing, rather than speak an untruth. And for that part of it which is my own observation or opinion, if I had a power I would not use it to force any mans assent, but leave him a liberty to disbelieve what his own reason inclines him to.

Next, I am to inform you, that whereas Dr. Donne's life was formerly printed with his Sermons, and then had the same Preface or Introduction to it; I have not omitted it now, because I have no such confidence in what I have done, as to appear without an apology for my undertaking it.

I have said all when I have wished happinesse to my Reader.  
I.W.

#### FOOTNOTES

[1] \_Sic\_: probably a misprint for "\_be\_ found?"--ED.

[2] \_John King, B. of Lond.\_

[3] \_Hen. King, now B.C.\_

\* \* \* \* \*

DAMAN AND DORUS.  
AN HUMBLE EGLOG.

29th MAY 1660.

[Songs and other Poems. By Alex. Brome, Gent. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in Ivy-Lane, 1661.

The Second Edition corrected and enlarged, 1664.

The Third Edition enlarged. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Star in Little Brittain, 1668.]

\_To my ingenious Friend\_ Mr. BROME, \_on his various and excellent Poems:  
An humble Eglog. Written the 29 of May, 1660.\_

DAMAN \_and\_ DORUS.

DAMAN.

\_Hail happy day!\_ Dorus \_sit down:  
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown  
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.  
The\_ King! \_the\_ King'\_s return'd! and now  
Let's banish all sad thoughts and sing\_  
We have our Laws, and have our King.

DORUS.

\_ 'Tis true, and I would sing, but oh!  
These wars have sunk my heart so low  
'Twill not be rais'd.\_

DAMAN.

\_What not this day?  
Why 'tis the\_ twenty ninth of May:  
\_Let\_ Rebels \_spirits sink; let those  
That like the\_ Goths \_and\_ Vandals \_rose  
To ruine families, and bring  
Contempt upon our\_ Church, \_our\_ King,  
\_And all that's dear to us, be sad;  
But be not thou, let us be glad.\_  
And, \_Dorus\_, to invite thee, look,  
Here's a Collection in this Book,  
Of all those chearful Songs, that we  
Have sung so oft and merilie[1]

As we have march'd to fight the cause  
Of \_Gods Anointed\_, and our \_Laws\_  
Such Songs as make not the least ods  
Betwixt us \_mortals\_ and the \_Gods\_:  
Such Songs as \_Virgins\_ need not fear  
To sing, or a grave \_Matron\_ hear.  
Here's \_love\_ drest \_neat\_, and \_chast\_, and \_gay\_

As \_gardens\_ in the month of \_May\_;  
Here's harmony, and \_Wit\_, and \_Art\_,  
To raise thy \_thoughts\_, and cheer thy \_heart\_.

DORUS.

\_Written by whom?\_

DAMAN.

A friend of mine,  
And one that's worthy to be thine:  
A Civil \_Swain\_, that knows his times  
For business, and that done makes Rhymes;  
But not till then: my Friend's a man  
Lov'd by the Muses; dear to \_Pan\_:  
He blest him with a chearful heart:  
And they with this sharp wit and Art,  
Which he so tempers, as no \_Swain\_,  
That's loyal, does or mould complain.

DORUS.

I wou'd fain see him:

DAMAN.

\_Go with me\_  
Dorus, \_to yonder\_ broad beech-tree,  
\_There we shall meet him and\_ Phillis,  
Perrigot, \_and\_ Amaryllis,  
Tityrus, \_and his dear\_ Clora,  
Tom \_and\_ Will, \_and their\_ Pastora:  
\_There wee'l dance, shake hands and sing\_,  
We have our Laws,  
\_God bless the King\_.

IZ. WALTON.

#### FOOTNOTES

[1] Have sung with mirth and merry-gle:--1661.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO MY REVEREND FRIEND THE AUTHOR  
OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

[The Synagogue, or The Shadow of the Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. In imitation of Mr. George Herbert. The fourth Edition corrected and enlarged. London, Printed for Philemon Stephens, at the guilded Lyon in St. Pauls Churchyard, 1661. p. 67.]

