Waltoniana
INEDITED REMAINS IN VERSE AND
PROSE OF IZAAK WALTON
AUTHOR OF THE COMPLETE ANGLER

WITH NOTES AND PREFACE

BY

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PREFACE.

EW 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...
churchmen with whose friendship he was favoured in youth, and teaching his young brother-in-law, Thomas Ken, to walk in their faintly 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." *

* "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;
Eas'ly 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.)
PREFACE.

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
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"To my approved and much respected friend, Iz. Wa.

"To thee, thou more then thrice beloved friend, I too unworthy of so great a bliss: 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 obliuous night.

"If they were pleasing, I would call them thine, And disavow 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."

What poems Walton wrote in his youth, we have now no means of knowing; it has not been

*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 loving Folly, &c., which, from its being discovered
discovered that any have been printed, unless we adopt the theory advocated by Mr. Singer,* and by a writer in the "Retrospective Review," † 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,

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.


† Vol. iv. (1821), pp. 230-249.

and
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.
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
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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,
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.* 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

* Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* (Lond. 1849), vol. iii. p. 177.
title of Love and Truth,* 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' of ye Times, 1680," and Dr. Zouch appended to his reprint of the

*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).
PREFACE.

tract * 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

* York, 1795, pp. x. 70.

"Your
"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. Izaac 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:—
PREFACE.


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 enjoyed Penance for their pride: And their Husbands punish'd 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.

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.

Mr. George Herbert having changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, thus warned Mr. 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.

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.
PREFACE.

P. 20.
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.

P. 20.
And now, having unbowed my very soul thus freely to you, &c.

P. 21.
A Corrosive, or (as Solomon says of ill-gotten riches) like gravel in his teeth.

P. 21.
Those Bishops and Martyrs

Life of George Herbert.
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 a collect in a breath.

Preface to Sanderson's XXI Sermons, 1655.
But since I had thus ventured to unbowel myself, and to lay open the very inmost thoughts of my heart.

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

Life of Sir H. Wotton.
It was the advice of Sir
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.

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

P. 23.

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.

Life of Richard Hooker.

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.

I desire you to look back with me to the beginning of the late Long Parliament 1640, at which time we were the quietest and happiest people in the Christian World.

Life of Sanderson.

Some years before the unhappy Long Parliament, this nation being then happy and in peace.
PREFACE.

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* to which the Editor prefixed his own name.

R. H. S.

* 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. Dunstan's 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.

UR Donne is dead; England should mourn, 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 seve,er,
But (as I write a line) to weep a teare

¹ In the edition of 1633, the poem opens thus:—
Is Donne, great Donne deceaf'd? then England say
Thou'haft lost a man where language chose to stay
And shew it's gracefull power, &c.

For
WAUTONIANA.

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 flight the croffe,
God hath rais’d Prophets to awaken them
From stupidfaction; 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 haft 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
foule
Safer by reading verse? Did he give dayes

Past
WALTONIANA.

Past marble monuments, to those, whose praise
He would perpetuate? Did he (I fear
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 *Crown of sacred sonnets, fit to adorn *La Corona.
A dying Martyrs brow: or, to be worene
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wip'd Christ's feet, but not till then?
Did he (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 classickall?
Did he write Hymnes, for piety, for wit,¹
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, waw'd it? Went to see

¹ for piety and wit,—1633.

That
That blessed place of Christ's 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. Did he confirm thy aged? 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, griefe 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

1 As none but hee did, or could do? They know (Such as were blest to heare him know) 'tis truth.—1633.
2 age in the edition of 1633.
WALTONIANA.

Lessens the joy we have, for, with him, all
Are satisfy'd with joyes essentiaall.
Dwell on this joy my thoughts; oh, doe not call
Griefe back, by thinking of his Funerall;
Forget hee lovd mee; Waffe not my fad yeares;
(Which haft 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 finne)
Forget to pay my second figh for him:
Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget
I am his Convert. Oh my frailty! let
My fleshe be no more heard, it will obtrude
This lethargy: so should my gratitude,
My flowes of gratitude should so be broke;
Which can no more be, than Donnes vertues spoke
By any but himselfe; for which caufe, I

1 My thoughts, Dwell on this Joy, and do not call—1633.
2 vowes in the edition of 1633.

Write
WALTONIANA.

Write no Encomium, but this Elegie,
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.

1 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]
On a Portrait of Donne taken in his eighteenth year.

