

Waltoniana

Inedited Remains in Verse and Prose of Izaak Walton

Isaak Walton

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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.

I wish as heartily as you do that all such Clergy-mens Wives as have silk Cloaths be-daubed with Lace, and their heads hanged about with painted Ribands, were enjoyned 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.

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

Life of George Herbert.

Mr. George Herbert having changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, thus warned Mrs. Herbert against this egregious folly of striving for precedence:-- "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.

P. 20.

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.

Life of George Herbert.

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 seemed to say the Lord's Prayer or collect in a breath.

P. 20.

Preface to Sanderson's XXI
Sermons, 1655.

And now, having unbowedelled 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 that assisted in this Reformation, did not (as Sir Henry Wotton said wisely) think the farther they went from the Church of Rome, the nearer they got to heaven.

It was the advice of Sir Henry Wotton, "Take heed of thinking the farther you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you are to God."

P. 23.

Life of Richard Hooker.

To make the Women, the Shop-keepers, and the middle-witted People ... less busie, and more humble and lowly in their own eyes, and 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.

Here the very women and shopkeepers were able to judge of predestination, and determine what laws were fit to be obeyed or abolished.

P. 36.

Life of Sanderson.

I desire you to look back with me to the beginning of

Some years before the unhappy Long Parliament, this

the late Long Parliament
1640, at which time we
were the quietest and happiest
people in the Christian World.

nation being then happy and
in peace.

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 Clearachus;"
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 Clearachus", 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 Clearachus; 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. Dunstans
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 rejoice 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 stupification; 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 classical?
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, wav'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 pitty they forbare
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or, knowing, grieve conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes
Doe waste the braine) make silence a safe way,
To'Enlarge 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]
Grieve 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.

IZ. 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 yeaeres, so much refind
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 survay
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.

IZ. WA.

* * * * *

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. Dunstans 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 confess, 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 beleeve '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 Shepheards, all bending their unweared steps towards a pleasant Meadow within his present prospect, and had his eyes made more happy to behold the two fair Shepheardesses 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-Shepheards 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 mooving Lane, made of Shepheard 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 Shepheardesse) 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 Lints, 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 Shepheard 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 Shepheards: with whom (as he return'd from his River-recreations) he often rested himselfe, and whilst in the calm evening their flocks fed about them, heard that discourse, which (with the Shepheards 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.

IZAAK 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 wil 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.

IZ. WA.

* * * * *

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 imployment 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 sadness 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 originall; because in that, the Author had exprest 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.

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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. Eccl.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 defired 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 beene able to defend themselves from worse then severe censures.

This I foresaw, and Nature teaching me selfe-preservation, and my long experience of your abilities assuring me that in you it may in found:[1] to you, Sir, do I make mine addreffes for an umbrage and protection: and I make it with so much humble boldnesse, as to say 'twere degenerous 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 fouls 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 froward 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 encreased by the early testimonies of your growing merits, and by them continued, till D. Donne put on immortality; and so this mortall 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 pitty too, that so much of them as were capable of such an expression, were not drawn by the pensil of a Tytian or a Tentoret, by a pen equall and more lasting then their art; for his life ought to be the example of more then that age in which he died. And yet this copy, though very much, indeed too much short of the Originall, will present you with some features not unlike your dead friend, and with fewer blemishes and more ornaments than when 'twas first made publique: 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 infirmitie, 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 commanding 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 happiness 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.

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DAMAN AND DORUS.
AN HUMBLE EGLOG.

29th MAY 1660.

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 chear 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.

1661.

[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.]

ffor my worthy frend 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 bookees 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 sucessfuly
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. frend 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.

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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 Scribblers, 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 express, these alone had not been powerful enough to have created a Confidence in me to have attempted it. Two of my unexpress 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 Condescension, 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 incouragement (_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.

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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 Ashmolian 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 forme 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 imployment, which was to atend or accompany 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 suitable 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 100L 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 afflickted, 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 teling 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 nerer 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 quet. 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 120L 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 acount 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 subdevided into papist and protestant, I take it to be at least convenient to declare my beleife to be in all poyns 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 falsehood or flattery or the extreme crewelty of the law of this nation,) I doe hereby give and bequeath 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 honest 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 shail remaine undisposed offe shall be imployed 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 negligent 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 Ecles-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 Ecles-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 hearafter 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 Donns 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 aquainted 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 alowing 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. Holinhed, 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 Doctr 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. Valentine 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 Lloyde.
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 }
repeated: 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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