\_To my Reverend Friend the Author of the Synagogue.\_

Sir,

I lov'd you for your Synagogue, before  
I knew your person; but now love you more;  
Because I find  
It is so true a picture of your mind:  
Which tunes your sacred lyre  
To that eternal quire;  
Where holy \_Herbert\_ fits  
(O shame to prophane wits)  
And sings his and your Anthems, to the praise  
Of Him that is the first and last of daies.

These holy Hymns had an Ethereal birth:  
For they can raise sad souls above the earth  
And fix them there  
Free from the worlds anxieties and fear.  
\_Herbert\_ and you have pow'r  
To do this: ev'ry hour  
I read you kills a sin,  
Or lets a vertue in  
To fight against it; and the Holy Ghost  
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,  
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men  
Neglect our arms,  
W'are circumvested with a world of harms.  
But I will watch, and ward,  
And stand upon my guard,  
And still consult with you,  
And \_Herbert\_, and renew  
My vows; and say, Well fare his, and your heart,  
The fountains of such sacred wit and art.

IZ. WA.

\* \* \* \* \*



EPITAPH ON HIS SECOND WIFE,  
ANNE KEN.

1662.

[In Worcester Cathedral. The event is thus recorded by Walton in his Family Prayer-Book: "Anne Walton dyed the 17th of April, about one o'clock in that night, and was buried in the Virgin Mary's Chapel, in the cathedral in Worcester, the 20th day."]

Ex Terris

M.S.

Here lyeth buried so much as  
could dye of ANNE, the Wife of  
Isaak Walton;  
who was  
a Woman of Remarkable Prudence,  
and of the Primitive Piety; her great  
and general knowledge being adorned  
with such true humility, and blest  
with so much Christian meekness, as  
made her worthy of a more memorable  
Monument.  
She dyed! (Alas, that she is dead!)  
the 17th of April, 1662, aged 52.  
Study to be like her.

\* \* \* \* \*

LETTER TO EDWARD WARD

1670.

[Preserved among the MSS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.  
First printed in "Notes and Queries," May 17, 1856.]

\_for my worthy friend\_ Mr. EDWARD WARD, \_att Rodon Temple, nere unto  
Lester. Att\_ Mr. BABINGTONS \_att Rodon Temple.\_

S'r.,

I came well from Winton to London, about 3 weikes past: at that time I  
left Do'r Hawkins well: and my dafter (after a greate danger of child  
berth) not very well, but by a late letter from him, I heare they be  
boeth in good health.

The doctor did tell me a gowne and some bookes of y'rs were in danger to  
be lost, though he had made (at a distance) many inquiries after them,  
and intreated others to doe so too, but yet inefectually. He theirfore  
intreated me to undertake a search: and I have donne it so succesfully  
that uppon thursday the 24th instant they were d'd to that letter carryer  
that Inns at the Rose in Smithfeild, and with them the Life of M'r. George  
Herbert (and 3 others) wrapt up in a paper and directed to you at Rodon  
Temple, the booke not tyed to the bundell, but of it selfe. The bundell  
cost me 3s. 8d. carriage to London, and I hope it will now come safe to  
your hands.

What I have to write more is my heartie wishes for y'r hapines, for I am  
y'r affec. friend and seruant,

IZAAK WALTON.

Nou'r 26th, 1670.

If you incline to write to me, direct your letter to be left at M'r.  
Grinsells, a grocer in King streite in Westminster. Much good doe you  
with the booke, w'ch I wish better.

\* \* \* \* \*

DEDICATION OF THE THIRD EDITION  
OF RELIQUIAE WOTTONIANAE.

1672.

[Reliquiae Wottonianae: or a Collection of Lives, Letters, Poems; with  
Characters of Sundry Personages: and other Incomparable Pieces of Language  
and Art. Also Additional Letters to several Persons, not before Printed.  
By the Curious Pencil of the Ever Memorable Sir Henry Wotton, K't, Late  
Provost of Eaton Colledge. The Third Edition, with large Additions.  
London: Printed by T. Roycroft, for R. Marriott, F. Tyton, T. Collins,  
and J. Ford, 1672.]