HIS 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 refin'd
From youths Dross, Mirth & wit; as thy pure mind
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise
Of thy Creator, in those last, best Dayes.
Witness this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins
With Love; but endes, with Sighes, & Teares for sins.

Iz: W a:
COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE MERCHANTS MAPPE OF COMMERCE.

1638.

[The

WALTONIANA.

In praise of my friend the Author, and his Booke.

To the Reader.

If thou would'ft be a States-man, and survay Kingdomes for information; here's a way Made plaine, and easie: fitter far for thee Then great Ortelius his Geographie.

If thou would'ft 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
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. W.A.
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.
 WALTONIANA.

To the Reader.

Reader,

HOUGH 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
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) com-mixtures 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 believe '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;) in-" tending all diligence to beguile the timorous " Trout, (with which that watry element " abounded) observ'd a more then common con-" course of Shepheards, all bending their unwearied " steps towards a pleasant Meadow within his pre-"
fent prospect, and had his eyes made more happy
to behold the two fair Shepheardefles Amaryllis
and Aminta strewing the foot-paths with Lillies,
and Ladyfmocks, fo 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-
ymphs) the fair and vertuous Parthenia: who
after a courteous falutation and inquiry of his
intended Journey, told him the neighbour-Shep-
heards 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 defigned her Mis-
trefle of a Love-feaft, 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 feaft; shee therefore perfwaded him, not to
lose, but change that dayes pleasure; before he
could
could return an answer they were unawares entered into a living moving Lane, made of Shep-
heards 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 walls were made of the yeeding
Willow, and smooth Beech boughs: and covered over with Sycamore leaves, and Honyfuccles.”

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 express what musick the Gods and Wood-nymphs made within; and the Limits, Larks, and Nightingales about this Arbour, during this holy day: which began in harmlesse mirth, and (for Bacchus and his gang were
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 fit 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.
COUPLETT ON DR. RICHARD SIBBES.

1650.
Written by Izaak Walton in his copy of Dr. Richard Sibbes's work, *The Returning Backslider*, 4to., 1650, preserved in the Cathedral Library, Salisbury. See Sir Harris Nicolas' Memoir of Walton, clv.]
F this blest man let this just praise be given,
Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven.

Izaak Walton.
DEDICATION OF RELIQUIÆ WOTTONIANÆ.

1651.

[Reliquiæ]
WALTONIANA.

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

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{THE LADY阵} & \quad \text{KATHERIN STANHOP.} \\
\text{MARGARET TUFTON.} & \quad \text{ANN HALES.}
\end{align*} \]

Since Bookes seeme by custome to Challenge a dedicatio, 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 nearness of Alliance and Blood (by which you may chalenge a civil right to what was his;) but, by
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 tothis Dedication. Whichyou are most humbly intreated may be accepted from Your very reall servant,

I. W.
ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

1651.

[Comedies,
[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. Paul's Church-yard, 1651.]
WALTONIANA.

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,
WALTONIANA.

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 loft in losing thee,
Whose Words and Deeds were perfect Harmony.

But now 'tis loft; loft 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. W. A.

PREFACE
PREFACE TO SIR JOHN SKEFFINGTON'S
HEROE OF LORENZO.

1652.

The
[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 retire-ment 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 ex-amples (with Sir John's choice language and illus-tration)
tration) were so relifht by his friend (a stranger to the Spanish tongue) that he became restless 'till he got a promise from Sir John to translate the whole, which he did in a few weeks; and so long as that employment lasted it proved an excellent diversion from his many sad thoughts; But he hath now chang'd that Condition, to be possess'd 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 retir'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 express'd himself so enigmatically, that though he endeavour'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
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.

¹ Compare the poem on the death of Cartwright, supra:—
"But now 'tis loft; loft in the silent grave," &c.
COMMENDATORY VERSES TO THE AUTHOR OF SCINTILLULA ALTARIS.

1652.

[Scintillula]
[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 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 shall know
What praise to holy Poetry we owe.
So shall your Disquisitions too; for, there
Choice learning, and blest piety, appear.

All
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 Cœlestiall Can’an; and each Fast, Is both the souls direction, and repast: All so express, that I am glad to know You have begun to pay the debt you owe.

Iz. W a.

DEDICATION
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 Aston, 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 busy 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 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 affuring me that in you it may in found:* to you, Sir, do I make mine addressses 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.

