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Waltoniana

INEDITED REMAINS IN VERSE AND
PROSE OF IZAAK WALTON

AUTHOR OF THE COMPLETE ANGLER

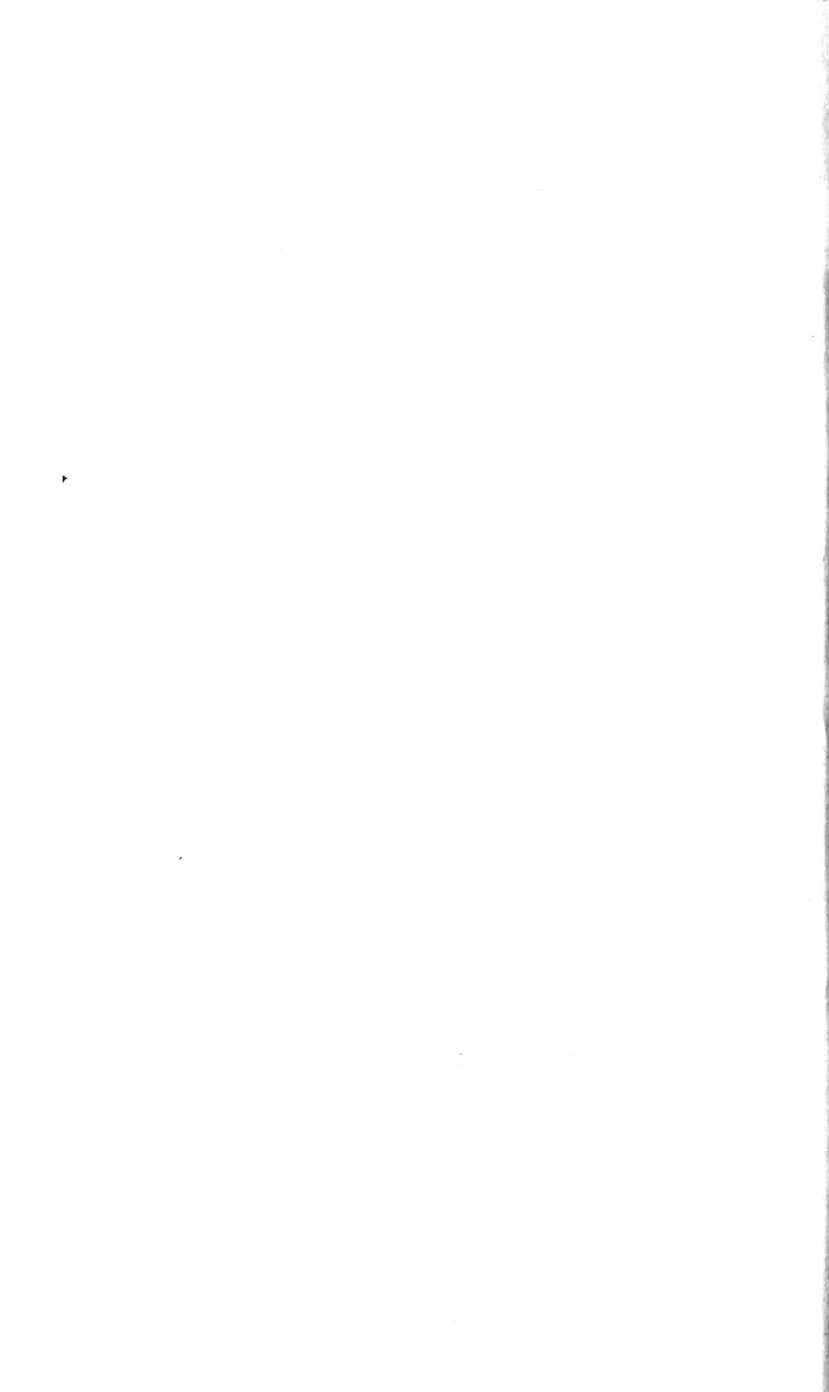
WITH NOTES AND PREFACE

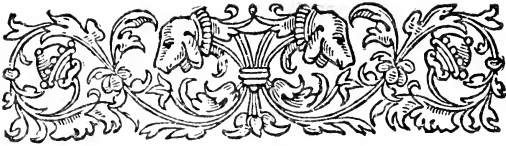
BY

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD



LONDON
PICKERING AND CO.
196 PICCADILLY
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

b churchmen





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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 ;
Easy he lives and cheerful shall he die,
Well spoken of by late posterity.”