\_To the Right Honourable\_ PHILIP \_Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Stanhop of Shelford.\_

MY LORD,

I have conceived many Reasons, why I ought in Justice to Dedicate these Reliques of Your Great Uncle, Sir Henry Wotton, to Your Lordship; some of which are, that both Your Grand-mother and Mother had a double Right to them by a Dedication when first made Publick; as also, for their assisting me then, and since, with many Material Informations for the Writing his Life; and for giving me many of the Letters that have fallen from his curious Pen: so that they being now dead, these Reliques descend to You, as Heir to them, and the Inheritor of the memorable Bocton Palace, the Place of his Birth, where so many of the Ancient, and Prudent, and Valiant Family of the Wottons lie now Buried; whose remarkable Monuments You have lately Beautified, and to them added so many of so great Worth, as hath made it appear, that at the Erecting and Adorning them, You were above the thought of Charge, that they might, if possible, (for 'twas no easie undertaking) hold some proportion with the Merits of Your Ancestors.

My Lord, These are a part of many more Reasons that have inclin'd me to this Dedication; and these, with the Example of a Liberty that is not given, but now too usually taken by many Scriblers, to make trifling Dedications, might have begot a boldness in some Men of as mean as my mean Abilities to have undertaken this. But indeed, my Lord, though I was ambitious enough of undertaking it; yet, as Sir Henry Wotton hath said in a Piece of his own Character, \_That he was condemn'd by Nature to a bashfulness in making Requests\_: so I find myself (pardon the Parallel) so like him in this, that if I had not had more Reasons then I have yet exprest, these alone had not been powerful enough to have created a Confidence in me to have attempted it. Two of my unexpressed Reasons are, (\_give me leave to tell them to Your Lordship and the World\_) that Sir Henry Wotton, whose many Merits made him an Ornament even to Your Family, was yet so humble, as to acknowledge me to be his Friend; and died in a belief that I was so: since which time, I have made him the best return of my Gratitude for his Condescention, that I have been able to express, or he capable of receiving: and, am pleased with my self for so doing.

My other Reason of this boldness, is, an encouragement (\_very like a command\_) from Your worthy Cousin, and my Friend, \_Mr. Charles Cotton\_, who hath assured me, that You are such a Lover of the Memory of Your Generous Uncle, Sir Henry Wotton, that if there were no other Reason then my endeavors to preserve it, yet, that that alone would secure this Dedication from being unacceptable.

I wish, that nor he, nor I be mistaken; and that I were able to make You a more Worthy Present.

My Lord, I am and will be

Your Humble and most

Affectionate Servant,

IZAAK WALTON.

Feb. 27, 1672.

\* \* \* \* \*

LETTER TO MARRIOTT

1673.

[The original is preserved in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was printed for the first time in Sir Harris Nicolas' Life of Walton (Pickering, 1837), lxxix, lxxx.]

M'R. MARRIOTT,

I have received Bentevolio, and in it M'r. Her's. life; I thank you for both. I have since I saw you received from M'r. Milington so much of M'r. Hales his life as M'r. Faringdon had writ; and have made many inquiries concerning him of many that knew him, namely of M'rs. Powny, of Windsor, (at whose house he died), and as I have heard, so have set them down, that my memory might not lose them. M'r. Mountague did at my being in Windsor promise me to summon his memory, and set down what he knew of him. This I desired him to do at his best leisure, and write it down, and he that knew him and all his affairs best of any man is like to do it very well, because I think he will do it affectionately, so that if M'r. Fulman make his queries concerning that part of his life spent in Oxford, he will have many, and good, I mean true informations from M'r. Faringdon, till he came thither, and by me and my means since he came to Eton.

This I write that you may inform M'r. Fulman of it, and I pray let him know I will not yet give over my queries; and let him know that I hope to meet him and the Parliament in health and in London in October, and then and there deliver up my collections to him. In the mean time I wish him and you health; and pray let him know it either by your writing to him, or sending him this of mine.

God keep us all in his favour,  
his and your friend to serve you,  
IZAAK WALTON.

Winchester, 24th August, 1673.

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PREFACE TO THEALMA AND  
CLEARCHUS.

1678.

[Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easie Verse.  
Written long since, By John Chalkhill, Esq.; an Acquaintant and Friend of  
Edmund Spencer. London: Printed for Benj. Tooke, at the Ship in S. Paul's  
Church-yard, 1683.]

\_The Preface.\_

The Reader will find in this Book, what the Title declares, A Pastoral  
History, in smooth and easie Verse; and will in it find many Hopes and  
Fears finely painted, and feelingly express'd. And he will find the first  
so often disappointed, when fullest of desire and expectation; and the  
later, so often, so strangely, and so unexpectedly reliev'd, by an  
unforeseen Providence, as may beget in him wonder and amazement.