*Sic: probably a misprint for “be found?”—Ed.
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* reverend * John King, 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 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
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 D. 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 pen 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 public: which creates a contentment
tentment 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 ever 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 days 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 years, 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 God's 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 only 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 man's 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.
DAMAN AND DORUS.

An Humble Eglog.

29th May 1660.
WALTONIANA.

To my ingenious Friend Mr. Brome, on his various and excellent Poems: An humble Eglog. Written the 29 of May, 1660.

DAMÁN and DORUS.

DAMÁN.

All 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.
WALTONIANA.

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 cheerful Songs, that we
Have sung so oft and merilie¹

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

As
WALTONIANA.

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 dreft neat, and chaf, 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
He blest him with a cheerful heart:
And they with this sharp wit and Art,
Which he so tempers, as no Swain,
That's loyal, does or should 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 we'll dance, shake hands and sing,
We have our Laws,
God bless the King.

IZ. WALTON.

TO
TO MY REVEREND FRIEND THE AUTHOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

1661.

[The
WALTONIANA.

To my Reverend Friend the Author of the Synagogue.

SIR,

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 sits
(O shame to profane 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
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 circumvexèd 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**
EPITAPH ON HIS SECOND WIFE,

ANNE KEN.

1662.

[In
[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 17\textsuperscript{th} of April, 1662, aged 52.
Study to be like her.
LETTER TO EDWARD WARD.

1670.

[Preserved]
[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 Lejier. Att
Mr. Babingtons att Rodon Temple.

Srs.,

CAME well from Winton to London, about 3 weikes past: at that time I left Do'. 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 booke of y'ns were in danger to be loft, though he had made (at a distance) many inquirys after them, and intreated others to doe so too, but yet ineffectually. He theirfore intreated me to undertake a search: and I have donne it so succesfully that uppon thursday the 24o instant they were did to that
that letter carryer that Inns at the Rose in Smithfield, and with them the Life of Mr. 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. carryage 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' hapines, for I am

y'. affec. frend and servant,

Izaak Walton.

Nov' 26th, 1670.

If you incline to write to me, direct your letter to be left at Mr Grifells, a grocer in Kingstreite in Westminster. Much good doe you with the booke, w'ch I wish better.
DEDICATION OF THE THIRD EDITION OF RELIQUIÆ WOTTONIANÆ.

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
to them, and the Inheritor of the memorable Boston 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
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 encouragement *(very like a command)* from Your worthy Cousin, and my Friend, *Mr. Charles Cotton*, who
WALTONIANA.

who hath assured me, that You are such a Lover of the Memory of Your Generous Unkle, 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
[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.]
Mr. Marriott,

I have received Bentevolio, and in it Mr. Her's life; I thank you for both. I have since I saw you received from Mr. Milington so much of Mr. Hales his life as Mr. Faringdon had writ; and have made many inquiries concerning him of many that knew him, namely of Mrs. 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. Mr. 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
very well, because I think he will do it affectionately, so that if Mr. Fulman make his queries concerning that part of his life spent in Oxford, he will have many, and good, I mean true informations from Mr. Faringdon, till he came thither, and by me and my means since he came to Eton.

This I write that you may inform Mr. 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.

PREFACE
PREFACE TO THEALMA AND CLEARCHUS.

1678.

[Thealma
[Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy 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.]
WALTONIANA.

The Preface.

THE Reader will find in this Book, what the Title declares, A Pastor"al History, in smooth and easie Verfe; 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 undisssembled Honesty.
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 fend the Story may meet with, or make all Readers like him.

I. W.*

May 7, 1678.

* 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
LETTER TO JOHN AUBREY.

1680.

[The
[The original is among 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 "D. 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 yf ffriends qwe this.

I ONLY knew Ben Jonson: But my Lord of Winton knew him very well; and says, he was in the 6°., that is, the uppermost fforme in Westminster fcole, 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 fcolemaifter, Mr. Camden, got him a better imployment, which was to atend or accompany a fon 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 futable to what they had in their travilles (not to be commended). And then Ben began to set up for himself
felf in the trade by which he got his subsistence 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, wch 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 (fo much as came in) was giuen to a woman that gouern'd him (with whome he liu'd and dyed near the Abie in Westminifter); and that nether he nor she tooke too much care for next weike: and wood be fure not to want wine: of wch he usually tooke too much before he went to bed, if not oftener and foner. My lord tells me, he knowes not, but thinks he was born in Westminifter. The question
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.

for y° 2 and 3 q°e of Mr. Hill, and Bilingley, I do neither know nor can learn any thing worth teling you.

for y° two remaining q°e of Mr. Warner, and Mr. Harriott this:

Mr. Warner did long and constantly lodg nere the water-ﬁares, 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
that lay so long a prisoner in the Tower, and from allowance from Sir Tho. Aylesbury, and with whom he usually spent his summer in Windsor Park, and was welcome, for he was harmless and quiet. His winter was spent at the Woolstall, where he died in the time of the parliament of 1640, of which or whome, he was no lover.