June 5, 1683.

(Flatman’s *Commendatory Verses prefixed to “Thealma and Clearchus ;” Poems and Songs by Thomas Flatman, Third Edition.*)

We





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 :—

b 2

“ 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 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,
Rafe 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 louing Folly, &c.*, which, from its being discovered





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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.

* *Thealma and Clearchus: a Pastoral Romance, by John Chalkhill. First Published by Isaac Walton, 1683. A New Edition. Revised and Corrected (by S. W. Singer). Chiswick: 1820.*

† Vol. iv. (1821), pp. 230-249.

and





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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.





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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





PREFACE.

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,





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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

* Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* (Lond. 1849), vol. iii. p. 177.

title





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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. y^e Distemp^s. of y^e 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. |*

I 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).

tract





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





PREFACE.

“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





PREFACE.

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 enjoyed Penance for their pride: And their Husbands punished 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 M^{rs}. Herbert against this egregious folly of *striving for precedency*:—
“You are now a minister’s wife, and must now so far forget your father’s house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners,” &c.

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.





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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, Ʒc.

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 Sanderfon's XXI Sermons, 1655.

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

Life of Sanderfon.

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





PREFACE.

that afflicted 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.

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*.

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.

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

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.

Life of Sanderfon.

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

To





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 D^r. DONNE.

1633.



B

[*Juvenilia* :





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

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

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

An





An Elegie upon D^R. 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 repof'd, as all lament
(Or should) this generall cause of discontent.

And I rejoyce I am not so severe,
But (as I write a line) to weepe a teare

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.

For





WALTONIANA.

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 crosse,
God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them
From stupifaction; witnesse my milde pen,
Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for, the cause is just.

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

Did his youth scatter *Poetry*, wherein
Was all Philosophy? was every sinne,
Character'd in his *Satyrs*? Made so foule
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their
foule

Safer by reading verse? Did he give *dayes*

Past





WALTONIANA.

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 **Crown of sacred sonnets*, fit to adorne **La Corona*.
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 classicall?
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, wav'd it? Went to seee

¹ for piety and wit,—1633.

That





WALTONIANA.

That blessed place of *Christs nativity* ?
Did he returne and preach him ? preach him fo
As since *S. Paul* none did, none could ? Those know,
(Such as were blest to heare him) this is truth.¹
Did he confirm thy aged ?² convert thy youth ?
Did he these wonders ? And is this deare losse
Mourn'd by so few ? (few for so great a crosse.)

But fure the silent are ambitious all
To be Close Mourners at his Funerall ;
If not ; In common pittie they forbare
By repetitions to renew our care ;
Or, knowing, grieffe conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes
Doe waste the braine) make silence a safe way,
To' enlarge 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.

Leffens





WALTONIANA.

Lessens the joy we have, for, with *him*, all
Are satisfy'd with *joyes essentiall*.

Dwell on this joy my thoughts; oh, doe not call¹
Griefe 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 flowes² of gratitude should so be broke ;
Which can no more be, than *Donnes* vertues spoke
By any but himfelse ; for which cause, I

¹ My thoughts, Dwell on this *Joy*, and do not call—1633.

² *vowes* in the edition of 1633.

Write





WALTONIANA.

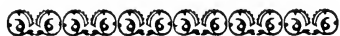
Write no *Encomium*, but this *Elegie*,¹
Which, as a free-will-offring, I here give
Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve
I want abilities, fit to fet forth
A monument, great, as Donnes matchleffe worth.
Iz. W A.

¹ Write no *Encomium*, but an *Elegie*.
Here the poem closed in the edition of 1633.



LINES





LINES ON A PORTRAIT OF DONNE IN
HIS EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

1635.



[Engraved





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

On





WALTONIANA.