And the Reader will here also meet with Passions heightned by easie and  
fit descriptions of Joy and Sorrow; and find also such various events  
and rewards of innocent Truth and undissembled Honesty, as is like to  
leave in him (if he be a good natur'd Reader) more sympathizing and  
virtuous Impressions, than ten times so much time spent in impertinent,  
critical, and needless Disputes about Religion: and I heartily wish it may  
do so.

And, I have also this truth to say of the Author, that he was in his time  
a man generally known, and as well belov'd; for he was humble, and obliging  
in his behaviour, a Gentleman, a Scholar, very innocent and prudent: and  
indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous. God send the Story  
may meet with, or make all Readers like him.

I.W.[1]

May 7, 1678.

FOOTNOTES

[1] The Poem of Thealma and Clearchus was left in an unfinished state:  
it terminates abruptly with the half line

"Thealma lives"--

Upon which Walton adds

\_And here the Author dy'd, and I hope the Reader will be sorry.\_

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LETTER TO JOHN AUBREY.

1680.

[The original is amongst Aubrey's MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum: annexed to it is the following note by Aubrey: "This account I received from Mr. Isaac Walton (who wrote Dr. Donne's Life), &c. Decemb. 2, 1680, he being then eighty-seven years of age. This is his own hand-writing, I.A." \_See Walton's Lives, With Notes and the Life of the Author by Thomas Zouch, third edition. York, 1817.\_ Vol. II. pp. 353-356.]

\_ffor y'r friends q'ue this.\_

I only knew Ben Jonson: But my Lord of Winton knew him very well; and says, he was in the 6th, that is, the uppermost fforme in Westminster scole, at which time his father dyed, and his mother married a brickelayer, who made him (much against his will) help him in his trade; but in a short time, his scolemaister, M'r. Camden, got him a better employment, which was to atend or acompany a son of Sir Walter Rauley's in his travills. Within a short time after their return, they parted (I think not in cole bloud) and with a love sutable to what they had in their travilles (not to be commended). And then Ben began to set up for himself in the trade by which he got his subsistance and fame, of which I need not give any account. He got in time to have a 100£ a yeare from the king, also a pension from the cittie, and the like from many of the nobilitie and some of the gentry, w'ch was well pay'd, for love or fere of his railing in verse, or prose, or boeth. My lord told me, he told him he was (in his long retyrement and sickness, when he saw him, which was often) much afflicted, that hee had profained the scripture in his playes, and lamented it with horror: yet that, at that time of his long retyrement, his pension (so much as came in) was giuen to a woman that gouern'd him (with whome he liu'd and dyed near the Abie in Westminster); and that nether he nor she tooke too much care for next weike: and wood be sure not to want wine: of w'ch he usually tooke too much before he went to bed, if not oftener and soner. My lord tells me, he knowes not, but thinks he was born in Westminster. The question may be put to Mr. Wood very easily upon what grounds he is positive as to his being born their; he is a friendly man, and will resolve it. So much for braue Ben. You will not think the rest so tedyous as I doe this.

ffor y'r 2 and 3 q'ue of Mr. Hill, and Bilingsley, I do neither know nor can learn any thing worth telling you.

for y'r two remaining q'ue of Mr. Warner, and Mr. Harriott this:

Mr. Warner did long and constantly lodg nere the water-stares, or market, in Woolstable. Woolstable is a place not far from Charing-Crosse, and nener to Northumberland-house. My lord of Winchester tells me, he knew him, and that he sayde, he first found out the cerculation of the blood, and discover'd it to Dr. Haruie (who said that 'twas he (himselfe) that found it) for which he is so memorally famose. Warner had a pension of 40l. a yeare from that Earle of Northumberland that lay so long a prisner in the Towre, and som allowance from Sir Tho. Aylesbury, and with whom he usually spent his sumer in Windsor Park, and was welcom, for he was harmles and quiet. His winter was spent at the Woolstable, where he dyed in the time of the parlement of 1640, of which or whome, he was no louer.

Mr. Herriott, my lord tells me, he knew also: That he was a more gentile man than Warner. That he had 120£ a yeare pension from the said Earle (who was a louer of their studyes), and his lodgings in Syon-house, where he thinks, or believes, he dyed.