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

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

I. W.

Nov. 22, 80.

IZAAK
IZAAK WALTON'S WILL.

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 prayfed be God: but Considering how so-dainly I may be deprived of boeth doe threfore 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 pardonned for the merits of my saviour Jesus.—And because [the profession
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 poynts of faith, as the Church of England
now professeth. And this I doe the rather, because
of a very long and very trew friendship with some
of the Roman Church.

And for my worldly estate, (which I have ne-
ther 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'. Hawkins and to his Wife, to
them I give all my tytell and right of or in a part
of a howse and shop in Pater-nofter-rowe in Lon-
don: 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 Mrs.
Greinwood now dwelleth, in which is now about
16 years to come. I give these two leafes to them,
they saving my executor from all damage concerning the name. (And I do 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 wch 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-daughter 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 Bp. 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 Mr. 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 sone to inherit the saide farme or land: or if his sone [or sones] shall not live to

H 2

attaine
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 benisft of some of the saide towne, as I shall direct and as followeth. but first note, that it is at this present time rented for $2\frac{1}{2}$ 10s a yeare (and is like to hold the said rent, if care be taken to keipe the barne and howfing 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 some tradesmen or handy-craftsmen, 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
WALTONIANA.

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 yearly, 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 undispos'd of shall be imployed to buie coles for some pore people, that shall most neide them in the said towne; the said 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 hardeft 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 express in this my will, (which God forbid,)
WALTONIANA.

forbid,) then I give the saide rents and profits, of
the saide farme or land, to the towne and chiefe ma-
gestrats or governers of Ecles-hall, to be disposed
by them in such maner as I have ordered the dis-
posall 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 Bp 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
faide rings shall be—13^4 a peice.

I give to Doctor Hawkins Doctor Donns Ser-
mons; which I have hear’d preacht, and read with
much
much content. to my son Izaak I give Doc' 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-daughter, Anne Hawkins: And I give my dafter Doc' Halls Works which be now at Farnham.

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

And my will and defyre 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 cheife (not more), and paying 4½ a yeare
yeare toward the borden of her son's dyut to Mr. John Whitehead. for his ante Ken, I defyre him to be kinde to her according to her necessitie and his owne abilitie. 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 Mr. John Darbishire the Sermons of Mr. 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 fute of clothes, (which I give to Mr. Holinshed, and forty shilling) if the saide Thomas be my servant at my deth, if not my cloths only.

And I give my old friend Mr. Richard Marriot ten pownd in mony, to be paid him within . 3. months after my deth. and I defyre my son to shew kindenes to him if he shall neide, and my son can spare it.

And
And I doe hereby will and declare my son Izaak to be my sole executor of this my last will and testament; and Do' 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.

Witness 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 Doc' Ken.  to the lady Anne How.
   to my sister Pye.        to M*. King Do' Philips wife.
   to M'. Francis Morley.   to M*. Valantine Harecourt.
   to S' George Vernon.    to M*. Elyza Johnstone.
   to his wife.            to M*. Mary Rogers.
   to his 3 dafters.       to M*. Elyza Milward.
to Mr. Rich. Walton.
to Mr. Palmer.
to Mr. Taylor.
to Mr. Tho. Garrard.
to the Lord Bp. of Sarum.
to Mr. Rede his Servant.
to my Coz. Dorothy Kenrick.
to my Coz. Lewin.
to Mr. Walter Higgs.
to Mr. Cha Cotton.
to Mr. Rich. Marryot.
to Mr. Will. Milward of Christ-Church, Oxford.
to Mr. John Darbeschire.
to Mr. Veudvill.
to Mr. Rock.
to Mr. Peter White.
to Mr. John Lloyde.
to my Coz Greinsells—widow
16 Mrs. Dalbin must not be forgotten.

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

Izaak Walton

Witnes, Abra. Markland.
Jos: Taylor,
Thomas Crawley.
CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.