*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 refine
From youths Droffe, 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 sinns.

Iz: WA:







COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO
THE MERCHANTS MAPPE OF
COMMERCE.

1638.



[The





[The Merchants Mappe of Commerce : wherein the Univerfall 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





WALTONIANA.

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

TO THE READER.

IF thou would'ft be a *States-man*, and
furvy
Kingdomes for information; heres 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 yelds thee store
Of Observations, fit for Ornament,
Or use, or to give curious eares content.

If





WALTONIANA.

If thou would'ft be a *Merchant*, buy this Booke :
For 'tis a prize worth gold ; and doe not looke
Daily for fuch difburfements ; no, 'tis rare,
And fould be caft up with thy richeft ware.

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

Iz. WA.



PREFACE





PREFACE TO QUARLES'S SHEPHERDS
ORACLES.

1645.



c

[The





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

To





WALTONIANA.

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

'Tis confest, these Eglogues are not so wholly divine as many of his publisht Meditations, which
speak





WALTONIANA.

He speaks 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 Shepherds: 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*;) in-
“ tending all diligence to beguile the timorous
“ Trout, (with which that watry element
“ abounded) observ'd a more then common con-
“ course of Shepherds, all bending their unwearied
“ steps towards a pleasant Meadow within his pre-
sent





WALTONIANA.

“ fent prospect, and had his eyes made more happy
“ to behold the two fair Shepherdesse *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-Shep-
“ herds 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 Mis-
“ tresse 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





WALTONIANA.

“ could return an answer they were unawares en-
“ tred into a living moving Lane, made of Shep-
“ hears and Pilgrimes; who had that morning
“ measured many miles to be eye-witnessees 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 Honyfuccles.”

I might now tell in what manner (after her first entrance into this Arbour) *Philoclea* (*Philoclea* the fair *Arcadian* Shepherdesse) crown'd her Temples with a Garland, with what flowers, and by whom 'twas made; I might tell what guests (besides *Astrea* and *Adonis*) were at this feast; and who (beside *Mercury*) waited at the Table, this I might tell : but may not, cannot expresse what musick the Gods and Wood-nymphs made within; and the Linitis, Larks, and Nightingales about this Arbour, during this holy day : which began in harmlesse mirth, and (for *Bacchus* and his gang were





WALTONIANA.

were absent) ended in love and peace, which *Pan* (for he onely can doe it) continue in *Arcadia*, and restore to the disturbed *Island of Britannia*, and grant that each honest *Shepherd* may again sit under his own *Vine and Fig-tree*, and feed his own flock, and with love enjoy the fruits of peace, and be more thankfull.

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

23 Novem. 1645.







COUPLET ON DR. RICHARD SIBBES.

1650.



[Written





[Written by Izaak Walton in his copy of D^r. Richard Sibbes's work, *The Returning Backslider*, 4^{to}, 1650, preserved in the Cathedral Library, Salisbury. See Sir Harris Nicolas' Memoir of Walton, clv.]

Of





WALTONIANA.

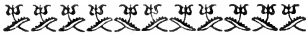


F this bleſt man let this juſt praiſe be
given,
Heaven was in him, before he was in
heaven.

IZAACK WALTON.







DEDICATION OF RELIQUIÆ
WOTTONIANÆ.

1651.



[Reliquiæ





[Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, or, a Collection of Lives, Letters, Poems ; with Characters of Sundry Personages : and other Incomparable Pieces of Language and Art. By The curious Pencil of the Ever Memorable S^r. Henry Wotton, K^t., Late, Provost of Eton Colledg. London, Printed by Thomas Maxey, for R. Marriot, G. Bedel, and T. Garthwait. 1651.]

To





WALTONIANA.

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

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

SINCE Bookes seeme by custome to Challenge a dedicatiõ, 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 Aliance and Blood (by which you may challenge a civil right to what was his;) but,
by





WALTONIANA.

by a title of that intireneffe of Affection, which was in you to each other, when Sir Henry Wotton had a being upon Earth.

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

Your very reall ſervant,

I. W.



On





ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM
CARTWRIGHT.

1651.