This is all I know or can learne for your friend; which I wish may be worth the time and trouble of reading it.

I.W.

Nou'r. 22, 80.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### IZAAK WALTON'S WILL.

1683.

August the 9th, 1683.

In the name of God Amen. I Izaak Walton the elder of Winchester being this present day in the neintyeth yeare of my age and in perfect memory for wich praysed be God: but Considering how sodainly I may be deprived of boeth doe therfore make this my last will and testament as followeth. And first I doe [declare] my beleife to be that their is only one God who hath made the whole world and me and all mankinde to whome I shall give an account of all my actions which are not to be justified, but I hope pardoned for the merits of my saviour Jesus.--And because [the profession of] Cristianity does at this time, seime to be subdivided into papist and protestant, I take it to be at least convenient to declare my beleife to

be in all poynts of faith, as the Church of England now professeth. And this I doe the rather, because of a very long and very trew friendmip with some of the Roman Church.

And for my worldly estate, (which I have nether got by falshood or flattery or the extreme crewelty of the law of this nation,) I doe hereby give and bequeth it as followeth.--First I give my son-in-law Doc'r. Hawkins and to his Wife, to them I give all my tytell and right of or in a part of a howse and mop in Pater-noster-rowe in London: which I hold by lease from the Lord Bishop of London for about 50 years to come and I doe also give to them all my right and tytell of or to a howse in Chansery-lane, London; where in M'rs. Greinwood now dwelleth, in which is now about 16 years to come. I give these two leases to them, they saving my executor from all damage concerning the same. (And I doe also give to my saide dafter all my books this day at Winchester and Droxford: and what ever ells I can call mine their, except a trunk of linen w'ch I give my son Izaak Walton, but if he doe not marry, or use the saide linen himselfe, then I give the same to my grand-doughter Anne Hawkins).

And I give to my son Izaak, all my right and tytell to a lease of Norington farme, which I hold from the lord B'p. of Winton.

And I doe also give him all my right and tytell to a farme or land near to Stafford: which I bought of M'r. Walter Noell: I say, I give it to him and [his] heares for ever, but upon the condition following. Namely--If my sone shall not marry before he shall be of the age of forty and one yeare; or being marryed shall dye before the saide age and leve noe son to inherit the saide farme or land: or if his son [or sonns] shall not live to ataine the age of twentie and one yeare, to dispose otherwayes of it, then I give the saide farme or land to the towne or corperation of Stafford (in which I was borne,) for the good and benifit of some of the saide towne, as I shall direct and as followeth, but first note, that it is at this presant time rented for 21li. 10s. a yeare (and is like to hold the said rent, if care be taken to keipe the barne and howsing in repaire) and I wood have and doe give ten pownd of the saide rent, to binde out yearely two boyes, the sons of honest and pore parents to be apprentices to som tradesmen or handy-craftmen, to the intent the saide boyes [may] the better afterward get their owne living.--And I doe also give five pownd yearly, out of the said rent to be given to some meade-servant, that hath atain'd the age of twenty and [one] yeare (not les), and dwelt long in one servis, or to som honeft pore man's daughter, that hath atain'd to that age, to [be] paide her, at or on the day of her marriage.

And this being done, my will is, that what rent shall remaine of the saide farme or land, shall be disposed of as followeth.

First I doe give twenty shillings yearely, to be spent by the maior of Stafford and those that shall colect the said rent: and dispose of it as I have and shall hereafter direct. And that what mony or rent shall remaine undisposed offe shall be employed to buie coles for some pore people, that shall most neide them in the said towne; the saide coles to be delivered the last weike in Janewary, or in every first weike in



Febrewary: I say then, because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with pore people. And God reward those that shall doe this with out partialitie and with honestie and a good contience.

And if the saide maior and others of the saide towne of Stafford, shall prove so necligent or dishonest as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and exprest in this my will, (which God forbid,) then I give the saide rents and profits, of the saide farme or land, to the towne and chiefe magestrats or governors of Eccles-hall, to be disposed by them in such maner as I have ordered the disposall of it, by the towne of Stafford, the said Farme or land being nere the towne of Eccles-hall.