D

[Comedies,





[Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, with other Poems, by M^r.
William Cartwright, late Student of Christ-Church in Ox-
ford. 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 S^t. Pauls Church-yard, 1651.]

On





WALTONIANA.

*On the Death of my dear Friend Mr. William
Cartwright, relating to the fore-
going 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 nature's 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 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 beloved, 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





WALTONIAN A.

*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)





WALTONIANA.

tration) were so relisht 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 imployment 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 sadnesse is not capable of entrance.

And his absence from this world hath occasion'd mee (who was one of those few that he gave leave to know him, for he was a retyr'd man) to tell the Reader that I heard him say, he had not made the *English* so short, or few words, as the 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





WALTONIANA.

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 lost ; lost 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 S^t. 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.]





WALTONIANA.

*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





WALTONIANA.

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 fould direction, and repast :

All so exprest, 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





[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. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street. 1658.]

To





WALTONIANA.

*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 busie and malicious men too freely vented against the dead.

E

And





WALTONIANA.

And yet, now, after almost twenty yeares, when though the memory of D^r. 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 useles 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 self-preservation, and my long experience of your abilities assuring me that in you it may in found :* to you, Sir, do I make mine addressees 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,





WALTONIANA.

For, Sir,

D^r. 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 *B. of Lond.*
Angel of our once glorious Church, and now no common Star in heaven.

And D^r. Donne's love died not with him, but was doubled upon his Heire, your beloved Uncle the Bishop of †Chichester, that lives † *Hen: King,*
in this froward generation, to be an or- *now B.C.*
nament to his Calling. And this affection to him was by D^r. 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 D^r. Donne's, by that dear affection & friendship
that





WALTONIANA.

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





WALTONIANA.

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 soever this shall fall, it may to them be a testimony of my gratitude to your self and Family, who descended to such a degree of humility as to admit me into their friendship in the dayes of my youth ; and notwithstanding my many infirmities, have continued me in it till I am become gray-headed ; and as Time has added to my yeares, have still increased and multiplied their favours.

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





WALTONIANA.

I remain, Sir, what your many merits have
made me to be,

The humblest of your Servants,

ISAAC WALTON.



To





To the Reader.

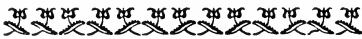
MY desire is to inform and assure you, that shall become my Reader, that in that part of this following discourse, which is onely narration, I either speak my own knowledge, or from the testimony of such as dare do any thing, rather than speak an untruth. And for that part of it which is my own observation 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 D^r. 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 happineffe to my Reader.

I. W.





DAMAN AND DORUS.

AN HUMBLE EGLOG.

29th MAY 1660.



[Songs





[Songs and other Poems. By Alex. Brome, Gent. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in Ivy-Lane, 1661.
The Second Edition corrected and enlarged, 1664.
The Third Edition enlarged. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Star in Little Brittain, 1668.]

To





WALTONIANA.

*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.

H *AIL 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 chearful 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 odds
Betwixt us *mortals* and the *Gods* :
Such Songs as *Virgins* need not fear
To sing, or a grave *Matron* hear.
Here's *love* drest *neat*, and *chast*, and *gay*
As *gardens* in the month of *May* ;
Here's harmony, and *Wit*, and *Art*,
To raise thy *thoughts*, and cheer thy *heart*.

DORUS.

Written by whom ?

DAMAN.

A friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine :
A Civil *swain*, that knows his times
For business, and that done makes Rhymes ;
But not till then : my Friend's a man
Lov'd by the *Muses* ; dear to *Pan* :

He





WALTONIANA.

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 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 wee'l dance, shake hands and sing,
We have our Laws,
God blefs the King.

IZ. WALTON.

TO





TO MY REVEREND FRIEND THE AUTHOR
OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

1661.



[The





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

To





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 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

F

And





WALTONIANA.

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





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





WALTONIANA.

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





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

ffor





WALTONIANA.

*ffor my worthy frend M^r. EDWARD WARD,
att Rodon Temple, nere vnto Lester. Att
M^r. BABINGTONS att Rodon Temple.*

S^r,

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

The doctor did tell me a gowne and some bookes of y^{rs} were in danger to be lost, though he had made (at a distince) many inquiries after them, and intreated others to doe so too, but yet inefectuallly. He theirfore intreated me to undertake a searck: and I have donne it so succesfully that uppon thursday the 24^o instant they were fīd to
that





WALTONIANA.

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 felfe. The bundell cost me 3^s. 8^d. 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^r hapines, for I am
y^r. affec. friend and seruant,

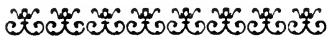
IZAACK WALTON.

Nou^r 26^o, 1670.

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

DEDICATION





DEDICATION OF THE THIRD EDITION
OF RELIQUIÆ WOTTONIANÆ.

1672.



[Reliquiæ





[Reliquiæ Wottonianæ : 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





WALTONIANA.

*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





WALTONIANA.

to them, and the Inheritor of the memorable Bocton Palace, the Place of his Birth, where so many of the Ancient, and Prudent, and Valiant Family of the Wottons lie now Buried; whose remarkable Monuments You have lately Beautified, and to them added so many of so great Worth, as hath made it appear, that at the Erecting and Adorning them, You were above the thought of Charge, that they might, if possible, (for 'twas no easie undertaking) hold some proportion with the Merits of Your Ancestors.

My Lord, These are a part of many more Reasons that have inclin'd me to this Dedication; and these, with the Example of a Liberty that is not given, but now too usually taken by many Scriblers, to make trifling Dedications, might have begot a boldness in some Men of as mean as my mean Abilities to have undertaken this. But indeed, my Lord, though I was ambitious enough of undertaking it; yet, as Sir Henry Wotton hath
said





WALTONIANA.

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 than I have yet express'd, these alone had not been powerful enough to have created a Confidence in me to have attempted it. Two of my unexpress'd 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 pleas'd 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,

IZAACK WALTON.

Feb. 27, 1672.



LETTER





LETTER TO MARRIOTT.

1673.



G

[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.]

M^R.





WALTONIANA.

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





WALTONIANA.

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,
IZAACK WALTON.

Winchester, 24th August, 1673.

PREFACE





PREFACE TO THEALMA AND
CLEARCHUS.

1678.



[Thealma





[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





WALTONIANA.

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





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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.*

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 M^r. Isaac Walton (who wrote
" D^r. 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*





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“ ffor y^r ffriends q^{ue} this.

BONLY knew Ben Jonson : But my Lord of Winton knew him very well ; and fays, he was in the 6°. , that is, the uppermost fforme in Westminfter fcole, at which time his father dyed, and his mother married a brickelayer, who made him (much againft his will) help him in his trade ; but in a fhort time, his fcolemaifter, M^r. Camden, got him a better imployment, which was to atend or acompany a fon of Sir Walter Rauley’s in his travills. Within a fhort 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 fet up for him-
felf





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self 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*l*. a yeare from the king, also a pension from the citty, 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 knows not, but thinks he was born in Westminster. The
question





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question may be put to M^r. Wood very easily upon what grounds he is positive as to his being born there; he is a friendly man, and will resolve it. So much for brave Ben. You will not think the rest so tedious as I do this.

For y^r 2 and 3 q^{ue} of M^r. Hill, and Bilingsley, I do neither know nor can learn any thing worth telling you.

for y^r two remaining q^{ue} of M^r. Warner, and M^r. Harriott this :

M^r. Warner did long and constantly lodge 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 circulation of the blood, and discover'd it to D^r. Harvie (who said that 'twas he (himselfe) that found it) for which he is so memorally famous. Warner had a pension of 40*l*. a yeare from that Earle of Northumberland that





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that lay so long a prisoner in the Towre, and som 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 Woolstable, where he dyed in the time of the parlement 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*l*. a yeare pension from the said Earle (who was a lover of their studies), 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.

Nouv. 22, 80.

IZAAK





IZAAK WALTON'S WILL.

1683.





WALTONIANA.