And I give to my son-in-law Doctor Hawkins, (whome I love as my owne son) and to my dafter his wife, and my son Izaak to each of them a ring with these words or motto;--love my memory, I.W. obiet = to the Lord B'p of Winton a ring with this motto--a mite for a million: I.W. obiet = "And to the freinds hereafter named I give to each of them a ring with this motto--A friends farewell. I.W. obiet" = and my will is, the said rings be delivered within fortie dayes of my deth. and that the price or valew of all the saide rings shall be--l3s. 4d. a peice.

I give to Doctor Hawkins Docto'r Donn's Sermons; which I have hear'd preacht, and read with much content, to my son Izaak I give Doc'r Sibbs his Soules Conflict and to my daughter his Brewsed Reide; desiring them to reade them so, as to be well aquanted with them, and I also give to her all my bookes at Winchester and Droxford, and what ever in those two places are or I can call mine: except a trunk of linen, which I gave to my son Izaak, but if he doe not live to make use of it, then I give the same to my grand-dafter, Anne Hawkins: And I give my dafter Doc'r Halls Works which be now at Farnham.

To my son Izaak I give all my books, (not yet given) at Farnham Castell and a deske of prints and pickters; also a cabinet nere my beds head, in w'ch are som littell things that he will valew, tho of noe greate worth.

And my will and desyre is, that he will be kind to his Ante Beacham and his ant Rose Ken: by allowing the first about fiftie shilling a yeare in or for bacon and cheise (not more), and paying 4li. a yeare toward the bordin of her son's dyut to M'r. John Whitehead. for his ante Ken, I desyre him to be kinde to her according to her necessitie and his owne abillitie. and I comend one of her children to breide up (as I have saide I intend to doe) if he shall be able to doe it as I know he will; for, they be good folke.

I give to M'r. John Darbshire the Sermons of M'r. Antony Faringdon, or of do'r Sanderson, which my executor thinks fit to my servant, Thomas Edghill I give five pownd in mony, and all my clothes linen and wollen except one sute of clothes, (which I give to M'r. Holinihed, and forty shiling) if the saide Thomas be my servant at my deth, if not my cloths only.

And I give my old friend M'r. Richard Marriot ten pownd in mony, to be paid him within . 3 . months after my deth. and I desyre my son to shew

kindenes to him if he shall neide, and my son can spare it.

And I doe hereby will and declare my son Izaak to be my sole executo'r of this my last will and testament; and Do'r Hawkins, to see that he performs it, which I doubt not but he will.

I desyre my buriall may be nere the place of my deth; and free from any ostentation or charg, but privately: this I make to be my last will, (to which I only add the codicell for rings,) this 16. day of August, 1683.

Witnes to this will. IZAAK WALTON.

The rings I give are as on the other side.

To my brother Jon Ken.	to my brother Beacham.
to my sister his wife.	to my sister his wife,
to my brother Doer Ken.	to the lady Anne How.
to my sister Pye.	to M'rs. King Dor Philips wife.
to M'r. Francis Morley.	to M'r. Valantine Harecourt.
to Sr George Vernon.	to M'rs. Elyza Johnson.
to his wife.	to M'rs. Mary Rogers.
to his 3 dafters	to M'rs. Elyza Milward,
to M'rs. Nelson.	to M'rs. Doro. Wallop.
to M'r. Rich. Walton.	to M'r. Will. Milward of
to M'r. Palmer.	Christ-Church, Oxford.
to M'r. Taylor.	to M'r. John Darbeshire.
to M'r. Tho. Garrard.	to M'r. Veudvill.
to the Lord Bp. of Sarum.	to M'rs. Rock.
to M'r. Rede his Servant.	to M'r. Peter White.
to my Coz. Dorothy Kenrick.	to M'r. John Lloyd.
to my Coz. Lewin.	to my Coz Greinsells
to M'r. Walter Higgs.	---- widow
to M'r. Cha Cotton.	16 M'rs. Dalbin must not
to M'r. Rich. Marryot.	be forgotten.

----  
22

Note that several lines are blotted }  
out of this will for they are twice }  
repeted: And, that this will is now } IZAAK WALTON  
signed & sealed, this twenty and }  
fourth day of October 1683 in the }  
presence of us-- }

Witnes, Abra. Markland.  
Jos: Taylor,  
Thomas Crawley.

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