August the 9^o, 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 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
H profession





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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 neither got by falshood or flattery or the extreme crewelty of the law of this nation,) I doe hereby give and bequeth it as followeth.—First I give my son-in-law Doc^r. Hawkins and to his Wife, to them I give all my tytell and right of or in a part of a howse and shop 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 Chanfery-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





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they saving my executor from all damage concerning the same. (And I doe also give to my faide dafter all my books this day at Winchester and Droxford : and what ever ells I can call mine their, except a trunk of linnen w^{ch} I give my son Izaak Walton. but if he doe not marry, or use the faide linnen 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 fay, 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 faide age and leve noe son to inherit the faide farme or land : or if his son [or sonns] shall not live to





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ataine the age of twentie and one yeare, to dispose otherwayes of it, then I give the faide farme or land to the towne or corperation of Stafford (in which I was borne,) for the good and benifit of some of the faide towne, as I shall direct and as followeth. but first note, that it is at this presant time rented for 21^{li} 10^s a yeare (and is like to hold the faid rent, if care be taken to keipe the barne and howsing in repaire) and I wood have and doe give ten pownd of the faide 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 faide boyes [may] the better afterward get their owne living.—And I doe also give five pownd yearly, out of the faid 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





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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 saide rent : and dispose of it as I have and shall hereafter direct. And that what mony or rent shall remaine undisposed offe shall be imployed to buie coles for some pore people, that shall most neide them in the saide towne ; the saide coles to be delivered the last weike in Janewary, or in every first weike in Febrewary : I say then, because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with pore people. And God reward those that shall doe this with out partialitie and with honestie and a good contience.

And if the saide maior and others of the saide towne of Stafford, shall prove so necligent or dishonest as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and exprest in this my will, (which God





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forbid,) then I give the saide rents and profits, of the saide farme or land, to the towne and chiefe magestrats or governors of Eccles-hall, to be disposed by them in such maner as I have ordered the disposall of it, by the towne of Stafford. the said Farme or land being nere the towne of Eccles-hall.

And I give to my son-in-law Doctor Hawkins, (whome I love as my owne son) and to my dafter his wife, and my son Izaak to each of them a ring with these words or motto;—love my memory, I. W. obiet = to the Lord B^p of Winton a ring with this motto—a mite for a million: I. W. obiet =” And to the freinds hereafter named I give to each of them a ring with this motto A friends farewell. I. W. obiet” = and my will is, the said rings be delivered within fortie dayes of my deth. and that the price or vales of all the saide rings shall be—13^s 4^d a peice.

I give to Doctor Hawkins Docto^r Donns Sermons; which I have hear’d preacht, and read with
much





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

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

And my will and desyre is, that he will be kind to his Ante Beacham and his ant Rose Ken: by allowing the first about fiftie shilling a yeare in or for bacon and cheife (not more), and paying 4^{li} a
yeare





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yeare toward the bordin of her son's dyut to M^r. John Whitehead. for his ante Ken, I defyre 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 poward in mony, and all my clothes linen and wollen except one sute of clothes, (which I give to M^r. Holinshed, 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 poward 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





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And I doe hereby will and declare my fon 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 ſiſter his wife.
to my brother Doc^r Ken.
to my ſiſter Pye.
to M^r. Francis Morley.
to S^r George Vernon.
to his wife.
to his 3 daſters.
to M^{rs}. Nelfon.

to my brother Beacham.
to my ſiſter his wife.
to the lady Anne How.
to M^{rs}. King Do^r Philips wife.
to M^r. Valantine Harecourt.
to M^{rs}. Elyza Johnſon.
to M^{rs}. Mary Rogers.
to M^{rs}. Elyza Milward.
to M^{rs}. Doro. Wallop.

to





WALTONIANA.

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 B ^p . of Sarum.	to M ^{rs} . Rock.
to M ^r . Rede his Servant.	to M ^r . Peter White.
to my Coz. Dorothy Kenrick.	to M ^r . John Lloyd.
to my Coz. Lewin.	to my Coz Greinfells
to M ^r . Walter Higgs.	— widow
to M ^r . Cha Cotton.	16 M ^{rs} . Dalbin must not
to M ^r . Rich. Marryot.	be forgotten.

—
22

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

IZAAK WALTON

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





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